

A PUBLICATION OF THE STANFORD ALUMNI ASSOCIATION

STANFORD

March
2023

PROMISE & PITFALLS

Psychedelics could be key
to mental health treatment—as long
as we mind the rabbit holes

**MY DAD,
THE ARCHITECT
OF THE
VIETNAM WAR**

**ENGINEERING
SKIN**



Over a glass of wine, timing was everything.

It only took a few minutes into our tasting, until Brian our advisor, noticed the date stamp on the cork and asked if we have really had the vineyard that long. It was true, and it had grown substantially in the 20 years since we started. He followed up that question with an even more important one... Was our estate updated? It wasn't, meaning if anything were to happen, it would leave our two sons with nothing. And as I was about to go in for emergency surgery the very next week, Brian immediately got on the phone with an attorney local to our area. Within a few days, our entire trust was re-drafted and solidified just in time. The surgery went well, but our peace of mind knowing that our boys would be taken care of was everything. Brian understood our story to make that happen. He understood the meaning of **the little things**.

— James, Newport Beach



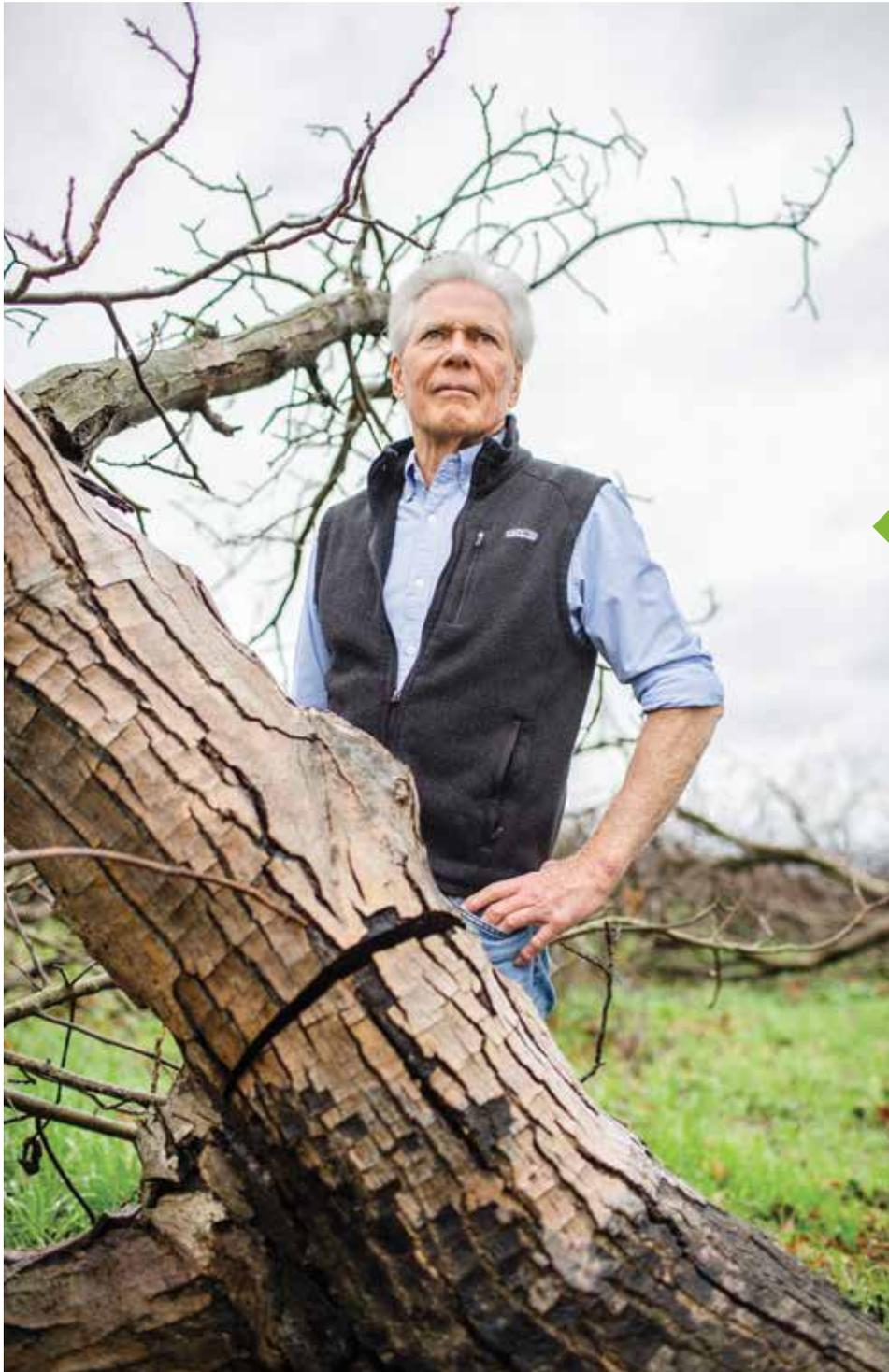
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Stretch Goals

When chemical engineering professor Zhenan Bao came to Stanford in 2004, she set a lofty aim: to replicate the vast powers of the ultimate electronic system—skin. One day, her supple sensors may be headed for hearts, brains, and guts everywhere.

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War Torn

Craig McNamara, '73, was just a kid when his father, Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara, became known as the architect of America's war in Vietnam. As a Stanford student, he took part in antiwar protests, and the war became a verboten topic between father and son. In a new memoir, he grapples with the elusive task of reconciliation.

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Falling for Psychedelics

As mental health crises swell across the United States, researchers are revisiting the once-relinquished possibilities of psychedelic medicine. At Stanford, scientists scope the promise—and pitfalls—of drugs such as psilocybin and MDMA (aka magic mushrooms and Ecstasy) to address disorders from treatment-resistant depression to PTSD.

ON THE COVER: ILLUSTRATION BY CRAIG MCGILL

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MALAVIKA KANNAN, '24

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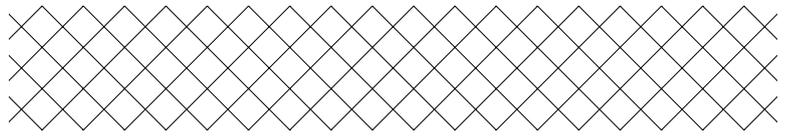
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Placebo Power

Our December cover story explored research into the ability of the mind to influence our health.

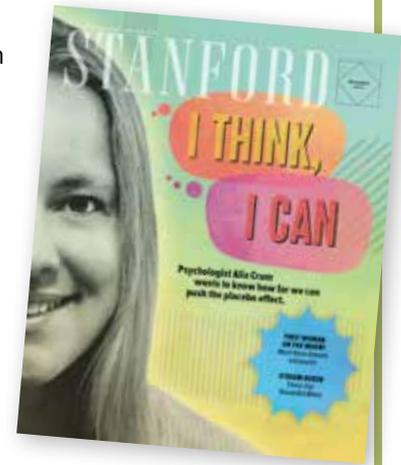


In November, a biopsy of my wife's breast came back positive for carcinoma. When we met the oncologist for a post-op, pre-chemo consult, much to my surprise she spent 50 of the 55 minutes talking not about chemo and radiation, but about mental health, coping with stress, and having a positive attitude. She supported the idea of going to Hawaii for a few days' rest before starting a six-month course of chemo. On the way out the door to the airport, I grabbed the December issue of STANFORD from the month's pile of unattended mail. I was amazed at Alia Crum's research on the impact of attitude on health. I learned later that the advice from our oncologist at Northern California Kaiser was grounded in the research from the Stanford Mind & Body Lab, featured in the article. Thanks for this timely and touching work.

Thomas Richman, '80
Penngrove, California

Sam Scott conclusively shows the value of Crum's work in such medical disciplines as oncology and psychiatry. He also demonstrates the merits of interdisciplinary collation and analysis of data, which Stanford president Marc Tessier-Lavigne has emphasized in his recent commentaries in STANFORD. In fact, Scott's article is one of the most important ones that I have read in many years.

Martin Katz, '51
Edmonton, Alberta



As a medical student, I encountered a paper by pulmonologist E. Regis McFadden, who studied the effect of suggestion on lung function in asthmatics. A sample of patients were told they were inhaling a substance to which they knew they were allergic. In fact, the inhalations were only physiologic saline. Half of them proceeded to have significant bronchial constriction: an asthma attack. Atropine, derived from the deadly belladonna plant, was given to block this reaction, indicating that the mind-body connection was operating via the parasympathetic cholinergic vagus nerve, directly innervating bronchial smooth muscle. The implications of this simple experiment influenced my clinical practice over the next 40 years at Stanford Medicine. They are at the heart of the physician-patient

relationship. As Professor Crum's eclectic studies amply demonstrate, health care providers should always strive to enlist the patient's psyche on the side of healing and health, because mindset really matters!

Richard B. Moss
Professor emeritus of pediatrics
Woodside, California

As the title of "Better Believe It" suggests, belief is critical for placebos to impact their subject. However, one aspect not mentioned in the article that has always fascinated me about the placebo effect can be summarized by the following question: Why does knowledge interfere with or even void the placebo effect? Researchers often resort to concealing facts and disinformation in order to

establish and maintain such ignorance.

My question does not refer to studies in which the efficacy of medication or of other treatment is to be determined. In these cases, the subjects' knowledge of whether they received a medication or a placebo may indeed affect results. The question is concerned with studies of the placebo effect itself. Must subjects believe that they are receiving some real treatment and not a sugar pill or sham procedure?

Wouldn't it be better if a person suffering from, say, headaches, knew they were taking a placebo pill instead of a drug—which has side effects and is more expensive—and yet believed the placebo was equally effective and indeed received their expected relief?

Uri Geva, MA '82
San Mateo, California

Jewish Admissions

In December, we reported on a recent task force finding that Stanford had limited the undergraduate admission of Jewish students in the 1950s, with repercussions at least into the 1960s.

Your article about the investigation into antisemitic admission practices at Stanford called to mind Martin Luther King Jr.'s statement that "the arc of the moral universe is long, but it bends toward justice." When I was accepted to Stanford in 1965, my relatives and the teachers at my San Francisco public high school were surprised and delighted. They knew that Stanford limited the enrollment of Jews and females, and I was both. My peers were surprised too. Delighted? Not so much. A close friend whose parents were Holocaust survivors never spoke to me again. She felt I had betrayed the Jewish people by applying to Stanford, let alone agreeing to attend.

My immigrant father had fought his way to school against gangs of antisemites in the old country. He did not believe a Jew should back down just because he or she wasn't welcome somewhere. When I told him I didn't want to go to Stanford because it had a quota for Jews, he said, "That's why you have to go."

So I did. I was a fish out of water on a campus with a tiny population of Jews and Black people and a painfully small number of female students and faculty members. Discrimination was not a roadblock for me once I arrived at the university, but alienation certainly was. Yet in the male-dominated workforce of the '70s, my Stanford degree got my foot in the door for jobs that might otherwise have been closed to me.

Although I still have mixed feelings about my Stanford experience, I applaud the university's current efforts to increase diversity and combat all forms of discrimination. While members of the university's old guard might be rolling in their graves at these developments, I am delighted that my alma mater is now bending toward justice.

Irene Clurman, '69
Evergreen, Colorado

I transferred to Stanford as a sophomore in 1962. Perhaps that policy had ended by then, or maybe Rixford Snyder ['30, MA '34, PhD '40], still director of admissions when I applied, figured that someone from a small town in



Pool Party

In January, photos of a rain-filled Lake Lag brought in a flood of memories.

I took a windsurfing class there senior year. Nice to see it filled. I'm getting photos from my kid, who is on campus now.

Jonathan Aitken, '93

In 1975 there were rafts on Lake Lag that you could pole around. One day, two of us put our bikes on one raft, poled out to a larger one, and let the little one drift off [before discovering] that the large one was tied to the bottom of the lake. After much hollering, we were rescued by a couple of Lagunita girls.

Joo Foo, '78

Nice to see. It was just an empty dirt bowl during most of my drought-stricken college years.

Sheila Leary, '81

Alabama couldn't be Jewish enough to matter. Whatever, I'm glad I was allowed through the (formerly?) narrowed gate.

Especially interesting was the report's noting that restricting Jewish admission violated Stanford's own policy in place at the time of "paying no attention to the race or religion of applicants."

President Tessier-Lavigne issued a strong apology, emphasizing that "these actions were wrong." He is clearly right, but what is not clear from his statement, your article, or the report is exactly why he or the report's authors think the policy was wrong, since Stanford abandoned the policy of "paying no to attention" to race, etc., years ago when it began affirmative action to promote "diversity."

Someone should ask President Tessier-Lavigne: If it is not only acceptable but virtually mandatory to deny admission to some Asian and white applicants who would have been admitted if Stanford "paid no attention" to the

race or ethnicity of applicants, what exactly was "wrong" with Stanford's 1950s (and beyond?) violation of its "pay no attention" policy of restricting the number of Jews in order to promote what Rixford Snyder called "balance?" What principle did it violate that is not also violated by today's practice?

John S. Rosenberg, '65, MA '69
Naples, Florida

Stanford deserves credit for disclosing its discrimination in the 1950s against Jewish applicants by restricting and suppressing their rates of admission to the university. Stanford's vigorous research and scholarly report were surpassed only by President Tessier-Lavigne's eloquent and fervent apology. The apology comes at an awkward time, however, as top-tier schools are defending before the U.S. Supreme Court "race-conscious" selection processes. Stanford is using the same practices today that President

Tessier-Lavigne found “appalling” in the 1950s, to achieve the indefinable goal of “diversity.” One day, a future university president will, with a sigh, apologize for Stanford reviving in the 21st century its misdeeds of the past.

Mark Van Brussel, '73
Poway, California

A university task force recently reported that Stanford policies in the 1950s, under admissions director Rixford Snyder, restricted the admission of undergraduate Jewish students. That task force did not uncover a related matter: Stanford policies in the 1960s, under Snyder, continued to restrict admission of Jewish undergraduates.

A special faculty committee in 1967, of which I was a junior member, quietly uncovered this pattern. Snyder, among other tactics, avoided going to academically elite New York City schools that had heavily Jewish student bodies. The committee also established that Snyder, and his office, discriminated in other ways against the admission of a number of strong Jewish applicants, by simply turning them down.

All of this was reported in 1967 to then-provost Richard Lyman. The faculty committee and Lyman decided, by collective agreement, not to publicly reveal these ugly findings, lest there be an unpleasant controversy. The loose, unpublicized understanding was that Snyder would soon be eased out, and that policies would change. Most, if not all, faculty committee members assumed that Snyder had been carrying out policies desired by university president J. E. Wallace Sterling [PhD '38].

In fact, Snyder was soon eased out. He shifted over to a prominent position in the Alumni Association. Policies under the new admissions director did change.

Perhaps there was an error in not publicizing the ugly matters in 1967, but there was some fear that publicity, by evoking controversy and producing a lineup of pro- and anti-Snyder forces, might block the desired change.

The facts of the 1960s antisemitic policies were discussed in later years in faculty conversations and in some classes, including my own.

A probing social history of Stanford admissions policies over the decades remains to be done.

Barton J. Bernstein
Professor emeritus of history
Palo Alto, California

In 1990, during two-a-days, Stanford football head coach Denny Green introduced me, a freshman on the team, to an elderly gentleman named Dr. Snyder standing along the sidelines who could take me to church, as I did not have mechanized transportation. I became the next and last in a line of Stanford students Rix and his wife, Elliott, took under their wings, dating back to 1937. Before Rix's death in 2009, I told him that if I was ever fortunate enough to have a son, I would name him after Rix. I was delighted in 2013 to keep my word, as Rixford Brown was born. My younger son, Elliott, was born in 2016, and my wife, Anna, had the idea to name him after Rix's wife, so Rix and Elliott could be together again.

Rix's undying love of Stanford was infectious and all-encompassing. He devoted his life to Stanford and succeeded in helping Stanford become known as one of the finest institutions of higher learning on the planet.

Rix was not without flaws. None are. Be that as it may, I wish, tremendously, that my son would have been able to meet his namesake. My son asked me how he got his name. I told him, “You are named after the greatest man I have ever known.” I hope that Dr. Rixford Kinney Snyder's sum total of accomplishments, over his life, are recognized.

Hartwell Brown, '94
Katy, Texas

Not Rocket Science

A December feature spotlighted three alumnae in contention to be the first woman on the moon.

As a retired NASA Ames director, I have to ask how many folks* caught what should be an obvious mistake. The 322-foot Space Launch System is not taller than the 1,454-foot antenna height of the Empire State Building. Otherwise, a great article and wonderful to finally see women playing prominent roles in all aspects of today's NASA.

William Berry, MS '87
Cupertino, California

**Editor's note: Two.*

Still Got Game

In December, we shared the story of Alexandra Botez, '17, who has made a career as a chess streamer.

As a Stanford freshman, I played chess by mail via penny postcards. Can you imagine how long a game lasted? I was devastated when they raised the postcard rate to 2 cents. Now I'm playing chess on Chess.com with two grandkids.

Ken Green, '56
Calistoga, California

Hot Dog

An online story published just before Big Game examined the origins—and lamented the shriveling—of the term Weenie in reference to Cal students.



Oh, hell. Another sign that I've gotten Old.

Roger Tang, '79

Well, if weenies is the best they've got, hard to get too worked up about it.

Pat Joseph
Editor in chief
California magazine

My wife, Amy (Stuart, '94, MS '97, PhD '02), and I remember that Cal students were always called *Weenies* in our time on the Farm, but our daughter, a current senior, hadn't heard the term. So I loved your story. Beat Cal!

Jeff Cunningham, MS '93, PhD '99
Tampa, Florida

I distinctly remember the term *Cal Weenie* being in common usage during my tenure

at Stanford (or *Snodfart*, a clever anagram that even appeared on bumper stickers in those days). I can assure you that the expression had absolutely no relation to the fine “meat” product.

I might suggest a polling of alumni using the vast reach of STANFORD when researching future topics of such over-reaching importance.

Chuck Murray, '71
Santa Clara, California

I read (with relish, of course) your research on the term *Weenie* and felt obligated to share an experience that might not have been documented formally. I was in the LSJUMB from '80 to '83 and at one Cal–Stanford home basketball game in Maples Pavilion, the Cal band made an entrance and performed some sort of irritating marching routine right there on the basketball court. They were met with a shower of hot dogs from the stands (not our

Band), which then required extra time for cleanup. Stanford started the game with a technical foul due to the delay. I can't recall who won the game, but I will always enjoy the memory of hot dogs raining down on the Cal band. Thanks for the memories and Fear the Tree!

Keith Tansey, '84, MS '85
Gainesville, Florida

Your story reminds me of a prop attached to one of the Row houses the week before Big Game in the late '70s. It was a giant hot dog with a Cal Bear head sticking out of it, labeled Oski Mayer Weenies. Beat Cal!

Keith Van Sickle, '80
Menlo Park, California



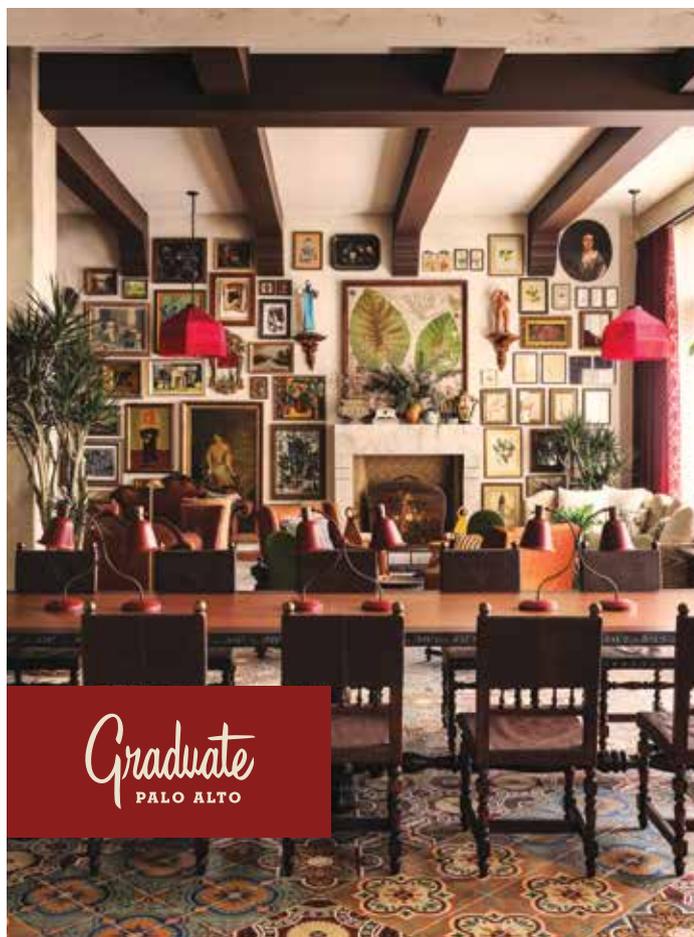
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EDITOR Kathy Zonana, '93, JD '96

EDITOR, STANFORDMAG.ORG
Summer Moore Batte, '99

CREATIVE DIRECTOR Erin Sonnenschein

EDITORIAL

SENIOR EDITOR Jill Patton, '03, MA '04

COPY CHIEF Jennifer Worrell

SENIOR WRITERS Sam Scott; Tracie White

STAFF WRITER Kali Shiloh

PRODUCTION MANAGER Pam Gorelow

CONTRIBUTING EDITOR Nancy King, MA '97

INTERNS Lauren Koong, '26; Rachel Lit, '25

CREATIVE

ART DIRECTOR Giorgia Virgili

ASSOCIATE ART DIRECTOR Bambi Nicklen

DIGITAL ART DIRECTOR Michele McCammon

VIDEO PRODUCER Erin Attkisson

CLASS NOTES

SENIOR MANAGER Pauline Steinhoffer, '91

EDITOR Travis Kinsey

EDITORIAL ASSISTANT Jake Wellington

INTERNS Alex Hughes, '22; Gilare Zada, '22

ADVERTISING

ADVERTISING AND BUSINESS MANAGER
Valerie Pippin, (650) 723-0460

IVY LEAGUE MAGAZINE NETWORK
DIRECTOR OF OPERATIONS
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VICE PRESIDENT FOR ALUMNI AFFAIRS
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SEND ADDRESS CHANGES TO:
Development Services
Frances C. Arrillaga Alumni Center
326 Galvez St., Stanford, CA 94305-6105
(650) 725-4360 (option #3)
alumni.information@stanford.edu

CONTACT THE MAGAZINE:
STANFORD magazine
Frances C. Arrillaga Alumni Center
326 Galvez St., Stanford, CA 94305-6105
Editorial: (650) 725-0672
Advertising: (650) 723-0460
stanford.magazine@stanford.edu
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CRAIG MCGILL

Much Ado About Alice

How we went down the rabbit hole and ended up with our March cover.



► **YOU KNOW WHEN** you say something innocuous and you have no memory of it, but it makes an impression on someone else? So, yeah, that happened, and it's how we ended up with Alice (as in Wonderland) on our cover.

We were having a preliminary conversation on how to illustrate our story on psychedelic medicine (page 46), and evidently I referred to some aspect of the project as “going down the rabbit hole.” The reference to *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* was unintentional, but it spurred one of the visual thinkers in the room, creative director Erin Sonnenschein, to start picturing its protagonist. Before this verbal thinker knew what had happened, Erin had also pointed out that a brain and a mushroom cap were similar in shape.

Cue the next meeting, wherein art director Giorgia Virgili laid out options for illustrating Alice. We flirted with surrealism and modernism before choosing a pen-and-ink style reminiscent of the Victorian original. Mercifully, Sir John Tenniel's illustrations for *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* are out of copyright, and illustrator Craig McGill evokes them beautifully.

Which led to the next question: Whom should Alice represent? She could don a lab coat and be one of the Stanford scientists investigating whether psychedelics effec-

tively treat mental health conditions, how to use or modify them to make them as safe as possible, and which treatments work best for which patients. She could be the patient, wondering whether all the buzz about psychedelic medicine is warranted and whether it could be the quick solution to her long-standing anguish. Or—ooh—she could be you, the reader, observing the conundrums inherent in researching substances that have largely been outlawed, carry risks ranging from bad trips to addiction, and yet may represent the best next hope in a stalled field of psychiatric drug development.

After all, Alice—the heroine of one of the first true children's books—goes on a journey full of imagination and nonsense and riddles and possibility. She has to decide whether to follow the White Rabbit. To eat or drink something that might alter her mind. To question the Queen of Hearts' evidence.

“Would you tell me, please, which way I ought to go from here?” Alice asks the Cheshire Cat. About a dozen Stanford researchers are striving to help us answer that very question.

We hope you enjoy the opportunity to accompany them down the rabbit hole. And if not, now you know whom to blame. ■

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Global Connections

Students and scholars forge ties with colleagues around the world.

► **IN JANUARY**, I traveled to Singapore to join Stanford scholars and alumni, along with industry and government leaders from across the Asia-Pacific region, for the Stanford Asia Economic Forum. The day was filled with exciting conversations about how we can foster innovation across borders and work together to advance sustainability, growth, and development. The weekend left me energized and excited, both about Stanford's work overseas and about our connections in Asia, and around the world, that help us advance that work.

The forum highlighted Stanford's role—and that of higher education broadly—in creating a better future for our increasingly interconnected world. First, we have an obligation to ensure that our students have the opportunity to improve their multi-

cultural literacy and meet peers from around the globe with whom they can engage over ideas.

Second, Stanford's scholars have an important role to play in promoting global understanding, prosperity, peace, and security.

To prepare our students to act as global citizens, we must ensure they have the chance to experience the world firsthand. Stanford offers numerous opportunities to study, research, and perform service work globally. Approxi-

mately half of undergraduates study away from campus through the Bing Overseas Studies Program during their time at Stanford. I would love to see even more of our students take advantage of the opportunity. By immersing themselves in another culture, not only do they learn about the world—but often in the process they also learn more about themselves and the places they come from, whether that's within the United States or abroad.

We're also encouraging global thinking through the

COLLEGE program, our new first-year course focused on citizenship and civic responsibility. This spring, first-year students who are enrolled in the program will take a course in global perspectives, which provides a forum for students to analyze their relationship with and responsibility to the world and our planet. Students will have the opportunity to explore a number of current issues in a global context, including sustainability, democracy, the politics of development, ethical questions around war, and more.

The second way Stanford plays a role in promoting understanding is through cross-border research. Today's challenges are global. From climate change, to emerging and chronic diseases, to poverty and inequality, to geopolitical tensions—the problems we face require scholars to work with colleagues and peers from around the world, both to find solutions and to gain a deeper fundamental understanding of humanity and our world.

The Russian invasion of Ukraine highlighted how important these links can be. Since the war began, Stanford scholars and experts in the region, including a number of former diplomats, have provided insight into the war, helped policymakers navigate the crisis, and shared their expertise on related issues, including online disinformation and nuclear threats.

Our scholars have also worked with partners established through Stanford's long-standing relationship with the nation of Ukraine. Since 2005, the Freeman Spogli Institute for International Studies has trained more than 225 Ukrainians through programs for leaders and professionals in emerging democracies. Alumni of these programs have become journalists, members of the Ukrainian parliament, leaders of NGOs, and more. Due in part to these deep ties, last May, FSI hosted a livestream address by Ukrainian president Volodymyr Zelenskyy to the Stanford community about his country's fight for freedom and democracy.

These links between scholars and students across borders are crucial in times of crisis. But they also matter for the day-to-day lives of people around the world, as we work to preserve our planet and improve the well-being of communities. Our students and scholars play a vital role in establishing bonds that help us understand one another more fully. We're committed to preserving and enhancing these relationships, for the benefit of our students, of Stanford, and of the world. ■





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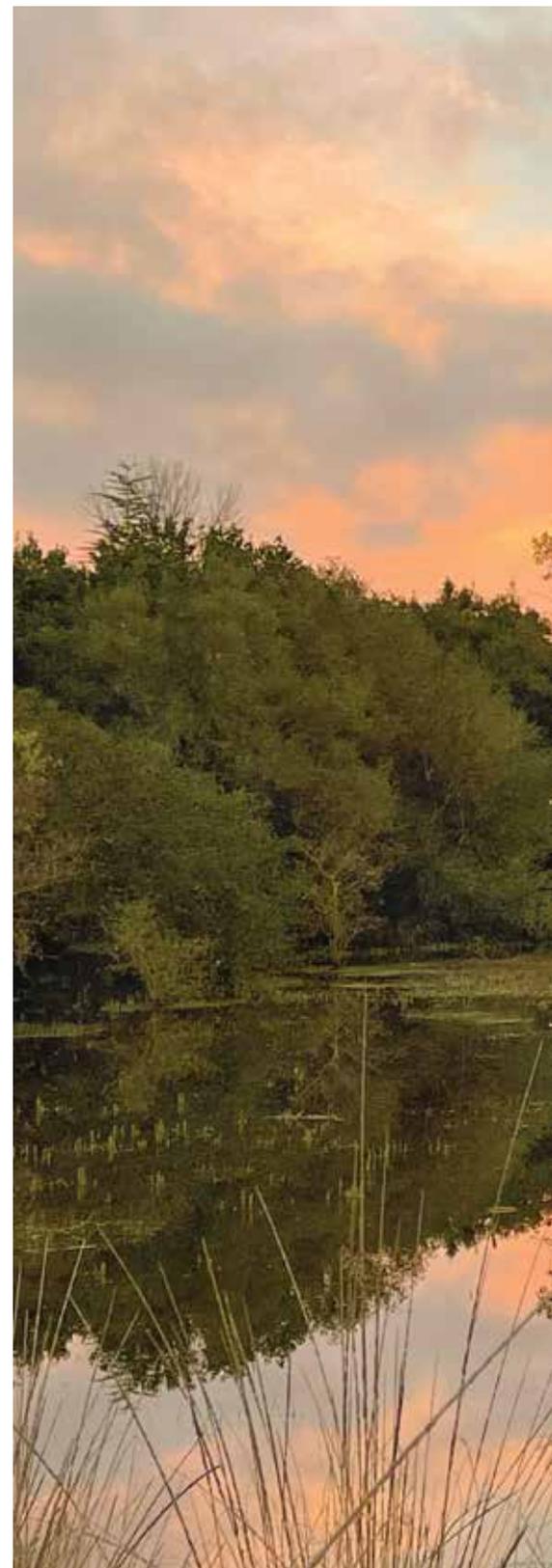
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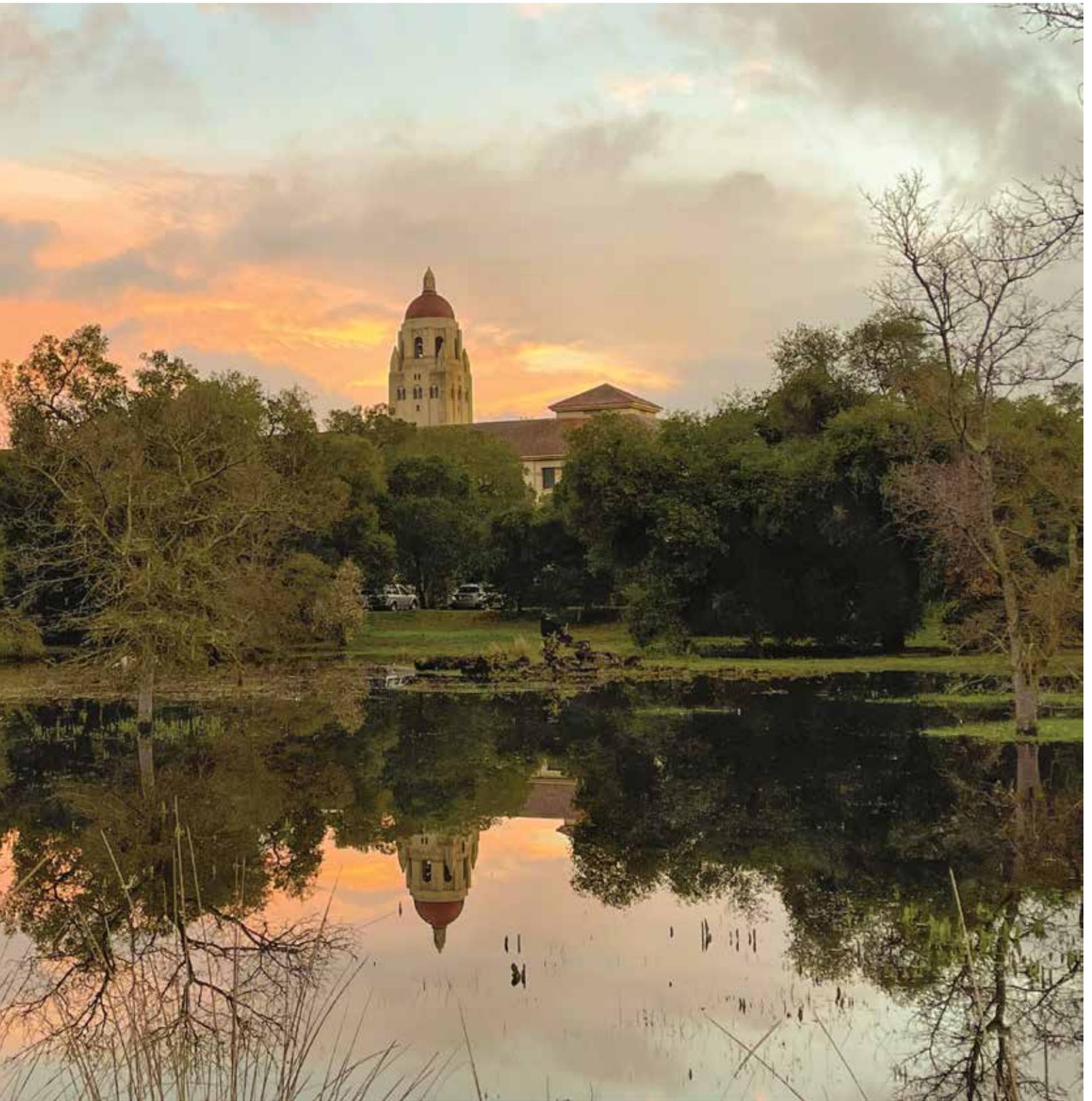
While most eyes were on the water in Lake Lag—which reached a depth of 14 feet by mid-January—Mother Nature was working on an art installation across campus. Just off Museum Way, to the east of Palm Drive, was a new, temporary lagoon. Historic storms early in the new year flooded the grounds—typically adorned with dry, gold grasses and scattered shrubs—and then abated just long enough for the evening sun to work its magic.

PHOTOGRAPH BY VICTOR MADRIGAL, '94



VIEW STUDENT REVELRY AND
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WHO WE ARE

Meet Malavika Kannan

A breakout author
writes the books she wants
her friends to read.

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about girls who, like me, are thinking about their
lives and their relationships with others.*”

WHEN MALAVIKA KANNAN came to Stanford in 2019, she says, she “mellowed out.” Her high school years in suburban Florida were consumed with advocating for gun violence prevention in the face of the Pulse nightclub and Parkland shootings and with writing her debut novel. *The Bookweaver’s Daughter*, published when she was 18, draws from Indian mythology and a younger Kannan’s impression of female friendship to tell the story of a 14-year-old girl with magical powers who challenges the oppressive ruler of the fictional land of Kasmiri. Now a junior, Kannan spends her time outside of class learning to garden and cultivating community with other queer artists of color on campus.

As a comparative literature major, Kannan studies postcolonial feminist writing from South India and Black womanist writing from the American South. “Both traditions of writing are looking for alternatives to domination,” she says, “whether that’s domination of language or the way we structure our relationships.” Inspired by writers and thinkers such as Arundhati Roy, Zora Neale Hurston, and Amiya Srinivasan, Kannan spends the academic year reading and absorbing, then writes during school breaks.

Her second novel, *All the Yellow Suns*, will be published in July. Set in Florida, the book follows 15-year-old Maya Krishnan, who, like Kannan at that age, “understands that things around her are messed up [and] feels frustrated that no one else seems to feel that way.” Maya falls in love with Juneau, who invites her to join a secret society of kids who are committed to resistance. Kannan hopes readers experience a sense of recognition when they read the book. “[I’ve] been told by everyone who read it that the end makes them cry, so hopefully there’ll be some tears as well.”

—Jacqueline Munis, '25



ROOM TO THINK: Kannan, a comparative literature major, says she “prefers reading to writing,” and she devotes herself to contemplation during the school year.

“We would visit my grandmother during summers in India, and she would tell me a lot of stories—Indian mythology and stuff. So I just got into it. [Before I could write], I would tell my mom stories, and she would write them down for me.

“When I came to Stanford, I was going to be a poli sci major because in high school, something that consumed me, that I thought about all the time, was gun violence, and I thought the best way that I could participate in ending it was by becoming a political scientist and working in advocacy. And I think I felt a little bit burnt out of that, especially during the pandemic.

“I ended up choosing comparative literature because I like the interdisciplinary focus, and also I like that it’s not tied to one country’s national literature.

“I actually prefer reading to writing. I would much rather read what someone else has to say and get to study that.

“Something that I really value about Florida is there’s a kind of resilience. Zora Neale Hurston is from Florida, and the ‘Floridaness’ oozes in her writing. Something that really strikes me about Their Eyes Were Watching God—the end is a literal, honest-to-God hurricane. I think [in Florida] there’s this kind of survival instinct [due to] these cataclysmic events, and it is also really pragmatic.

“I would say that my target audience is my friends. When I think about who I want to be pleased by anything I write, it’s three of my best friends; my girlfriend, Miranda [Liu, '23]; and then my younger sister, Deepika. They’re my target audience for everything.”



**SEE KANNAN ON CAMERA AT
ALU.MS/MALAVIKAKANNAN**

A close-up photograph of a toucan's eye, showing the vibrant orange and blue feathers surrounding the dark, reflective pupil. The background is a blurred mix of orange and red.

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History in the Remaking

A chef? A first lady?
An axe murderer?
You decide.

LIZZIE BORDEN IN THE MORNING and Julia Child in the afternoon. That's a day in the life of historical reenactor Leslie Goddard, '91. She gives more than 400 performances around the United States every year—for museums, schools, libraries, civic groups, and women's and book clubs—based on her 20 one-woman plays of mostly mid-20th-century luminaries. They range from the famous (Eleanor Roosevelt) and the well known (environmentalist Rachel Carson) to the obscure (1950s Tupperware marketing wizard Brownie Wise).

"I try not to have more than 10 in my current repertoire, because there are only so many people who can live in my brain at any given time," says Goddard, who majored in English and drama at Stanford and then earned a PhD focused on U.S. and women's history from Northwestern.

Her personal heroine, Amelia Earhart, flies high as her most requested character. "When you explore her life, she lives up to her legend," says Goddard, who lives in Darien, Ill. Onstage as the aviatrix, she wears WWII Army jodhpurs, a leather helmet, and lace-up boots from Target.

For her other perennial audience favorite, Jackie Kennedy, she dons a red 1960s suit with fabric-covered buttons and a matching pillbox hat. "Jackie was much more intelligent than people remember," says Goddard. "She's underappreciated."

Goddard has 30 other characters she'd like to research and present, including Coco Chanel, Audrey Hepburn, and fashion designer Lilly Pulitzer. She recently shelved a favorite—silent-film star Mary Pickford—due to dwindling audience interest. "It's so hard to give up any character. They're like



my babies," she says.

New for 2023 will be a composite character—Betty, a 1960s Pan Am Stewardess. "Those women went through sexist things that are so alien to us today," says Goddard. "But if you talk to women who were stewardesses, today's opportunities for women didn't exist, and they wanted to travel the world. I'm so inspired by them."

—George Spencer

LESLIE GODDARD (2)



Prime Minister Perks

Which gig is better: Great Britain or Greece?

When **Rishi Sunak**, MBA '06, was selected prime minister of Great Britain in October, he succeeded Liz Truss, whose brief tenure the *Economist* famously compared to the shelf life of lettuce. Meanwhile, **Kyriakos Mitsotakis**, MA '93, has been serving as prime minister of Greece since 2019, or approximately 133 times the lifespan of refrigerated romaine. We put the PMs' perks head-to-head to see how they stacked up.



WORK-FROM-HOME DIGS

Sunak: 10 Downing Street
Mitsotakis: Maximos Mansion

WINNER

Mitsotakis. The name of the manse itself would convey power even if there weren't a sculpture called *Minotaur* in the living room.



WATCH "DOG"

Sunak: Larry the cat, the official chief mouser of 10 Downing Street, who has chased off a fox.
Mitsotakis: Peanut, an adopted stray dog, who once bit minister of state Akis Skertzos.

WINNER

Sunak. Larry performs above his pay grade.



WORDS TO LIVE BY

Sunak: The motto of the British monarch, widely applied to the country at large, is *Dieu et mon droit* ("God and my right").
Mitsotakis: Greece's national motto is *Eleftheria i thanatos* ("Freedom or death").

WINNER

Mitsotakis. Dear Great Britain, people think it's weird to have your motto written in a foreign language. Trust us on this one.



FRINGE BENEFITS

Sunak: Chequers Court, a 16th-century country house on 1,500 acres, with 10 bedrooms, an indoor pool in the Orangery, and a putting green.
Mitsotakis: Access to the Parliament staff riding coach (no horses, alas) and a lawmakers' gym.

WINNER

Sunak. Clearly.

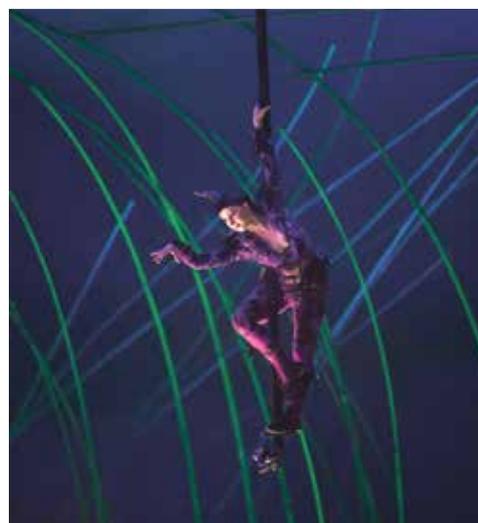
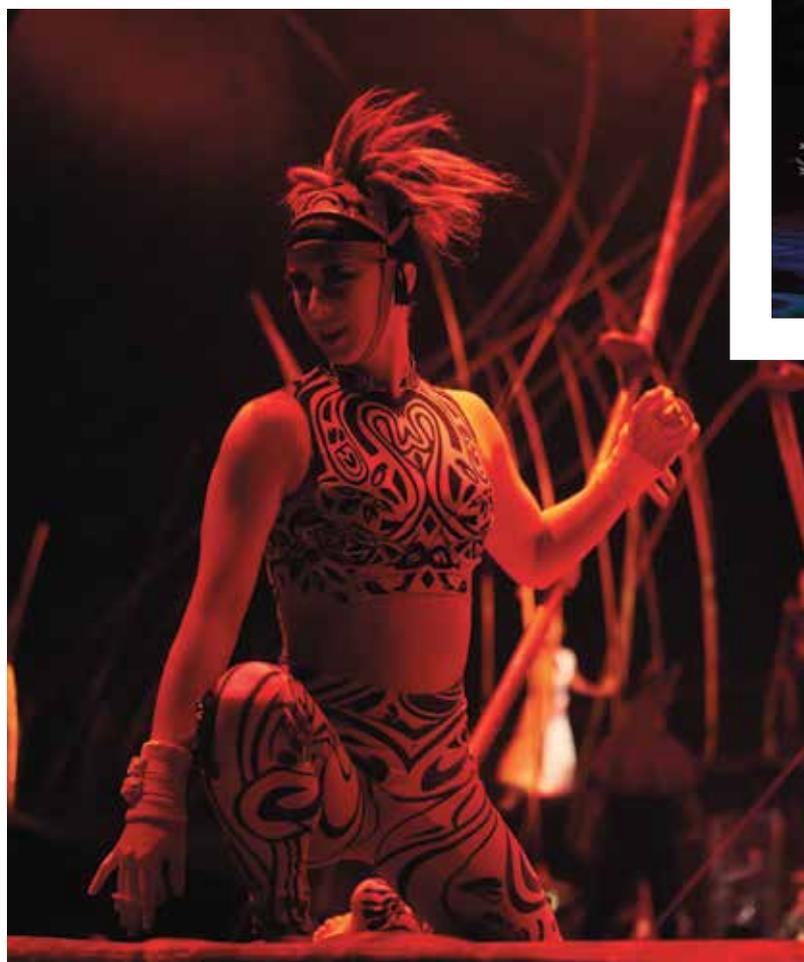


VIRAL MOMENT

Sunak: Became the butt of #MildlyCurseRishiSunak jokes, in which Brits wished upon the PM a lifetime of such inconveniences as catching his sleeve on a door handle.
Mitsotakis: Bared half of his torso when he doffed his dress shirt for a COVID vaccine. The crowd went wild.

WINNER

Tie



Joining the Circus

A former Olympic gymnast finds the camaraderie she's been seeking all along.

WHEN SHONA MORGAN was growing up in Melbourne, Australia, her mother “didn’t realize that it’s not super normal to have a 4-year-old just throwing cartwheels and climbing walls, and, you know, doing all this crazy stuff,” she says.

Morgan, ’14, channeled that energy into an elite gymnastics career, representing Australia at the 2008 Beijing Olympics and three World Championships. Her transition away from the pressures of the world’s stage to collegiate gymnastics reminded her why she loved the sport to begin with: the challenge and teamwork needed to learn new

skills. While at Stanford, Morgan also took aerial silks classes and danced in the campus troupe *Swingtime*. “It was like a switch flicked when I realized that performing is not the same as competing,” she says.

After earning a degree in human biology, she joined *Cirque du Soleil’s Amaluna*, performing on the uneven bars. While touring Europe, South America, and North America over five years, she picked up techniques from other performers—including what is now her signature act, the Cyr wheel, a metal hoop that she spins and balances within, creating the

effect of a gymnast inside a spinning top.

In 2022, Morgan embarked on her first tour of Australia, specializing in partner acrobatics in *Highwire Events & Entertainment’s The Defiant*, which won the “Best Circus” award at the Adelaide Fringe arts festival. She plans to continue to tour with local circus companies and is grateful to have found a welcoming, collaborative community of acrobats in her home country. “Being there onstage with other people and working together is what I’ve apparently always wanted,” she says.

—Jacqueline Munis, ’25

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*Congratulations to an outstanding group of volunteers who
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GREEN SCREEN: Palke examines demantoid, a rare variety of garnet, at the mine in Madagascar.

The Gem Detective

When Aaron Palke is on the case, no stone remains unturned.

EVERY SO OFTEN, Aaron Palke realizes he's holding a small stone worth more than his house. A steady stream of diamonds, emeralds, and rubies flows through his lab in Carlsbad, Calif. But knowing exactly what he's holding can be difficult, and for Palke, that's the fun of it. His is detective work, using microscopes, spectrometers, and trace element chemistry to piece together the story of a gemstone.

Palke, PhD '14, is a researcher at the Gemological Institute of America (GIA), a nonprofit organization that works to protect the public's trust in the gem and jewelry industry, in part by certifying gemstones' color, clarity, carat weight, measurements, and place

of origin. An expert in the geology and geochemistry of colored stones, Palke develops techniques for detecting whether a gem has been treated—that is, had its natural appearance enhanced. Emeralds, for example, are commonly treated with cedarwood oil, which fills in fractures and improves transparency.

Gemologists can see evidence of oil in a treated emerald, but other types of treatment can be difficult to discern. "There are," Palke says, "some calls we can't currently make." A bright, pure red ruby might have developed its desirable color through exposure to high heat, a treatment that's not always detectable. Unheated, a ruby of the same hue would

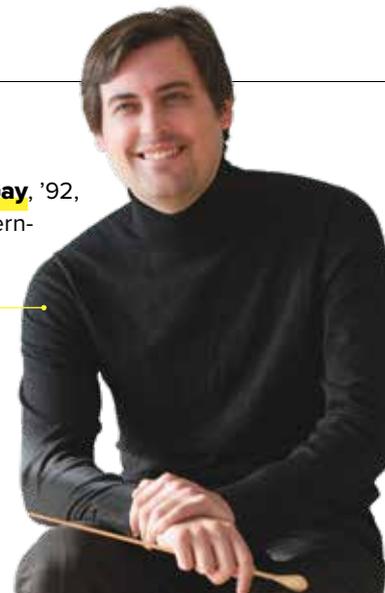
command a premium. And untreated stones hold mysteries of their own. Sapphires from Madagascar can appear identical to those from Sri Lanka, even when viewed through a microscope. "My job is to research ways to be more accurate with our calls," he says.

Palke, who particularly enjoys working with sapphire, garnet, and turquoise, is living out his rock-collector childhood dreams at the GIA. "I get to see the most fascinating, most beautiful stones that I would never get to see anywhere else," he says. "For this very brief period in time, I get to study that stone. I get to look inside of it, understand the stone, and analyze it. It's just a privilege to be able to learn [its] story." ■

THE TICKER



She may now wear crimson instead of cardinal, but we're cheering for **Claudine Gay**, '92, who was named the 30th president of Harvard, where she is a professor of government and of African and African American studies.... Also music to our ears is the Grammy win of conductor **Michael Repper**, '12, MA '13, and the New York Youth Symphony for best orchestral performance.... But awards season isn't only for entertainers—**Beatriz Magaloni**, a political science professor at Stanford, has won the 2023 Stockholm Prize in Criminology, the world's most prestigious award in the field, for her research focusing on the complex challenges of public support for police militarization.



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THE GRIDIRON

Life Coach

On and off the field, David Shaw knew how to keep his eye on the ball.

BY IVAN MAISEL



ON THE WALL opposite David Shaw's desk sat a small hutch, a piece of office furniture every bit as unassuming as the former Stanford coach himself. Oh, Shaw adorned his workspace with the customary pageantry of college football coaches trying to impress 17-year-old recruits: coaching trophies, oversized photos of Cardinal stars in the NFL, framed NFL jerseys dedicated to him by Richard Sherman, '10, Doug Baldwin, '11, and Michael Thomas, '12, and more coaching trophies. The swag hung on the walls to give potential Stanford players an idea of what Shaw had done. But it said virtually nothing about who Shaw is.

To find that out, you had to open the hutch.

Shaw, '94, walked into his postgame press conference after the final game of the 2022

season and resigned as the Bradford M. Freeman Director of Football. No one saw that coming, not even Shaw. He hadn't begun to contemplate leaving the job he filled for 12 seasons until that week. Shaw came to the realization that, as he told his wife, Kori, "It's time." The milestone of a 50th birthday last year buttressed his conviction that he should move on.

"I like to look at things in arcs," Shaw said a few weeks after his resignation. "I think this arc is complete."

Growing up, Shaw spent two stints—in preschool and high school—on the Stanford campus while his dad, Willie, served as an assistant football coach. David played wide receiver for the Cardinal in the mid-1990s. He spent 15 years in the assistant-coach ranks,

for three college and three NFL teams. The Stanford head coaching job was his dream gig. Shaw's love for his alma mater and his understanding of and support for the university's academic mission made him an ideal fit.

In his 12 seasons as head coach, Shaw won more games (96–54, .640) than any coach in the 132 years of Stanford football. He won three Pacific-12 Conference championships. He went 9–3 in the Big Game. He finished with winning records against Stanford's other major rivals (7–6 vs. USC, 10–3 vs. UCLA, 6–5 vs. Notre Dame).

"David has represented Stanford football, as both a player and a coach, with unwavering grace, humility, and integrity," said athletics director Bernard Muir in November. "We really owe a great deal of gratitude to David."



If you include Shaw's four seasons as an assistant coach to Jim Harbaugh, his teams didn't win much at the outset. They won a lot for nearly a decade. They didn't win much at the end. In other words, an arc.

"Any reason I wanted to stay would be selfish," Shaw says. "Yeah, I want to get to 100 wins. Yeah, I want to get one more Rose Bowl. Yeah, I want to get one more Pac-12 championship. OK, that's for me, and I've never done things just for me. So once you get to 'Those aren't the reasons to stay,' this is the perfect time to say, 'Time to step away.'"

Not to mention that college football is at a crossroads. Players are making money from name, image, and likeness licensing and so-called Alston payments. They are taking advantage of liberalized transfer rules,

decamping to other schools the minute they sense a better opportunity. As Muir explained in STANFORD's September cover story, the Cardinal is adapting deliberately to those changes when it chooses to adapt at all.

"It just felt like this was the perfect time to bring in a new regime with all the changes that have to happen, and all the adjustments," Shaw says. "You don't change with the old guy. You change with the new guy." (The new guy, by the way, is Troy Taylor, who comes to

Stanford from Sacramento State.)

Shaw watched how athletes came to play for his dad, a longtime NFL assistant. They arrived as high draft choices. They played. The "lucky" ones kept playing after their athletic talents had peaked. That is, they stayed too long. And after they retired, they remained a part of his dad's life.

"I just know that arc," Shaw said a year ago, sitting in his office on the second floor of the Arrillaga Family Sports Center. "Football for the athletes is temporary, so as a coach, you anticipate that. The influence and impact that we make on these young people's lives, if we do it right, when they are done with the sport and raising their kids, the highest compliment you can get is when you get a call and he says, 'Oh my God, Coach, I was talking to my son



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and I sounded like you talking to me.”

Shaw pointed at the little hutch across from his desk.

“I keep letters from parents, grandparents, postcards from former players, in that hutch there,” he said. He calls them “as valuable as any win on the field, any trophy, because we put somebody else out in the world who appreciates this place and what we do here.”

Shaw is private enough on his own. To ask him to divulge correspondence of this sort is a nonstarter. But former Stanford players and their parents speak of Shaw with the same sort of reverence with which he holds those letters.

“I really think about a coach who loves his players as human beings and not as football players,” Solomon Thomas says. Thomas, ’18, just completed his sixth season in the NFL after a Stanford career in which he won the Morris Trophy as the best defensive lineman



‘It just felt like this was the perfect time to bring in a new regime with all the changes that have to happen. You don’t change with the old guy. You change with the new guy.’

in the Pac-12. “It’s one reason I’ve always respected him and I’ve always loved him,” Thomas says. “You don’t get coaches who

want the best for you outside the game of football. They want you to do well, but they want you to do well while you’re doing well for them. Coach Shaw strictly wants you to be the best Solomon Thomas, best Christian McCaffrey [’18], whoever, in life. He means in the Stanford way of life: going out, doing cool things, changing the world, using our brains and personalities to impact people. I felt like he cared more about that than what we did on the field.”

As Bryce Love grew up, his mother told him she wanted him to aspire to attend one of the great universities within four hours of their North Carolina home, schools like UNC–Chapel Hill, Duke, and Georgetown.

“I remember when he got that call and Stanford came on the radar,” Angela Love says. “He told me, ‘Well, you didn’t say the four hours couldn’t be by plane.’”

Bryce Love won the 2017 Doak Walker Award as the best running back in college

28TH

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football and finished second in the voting for the Heisman Trophy while pursuing medical research and a human biology degree. Angela Love saw her son and Shaw as kindred spirits.

“The Bryce that left [home] in 2015 and the Bryce that graduated in 2019 were much the same in that his overall qualities, the person, was the same,” Love says. “It was just oh-so-much better. Oh-so-much more mature. Oh-so-much more wise and thought-provoking, and he saw the world through a totally different lens. I attribute all of that to the four years he had there, specifically Coach Shaw, because that was a lot of where he spent his time, in football.”

Love’s final season, 2018, may have been the season that best illustrated Shaw’s temperament. As Shaw was leading Stanford to a 9–4 season, his younger brother, Eric, was near death from a rare form of T-cell lymphoma. Shaw had previously been told he wasn’t a suitable bone marrow donor, but, after two transplants failed, Eric’s physicians

decided to try an unusual procedure. Shaw slipped away from work to Stanford Hospital for five days so doctors could stimulate and extract his bone marrow—bone marrow that would save his brother’s life. By the end of the treatment, Shaw could barely walk, but he never mentioned his joint pain or fatigue to the team. He just continued to coach.

Shaw came home with the mementos from that coaching life in a half-dozen or so boxes. “I haven’t been to IKEA in probably more than 15 years,” he says. “Been there twice now in the last week. That’s different. I put together a desk and a file cabinet with only one thing that didn’t work. Instead of taking it back, I’m just hiding it.” In other words, there will be no upgrade to the hutch.

There will, though, be some travel and some being an in-person husband and father. There may be some television work. Shaw has enjoyed being a member of the NFL Network’s crew covering the past few NFL drafts. If he decides to return to coaching—

he interviewed with the Denver Broncos in January—he will look first to the Sunday game. “I’ve always looked at myself as an NFL coach who adjusted to college because he loves Stanford,” Shaw says. He will not be shy about being on campus, even if it feels weird to walk past the football complex just east of Campus Drive and realize he doesn’t work there any longer.

“I would have loved to have won more games at the end,” he says. “At the same time, knowing that we had an amazing run, a historic run, a historic run for Stanford, a historic run for college football? That a high academic institution can have not just a winning program but, for a good chunk of time, a top-20, top-15, top-10, top-5-a-couple-of-times program? With All-Americans and draft picks? It was a great, great run.” ■

IVAN MAISEL, ’81, is the vice president of editorial and a senior writer at On3.com. Email him at stanford.magazine@stanford.edu.



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ADVICE

How to Be a Morning Person

A Stanford sleep medicine doctor insists that anyone can learn how to wake up earlier—and feel good about it.

BY REBECCA BEYER

W

HEN RAFAEL PELAYO

was an undergraduate student majoring in biology at the University of Puerto Rico, he worked three jobs to pay his way through school. To accommodate his employers, he took 7 a.m. classes, getting up at 5:30 and using his commute time to study.

Four years later, when he was a medical student at Albert Einstein College of Medicine in the Bronx, N.Y., classes started later in the day. Pelayo found that—like most of his peers—he often pulled all-nighters, taking short breaks around midnight to decompress with his friends.

Today, Pelayo is a clinical professor of psychiatry and behavioral sciences at Stanford and a leading expert in the field of sleep medicine (his 2020 book is called *How to Sleep*).

But... is he a morning person or a night owl?

The answer, it turns out, is that it doesn't matter.

"We all have genetic tendencies toward being a morning person or being an evening person," explains Pelayo, who came to Stanford in 1993 as a fellow to work with the late William Dement, who was known as the "father of sleep medicine," and nowadays teaches the popular undergraduate course his mentor created, now called Dement's Sleep and Dreams. "But your tendencies are not your destiny."

Biology does play a role in our sleep patterns, Pelayo points out, especially for teenagers, who tend to go to bed later and sleep much deeper as they transition into adulthood, and for older people, who are

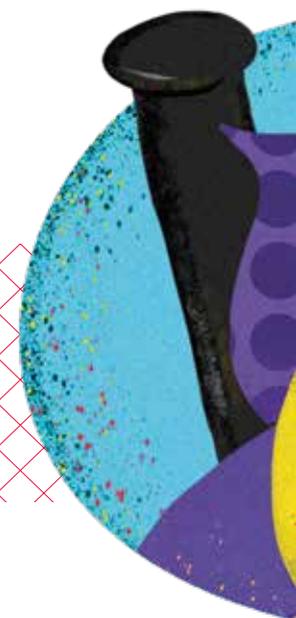
generally light sleepers.

"Sleep is inherently a dangerous thing to do, so in a tribe of people, it makes sense that some people are more alert at some times than others," he says.

To accommodate the realities of teen biology, Pelayo testified in support of a California law, passed in 2019, that requires middle and high schools to start no earlier than 8 a.m. and 8:30 a.m., respectively.

But adolescence aside, sleep habits are more malleable than we think. And although there is nothing inherently unhealthy with being late to bed and late to rise, Pelayo says, a sort of chronic jet lag can crop up when night owls need to conform to society's standard schedule and expectations.

So, for those of us who would like to wake





up earlier to get a jump start on the day (or, heck, just to get to work on time) and who don't have a sleep disorder that requires treatment, Pelayo offer some tangible tips:

FIRST, PICK YOUR IDEAL WAKE-UP TIME.

"I ask my patients, if you could wave a magic wand and fall asleep easily and wake up feeling refreshed, what schedule would you like to be on?" he explains.

Pelayo addresses his patients' waking times first, he says, because "it's easier to lock in a wake-up time than to force a sleep time"—which, he notes, is different than a bedtime. "Bedtime is what time you

get into bed," he explains. "The sleep time is the totality of all time spent sleeping in that bed until you get out of it."

Many people assume that the time they wake up depends on the time they fall asleep, which seems logical, he says. But in reality, "the brain is trying to predict dawn and dusk at all times."

That mechanism—governed by so-called clock genes, which regulate our circadian rhythms—exists across the animal kingdom, even in flies.

"We don't have a lot of similarities with a fly," Pelayo says. "But flies need to know what time it is too."

THEN, SET A BEDTIME.

Once you set a preferred wake-up time, determine how many hours of sleep you want and then work backward to arrive at your bedtime. General guidelines are that adults should sleep between 7 and 9 hours, and you'll want to personalize that so that you wake up feeling refreshed, not tired, Pelayo says.

After you've done the math, don't let yourself get under the covers until the



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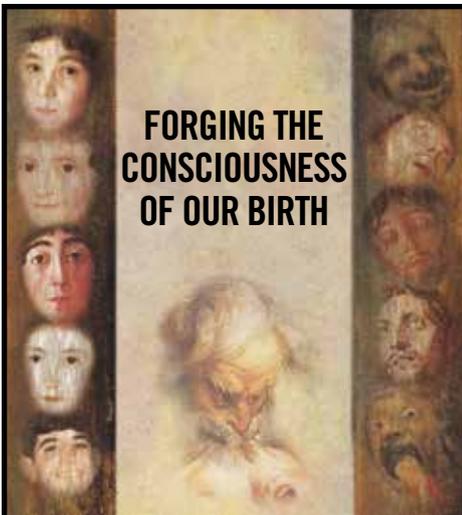
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appropriate bedtime, even if you just want to lie down already.

"If you hold your breath, you will take a deeper breath when you start breathing again," Pelayo explains. "The less you sleep, the more your body will want to sleep."

DON'T HIT SNOOZE.

Snoozing seems wonderful in the moment, but the sleep we fall back into after our



alarm goes off apparently isn't worth the time it takes to enjoy it.

"You're trading dreaming time for light sleep," Pelayo says. "That's a bad deal."

Instead of giving yourself those nine "extra" minutes of snooze (or 18—we see you), get up when your alarm goes off at your chosen time, Pelayo says, even if it means you have to keep the clock across the room to do so.

FIND SOMETHING FUN TO DO.

Most of us need a reason to get out of bed earlier than we absolutely must; otherwise, we'll just sleep until the last possible minute.

"When I was an undergraduate student, I was a morning person because I was motivated," Pelayo says. "You have to find that incentive."

Pelayo recommends rewarding yourself by doing



something you enjoy—ideally something that exposes your body to light, such as going for a walk. But even playing a video game will work.

"Make it something you want to do, to increase your motivation," he says. And to raise the stakes, don't let yourself do that one thing at any other time of the day.

DON'T STRESS.

If you wake up in the middle of the night, that's fine. In fact, everyone does, Pelayo says. One of Dement's earliest findings was that people wake up every hour and a half or so, an evolutionary practice left over from when we needed to do so to keep ourselves safe.

Usually, we don't even realize we're awake, but anyone who has ever lain in bed at night obsessively going over tomorrow's to-do list knows that's not always the case.

Still, "waking is not the problem," Pelayo says. "It's being upset about it."

KEEP GOING.

Making a change in our sleep takes practice,

Pelayo says—at least six weeks of consistently waking up at the hour we've chosen. In the clinic, he and his colleagues combine circadian, homeostatic, and behavioral techniques, and it's the last of these—adopting a new habit—that takes the longest time to change.

"People do things for three to four days and they say, 'Oh, it didn't work,'" he says. "But our brain isn't meant to have big shifts like that so quickly. You're manipulating a system for predicting the Earth's rotation." ■

REBECCA BEYER is a Boston-area journalist. Email her at stanford.magazine@stanford.edu.



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WHAT YOU DON'T KNOW ABOUT...

The Papua New Guinea Sculpture Garden

Artists' visit to campus 'flipped the script' on anthropological field work.

BY TRACIE WHITE



DOWN A GRAVEL PATH in a forested nook near Roble Hall, if you search you will find them: more than 20 intricate stone figures and towering wooden poles carved into animal and human forms. Collectively, they're known as the Papua New Guinea Sculpture Garden. During his work as an anthropology field researcher in the island nation, James Mason, '91, MA '93, met two artists who proposed a cultural exchange. Mason ran with the idea, and in 1994, he invited 10 artists and an interpreter to campus where, over a three-month period, they sculpted and painted works depicting ancient myths and legends, as well as two with a bit of inspiration from Rodin. Mason, who couldn't be reached for an interview, raised funds and secured the site, and later signed on local resident Barbara Slone—who happened across the project while jogging—as a volunteer fundraiser, hostess, and “project mom.”

TRANS-PACIFIC TREE TRANSPORT

The ambitious project involved the transportation from Papua New Guinea of nearly 40-foot-long kwila and garamut tree trunks chosen by the artists. The project would flip the script on the anthropological practice of going to another country to study a different

culture, says Sadie Blancaflor, '22, MS '22. Blancaflor, who also studied anthropology, stumbled upon the gardens, quite literally, when she tripped on a tree trunk carved into the shape of a crocodile on the way to her frosh dorm one night. In her senior year, she wrote a thesis on the history of the garden.

POLE POSITIONS

The artists, age 27 to 74, came from six societies living in the Iatmul and Kwoma regions along the Sepik River. At Stanford, they worked in teams of two or three, combining the mythic and artistic knowledge of the older men with the physical strength of the younger. The center of the garden is laid out in the typical floor plan of “spirit homes,” where the men of the villages hold initiation ceremonies, and hang out to gossip and chew betel nuts, says Mary Hoeber, a docent for the Cantor Arts Center. The garden features rows of poles that would normally support a thatched roof, some painted in the reds and blacks of the Kwoma tradition, and others decorated with carvings, in the Iatmul tradition.

MARRIAGE PACT

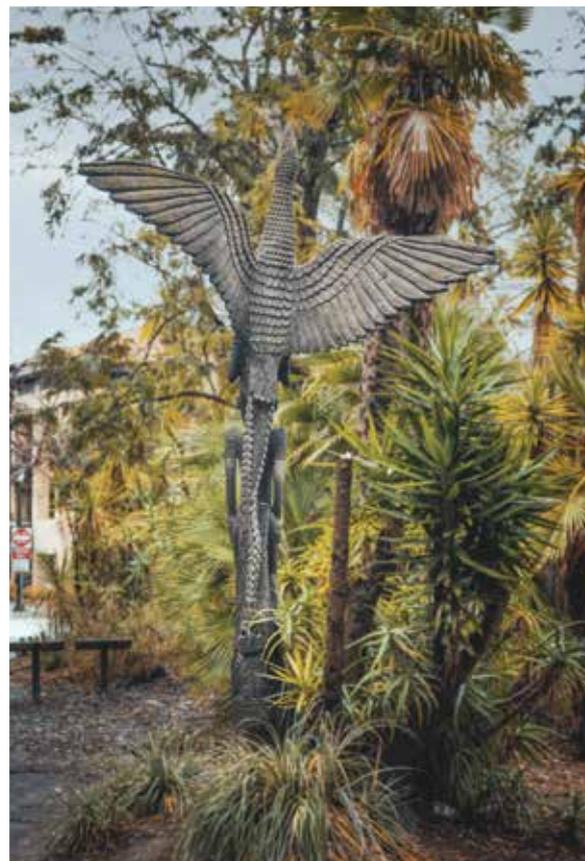
Mason was studying mythology and gender when he traveled to Papua New Guinea,

Hoeber says, and many of the sculptures reflect an emphasis on both. Kura, a protective goddess, is carved into several of the poles. In one, the goddess (forced to marry a crocodile to save her own life) is depicted as being flown back to her village by one of her children, who is part eagle and part crocodile.

RODIN UPMANSHIP

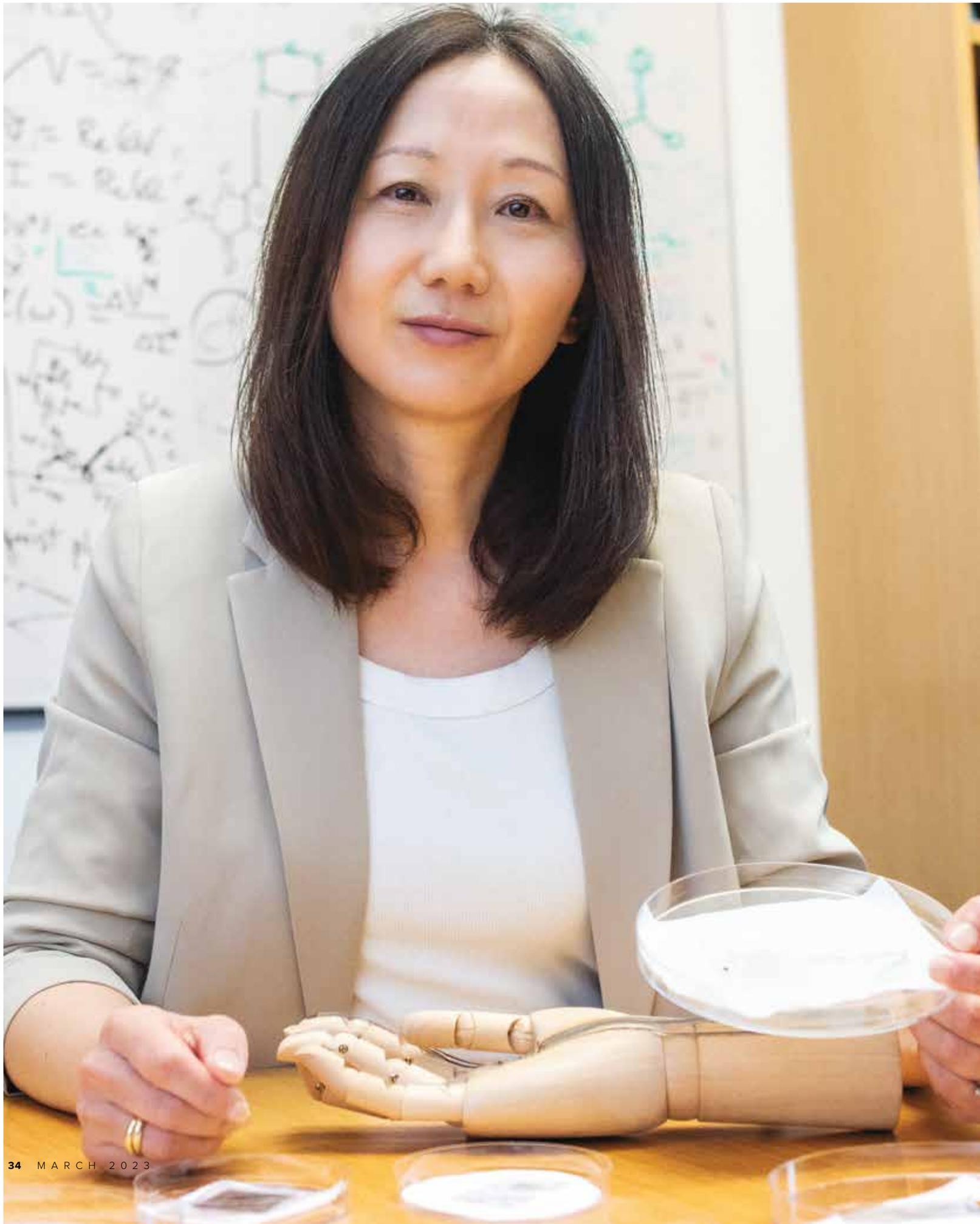
When Iatmul sculptor Teddy Balangu first saw photographs of the nearby Rodin sculpture garden, he said: “This is nothing. We can do better than that,” according to plaques in the Papua New Guinea garden. The result was two sculptures that bear the same names as their bronze Rodin counterparts on campus: *The Thinker* and *The Gates of Hell*. *The Thinker* tells the story of an ancestor sitting by the hole from which he emerged into the world, thinking about how he might create fellow humans out of clay. His first attempt has just failed, and the broken body parts lay scattered around his feet. The tale harks back to the Iatmul creation legend. “Ours has a deep story behind it, unlike the one you did,” the plaque says. ■

TRACIE WHITE is a senior writer at STANFORD. Email her at traciew@stanford.edu.



LEGENDARY: Stone figures and wooden poles adorn the garden grove near Roble Hall and depict stories important to the Kwoma and Iatmul traditions of Papua New Guinea. The goddess Kura (right) is shown with one of her children, who is part eagle, part crocodile.

ANDREW BRODHEAD/STANFORD NEWS SERVICE (3)





Stretch goals

by Sam Scott



Chemical engineer
Zhenan Bao strives
to re-create nature's
ultimate electronic system: **skin.**

photography by Barbara Ries

Anyone who has ever dreaded ripping off a Band-Aid—let alone re-dressing a serious wound—will have an easy appreciation for a recent invention from the lab of Stanford chemical engineering professor Zhenan Bao. The prototype device—a smart bandage that adheres to the body with a supple, conductive hydrogel—painlessly falls away from the skin when warmed to a few degrees above normal body temperature by, say, a blow dryer. A nation’s arm hairs stand in salute.

That’s only one of its powers. The bandage, which gleans energy from radio frequencies, also tracks signs of recovery and infection and responds with electrical stimulation to hasten healing. In animal studies, the bandage resulted in 25 percent faster healing, greater blood flow to injured tissue, and less scarring. Though far from pharmacy shelves—the prototype was built at mouse scale—future versions of the bandage might one day help people with chronic wounds due to suppressed immune systems or diseases like diabetes, or those with burns. Not bad for a wire-free, stick-on device whose healing hydrogel is not much thicker than a coat of latex paint.

The bandage is one example of how Bao combines organic chemistry and the engineering of novel materials to reimagine medical devices in more powerful, personal, and unobtrusive ways. She and her colleagues have developed heart sensors that adhere like postage stamps to the beating organ to locate atrial fibrillation; wireless sensors to monitor tumor growth; and soft, implantable sensors that tuck harmlessly into brain and gut tissues to measure dopamine and serotonin levels. Of particular importance to Bao, given the mental health struggles she has seen among her own friends and family, is the stick-on sensor her lab is developing that measures skin conductivity, heart rate variance, and cortisol levels—all corollaries of anxiety and stress. It could give psychiatrists

new metrics to assess depression.

As intriguing as Bao’s devices might be, they are in some ways simply byproducts of a grander pursuit that has occupied her since she joined the Stanford faculty in 2004. She was coming off nearly a decade in industrial research at Bell Labs, where she did pioneering work on flexible electronics—including developing the materials that went into the first flexible “electronic paper,” a precursor to the bendable screens now seen in some smartphones. With a fresh start in academia, Bao wanted to reset her sights further into the future. One of her new colleagues, professor of mechanical engineering Mark Cutkosky, was then building robotic cockroaches able to climb walls as deftly as real insects. The bugs, however, lacked accurate sensory feedback to know when they’d reached the top, and would plunge back to the ground. That got Bao interested in creating skin-like sensors that could feel touch. In turn, she soon began trying to mimic the broader range of powers that make skin the ultimate wearable electronic system.

As mundane as our largest organ might seem to those of us thoughtlessly walking around in it, skin is an almost magical material, capable of sensing, conducting, bending, stretching, healing, decomposing, and communicating with our brains. Initially, Bao says, she worried she had laid down too lofty an aim. Would trying to unify so many capabilities in a single device be too much? But she decided it was better to be bold. “I

thought, if we don’t set down an ambitious goal, we will never get to it.”

In the nearly two decades since, her lab has made steady gains. It now produces basic versions of **self-healing, biodegradable electronic skin**—it looks like latex—that can function when stretched to twice its original length, has the sensitivity to “feel” the footsteps of a ladybug, and can convert those signals into electronic pulses that are intelligible to neurons. The final goal—which could one day bring sensation to people who use prosthetics—remains in the distance. Meanwhile, Bao says, skin serves as target, motivation, and inspiration. “It allows my students to be more creative because they can see this is the bigger picture,” she says. “Then they can say, ‘We are missing this part of skin function,’ or ‘As a material, skin has this property. Why don’t we also incorporate that?’”

It’s in the pursuit of this larger goal—to mimic skin’s abilities—that her lab has achieved the breakthroughs that spin off into smaller devices, like the smart bandage with conductive hydrogel, or noninvasive blood pressure monitors for neonates, which apply her e-skin concept’s ability to feel. The performance of these devices then inspires ways to keep improving the fundamental chemistry behind the lab’s advanced materials, the area of research that concerns Bao more than any individual invention. It’s a feedback loop that Bao sees leading to a new paradigm of inconspicuous, autonomous medical devices that blur the line between human and machine by harmoniously operating on—and in—our bodies’ most delicate regions.

Original Skin

Fiction writers have long been fascinated with the notion of blending human and technology, from the screwed-together war general in Edgar Allen Poe’s *The Man Who Was Used Up* to Luke Skywalker’s lifelike prosthetic replacement for the hand lost to Darth Vader’s lightsaber. Making such feats of imagination real comes with serious challenges, not least how to connect the devices with the nervous system. But even more modest bio-electronics, like sensors or bandages, face another fundamental challenge: The soft, curved, moving tissues of a living body don’t marry well with the ungiving, brittle,

inorganic ingredients that are core to most advanced technologies. Hardware, it turns out, is well named. As are computer chips, made of the flinty and flexless silicon wafer.

To bypass this compatibility problem, some engineers—particularly John Rogers, a materials scientist at Northwestern University—have developed ingenious ways to adapt traditional copper-and-silicon devices to the body. Rogers, once Bao's colleague at Bell Labs, has minted nanoscale geometries—using serpentine patterns and ever thinner slices—to induce flexible behavior in inherently inflexible materials. In 2021, for example, Rogers published a paper on the first “transient” pacemaker—a wireless, battery-free prototype tested in animals that dissolves when no longer needed, obviating the need for a second surgery to remove the device.

While Rogers pares down the established ingredients of technology to make them more compatible with our bodies, Bao is known for the opposite approach: building up biocompatible materials from the molecular level. As an organic chemist, Bao is

expert in designing and synthesizing new polymers—long molecular chains of repeating units—like plastics, which generally have such poor conductivity that their established place in the electronic world is as insulators.

Indeed, while the tightly packed atomic lattices in silicon crystals form a virtual superhighway for electrical charges, polymers are more like meandering country roads. But scientists have far greater ability to tinker with carbon-based organic materials—which include synthetics like plastic—than they do inorganic substances like silicon. And over years of experimentation with molecular make-up and with the way the polymers are arranged, Bao's lab has created plastics that have narrowed—though certainly not closed—the performance gap with silicon. In Bao's words, they've harnessed something called the nanoconfinement effect to make these country roads less bumpy and winding. At the same time, they've also been able to make the materials stretchable, self-healing, and biodegradable. The result: Bao's lab has reinvented

recently retired as a professor in the chemical engineering department. “She just solved them all.”

As a practical matter, the adaptive approach to bioelectronics blazed by Rogers may have bigger real-world impact in the near term, DeSimone says. It's easier to push known materials to new limits than to create new ones, not to mention to fabricate them at scale. “There's very little [Bao] can leverage,” he says. “She has to create it all herself.” In time, though, he says, Bao's soft, organic, stretchable electronics—a closer fit to our natural tissues and therefore less likely to trigger the body's rejection of foreign bodies—may represent the ultimate solution. “That's the way the body works on a molecular level.”

Bao's novel materials and devices aren't even the most out-there concept she's working on. In collaboration with professor of bioengineering and of psychiatry and behavioral sciences Karl Deisseroth, PhD '98, MD '00, and professor of chemistry Carolyn Bertozzi, Bao's lab is exploring genetically altering cells to make their own polymers. That capability might allow scientists to one day grow conductive polymers atop misfiring neurons to treat

As mundane as our largest organ might seem to those of us thoughtlessly walking around in it, skin is an almost magical material, capable of sensing, conducting, bending, stretching, healing, decomposing, and communicating with our brains.



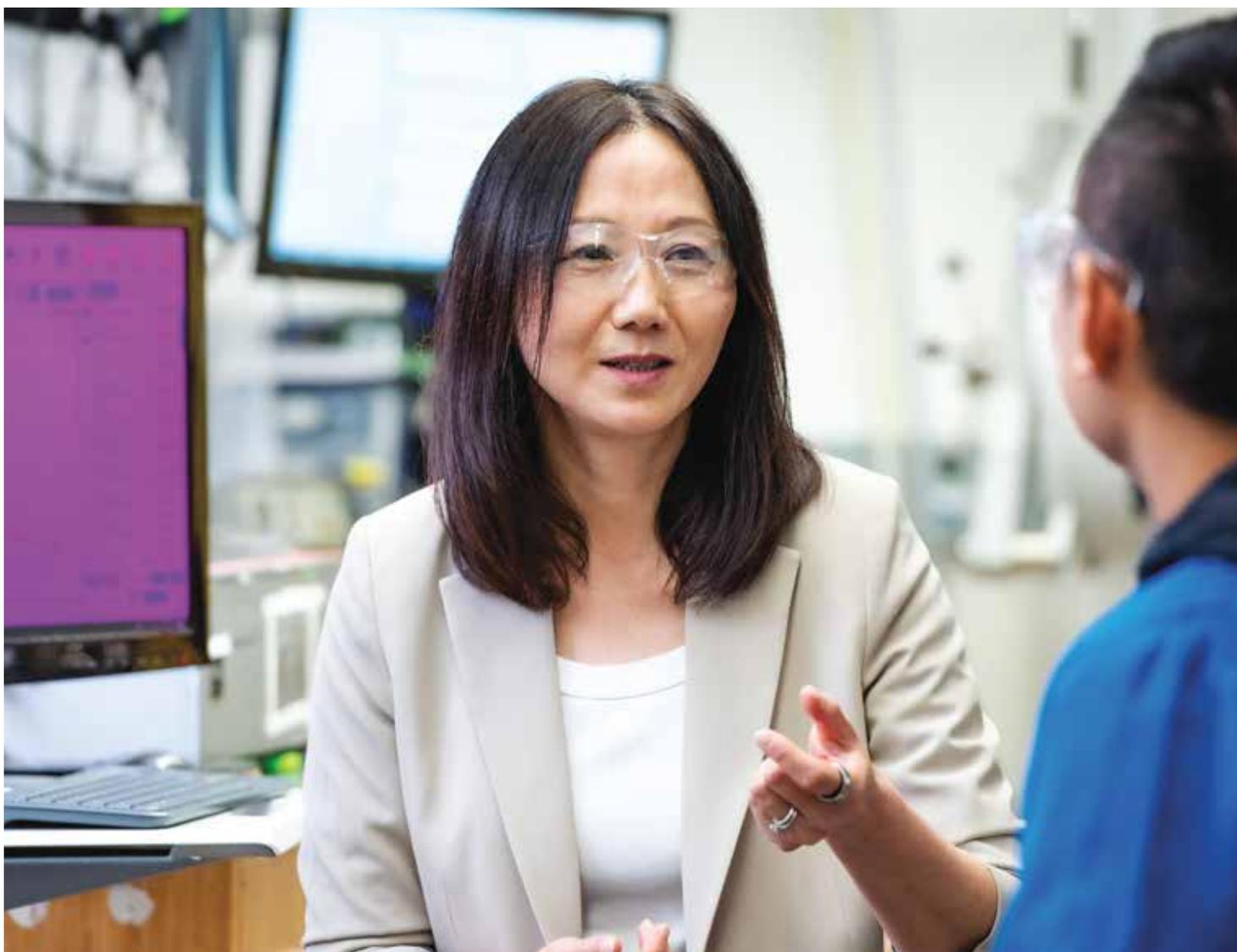
the familiar guts of technology—semiconductors, sensors, even integrated circuits—out of flexible, inherently stretchable plastic.

“It takes an amazing amount of design, molecular design, to create the chemistries that achieve that,” says Joe DeSimone, a Stanford professor of chemical engineering. “And she has done that.”

“I recall thinking a long time ago that, well, you know, that would be interesting, but, gosh, there's a lot of things that have to be solved,” says Curtis Frank, who

conditions like epilepsy, or even grow devices like sensors within the body. The approach may also provide a way for a future version of electronic skin to communicate directly with a particular nerve. “If we can choose which nerve to change its electrical properties, then potentially we can wirelessly communicate to that nerve only,” Bao says.

The verve of Bao's vision—to go her own way, to make new materials—has made her a magnet for top grad students and researchers, such as Helen Tran, now an assistant professor at the University of Toronto, who came to Bao's lab as a postdoc, drawn by Bao's creativity. “I wanted to work at the cutting edge with who's doing the crazy things,” Tran says. “It's just more fun as a chemist to really dream big on these crazy, sci-fi-like ideas. She is really trying to change the paradigm.”



The potential impact goes beyond medical devices. Imagine, Tran says, a day when you don't have to carry a phone or a wallet—you can just put a temporary tattoo on your hand, or wear a bracelet, that can do all the jobs those items would do. “Imagine all the functionality but less of a burden to you,” Tran says. “I think she is creating the first step to that dream.”

Scientific Methods

Bao was born in Nanjing, China, into a household of science. Her dad was a solid-state physicist and her mother was a chemist. Bao remembers growing up surrounded by the accoutrements of their academic lives, like squeeze bottles of distilled

‘It’s just more fun as a chemist to really dream big on these crazy, sci-fi-like ideas. She is really trying to change the paradigm!’

water, pH paper, and variegated silicon wafers. More than their formal knowledge, Bao credits her parents for passing on a curiosity about the world. Her father, particularly, liked to engage Bao with questions about their surroundings, taking delight as her own questions revealed how much thought she was already giving subjects. In Nanjing’s hot, sticky summers, he would treat her to the occasional popsicle. Once, when she was around 4, he asked her what would happen if she threw it in the park pond. When she said it would sink, he urged her to test her

hypothesis—encouraging her with a promise to replace the treat. “That’s how I learned that water is denser than ice,” she says.

Her parents didn’t put pressure on her as a student, in part, they later told her, because she was so obviously putting so much on herself. Chemistry took its hold on her in high school. It reminded her of cooking. And by the time she enrolled at Nanjing University, she had started to excel, thanks in part to a mental trick. After floundering initially, she discovered that if she practiced an imaginary experiment before she performed a real one,

it would feel almost as if she had done it before. “In the organic chemistry lab, we were graded by how much of a compound [we] could produce, and I always had the highest yield,” she told the National Science Foundation in 2017. “I found I was really good at this.”

She sought other mental advantages. Feeling intimidated by the talent around her—and being two years younger than most in her academic year—she discovered a book that stressed the importance of time management. It resonated. To the extent she admits any special talent today, it’s efficiency. If she’s cooking, she’s cooking four things. If she’s watching the news, she’s also clearing her inbox. If she’s hiking with her husband, chemical engineering lab director Jeffrey Tok, they’re probably talking about work. If she’s advising students, they often join her on her walk to or from the lab. “My brain is constantly optimizing what task I can fit in most efficiently so that I get the best productivity out of the same amount of time,” Bao says.

When Bao was midway through her undergraduate studies, her family decided that she and her older sister would immigrate to the United States for better educational opportunities. So in 1990, at age 19, Bao dropped out of college and moved with her sister to Chicago with about one month’s rent in hand. Over the next six months, she worked as a bagger at a grocery store (her English, she says, wasn’t good enough for her to be a cashier) and as an inspector at a factory making binder partitions (her job was to make sure the dividers were sorted correctly) while studying at a community college. Then she took classes at the University of Illinois Chicago. In 1991, on the strength of her GRE scores and her academic record, including two Nanjing University awards for exceptional work in chemistry, she was admitted to the University of Chicago as a grad student. Her CV—which each year gleams with new awards—lacks that most common line item in academia: a bachelor’s degree.

It was at the University of Chicago and especially at Bell Labs, where she worked hand-in-hand with electrical engineers and physicists, that she learned the importance of interdisciplinary collaboration, a hallmark of her science. Today, her interests place her at the intersection of engineering, science, and medicine, which requires a small army of specialists. Her lab—which numbers some 50 PhD students and postdocs and a dozen more students and visiting scholars—includes

chemists, materials scientists, chemical engineers, electrical engineers, mechanical engineers, and bioengineers. “She has basically a whole science-and-engineering wonderland of experts in her group,” Frank says. And while her lab produces novel materials and devices with new characteristics, it is often only after talking with professors, postdocs, and researchers at the Medical School and in other departments that her team realizes how best to apply them.

In 2016, to expand such collaborations, Bao founded the Stanford Wearable Electronics Initiative, aka Stanford eWEAR, to create a forum for researchers across Stanford and in private industry to exchange ideas and to work with one another. The resulting cooperation is invaluable, says Xiang Qian, a Stanford clinical professor of anesthesiology who is working on a wearable nerve stimulator he hopes will address chronic migraines. There is too much science, engineering, and medicine involved for any one professor to address the problem alone. And if Qian has any unresolved questions, Bao is always willing to jump in herself. “You can call her anytime, text, email,” he says. “She’s like, ‘Let’s go grab lunch together. Let’s have a Zoom call meeting.’ She’s there. She’s available for you.”

Skin in the Game

Although Bao can imagine her science in many a commercial realm—tattoo credit cards included—her own attention is first and foremost on medicine. Her lab has been working for more than six years on the stick-on patch to detect physiological signs of depression, a challenge that required developing a way to take continuous cortisol measurements from minute amounts of sweat. (Bao likens the task to measuring a pinch of salt in an Olympic swimming pool.) She has been motivated to continue largely because of experiences in her own personal circle. “Everyone has a story of their friend or their family member impacted by mental health [challenges],” she says. “I want to work on applications that help the most people.”

For another project, her lab published a paper in January describing a polyurethane smart skin that sprays on like sunscreen, covering one’s skin with a mesh of millions of electrically sensitive nanowires that remain until washed off with soap. Artificial

intelligence is then able to associate finger movements with tasks, allowing a user to, say, type without a keyboard. The spray-on nature of the device has the potential to be adapted to the face to capture emotional cues that could improve computer animation or avatar-led virtual meetings. It’s a foreshadowing of some of the utilitarian roles Bao sees for electronic skin. In the near future, she envisions skin that will provide trainee surgeons and others learning fine-grained tasks with exact feedback that allows them to precisely know the pressure, angle, and speed with which to make a motion.

While the road from lab to market is long and uncertain, this year, for the first time, a medical device inspired by Bao’s research is expected to get FDA approval: a bracelet/anklet with a sense of touch so refined it can provide continual noninvasive blood pressure readings on the smallest premature babies. Traditionally, the best way to measure blood pressure precisely and continuously in neonates is through arterial catheters, which can be painful, are difficult to set, and carry mortality risks. “Once it catches on, I think people will say, ‘Why poke when we can just get by with this?’” says Anoop Rao, a clinical assistant professor of pediatrics and the Stanford site’s principal investigator for the clinical study of the device.

Back when he was chair of the chemical engineering department, Frank says he knew Bao was coming down the hall by the speed of her steps. “She is always moving,” he says. Bao’s lab operates with similar energy. Paige Fox, an associate professor of surgery at the School of Medicine, worked with Bao for years to create a wireless blood-flow sensor that wraps around an artery to monitor bypasses, then biodegrades when it’s no longer needed. The resulting device, Fox says, impressed her with its acute sensitivity in animal and cadaver models. But what was perhaps most striking was how hard Bao’s postdocs and grad students hustled. “People always joke about academics being slow compared to industry,” Fox says. “When I would go back to her and her researchers with a problem, and I’d say, ‘Hey, you know, this is not going to work the way it is,’ it wasn’t months before they came back with something else. It was next week. The pace of development of technology over there is amazing.” ■

SAM SCOTT is a senior writer at STANFORD. Email him at sscott3@stanford.edu.

WAR TORN

Craig McNamara was a Vietnam-era protester.
His father was the U.S. secretary of defense.
In a new memoir, he tries to untangle that knot.

BY DENI ELLIS BÉCHARD

A phone booth. A call to his father. A request he considered easy. This was Craig McNamara's awakening. The year was 1966, and a friend at boarding school had planned a teach-in against the Vietnam War. Only 15, McNamara asked his father, Robert McNamara—the secretary of defense and broadly considered the war's architect—for brochures justifying the war. He hoped to share them at the teach-in, and his father said his secretary would send them. Day after day, McNamara, '73, checked the mail. Having received no response, he was swayed by the evidence presented at the teach-in—that after six years of escalation, hundreds of thousands of soldiers deployed, and tens of thousands of casualties, the war was not just unwinnable but also morally wrong.

At 72, Craig McNamara lives in Winters, Calif., where he and his family own an organic walnut farm. Though McNamara left Stanford after five quarters to ride a motorcycle through Latin America, the university stands like bookends in his life: the moment, as an undergraduate, that he committed to antiwar activism, and the moment, returning to Stanford in 2018 as a fellow at the Distinguished Careers Institute, that he began writing *Because Our Fathers Lied: A Memoir of Truth and Family, from Vietnam to Today*. In the years between, he struggled to understand his feelings of guilt over the war and his role as the only son of a man he both loved and has come to view as a war criminal. His desire to set out in a different direction led him to agriculture and land stewardship, which he believes are fundamentally political acts. Still, until he wrote his memoir, he couldn't say the word *Vietnam* without crying.





PHOTOGRAPHY BY TIMOTHY ARCHIBALD

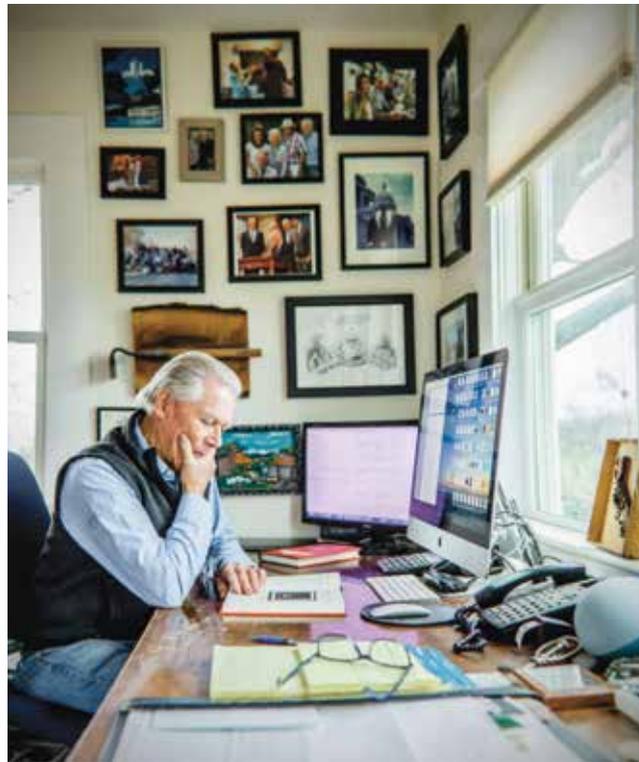


His childhoods have been lived so close to history. McNamara

remembers outings with the Kennedys and invitations to swim in the White House pool while his father conferred with newly sworn-in President Lyndon B. Johnson. He bore witness to national tragedy the day he sat alone in the backseat of his family's blue Ford Galaxie outside the Bethesda, Md., hospital where President John F. Kennedy's body had been taken. His two elder sisters, Kathleen and Margaret, '62, were grown and gone by then, and he recalls a time of loneliness. Frequently, he thinks about that moment in the phone booth, when he was a struggling student with dyslexia and a star athlete at St. Paul's, an elite boarding school in New Hampshire. Among his peers were Cameron Kerry, the future general counsel of the Department of Commerce and the brother of former presidential candidate and secretary of state John Kerry; Bill Hamilton, later an editor at the *New York Times*; and Garry Trudeau, who would create the *Doonesbury* comic strip. The school paper frequently published articles opposing the war. When McNamara made the call to D.C., he wanted answers. "I'm reaching out to the father who has been my mentor and model," he says, "and I am awakening, beginning to open my mind to the injustice of the American war." He knew that his father, with a secretary and assistants, could easily have sent something. Instead, McNamara went to the teach-in with no counterargument. "I remember the room. I remember the light fixtures. I remember that it was somber. I remember roughly where I stood. I remember where the presenters were," he says. "That became the time at which I would never turn back from my resistance."

During McNamara's final years of high school, the path to protest remained unclear. On school breaks, he went into his father's study and pilfered mementos from

Vietnam: pistols, Vietcong flags, and punji sticks—sharpened bamboo stakes the Vietcong placed as traps. He hung the American flag upside down above his bed. "I was searching for ways to protest the war on the third floor of our home," he recalls. In his family, much went unsaid, and his father never mentioned his actions. Born in 1916, Robert McNamara had graduated from UC Berkeley and Harvard Business School, served in the Army Air Forces during World War II, risen to become president of Ford Motor Company, and



then, five weeks later, been named John F. Kennedy's secretary of defense. In the popular imagination, he was a systems analyst who reduced the war to numbers and models, missing the human element and thereby miring the United States in a drawn-out conflict, even though he had previously been lauded for his role in helping defuse the Cuban Missile Crisis, refusing to let the Joint Chiefs of Staff launch strikes against nuclear missile sites in Cuba.

Craig McNamara knew his father's job involved running the war but had no idea

how to talk to him about it. By contrast, he was close to his mother, a UC Berkeley graduate who would bring home cow brains, lungs, and eyeballs from the local slaughterhouse to teach him dissection and who later received a Medal of Freedom from President Jimmy Carter for having established the nonprofit children's literacy organization Reading Is Fundamental. The family connected most deeply around their love of nature—on trips in the Sierras and Rockies—and it was in these moments, when his father was teaching him outdoor skills, that McNamara felt close to him. On one such day, they were walking back to their vacation home in Aspen, Colo., after a hike when protesters approached them. "My father dashed into the house," McNamara says, "but I needed to recognize them and let them know that their concerns were the same ones I had." A protester gave him an antiwar placard that McNamara has kept framed ever since. He and his father never spoke of that day. "I believed my role in the family was that of a peacemaker," McNamara says. The only time he remembers his father mentioning the war was after a dinner at a friend's home, while sitting in the garden. McNamara's friend challenged his father, who, as he recalls, replied, "You don't have the information that I do."

In 1968, Robert McNamara left the Department of Defense and became president of the World Bank. In an interview, he said that taking a stand on the war would be inappropriate given his current role. McNamara believes his father had an obligation at that point to speak out. "He could have still changed the trajectory of the war. I lay a lot of blame on him for that," he says. The following year, McNamara matriculated at Stanford and began protesting the ongoing war more actively. He participated in street riots, did guerrilla theater with puppets to educate students about the war, and, at the San Francisco International Airport, read out the names of Californians

'I WAS *searching* FOR WAYS TO PROTEST THE WAR ON THE THIRD FLOOR OF OUR *home*.'

who had died in Vietnam. That same year, he received his draft notice and found himself at the Oakland induction center, surrounded by young men of color, who were less likely than their white peers to have student or medical deferments. Moreover, he knew that their being drafted was a direct result of his father's actions. He himself was found unfit to serve because of a history of stomach ulcers. (He doesn't believe his father interceded with the draft board on his behalf.)

Disillusioned with the forces of power in the United States, McNamara joined two friends on a motorcycle trip through Latin America. The 2½-year journey contributed to his understanding of the fervently anti-socialist U.S. foreign policy of the era—American-backed Guatemalan strongman Carlos Arana ordering soldiers to hunt socialists or Chile's economy buckling after U.S. aid was cut off in the wake of the election of socialist Salvador Allende as president. Shortly after McNamara returned to the United States, the violent military regime of Augusto Pinochet came to power, and the World Bank, which his father presided over, resumed lending to Chile. "That's a real stain on the World Bank," McNamara says.

But while in some ways he had never felt more distant from his father, McNamara was also reconnecting to the place where they'd always shared their greatest mutual regard: the land. The time he'd spent in nature with his parents predisposed him to learn farming in Chile and later in Mexico, where he worked on a collective farm for

nine months. In 1976, he completed a bachelor's degree in plant and soil sciences at UC Davis.

While at Davis, McNamara met his future wife, entomologist Julie Reardon, and in 1980, the couple bought the farm in



HEADED TO THE TRAIL: McNamara, right, embarking on a mountaineering vacation with his father and sister Kathleen, always felt closest to his family in nature.

Winters with his father's assistance. "My father helped me put into practice something I had studied and dreamed of doing," he says. "I could not have done it without him." Though his father often called to discuss walnut yields, they remained unable to speak about the war. In 1995, Robert McNamara published his memoir, *In Retrospect*, in which he acknowledged having known the war was unwinnable and a mistake. On a visit home, when McNamara asked his father why he didn't write it earlier, his father said, "Loyalty." McNamara doesn't see it that way. "I deeply disagree with my father's view of loyalty," he says. The oath of office his father took,

he points out, was to the Constitution, not to the president. But nothing further came of the conversation. "His wall was impermeable," McNamara says.

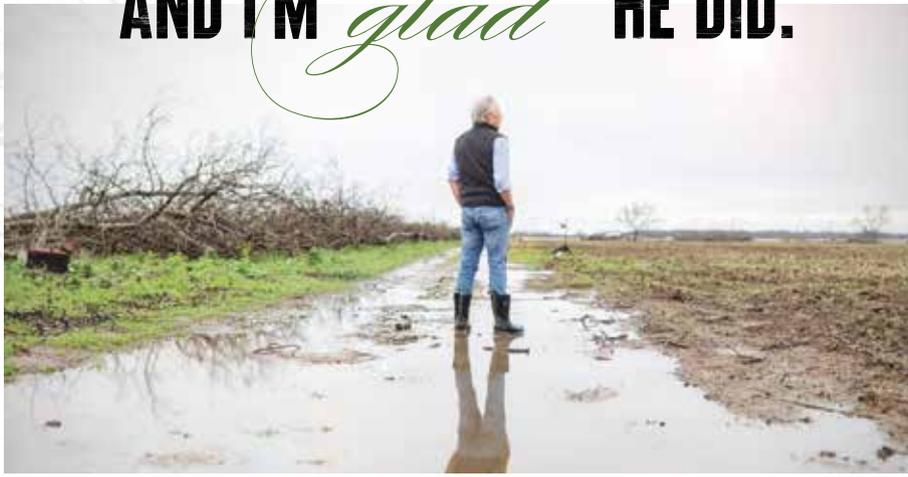
The only time he and his father had come close to speaking about the war was after a writer from *Mother Jones* interviewed McNamara on his farm in 1984. McNamara was quoted as saying his father had an "impenetrable shield." He was surprised when his father called and asked if the quotes were accurate. "I said, 'Yes, Dad, those are accurate.' It made me very sad to have him read my feelings in the press, and the reverse is true." McNamara did not read until years later a journalist's account of a 1971 incident in which a draft-age man recognized Robert McNamara on a ferry to Martha's Vineyard and tried to

throw him overboard. In the moments before bystanders saved him, his father hung from the deck 30 feet above the water as the man stomped on his fingers. Father never mentioned to son the attempt on his life.

Over the years that McNamara and Julie nurtured their walnut farm, they raised three children, Graham, Sean, and Emily. In 1981, McNamara's mother died from mesothelioma, a cancer in the lining of her lungs. In her final months, when McNamara was caring for her, she told him, "Don't do as I have done. Don't give everything to everyone else." He realized he'd been following her example, trying to maintain peace in the family. But in the

'IT *tortured* CRAIG TO *write* THE BOOK,

AND I'M *glad* HE DID.'



years that followed, he still couldn't break through his father's wall. By then, Robert McNamara had become an advocate against nuclear proliferation, and in 1995, he planned a reconciliation trip to Vietnam to meet with Võ Nguyên Giáp, the general who'd led the North Vietnamese to victory. McNamara asked to go with him. "It would have encouraged us to talk about my father's feelings about the war and possibly opened the door to my father revealing his sadness," he says. His father refused. Fourteen years later, in 2009, McNamara was again a caretaker for an ailing parent. When his father died at 93, they still hadn't had a conversation about Vietnam.

In 2018, McNamara returned to Stanford as a DCI fellow. The yearlong transition and renewal program for individuals in midlife would give him time, he thought, to start a memoir about agriculture. But as he wrote, he realized how much his father's life had shaped him. "His father loomed so large to him as a historical figure, and the access he had to him was when they were in the outdoors together doing things they really loved; then Craig was alone a lot with the consequences of his father's actions as people around him were sent to war," says former Stegner fellow Sarah Frisch, who served as a writing mentor for the memoir, which was published by Little, Brown in 2022. "His impulse to write this book was to understand something he couldn't understand. He had a lot of love for his

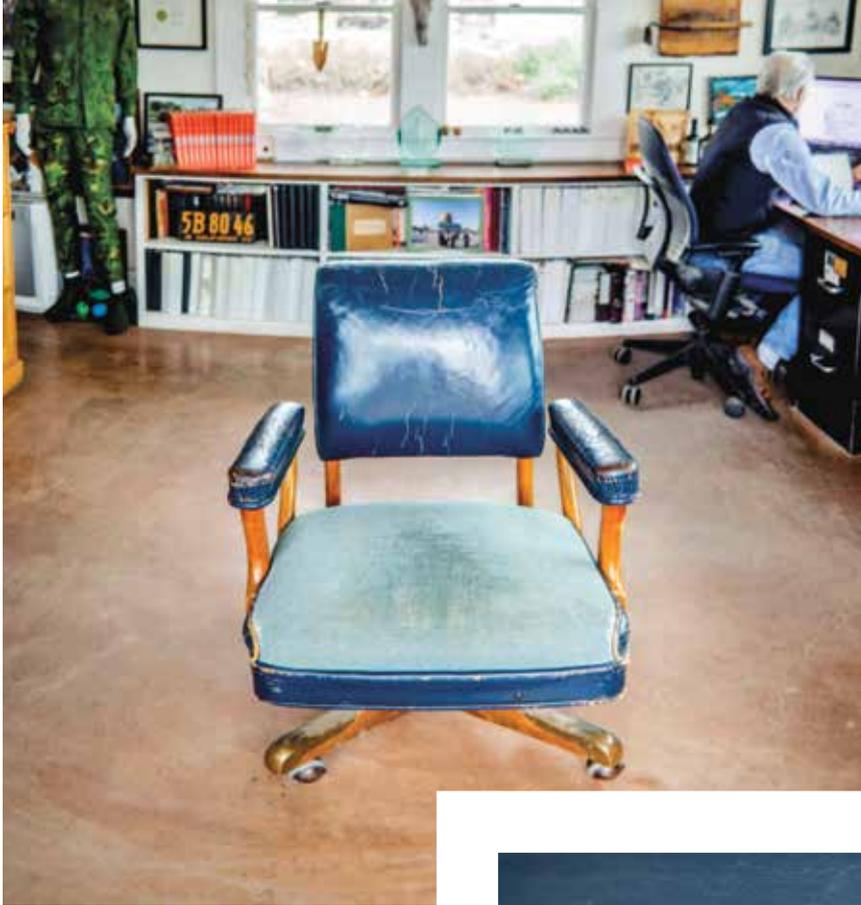
father, but there is a lot of hurt there."

Throughout the memoir, McNamara returns to the phone booth, when he asked his father for pamphlets. He now sees that moment with more nuance. "My father's life must have been spinning out of control," he says. By 1966, the United States military, struggling in the war, was relying increasingly on drafted soldiers and had begun the campaign that would, until American withdrawal in 1973, result in three times more bombs dropped on Indochina than the Allies had deployed during World War II, as well as the use of 388,000 tons of napalm and 11 million gallons of Agent Orange, a powerful herbicide that killed vast swaths of jungle and is implicated in significant, long-lasting health problems. Millions of civilians died, as did tens of thousands of soldiers. McNamara has come to believe that by not sending the pamphlets, his father may have been admitting his mistakes. "I've never said this before, but maybe it was his attempt to be truthful. Maybe this was an attempt through absence, through lack of information and lack of communication."

Only after writing his memoir was McNamara able to see his father more clearly, coming to the conclusion that the bombing of civilians constituted war crimes while also confronting his own shame for "never having been able to have such an important conversation." After publication, a reader wrote to him that, as

the son of the secretary of defense, he should have changed his father's position. "I don't think that's necessarily a fair weight to put on a son or daughter," McNamara says. He does, however, wish he had written his memoir sooner. He believes that doing so would have allowed him and his father to talk about the war. He regrets not having tried harder to persuade his father to engage with healing efforts for veterans and for the Vietnamese people.

"Moving Robert McNamara from one position to another is not something that perhaps anybody could achieve, other than the president of the United States," says Errol Morris, whose Academy Award-winning documentary, *The Fog of War*, chronicles Robert McNamara's role in Vietnam. Morris believes that Robert McNamara was tortured by the Vietnam War and didn't choose to escalate it—that, even though it was called McNamara's war, the orders came from President Johnson. "Robert McNamara had an extraordinary moral compass. It's an odd thing to say about someone who I do consider to be a war criminal," Morris says. "If there was a failure on his part, it was that he believed in our government." Morris sees *Because Our Fathers Lied* as speaking for the generation that grew up opposing the war. "It's a coming-of-age story about someone struggling to understand not just history but his place in history and in his own family," he says. "It tortured Craig to write



COMPLICATED LEGACY: McNamara keeps the calendar that Jackie Kennedy gave his father after the Cuban Missile Crisis, “which he treasured,” and the chair “from which he made the decision to begin the bombing of North Vietnam.”

the book, and I’m glad he did.”

Though Robert McNamara’s role in the Vietnam War has been well studied, *Because Our Fathers Lied* fills in the “less well-known relationship he had with his family,” says Philip Taubman, ’70, who worked as a reporter and editor at the *New York Times* for nearly 30 years and who, with his brother, the political scientist William Taubman, is writing a book about Robert McNamara. He describes the memoir as a case study “of the tensions that were stirred by the war and how they upended family relationships,” and sees some parallels to the way that “divisions in American society today are reflected in

often bitter disagreements within families.”

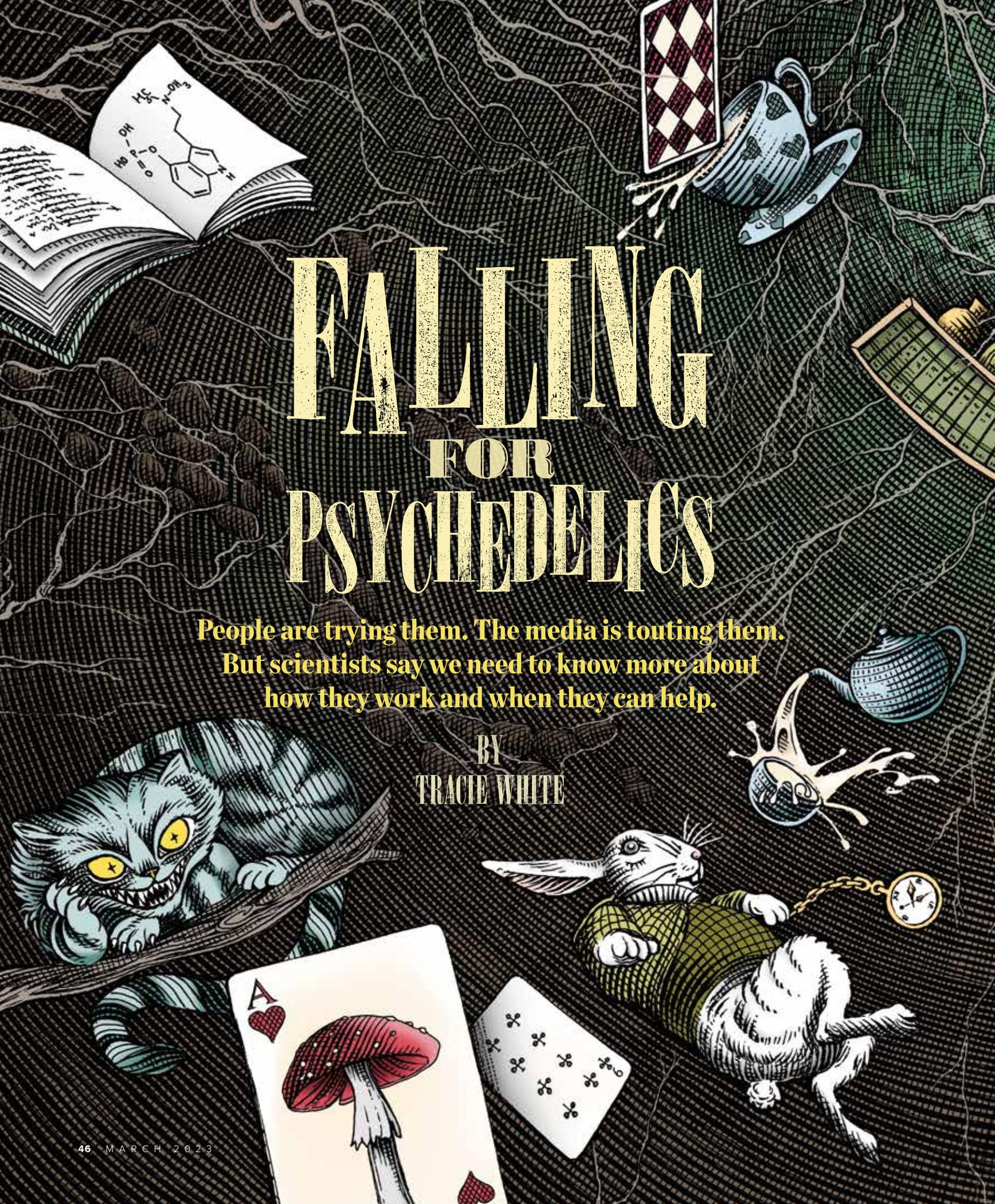
Today, two generations of McNamaras—Craig, Julie, and two of their children, Sean and Emily—run Sierra Orchards, a 450-acre farm located a 35-minute drive west of Sacramento. They have spent decades rehabilitating the soil by planting cover crops and rotating sheep through the orchards. Most of their organic walnuts end up on the shelves at Trader Joe’s and Costco. Ever the peacemaker, McNamara believes that many wars are fought over food and that sustainable food practices are crucial to society. “My whole embrace of regenerative and sustainable agriculture is my attempt to heal myself and to heal the

lands which I am a steward of and that I realize I am only a steward of. It is a reflection of what I hoped my father would do in terms of helping the Vietnamese heal from the devastation of the war.”

In raising a family, McNamara has aspired to be more candid than his own father, eschewing the generational model in which the child couldn’t question the parent. “His role as a father, the one that he set to fill, has just been so honest and so transparent, never shying away from challenging conversations,” says Emily, now 31. The publication of his memoir affirmed for her the importance of communication. At the time, she was concerned that resentment toward her grandfather might be aimed at her father. His memoir’s readers, however, whether agreeing or disagreeing with him, have just wanted to talk. “People have needed to have a conversation that they haven’t been able to have,” she says.

McNamara has also devoted substantial time to public service. For 17 years—seven of them as president—he served on California’s board of food and agriculture. “That gave me an overview of what’s going on in the state with climate change, drought, food insecurity, food injustice, labor, regulation, so I have attempted to work in those areas and be a change maker to the best of my ability,” he says. He also serves on the board of Project Renew, an organization in Vietnam that removes unexploded ordnance so that, he says, “communities can live in confidence that they will be safe.” After his father had refused to let him join the reconciliation trip to Vietnam, McNamara promised himself that he would someday go. In late 2017, he traveled to Hanoi, “where he took roses to the house of General Giáp’s son. In the garden that the general once kept, McNamara and the general’s family clipped the stems and put the flowers in vases. The trip and the conversations about their lives and their fathers and the war—it was finally the journey he wished he had taken with his father. “It would have begun a new opportunity for him and for us,” he says, “to begin to forgive.” ■

DENI ELLIS BÉCHARD is a former senior writer at *STANFORD* and the author of eight books. Email him at stanford.magazine@stanford.edu.



FALLING FOR PSYCHEDELICS

**People are trying them. The media is touting them.
But scientists say we need to know more about
how they work and when they can help.**

BY
TRACIE WHITE



Illustrations by
Craig McGill

TRISHA

Suppes kneels to open an 1,800-pound safe. The door swings open, revealing nothing more than a handful of mostly empty prescription bottles, with just one little white pill remaining.

“I never thought I’d be doing this,” says the physician-scientist, who has more than 20 years of experience studying mood disorders.

Across the hall is the pill’s destination: the university’s “dosing room,” which sits near Page Mill Road on the edge of campus. It’s legal despite the illegal drugs taken there—so far, psilocybin, the active ingredient in magic mushrooms, though that could soon expand to include MDMA, aka Ecstasy or Molly. There are soft lights, a white noise machine, and a bed with poofy pillows. All in all, it looks very calm. And Suppes? Well, she looks a bit harried. The stress of managing more than three years of regulatory paperwork necessary to run this trial—a joint effort of the VA Palo Alto Health Care System and Stanford—may have added a few gray hairs. Getting volunteers for the study, on the other hand, was easy. Veterans, many “at the end of their rope” after decades of depression, lined up for the 15 available slots.

“So, I’m here, pacing,” Suppes, ’73, says. “No, really, I find I walk about a mile and a half during the dosing. I wasn’t aware I was doing it, but then my Apple Watch started telling me: Oh my gosh, I really am pacing. It was like, ‘Oh my God, we are giving psychedelics to veterans. What could possibly go wrong?’”

Indeed, there are risks to psychedelic medicine. But of the veterans who participated—taking a single dose of psilocybin with two therapists at their side—40 percent reported a significant positive impact from the drug. Only one reported that his depression worsened, temporarily. A few described their “trip” as life-changing.

“What the drug does is take you right to the most dark place and the most light place,” says Paul G., a study participant and retired Marine who has lived for years with treatment-resistant depression, severe PTSD, and anxiety. “It was a blessing. I felt enormous relief. It gave me hope back.”

CURIOUSER AND CURIOUSER

After years of stigmatization and criminalization, a new era in psychedelics research has arrived, but whether the use of these mind-altering drugs moves forward on a wave of hype or of evidence-based science remains to be answered. Classic psychedelic drugs, such as psilocybin and LSD, along with

drugs with similar hallucinogenic properties—including MDMA and ketamine—make frequent headlines as therapeutic cure-alls for everything from PTSD to treatment-resistant depression to addiction, along with obsessive-compulsive disorder and anxiety associated with terminal illness.

“Unless you live under a rock, you’ve probably heard about the class of therapeutics broadly known as psychedelics,” said Boris Heifets, an assistant professor of anesthesiology and a psychedelics researcher, at the Stanford Center for Precision Mental

Health and Wellness symposium on campus in September. (Although not all drugs under study are psychedelics, the terms *psychedelics* and *psychedelic medicine* are commonly used to describe the field.) “There’s been a groundswell of interest, along with decriminalization efforts, but very little is known about how they work or even, I would say, whether they work. The studies are hopeful but very small.”

The promise of these fast-acting drugs—that they can save lives, sometimes with a single dose—comes at a time when the United States faces increasing rates of depression and anxiety, not to mention a public that loves fast solutions. Nearly 1 in 10 American adults had at least one depressive episode in the past year. Suicide is a leading cause of death in the United States. At the same time, there aren’t enough mental health professionals and we aren’t developing many new medications. The few groups of psychiatric drugs we do have for depression and anxiety can take weeks or months to work—and the first-line drugs improve symptoms for only 40 to 60 percent of patients.

“I do think the field of psychiatric drug development is stalled,” says Suppes. “Hope matters, and that’s part of why the media is going so crazy.” It’s no wonder that people are craving quicker, more effective treatments. Some are microdosing—using a less-than-therapeutic dose to treat a mental health condition, without evidence of its efficacy—or even taking full doses of psychedelics without medical supervision. For their part, governments are starting to inch ahead of research. Australia will begin allowing limited psychiatric use of MDMA and psilocybin this



summer. Oregon and Colorado have removed state controls on the medicinal use of psilocybin. But if these drugs are to become standard U.S. medical treatment, researchers will need to show the federal government that they are safe and effective.

At Stanford, a dozen or so psychedelic researchers see the promise of these drugs, but also potential peril. MDMA and ketamine both have addictive properties. The hallucinogenic effects of LSD and psilocybin can cause “bad trips” that lead to psychotic states or—if used without supervision—dangerous actions. Researchers are collaborating across disciplines and departments, including through the Wu Tsai Neurosciences Institute and the Stanford Psychedelic Science Group, to understand the mechanisms at work in these drugs and to guide the future use of therapeutic psychedelics based on solid science. This means finding evidence-based answers to such questions as: Which drugs should be used for which patients? How important is the setting, and the use of therapists, to achieve results? Can safer, better versions of these drugs be developed?

There is much to be determined about how to responsibly deliver these drugs outside of labs, according to the researchers. “We need to understand how these therapies work,” **Heifets** says. “They are racing through the regulatory approval pipeline.”



There is a fear that individuals and state and local governments will get ahead of scientists and federal regulators, bringing to a halt the current explosion in psychedelic research at universities and in scientific labs around the world. Which is part of what happened the first time around. In the mid-20th century, psychedelics were the subject of serious scientific study. But in the 1960s, regulatory changes and a backlash against counterculture recreational use of psychedelics paved the way for new antidrug laws. At present, LSD, psilocybin, and MDMA are all classified as Schedule I drugs by the federal government, meaning they have no currently accepted medical use, a lack of accepted safety for use under medical supervision, and a high potential for abuse. They can, however, be used in federally approved research studies. Seeing positive results

from early trials, the FDA has designated MDMA and psilocybin as “breakthrough therapies” to expedite their development as treatment, and MDMA could earn the agency’s approval for therapeutic use within a year or two. A version of ketamine, a Schedule III drug due to its lower potential for abuse and its routine medical use (as an anesthetic during surgery), is already approved for medical use outside of clinical trials.

Today’s psychedelic researchers hope the public will wait a little longer for science to provide answers, before something bad happens and the promise of psychedelic therapy slips, once again, back underground.

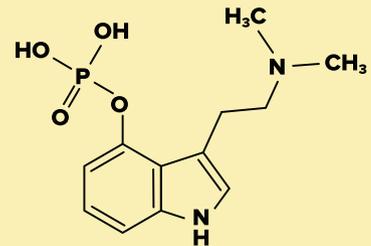
DOWN THE RABBIT HOLE

On a Sunday in mid-July, Paul G. flew from northern Virginia to Palo Alto for five days to participate in Suppes’s psilocybin trial of veterans with treatment-resistant depression. He traveled with his girlfriend and brought along his service dog, Ellie Jo. He’d hit another low point in his long mental health struggle when a news article caught his interest: Psilocybin in a different clinical trial had helped a veteran like him. Paul considers himself a rule follower. Other than smoking a little pot in high school, he had never used illegal drugs. But he had gotten to the point, he says, where he was ready to try something as “radical” as magic mushrooms. “I come from a law enforcement background,” explains the former Special Operations soldier and FBI agent. “I’d never done anything like this before.”

A 51-year-old divorced father of three, Paul is 6 feet, 5 inches tall, fit, and imposing. His go-to workout is pumping iron—his kids jokingly refer to him as “the K-Mart version of the Rock.” During tours in Iraq and Afghanistan, he saw his share of combat. But he was a tough guy, and tough guys just tough things out.

So when Paul started having nightmares and uncontrollable bouts of crying four years after he left the Marine Corps, he didn’t know what was going on. “It had never happened before and it was terrifying,” he says. Thus began years of misery: cycles of nightmares and insomnia, heart-pounding anxiety, and depression. On two occasions, he was

Psilocybin



OTHER NAME:

Magic mushrooms

HISTORY: A chemical found in more than 100 mushroom species and used for millennia in Indigenous communities in Mexico and Central America as part of celebrations, healing rituals, and religious ceremonies. Investigated by psychiatrists in the 1950s and 1960s before the 1971 Controlled Substances Act designated it a Schedule I drug.

EFFECTS: Increased positive mood, hallucinations, and an inability to discern fantasy from reality. Causes alterations of thought and of the perception of time. Panic reactions and a psychotic-like episode can occur, particularly at a high dose.

HOW SCIENTISTS THINK

IT WORKS: Classic psychedelic compound that, like LSD, activates serotonin receptors in the brain. Unclear how the neuronal mechanisms cause hallucinogenic or antidepressant effects, as well as how those effects are related to each other.

STUDIED AT STANFORD

FOR: PTSD, depression



‘I could see the **beauty** inside of me.
I think that is **something** I have
denied my whole life.’

unable to get out of bed for days at a time. “At one point I was taking the antidepressant Zoloft, Wellbutrin, Adderall, and they had me on benzodiazepines for sleep,” he says. The antidepressants helped but only for a while. The other medications created a seesaw dynamic—one pill to fall asleep, another to wake up. Nothing was solving the problem. “I was desperate for some daylight,” he says.

On that Monday, Paul was sent to the Stanford Center for Cognitive and Neurobiological Imaging in the psychology building on the Quad. In addition to the psilocybin trial, he’d agreed to be part of a tandem study led by clinical neuroscientist Leanne Williams,

a professor of psychiatry and behavioral sciences whose lab is running brain imaging studies on participants dosed with psilocybin, MDMA, or ketamine. The plan was to scan Paul’s brain function in an fMRI machine twice—the day before his dosing and the day after—to measure any changes in his brain circuitry. “The challenge of the explosion of interest for therapeutic psychedelics,” Williams says, is “how do we identify who is going to benefit?” A psychiatrist doesn’t want to give mind-altering drugs to a patient if they won’t work or might cause

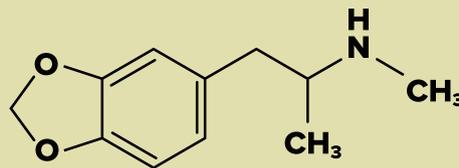


harm. Williams’s goal is to use brain scans in advance of treatment to diagnose the problem and help determine the best path forward.

On Tuesday, Paul arrived at the dosing lab. He took a sip of water from a cup, downed the white pill, pulled on black eyeshades, and with music playing in the background, lay back and waited for something to happen. For the first 30 minutes, nothing. And then, well, something did.

“I started seeing everything really vivid and intense, brights and darks,” he says. These visual changes were accompanied by a

3,4-Methylenedioxymethamphetamine (MDMA)



OTHER NAMES: Ecstasy, XTC, Molly

HISTORY: Synthetic drug made in 1912 as an intermediate chemical in the production of a medication to stop blood loss. Became a popular recreational drug before it was placed on the list of Schedule I drugs in 1985.

EFFECTS: Produces both amphetamine-like stimulation and mild hallucinations. Provides an experience that is mellow

er than with other hallucinogenic drugs, creating feelings of empathy. May enhance fear extinction, resulting in a shift in perspective and improved ability to process traumatic memories. May provide insight into cognition, emotional regulation, and coping strategies. Causes dopamine release that is linked to addictive behaviors.

HOW SCIENTISTS THINK IT

WORKS: Technically not a psychedelic

but an entactogen; triggers the release of an array of neurotransmitters, such as serotonin, oxytocin, and dopamine, that might alter social perception.

STUDIED AT STANFORD FOR:

PTSD and OCD, focusing on MDMA-induced serotonin release for its prosocial effect.

feeling of anguish. “Here’s the thing that totally blew my mind. Almost simultaneously, one part of me sees this desperate bleak blackness, the other part of me sees what I can only describe as a beautiful dazzling light.” So beautiful, he says, that he couldn’t look at it. “I could see the beauty inside of me. I think that is something I have denied my whole life, the internal awesomeness of life.” Throughout the experience, he talked to the therapists by his side, sharing the visions in his mind. They comforted him and put a hand on his arm when he asked. He told them about the bodies of the dead Marines that appeared to him. Those images helped him create new ways of thinking about his past and present, new stories that have helped him change his many negative patterns of thought, he says.

WE’RE ALL MAD HERE

Plant-based hallucinogens have been integral to the spiritual practices of Indigenous communities around the world for more than 5,000 years. The story of their beginnings in Western medicine starts in 1938, when Swiss chemist Albert Hofmann, working for a pharmaceutical company, synthesized a new substance called lysergic acid diethylamide (LSD). It didn’t interest him much until five years later when, while resynthesizing it, he accidentally absorbed some through his skin.

Thus began the world’s first acid trip, said Giancarlo Glick, a resident in psychiatry and behavioral sciences, in a lecture to about 200 students in the winter 2022 course Introduction to Psychedelic Medicine. So, **Glick** continued, Hofmann started to feel weird, a little bizarre. “He decides to self-experiment and a few days later, intentionally takes a dose of the drug. He starts to feel woozy and uneasy. He perceives a stream of fantastic pictures, a kaleidoscopic play of colors. He thinks he’s dying. But when the trip ends, he’s left with a sense of well-being that lasts for several days.”

Hofmann “feels vibrant, positive, present, and finds this notable, so he told his pharmaceutical company, and the company does what pharmaceutical companies do: patents



and packages it,” Glick said. Samples were sent to medical centers and universities worldwide to promote research into the drug’s possible benefits. The prospect launched more than two decades of research and exploration of psychedelics in hundreds of studies.

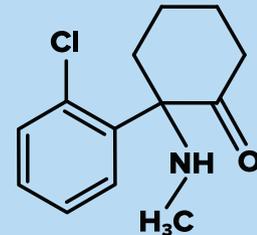
In the 1950s, research showed promising results using LSD to treat alcohol dependence. High doses of LSD produced “mystical” experiences that scientists believed were necessary for successful treatment. Other researchers treated anxiety and depression using LSD as part of psychotherapy. Still other studies showed that psychedelics reduced anxiety and distress associated with terminal illness.

But beginning in the mid-1960s, increased federal oversight of drug trials and prohibitive legislation at state and federal levels effectively ended all major psychedelic research programs. California and Nevada were the first states to outlaw LSD in response to media reports of bad trips, psychoses, accidental deaths, and suicides. As other jurisdictions followed, public opinion of psychedelics changed as well. Most scientific labs stopped researching them. The few who continued the work did so in “the psychedelic underground,” as Michael Pollan calls it in his 2018 bestseller, *How to Change Your Mind: What the New Science of Psychedelics Teaches Us About Consciousness, Dying, Addiction, Depression, and Transcendence*.

The renaissance in research began in the 1990s, slowly at first, then gaining speed in 2006, after Johns Hopkins scientists published a study noting the safety and positive effects of a single dose of psilocybin. That and subsequent Johns Hopkins guidelines for safe hallucinogen research helped to revive studies worldwide. Some of today’s research builds upon those midcentury theories that hallucinogenic experiences aid in healing. A trip might help the brain reorganize thought patterns to find new ways of processing anxiety, depression, or trauma, says Laura Hack, an assistant professor of psychiatry and behavioral sciences who treats veterans with PTSD and depression.

“During psychedelic therapy, the idea is

Ketamine



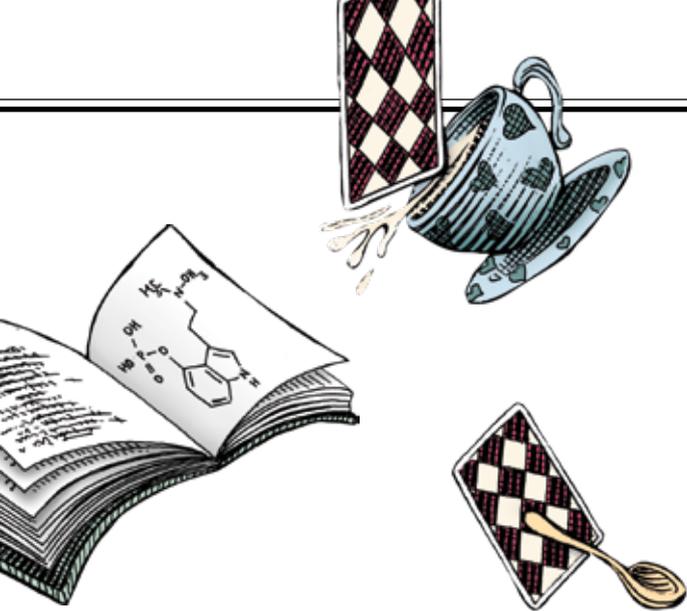
OTHER NAMES: K, Special K

HISTORY: First synthesized in 1962 and used as anesthesia. Gained popularity as a club drug and in 1999 was designated a Schedule III drug. A version of the medication is sometimes used to treat chronic pain and depression.

EFFECTS: At lower doses, can alter one’s sense of time and space, induce a feeling of calm or relaxation, and relieve pain. At higher doses, can induce a dissociative state, rendering some people unable to interact with the outside world.

HOW SCIENTISTS THINK IT WORKS: Technically not a psychedelic but a dissociative anesthetic; acts on receptors for the neurotransmitter glutamate, among other targets, which may play a role in regulating mood.

STUDIED AT STANFORD FOR: Suicidal ideation, depression, OCD



‘The idea is that **people** are in this **altered** state and may be more able to confront **difficult** topics.’

that people are in this altered state and may be more able to confront difficult topics,” Hack says. The ideal outcomes of talk therapy are similar. But therapy alone can’t always do the job. “It can be very difficult to think about traumatic memories during therapy,” Hack says. “You relive the trauma. Dropout rates for trauma-focused therapies can be as high as 50 percent because it’s so hard.” With the addition of psychedelic treatment, the patient still remembers the trauma but it no longer induces the same symptoms. “Because of the effect of the drug, combined with therapy, the patient feels safer, the pain gets softened, you are able to create new memories,” **Hack** says. Sometimes, she adds, the results are nearly instant.



THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS

The day after his psilocybin dosing, Paul G. returned to the imaging lab and climbed back into the white fMRI machine for his post-dosing brain scans. He flew home the next day, hoping the before-and-after images of his brain he’d left behind might expand scientists’ minds.

Williams got to analyzing. “What we observed with Paul’s scans were too many connections in an area of the brain called the default mode network,” she says, referring to a part of the brain in which increased connectivity can result in brooding and in negative self-thoughts. “I think of the analogy of when you are in your car, in neutral and just idling,” Williams says. “You are trying to go somewhere, but the car is just

stuck.” In Paul’s post-dosing scans, the default mode network is less connected—in other words, unstuck. “It’s visible, the change.”

There are other ways of reducing that hyperconnectivity of brain regions over time, including mindfulness meditation, exercise, and antidepressants. But what’s unique to psychedelics is how rapidly such a dramatic change can happen.

While psilocybin can affect the default mode network, MDMA (the drug associated with prosocial feelings of friendliness and empathy) appears to work in multiple areas of the brain, including the amygdala, part of the limbic system that encompasses some of the oldest regions of the brain, Williams says. The amygdala is known to elicit fear in the face of potential threats, activating the fight-or-flight reaction. If it stays switched on, it can result in some forms of persistent depression or PTSD. “With MDMA we see a striking reduction in that region,” Williams says. “People say they feel a deeper understanding, gratitude, a connecting with the planet. I think of psilocybin as dissolving that hyperfocus on internal thoughts and MDMA as dissolving these defenses.”

Early results of these studies demonstrate positive correlations between the drugs and changes in the brain, but they’re not enough to show causation, she says. More evidence is needed at a molecular and cellular level to prove that the drugs are responsible for these

changes—and not, for example, a comfy couch, the therapist in the dosing room, or the good old placebo effect.

OFF WITH THEIR HEADS

Heifets, the anesthesiologist, grew up hearing frightening things about psychedelics—that LSD made you go crazy and that users thought they could fly, sometimes jumping to their deaths. As for MDMA? He was told it would put holes in your brain and drain your spinal fluid.

“It was totally misrepresented,” Heifets says. Despite these dire predictions, he experimented with both LSD and MDMA as an undergraduate at Yale. “I had life-changing experiences with MDMA, being able to connect with people in a way I had never been able to connect before,” he says. “I felt like I was truly myself. It was powerful.” The experiences so moved him that he went on to study anesthesiology and neuroscience, fields that have provided him a particular expertise for understanding altered brain states. In 2013, while finishing his anesthesia residency at Stanford,

he began studying MDMA in the lab of Robert **Malenka**, a professor of psychiatry and behavioral sciences who had been studying related topics since 2008. Heifets opened his own lab in 2020. The two have published several studies on topics

such as MDMA’s mechanisms within the brain and separating out its therapeutic properties from its addictive ones. Another study shows how the environment for administration of psychedelics, including the setting and the use of a therapist, is



important for their therapeutic success.

“This is how modern psychedelic neuroscience works,” says Malenka, PhD ’82, MD ’83. Animal, human, and cellular studies come together with advanced technology, such as genetic engineering and tools to manipulate brain circuits, to help scientists home in on “which synapses and brain pathways these drugs are modifying, to mediate their powerful behavioral effects,” he says.

Heifets is focused on connecting clinical trials (which determine safety and efficacy of a drug) with cellular and molecular studies of neural circuitry (which aim to reveal how that drug works). From there, he wants to discover how to create better, safer medicines based on ketamine, MDMA, and psilocybin by separating the molecular upsides from the downsides, assuming they can be disentangled.

Heifets sees “a lot of opportunity for real good from these compounds, but there’s also a whole lot of collateral to avoid,” he says. In trials, participants are screened for a personal or family history of psychotic disorders, and a therapist or other support person establishes a rapport with them. “Rushing the drugs to market before safety guidelines are in place opens up the possibility of risks that currently are controlled under scientific settings.”

EVERY ADVENTURE REQUIRES A FIRST STEP

When Williams called Paul G. with the results of his brain scans, they made perfect sense to him. His psychedelic trip, he believes, altered his brain. “My thinking about life in general has changed quite a bit,” he says, as has his approach to mental health. He no longer takes any psychiatric medications, and he meditates more. “I am kinder to myself for sure. I understand that my decisions in the past don’t define me or my life.”

Certainly, the visions he experienced during his psilocybin dosing made a difference: While he relived gruesome combat experiences, Paul says he left with a new perspective. One Marine’s death had haunted him for decades. “I loved him like a brother,” Paul says. “I saw him [in the vision], and he did speak to me: ‘Hey, you know, I’m dead. You’re not helping me. You’ve gotta let me go.’ And then I could let go of him.”

The experience was exhausting, with his body clenching and sweating, he says. He cried. It was like he’d been wrestling with himself for six hours straight. But afterward, there was a load off his back, he says—of punishment, guilt, and self-hatred.

He’s used the time since to reevaluate those experiences, to refashion his life. “I take a bit more time to appreciate things around me and the people in my life. I’m not in the same rush I used to be, if that makes sense.” As for volunteering in the trial, he would most definitely choose to do it again. “It was not a fun experience,” he says. “But after, I felt so good. I felt free, unencumbered, hopeful, happy. It had been years living in a personally imposed hell. There is still a fear, like ‘When is the other shoe going to drop?’ But it’s been months now, and I feel good. I feel strong. I’m much better.” ■

TRACIE WHITE is a senior writer at STANFORD. Email her at traciew@stanford.edu.

HONORING STANFORD VOLUNTEERS

Stanford Associates is pleased to announce this year’s recipients of the Governors’ Award and Award of Merit.

GOVERNORS’ AWARD

Honoring continuous years of exemplary volunteer service

Susan Cromwell Adamson, ’78, JD ’82
 Ekpedeme “Pamay” Bassey, ’93
 Marisa Brutoco, ’00, JD ’04
 Brian Cheu, ’85
 Doris Hanson Cooper, ’79
 Vanessa Tapia Hartigan, ’94, MA ’96, MBA ’00
 Philip Jelley, ’54, JD ’56
 Janet Middleton Montag
 Herald “Hal” Ritch, ’73
 Jane Woodward, MS ’83, MBA ’87

AWARD OF MERIT

Honoring a single and significant achievement in volunteer service

Jarreau Bowen, ’07, MA ’08
 Kathy Christie, ’85, MS ’86
 Gus Hernandez, ’99
 Vince Lawler, ’91
 Rose Chan Loui, ’82
 Rieko Mendez, ’85, MA ’86
 Kevin Richardson, ’91, MA ’93, MBA ’97
 Phil Satre, ’71

AWARD OF MERIT GROUPS

Class of ’70 Reunion Leaders

Hans Carstensen, ’70, MBA ’74
 Ann Craig Hanson, ’70
 Susan “Susie” Phillips, ’70,
 MBA ’72
 Kenneth Tanaka, ’70

President’s Award for the

*Advancement of the Common
 Good Steering Committee*
 Henry Brandon III, ’78
 Dorothy Shubin, ’81
 Debra Somberg, ’87

Class of ’71 Reunion Leaders

Nelson Dong, ’71
 Robert Heywood, ’71
 Tod Tolan, ’71
 Harry White, ’71

2022 Stanford Black Alumni

Summit Leadership Team
 DeLise Bernard, ’98, MA ’99
 Jonathan Carter, MS ’96
 Danielle Moore, ’04
 Raquel M. Rall, ’04
 Cecil “Chip” Talbott, ’91
 Keisha Wright, ’91
 Marci Young, ’91

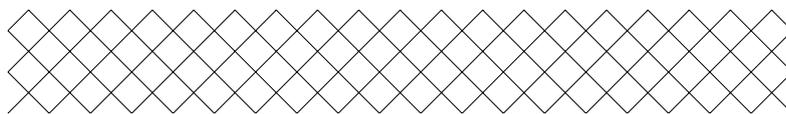
NY Alumni Virtual Event Series

Leaders & Stanford Groups
 Julie Henry, ’80, MA ’81
 Christine Kim, ’09
 Tenecia Sicard, ’03
 Tracy Young, ’91



STANFORD
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Stanford | alumni



REVIEW

Critical Mass



REVIEWER

ALBERT M. CAMARILLO

is a professor of history and the Leon Sloss Jr. Memorial Professor/Haas Centennial Professor in Public Service, Emeritus. Email him at stanford.magazine@stanford.edu.

STANFORD UNIVERSITY and the profile of its student body and alumni were forever changed after federal policies were enacted in the 1960s and 1970s to address the effects of generations of racial discrimination and exclusion of “historically underrepresented minorities.” Stanford was not alone, as colleges and universities across the nation established, for the first time, policies of affirmative action for admission of students of color. The door to ethnic and racial diversity on the Farm, which had been largely closed since the university’s founding, was pushed open.

The Dawning of Diversity: How Chicanos Helped Change Stanford University provides important and fascinating stories of Mexican Americans—Chicanos—on the Farm, particularly in the late 1960s through the 1990s. With skills he honed during his long career as an editor at the *Los Angeles Times*, author and Pulitzer Prize–winning journalist

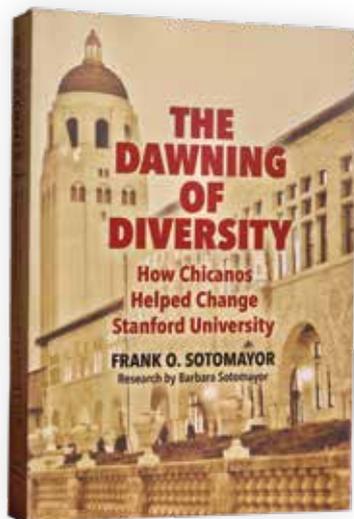
Frank Sotomayor combed university archives and interviewed dozens of alumni to provide a narrative never before written for a general readership. And, as one of the early Chicano graduate students on the Stanford campus in the late 1960s, Sotomayor, MA ’67, shines a personal light on his subjects.

If I were still teaching Introduction to Comparative Studies in Race and Ethnicity and Mexican American History, which I did for decades, this book would be on required reading lists. First and foremost, *The Dawning of Diversity* surveys the history of Chicanos at Stanford, a story known by few people beyond those students—and some faculty and staff—who are part of Sotomayor’s chronicles. But the book goes well beyond. It is a story about how a great university made a commitment to institutional change, and how students of color and their allies persistently advocated for programs and resources to make the Farm a more diverse community. It is a story, in the greater scheme of things, of how

a preeminent institution of higher learning in the second half of the 20th century addressed the goal of democratization.

As a faculty member who lived and worked through the decades covered in *The Dawning of Diversity*, reading the book brought back memories of the special people and historical benchmarks that are an important part of Stanford’s modern history. The book is abundant with personal recollections from former students and descriptions of events, programs, and developments that profoundly influenced Mexican Americans and others at the university in the latter third of the 20th century.

“I knew so little of the history about students of color and about diversity at Stanford,” a Class of ’65 alum said to me after a talk I gave last year for the Stanford Historical Society. I suggested that he read *The Dawning of Diversity*. It is a suggestion I offer to all members of the Stanford family. ■



The enrollment of the 71 Mexican Americans, along with similar numbers for African Americans, marked a historic breakthrough.

—Frank O. Sotomayor, MA ’67, in *The Dawning of Diversity: How Chicanos Helped Change Stanford University*, West by Southwest Press



We Recommend
THE GREAT UNKNOWN

The Book of Phobias & Manias: A History of Obsession

Kate Summerscale, MA '89; Penguin Books. Fixations are fascinating—we felt compelled to finish the book in one sitting.

The Chinese Groove

Kathryn Ma, '78, MA '78; Counterpoint Press.

Whirlwind tale of an optimist who emigrates from China to start afresh in San Francisco.

Sam

Allegra Goodman, PhD '97; Dial Press. The agony and ecstasy of growing up: It's easier read than done.

Winterland

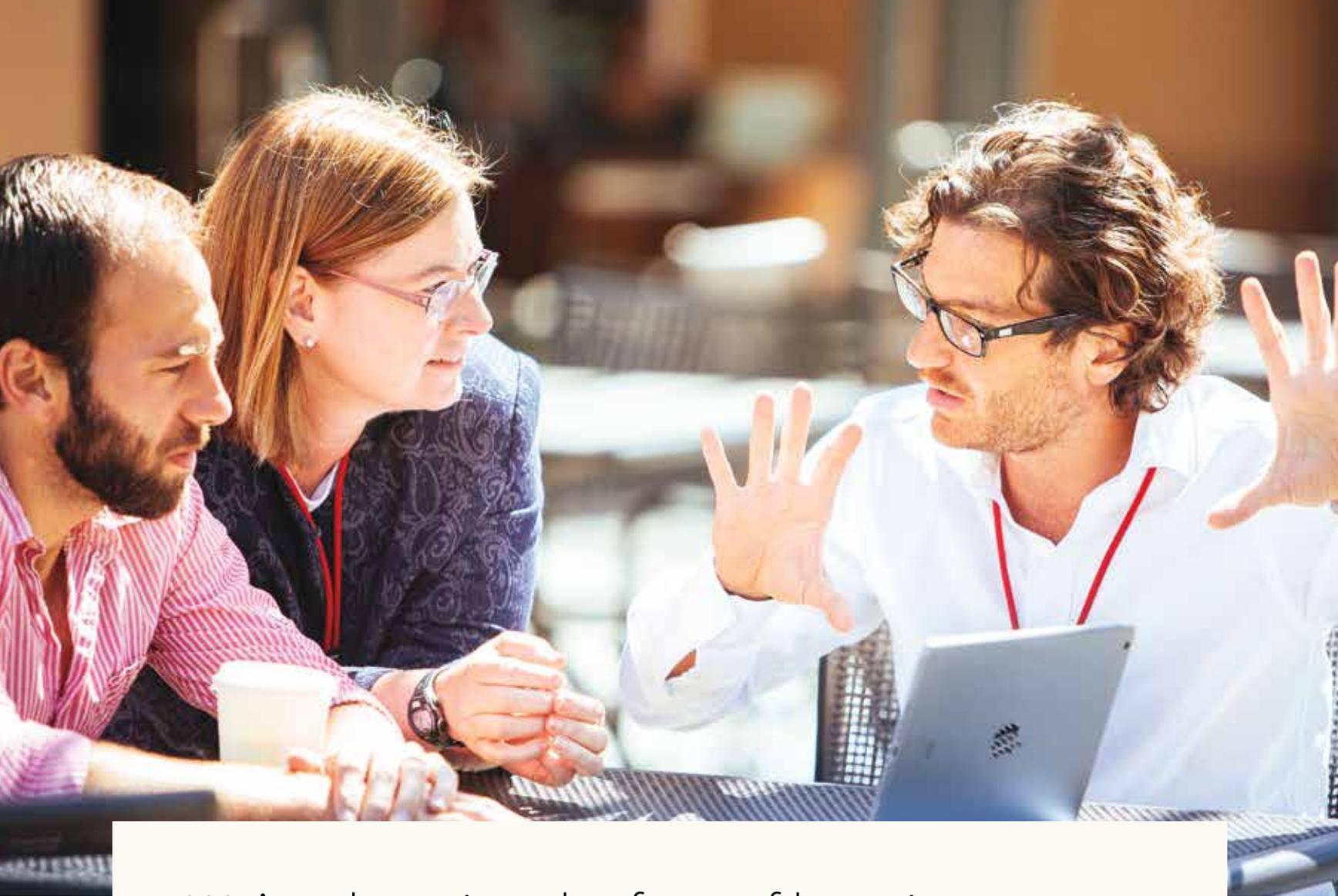
Rae Meadows, '92; Henry Holt. Cold reality sets in for a child chosen to train with the USSR's national gymnastics team.

The Stress Prescription: 7 Days to More Joy and Ease

Elissa Epel, '90; Penguin Life. Feeling flat? This science-based plan pledges to boost your bounceback.



ERIN ATTKISSON (BOOKS); DAVIDRO (BACKGROUND IMAGE)



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Farewells

FACULTY

J. Myron “Mike” Atkin, of Palo Alto, August 18, at 95. A former dean and professor emeritus at the Graduate School of Education, he was known for bridging education research with the practical realities inside the classroom. He championed the Stanford Teacher Education Program, which became a national model for teacher preparation. Alongside former Stanford president Donald Kennedy, he launched an initiative that connected GSE faculty with local high school teachers and administrators for education research. Survivors: his wife, Ann; children, Jon, '85, MS '86, Ruth, and David, '74; and three grandchildren, including Elizabeth, '20, and Michael, '23.

Carl Gotsch, of Palo Alto, June 12, at 89. He was a professor emeritus of food research who promoted the use of microcomputing to improve agricultural management. In developing countries in South Asia, the Middle East, and North Africa, he used mathematical models and innovative statistical techniques to study irrigation, agricultural price policy, and farm labor demand. He also analyzed and promoted the use of privately owned tube wells in Pakistan, furthering the Green Revolution that saw substantial increases in agricultural yields in developing regions of the world. Survivors: his wife, Alexandra; daughters, Liza Pigram and Sonia Chessen; four grandchildren; and two brothers.

William LeRoy Heinrichs, of Menlo Park, September 21, at 90. He was a professor emeritus of obstetrics and gynecology who chaired his department from 1976 to 1984, championing virtual medical training technologies and minimally invasive surgical techniques. He was a leader in reproductive endocrinology and infertility, and an early adopter of less invasive laparoscopic surgery for conditions like endometriosis. He developed technologies and simulator applications for training medical students and physicians in advanced and remote surgical procedures. Survivors: his wife of 68 years, Phyllis; children, Lynn and Stephen; three grandchildren; and great-grandchild.

Saul Rosenberg, of Palo Alto, September 5, at 95. He was a professor emeritus in the School of Medicine and a pioneer in treating Hodgkin lymphoma. He helped develop the first randomized clinical trials for oncology and spent decades developing therapies that used decreasing amounts of radiation. He revolutionized cancer care by combining radiation and chemotherapy to treat Hodgkin lymphoma. He established the nation's first division of medical oncology in 1965. He was predeceased by his wife, Shirley. Survivors: his children, Anne Miller, '81, and David; and three grandchildren.

1940s

Welko Elton Gasich, '43 (general engineering), MS '47 (mechanical engineering), MBA '67, of Los Angeles, January 14, 2022, at 99. He was a member of Theta Delta Chi and was on the football team. He was a flight test engineer in the Navy during World War II. During his 35 years at the

Northrup Corporation, he helped design numerous supersonic jets for the Air Force, co-patenting at least two. He later managed the parachute recovery system for Mercury, Gemini, and Apollo space vehicles. Survivors: his wife Patricia; and son, Mark.

Dolores Virginia Stammer Eaton, '44 (biological sciences), of Fresno, Calif., September 12, at 99. After graduating from USC's medical school, she worked for the Fresno County Public Health department, traveling to rural farming and Native American communities. Later, she used genetic testing to diagnose children with developmental disabilities. She was predeceased by her husband, Lewis, '42. Survivors: her children, Bill, '74, Joan, '75, and John, '78, MS '84; and six grand-

children, including Katherine Gibson, '06, Claire Gibson, '09, Kimberly Gibson, '13, and Lea, '14, MS '16.

Armilda Joan Pond McDonough, '44 (English), of Berkeley, September 7, at 100. She postponed her education to support the war effort by working at an assembly plant. She loved art, architecture, the theater, and opera, and she was a longtime docent at the Oakland Museum. She was a book lover, a gracious host, and a thoughtful grandmother. She was predeceased by her husband, Richard, '47, LLB '49. Survivors: her children, Annalee, Richard Jr., Robert, and Elizabeth; five grandchildren; and two great-grandchildren.

Diane Kathleen Roth Ehrman, '48 (social science/social thought), of San Francisco, September 14,

Product Design Visionary

In 1966, Bob McKim helped design a study of 27 high-performing professionals who were given mescaline and then asked to take part in a creative problem-solving session. At the time, McKim, '48, was at the helm of Stanford's product design program and was pushing the field forward with an innovative approach—including doing academic studies on the effects of psychedelics on creativity.

A graduate of both Stanford and the Pratt Institute, McKim spent his career trying to improve the thought process behind the design of everything from shopping carts and MRI machines to the mechanical whales in *Free Willy*. His focus on both art and engineering shaped world-changing designers, including professor of mechanical engineering David Kelley, MS '78, who founded the design firm IDEO and later Stanford's Hasso Plattner Institute of Design, or d.school.

“Bob McKim was trying to create little Leonardo da Vincis,” Dean Hovey, '78, MS '85, told STANFORD in 2002, in an article about how he, Kelley, and several other program graduates designed the Apple mouse.

Robert Horton McKim, professor emeritus of mechanical engineering and the driving force behind Stanford's product design program for 30 years, died on July 17. He was 95.

After he graduated from Pratt, he worked for the noted design firm Henry Dreyfuss Associates in New York and then returned to the Bay Area, where he'd been raised. An informal meeting with John Arnold, a professor of mechanical engineering and of business, led McKim to join him at Stanford, where the two men created the product design program within the mechanical engineering department in 1962. Arnold died the next year, and McKim ran the program on his own for nearly three decades.

During his tenure, McKim became a leader in visual thinking, an approach that encourages

designers to rely not on language but on seeing, imagining, and drawing. “He was ahead of his time,” says mechanical engineering professor Bernard Roth, academic director and co-founder of the d.school, who credits McKim with the concept. McKim's book *Experiences in Visual Thinking* became a foundational work in the field and remains central to the d.school's design project methodology.

McKim also introduced his students to the concept of needfinding, an antecedent to the popular modern-day approach known as human-centered design. It uses the need, rather than the product, as the starting point for idea generation.

In 1988, McKim retired, having made Stanford's product design program a world leader in project-based education. He stepped away from academia and spent the next 30 years working as an artist and sculptor at his home in Santa Cruz, Calif.

“He was not someone who wanted to fit in a box,” says his wife, Debbie Simpson-McKim. “He always said some of his favorite students were the ones that did not become engineers or designers—they went off on some completely different track and had a life that was their own.”

His penchant for the unconventional influenced his students and colleagues alike. “If it weren't for him, I'd probably be a straitlaced engineer,” says Roth, laughing. “He brought me from New York; he made me weird.”

In addition to his wife, McKim is survived by his first wife, Virginia; daughters, Melisa Posteri and Melina; two grandchildren; and two great-grandsons.

—Kali Shiloh



at 96. After earning a certificate from the Zweegman School for Medical Secretaries, she worked in private practices and at Mount Zion Hospital before moving to New York City and working in the medical profession there. She was predeceased by her first husband, Harvey Steiner; and second husband, Joseph Ehrman III, MA '53. Survivors include her nieces and nephews, Robert Appleton Jr., '67, Michael Appleton, Diane Appleton, and Elisabeth Oppenheimer.

1950s

Marilyn A. Schwartz Brown, '50 (economics), of Portola Valley, Calif., October 11, at 94. She was elected secretary-treasurer of her senior class.

She worked as a bookkeeper and office manager, served on the board of trustees of the Sierra Club Foundation, and devoted 10 years to fund-raising for the Yosemite Conservancy. She loved traveling, hosting her Stanford class reunion parties, and playing competitive tennis. Survivors: her husband, Allan, '50; children, Erik Layman, '76, MS '78, Karen McDonald, and Janis Freschi; stepsons, Davin, Steven, and Bowen; and four grandchildren.

Frederick Beringer Fank, '50, MS '51, PhD '58 (electrical engineering), of Los Altos Hills, August 23, at 95. He was a member of Sigma Alpha Epsilon and was on the track and field team. He served in the Navy during World War II. He worked at

General Electric in millimeter wave research and developing new semiconductors. In retirement, he learned to speak Chinese and volunteered at his local fire department, earning the town's Volunteer of the Year award in 2009. He was predeceased by his wife, Patricia (Brown, '49, MA '51). Survivors: his children, Debbie, Carolyn, Gregory, and Christopher; and two granddaughters.

William Kenneth Carson Jr., '51 (civil engineering), of Webster, Texas, September 9, at 94. He was a project manager with Bechtel, a job that took his family to Missouri, Wyoming, Utah, and California. He was a member of the Saint Bernadette Catholic Church and loved hunting, jigsaw puzzles, playing pool, card games, and reading. He was a skilled gardener, baker, beer maker, and woodworker. Survivors: his wife of 63 years, Jane; children, Wayne, Brad, Joel, Jill Mowers, Carol Watson, and Mary Vlahovich; 12 grandchildren; and three great-grandchildren.

Judith Lee Anderson Falconer, '51 (social science/social thought), of Portola Valley, Calif., April 27, at 92. She devoted her energy to parenting, the PTA, the Portola Valley Library, Cub Scouts, and Camp Fire Girls, and as a founding member of Christ Church. She was predeceased by her husband, Robert, '51, MS '54, Engr. '58. Survivors: her children, Steve, Lorry Gordon, '77, and Rob; eight grandchildren; and seven great-grandchildren.

David Harrah, '51 (philosophy), of Studio City, Calif., August 16, at 95, of cancer. He was a member of Alpha Kappa Lambda and served in the Army. He was a member of the Stanford Alpine Club, and in 1950 he summited Mount Yerupaja in Peru, the world's highest unclimbed peak at the time. After earning a PhD at Yale, he became a professor of philosophy at UC Riverside. He was predeceased by his wife, Rita (Giese, '55). Survivors: his sons, Shane, '78, MS '79, and Mark; and granddaughter.

Michael G. Ioakimedes, '51 (economics), of Vallejo, Calif., August 27, 2021, at 91. He practiced law in Solano County for more than 66 years, longer than any other attorney in the county's history. He was an anchor in his community and a tireless fighter for his clients, friends, and family. He was predeceased by his wife, Joyce. Survivors: his children, Michael, Matthew, and Stacey; stepchildren, Robert Campbell and Martha Cole; grandchildren; great-grandchildren; and sister.

John Warren "Jack" Knowlton, '51 (petroleum engineering), of Phoenix, July 9, at 96. He was a member of Beta Theta Pi. He served in the Merchant Marines during World War II and earned a master's degree in nautical science from the U.S. Merchant Marine Academy. He was president of Martin Decker and also worked for Humble Oil and Smith International before forming Knowlton Consulting. He traveled to more than 40 countries, bringing home hats from every culture along the way. He was predeceased by his wife of 67 years, Annie. Survivors: his children, Sharon Miles, Jill Pilcher, Leslie, and Dono; six grandchildren; and three great-grandchildren.

Dorothy Dawn Blacker Yates Black, '52 (psychology), of Palo Alto, August 29, at 92. She was on the tennis team. She became a bridge life master in 2015. She served on the boards of the San Francisco Opera, the California Pacific Medical Center, and Menlo School. She was predeceased by her first husband, Alden Yates, '50; and second husband, Peter Black. Survivors: her children, Karen Weiss, Trish Mitchell, Steve Yates, '77, Mike,

Free Trade Expert Who Was Dedicated to Public Service

Late one evening in the summer of 1996, Rep. Jim Kolbe, a Republican from Arizona, returned to his office on Capitol Hill and sat alone with the lights off for three hours. He'd been on the phone with a reporter who knew he was gay and who planned to out him in a magazine article. In the darkness, Kolbe began making a list of all the people he would have to tell.

His colleagues, as it turned out, were overwhelmingly supportive. With the 40-year-old weight lifted off his shoulders, Kolbe returned his focus to what he loved most: being a public servant.

James Thomas Kolbe, MBA '67, an expert on trade and foreign assistance and a principal visionary of free trade with Mexico, died December 3. He was 80.

Kolbe had served others since his boyhood days in Patagonia, Ariz., 18 miles from the Mexican border. On his family's working guest ranch, he gave visitors horseback riding tours and listened closely to their dinner conversations about careers in journalism and politics. At 15, he moved to Washington, D.C., to work as a page for Arizona Sen. Barry Goldwater.

He was elected to the Arizona state senate in 1976 and then to the U.S. House of Repre-

sentatives 10 years later. He commuted between Washington, D.C., and Tucson every week for 22 years, spending Thursday through Monday connecting with people in his district. "Every time he talked about Arizona, Tucson, and the people he represented—I've never seen such devotion from a public servant," says Kolbe's husband, Hector Alfonso.

"He's one of the few politicians I ever knew that really, really enjoyed going door to door," says Kolbe's former chief of staff, Vera Badertscher. When his staff warned him away from hostile constituents, Kolbe insisted on meeting with them anyway, certain that if they could just talk and listen to one another, they'd see eye to eye. "I don't know how he did it, but he did," she says.

In Congress, he was known as a moderate Republican and a passionate voice on free trade, which he believed contributed to more peaceful relations between countries. In the early '90s, then-House Minority Whip Newt Gingrich tapped Kolbe to secure bipartisan support for the North American Free Trade Agreement (NAFTA), which Kolbe had championed since its inception. "President Clinton got it through Congress with Jim Kolbe's help," says Ambassador Carla Hills, '55, the U.S. trade representative whose team negotiated NAFTA under President George H.W. Bush.

Kolbe was reelected 11 times. In his final three terms, he served as a subcommittee chairman of the House Appropriations Committee, where he oversaw foreign spending—billions of dollars in foreign aid allocated by the U.S. State Department—and negotiated presidential requests for the same.

"He took political risk, bringing people together for legislative solutions that he then had to run reelection on and survive," says former staffer Sean Mulvaney.

After Kolbe retired from Congress in 2006, he taught at the University of Arizona's law school, was a fellow at the German Marshall Fund, and co-chaired the Bretton Woods Committee, a nonprofit devoted to international economic and financial cooperation.

In addition to his husband, Kolbe is survived by his sisters, Beth Kolbe and Ginny Rousseau.

—Kali Shiloh



Jeff, and Russ; four stepchildren; 16 grandchildren; six stepgrandchildren; nine great-grandchildren; and sister.

Doris Jane Graves Chez, '52 (economics), of Sacramento, Calif., August 9, at 91. She worked at the Sacramento County Department of Voter Registration and Elections for 17 years. She published a three-volume genealogy of the Graves and Chez families, contributed to local history books, and was her husband's magician's assistant, performing for community groups and at their grandchildren's schools. She was predeceased by her husband of 66 years, Joe, '52. Survivors: her daughters, Karen, MS '79, Leslie Chez Tavernier, and Alison Chez Bowman; six grandchildren; and three great-granddaughters.

Barney Galland Glaser, '52 (social science/social thought), of Mill Valley, Calif., January 30, 2022, at 91. He contributed to the *Stanford Daily* and served in the Army. A research sociologist at UCSF, he contributed to path-breaking research in the sociology of medicine, studying the process of dying in U.S. hospitals. He authored more than 70 journal articles and books, which collectively garnered more than 250,000 citations. Survivors: his wife of 34 years, Carolyn; children, Jillian Rhine, Barney Hartman-Glaser, '03, MS '05, Lila, and Bonnie; and four grandchildren.

Joanna von Briesen, '53 (philosophy), of San Francisco, September 27, at 91, of cancer. She contributed to the *Stanford Daily*. She was a secretary for Pan American Airways and a founding member of SCRAP, a nonprofit creative reuse center for discarded materials. She was also a documentary filmmaker and an artist with an eye for the unusual, lining the front steps of her home with body-shaped stumps that she called the "torso forest." Survivors: her children, Peter and Deborah Fimrite; two grandchildren; and brother, Hans, '60.

Blair C. Pascoe, '54 (economics), MBA '59, of Sonoma, Calif., October 5, at 89. He was a member of Delta Kappa Epsilon and served in England as a finance officer with the Air Force. He spent his entire professional career at the Transamerica Corporation, ultimately serving as senior vice president. He and his wife spent many happy years at their home near the Dordogne River in France. Survivors: his wife of 42 years, Helen; children, Brenda Lhormer, '83, and Bruce; stepchildren, Leslie Smart and Jonathan Dreyfous; and grandchildren.

Ray Ellwin Swarts, '54 (social science/social thought), of Redding, Calif., August 12, at 90. He was a member of Alpha Tau Omega and played baseball, signing a Major League Baseball contract with the Pittsburgh Pirates during his junior year. He was the associate director of continuing education at Stanford's Graduate School of Business, and later became a real estate developer in Hawaii. Survivors: his wife, Elaine; children, Shannon Stewart, '85, Jeffrey, and David; four grandchildren; three great-grandchildren, and sister.

Ronald Johnson Bush, '55 (mechanical engineering), of Larkspur, Colo., August 10, at 90. He was a member of Kappa Alpha and played football and rugby. He served in the Navy and was selected for the Top Gun Fighter Pilot Program, serving on the USS *Hancock*. Following his naval career, he joined United Airlines and retired as a B767 captain. Post-retirement, he was a flight simulator instructor for new pilots. He loved fly fishing, hunting, and skiing. He was predeceased by his son, Ronald Jr. Survivors: his wife, Anne, granddaughter, Anica; and sister.

James Donald Faville, '55 (history), of Portland, Ore., October 11, at 88. He was a member of Beta Theta Pi and served in the Army in Korea as commander of the Special Services Company. He was devoted to his company, the Pacific Paper Box and Bindery, which made custom-cut boxes, displays, and counter cards. He was involved in the Rotary, the Multnomah Athletic Club, and in pool volleyball. Survivors: his wife of 66 years, Diana (Deweese, '56); children, Jeffrey, Maria, David, and Christopher; and six grandchildren.

Rosalie Ann Gale Gray, '55 (nursing), of Salinas, Calif., March 13, 2022, at 88, of Alzheimer's disease. She worked as a public health nurse in Orange County investigating communicable diseases and for California Children's Services as a case manager. After retiring, she volunteered as a literacy teacher, as a Court Appointed Special Advocate, and for the American Association of University Women. She loved to read and discuss literature. She was predeceased by her husband of 44 years, Phillip. Survivors: her three children and six grandchildren.

William Charlton Lawrence III, '55 (psychology), of Portland, Ore., August 22, at 88. His career was devoted to the family leather business, the George Lawrence Company, founded in 1857. He loved skiing in leather knickerbockers, camping in his Westfalia, Gilbert & Sullivan, beautifying his yard with native plants, and connecting with distant relatives. When he became disabled in 1989, he took up retrimming fishing creels in leatherwork and gifted the proceeds to conservation organizations. He was predeceased by his wife, Emmy. Survivors: his first wife, Mary Parker Lawrence; children, Katharine and Peter; and granddaughter.

Paul A. Bissinger Jr., '56 (history), of San Francisco, September 1, at 88. He was a member of Theta Delta Chi and served in the Navy. He earned a graduate degree from the American Institute for Foreign Trade. He was active with the Big Brothers organization, and he spearheaded the founding of the San Francisco Symphony Youth Orchestra. He was predeceased by his son David. Survivors: his wife of 63 years, Kathy; sons Stephen and Matthew; two granddaughters; and two siblings, including Tom, '61.

Cornelius Gary Skartvedt, '56, MS '57 (mechanical engineering), of Fallbrook, Calif., October 20, at 88, of pneumonia. He was a member of Chi Psi and played the trombone. He was an aerospace engineer for Martin Marietta and received the Engineer of the Year award in 1969. He later founded a solar energy company and a digital scanning company. He was predeceased by his first wife, Virginia (DeVilbiss, '58), and second wife, Ann McKee Warfle. Survivors: his third wife, Piyawan Teekeaw; and children, Peter, Elizabeth, '82, Ann, and Stephen.

Donald Anthony St. Claire, '56 (biological sciences), of Angels Camp, Calif., August 31, at 87. He was a member of Delta Chi. He was on the clinical faculty at Stanford and practiced internal medicine in Palo Alto and Portola Valley for more than 40 years. He was also committed to an impressive array of hobbies, including carpentry, wine-making and playing piano. Survivors: his wife, Mary Jean; children, Valeri Andres, Donald Jr., Gregory, and Jeffrey; stepchildren, Michael Henningsen and Christa Flores; 16 grandchildren; and two great-grandchildren.

James Wilder Truher Jr., '56 (civil engineering), of Anaheim, Calif., December 4, 2018, at 84. He

was a member of Delta Tau Delta, and played on the football and track and field teams. He worked in civil engineering at the Skaggs Island Naval Communication Center. Later he worked as a senior manager at Pacific Bell Telephone Company before founding his own communications firm. He was predeceased by his first wife, Joby; and second wife, Mary. Survivors: his children, James III, Julie, Sarah, Mary, and Pat; and brother, John, '60.

Gregory Stanton Ball, '57 (psychology), of San Francisco, October 2022, at 87. He served in the U.S. Army Transportation Corps and was activated for the Cuban Missile Crisis. He worked as a title insurance officer, underwriter, and general manager in California. He loved tennis, beating younger players with his vintage wooden Wilson racket, and refused to own a pair of jeans on principle. He was a dedicated father with a sharp wit and mischievous sense of humor. Survivors: his daughters, Julia Ball-Dugan, '96, MA '97, and Lisa; and four grandchildren.

Edward L. Spencer Jr., '57 (chemistry), of Novato, Calif., June 18, at 86. After graduating from Yale Medical School, he practiced neurology in Petaluma, Calif., for many years. He loved flying with his father and soloed at age 16. Survivors: his former wife, Nancy; sons, Kirby and Gabriel; and grandchildren.

Jane Harris Kleerup Threlkeld, '57 (sociology), of Los Banos, Calif., October 27, at 87. She was a devoted housewife, mother, and community member. She will be missed for her caring and loving nature and fun-loving sense of adventure. She was predeceased by her husband, John. Survivors: her daughters, Debra Threlkeld Berge, Susan, '80, and Kristi; and two grandchildren.

Kiyo Anne "Ish" Ishii Fujimoto, '58 (economics), of Downey, Calif., August 2, at 86. She was a longtime member of the Downey PTA. Together with family members, she built and ran Lyon Supply for 26 years, growing it into a well-respected retailer. She loved hosting events at her home, fishing with her husband, and taking road trips with her son. Survivors: her husband, Sumifusa; son, Frank, '84; two grandsons; and sister.

Barry Lee Bonwit, '59 (international relations), of Pensacola, Fla., April 20, at 95. He enlisted in the Air Force at age 16, served as a B-17 tail gunner in World War II, and gained counterinsurgency experience in Southeast Asia. Over the course of his career, he flew 212 combat missions and accumulated 7,700 flying hours. He was honored with numerous awards, including the Distinguished Flying Cross with two oak leaf clusters and the Combat Readiness Medal. He was predeceased by his son Mark. Survivors: his wife of 52 years, Roberta; children Lisa and Christopher; and two grandchildren.

Patricia Louise Van de Graaff Hanson, '59 (Russian and Eastern European studies), of Brandon, Vt., May 29, 2021, at 83, of myelodysplastic syndrome. She earned a PhD in Slavic linguistics from Harvard, taught Polish and Russian, and later trained to become a computer programmer. She spent a year in Poland on a Fulbright Scholarship and built several energy-efficient solar houses. She volunteered with a reading program and delivered meals to hospice patients. She was predeceased by her husband, David. Survivors: her daughters, Chandra and Nita; grandson; and sister.

Meredith McGovney Kaplan, '59 (English), of Oakland, June 28, at 84, of multiple system

atrophy. She was an avid hiker and a landscape architect who served for many years as a superintendent with the National Park Service, helping to plan the 1,200-mile Juan Bautista de Anza National Historic Trail and the 175-mile Ala Kahakai National Historic Trail. She previously taught elementary and high school, set up a ceramics studio, and raised goats and sheep. Survivors: her partner, Peg Henderson; children, Rachel Lanham, Kate Henderson, Sarah, Esther, and Sharon; and four grandchildren.

Carol Joyce Sowers Kessler, '59 (biological sciences), MD '64, of Marblehead, Mass., February 18, 2022, at 84, of breast cancer. She was the only female graduate in her medical school class. With a master's of public health from UC Berkeley, she practiced pediatrics in Alviso and King City, Calif., primarily serving the children of migrant workers from Mexico. After moving to Massachusetts, she worked at Tewksbury Hospital serving children with disabilities and in pediatric practices in Lynn and Beverly. Survivors: her husband of 52 years, Robert, PhD '68; daughter, Rebecca; two grandchildren; and brother.

1960s

Marla May Ackerson Gault, '60 (mathematics), of Sandy, Utah, August 14, at 84, of thyroid cancer. A lifelong patron of the arts, she was a masterful player and teacher of piano. She was also devoted to Stanford, serving as president of the Stanford Club of Utah and as a member of Stanford Associates. She loved the outdoors, hiking the Himalayas and Grand Tetons, and continued to trek into her 80s. She was predeceased by her husband of 60 years, Walden. Survivors include her sisters, Carla Parks, '60, Katherine Lovrich, '67, and Mary Orr.

Warren Richard Nelson, '60, MA '63 (history), of Los Altos, October 8, at 84, of renal disease. He

was a member of Sigma Chi, played baseball, and participated in the Army ROTC. He taught at Cubberley High School in Palo Alto, where he was the director of student activities. He also served as treasurer of the Sigma Chi House Corporation and was a docent at the Stanford Hall of Fame. Survivors: his wife, Ann (Prescott, '62, MA '63); and daughter, Karen.

Roger Edwin Crist, '61 (history), LLB '65, of Ketchum, Idaho, September 3, at 83, of Parkinson's disease. He was a member of Beta Theta Pi and played football. He served in the Marine Corps. He was an attorney in Palo Alto for many years before moving to Ketchum, inspired by his passion for the outdoors. He was an enthusiastic skier whose thirst for adventure took him kayaking in Nepal, surfing in Costa Rica, and skiing in Greenland. Survivors: his wife, Susan; first wife, Diane; children, Reggie, Danielle, and Zach; stepson, Tyler; and 10 grandchildren.

Janette Friel, '61 (psychology), of Eugene, Ore., August 4, at 82, of voluntary assisted death following a hemorrhagic stroke. She received a master's degree in comparative physiological psychology and worked as the coordinator of the University of Florida's longitudinal dyslexia project from its inception. At 40, she decided to become a veterinarian, graduated second in her veterinary school class, and co-owned an animal clinic in Atlanta for several years. Survivors include her spouse, Nancy Curran.

Walter Shepard Janzen, '61 (civil engineering), of Palo Alto, October 12, at 82, of pneumonia. He worked for 58 years in the commercial construction industry as a civil engineer and estimator, most recently with Vanguard Construction Company. He was a devoted father who participated in activities like Cub Scouts and Little League. He enjoyed square dancing, woodworking, and

being part of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Survivors: his wife of 62 years, Kathleen (Dunlap, '61); children, Kathleen Freeman, Walter, and Eric; and six grandchildren.

Charles Barrett Robison, '61 (mechanical engineering), of Birmingham, Ala., October 11, at 83, of respiratory illness. He was a member of Phi Delta Theta and played football his freshman year. He worked as an engineer in Birmingham for more than 30 years. Initially, he established and enforced air quality standards. Later, he co-founded the engineering consulting firm Robison and Layton, and then served as VP of environmental health and safety at McWane Cast Iron Pipe Co. Survivors: his wife, Susan Robison; daughters, Amy Robison Mabry and Barri Holston; and four grandchildren.

Ronald Chase, '62 (psychology), of Montreal, September 6, at 81, of leukemia. As part of a lifelong effort to understand his brother's mental illness, he earned a PhD in psychology from MIT and then joined the faculty at McGill University. Through innovative research on snails, he expanded the understanding of the neural basis of animal behavior. He wrote four books on mental illness, published numerous scientific articles, and was a well-loved teacher of neurobiology. Survivors: his wife, Dorothy; children, Zanna and Aaron; and two grandsons.

Judith Edna Raynor Walz, '62 (hearing and speech sciences), of Sacramento, Calif., October 13, at 82, of a stroke. She received a master's degree in speech and hearing therapy and worked in that field before attending the Santa Clara University School of Law. She worked for the state of California in the attorney general's office and became a deputy attorney general. She especially enjoyed work related to the environment. She was predeceased by her husband,

She Brought Caring to Education Research

In the May 28, 2001, issue of the *Philadelphia Inquirer*, there's a photo of educational scholar Nel Noddings reuniting with her first-ever students. She'd taught them 50 years prior, when she was 20 years old, and stayed in touch

with many, still recalling, for instance, which one had played Scrooge in the school play. "The reporter observing all of this couldn't get over the fact that I remembered all of their names," Noddings said in a 2016 interview for the Stanford Historical Society's oral history program. Her strong bonds with those students helped shape her career and informed her later research on caring relationships—

research that is still taught in teacher education programs today.

Nellie Laura Rieth Noddings, PhD '73, feminist philosopher, professor emerita at the Graduate School of Education (GSE), and the

first woman to serve as the acting dean of a professional school at Stanford, died August 25. She was 93.

As a child, Noddings loved school, and by second grade she'd decided to become a teacher. Her students looked to her for chess lessons and weekend walks. Her house brimmed with children—10 of her own, five of whom were adopted—which only reinforced her aversion to educational trends such as standardized testing.

"We're just so concentrated on cramming stuff into kids' heads," she said during her Stanford Historical Society interview. "We need to stop that and spend time with the people we're teaching. Talk with them. Listen to them."

With a master's in math from Rutgers and a PhD in education from Stanford, she taught at Penn State University and the University of Chicago before becoming director of the Stanford Teacher Education Program and eventually acting dean of the GSE. Her research probed the importance of the student-teacher relationship, which led to her best-known work, *Caring: A Feminine Approach to Ethics and Moral Education*. In the book, she posited that caring and the memory of being cared for formed the foundation of moral action. Rather than focusing

exclusively on academics, she later argued, schools had a moral imperative to encourage the development of caring, loving people.

The book "was of national and international importance," says Denis Phillips, a close friend and fellow GSE faculty member who provided feedback on early drafts. Noddings published more than 20 other books, received six honorary doctorates, and became known as one of the world's most influential scholars in the field of educational philosophy.

Her love of learning endured—she read Kierkegaard and Kant while preparing dinner and liked the idea of becoming an entomologist. And she practiced the care that she preached. "For [our parents'] 60th wedding anniversary, the press was interviewing us," remembers her daughter Laurie Brooks. "We said, 'All 14 of her 10 children are here,'" referring to those whom Noddings had cared for as if they were family.

Noddings was predeceased by her husband of 63 years, Jim, and her son Howard. In addition to Brooks, she is survived by her children Nancy Lake, Sharon Miller, Chris Wallace, James, William, Tim, Betty, and Victoria, '82, MA '83; more than 30 grandchildren; and dozens of great-grandchildren. —Kali Shiloh



Brewster Morgan. Survivors include her sister, Phoebe Raynor McFarlane, '58.

Robert Nelson Saylor, '62 (political science), of Charlottesville, Va., September 7, at 82. He was a member of Delta Upsilon. After Harvard Law School, he joined Covington & Burling in Washington, D.C. As a 31-year-old associate, he argued pro bono before the Supreme Court. He achieved national prominence as a trial lawyer, chaired the litigation section of the American Bar Association, and taught rhetoric and trial advocacy at the University of Virginia Law School. Survivors: his wife of 60 years, Marty; children, Chris and Ben; four grandsons, including Will, '25; and brother.

Herbert Wayne Meyer, '63 (civil engineering), of Fairway, Kan., August 16, at 81. He was a member of Alpha Kappa Lambda and was in the LSJU marching band. While in the Peace Corps, he designed and supervised the construction of bridges in Bangladesh and Iran. He later earned an MBA and served as vice president of the Meyer Lumber Company. Returning to public service, he consulted on 35 economic growth projects in 20 developing countries. Survivors: his wife, Nancy; children, Christopher, Diana, and Victor; three grandchildren; and two sisters.

Robert Wilber Wirtz, '64 (history), of Bismarck, N.D., July 24, at 80. A graduate of the University of North Dakota School of Law, he practiced in the state for many years. He was an active supporter of Stanford and the University of North Dakota. He was predeceased by his wife, Verna Jean.

Kenneth Chaloner Schley, '65 (history), of Monterey, Calif., June 24, at 79. He was a member of Theta Xi. He loved speed and raced cars for several years after graduation. He started his finance career at Kidder Peabody and was proud of what he helped build with the Pacific Investment Group at UBS. He loved golf, traveling, riding his motorcycle, reading, and bow ties. Survivors: his wife, Susan Freeland; daughter, Mary; stepchildren, Patrick Susemihl, Amy Susemihl, and Katie Bennie; five grandchildren; and two brothers.

Philip M. Shaw Jr., '65 (electrical engineering), of Mill Valley, Calif., August 23, at 79. He was a member of Alpha Tau Omega and the judo club. After earning a JD from UC Hastings Law School, he joined San Francisco-based Limbach, Limbach and Sutton as an intellectual property attorney, eventually becoming a senior partner and working on patents for clients like Sony. Survivors: his wife of 40 years, Lynn; sons, Greer and Cameron; stepchildren, TJ Williams and Jenifer Williams; and five grandchildren.

Wayne Richard "Rick" Webb, '67 (psychology), of Novato, Calif., September 30, at 76, after a long illness. He was a member of Alpha Sigma Phi and served in the Air Force. His foundational work in high-resolution chest CT, including what's considered the definitive textbook on the subject, underpins the modern evaluation of diffuse lung disease. He wrote or co-wrote eight books and more than 200 manuscripts, and delivered lectures in more than 35 countries. Survivors: his wife of 52 years, Teresa; children, Emma, Sonny, and Andy; four grandchildren; and sister, Judy, '63.

Michael Aris Nishkian, '68 (general engineering), of Long Beach, Calif., September 2, 2021, at 76, of Parkinson's disease. He was a member of Phi Kappa Sigma. He earned a law degree from USC and became a solo practitioner specializing in estate planning. He loved Lake Tahoe vacations, movies, games, jokes, and writing songs, as he

did every year for every family on his block ahead of the annual Christmas caroling party. Survivors: his wife of 52 years, Karen; children, Jennifer and Michael; four grandchildren; and sister.

Nancy Wynn Craig, '69 (history), of Petaluma, Calif., September 15, at 75, of a chronic illness. She attended the University of Pennsylvania School of Veterinary Medicine. She worked for clinics in Maryland and humane societies in the Bay Area before co-founding Linda Mar Veterinary Hospital in Pacifica, Calif., providing high quality care at prices that everyday people could afford. She cared deeply for animals, and their caretakers, and enthusiastically mentored veterinary technicians. Survivors: her partner of 32 years, Jane Turrel; and two siblings.

Bruce Alan Sramek, '69 (geology), of Oakhurst, Calif., April 27, at 74. He ran track and field and cross country. An antiwar activist in college, he nonetheless joined the Navy, where he was AQ2 in the VF-194 Red Lightning's aviation unit aboard the carrier USS *Oriskany*. He worked for many years as a circuit designer and design manager in the Bay Area, founding two companies and running an independent design service bureau. He was predeceased by his son Colby. Survivors: his wife, Debra; sons Chris, MS '07, PhD '10, Kyle, and Michael; six grandchildren; and sister.

1970s

Linda Lee Winthrop Peterson, '71 (English), of Portland, Ore., October 11, at 73, of Alzheimer's disease. She was a member of Lambda Nu and worked for the KZSU radio station and *Stanford Daily*. The author of *The Stanford Century*, she chaired the annual Books on Review, was a key adviser for the Stanford Challenge, and received a Stanford Associates Award of Merit. She was a distinguished communications leader and a board chair for several organizations. She published three mystery novels. Survivors: her husband of 51 years, Ken, '71; son, Ben; grandson; and two siblings.

Barry Allen Smith, '71 (civil engineering), of Las Vegas, March 4, 2022, at 72, of cancer. He was a member of Alpha Tau Omega and served in the Army as an air defense artillery officer in Germany. With an MBA from the University of Chicago, he became a stockbroker and financial adviser with Smith Barney and then Morgan Stanley, building a client base of leading figures in emerging Silicon Valley firms. He was an avid golfer and enjoyed traveling the world. Survivors: his wife of 35 years, Debby; and three siblings.

Craig Allan Heaps, '75 (communication), of Austin, Texas, April 29, at 68, of complications following open heart surgery. He contributed to the KZSU radio station. Despite losing most of his vision by the age of 28 due to Type 1 diabetes, he worked at KTVU in the Bay Area for nearly 30 years as a writer, reporter, and producer, covering the 1989 earthquake and the Yellowstone fires, and traveling to Bosnia and Uganda to report on the impact of war. He was predeceased by his daughter Elizabeth. Survivors: his wife, Patti; children Jonathan and Anne; three grandchildren; and two sisters.

1980s

Helen M. Robison-FitzGerald, '82 (chemical engineering), of Palo Alto, August 7, at 62, of pancreatic cancer. In high school, she won a bird-calling contest that led to an appearance on *The Tonight Show Starring Johnny Carson*. Following gradu-

ate studies at the University of Chicago, she worked for Cisco Systems, CoastCom, and Verizon. She shared a love of reading and traveling with her daughter. She also loved to cook and attended the San Francisco Culinary Academy. Survivors: her husband, Cary FitzGerald; daughter, Anna Stang; mother, Marianne Robison, '53; and brother.

EDUCATION

Karl Gustaf Anderson, MA '61, of Castro Valley, Calif., September 3, at 88, of pancreatic cancer. He taught high school art for several decades in Berkeley. After retiring, he pursued interests in improv, illustrating, and promoting gay rights, and was involved in his grandchildren's endeavors. He wrote *Biff n Bunky*, a comic strip he compiled into a book that is in the Library of Congress. He was predeceased by his partner, Keith Jacobsen; and ex-wife, Sonia (Berdan, '61). Survivors: his daughters, Megan Ware and Malary Hathcox; and four grandchildren.

Jack Seward Schreder Jr., EdD '68, of Redding, Calif., June 5, at 88, of heart failure. He was the first principal at Nova High School in Redding, where he learned the names of all 1,200 students in six weeks. He obtained initial funding for Northern California's Schreder Planetarium. His consulting company secured more than \$2 billion for California schools. He was predeceased by his grandson Henry. Survivors: his wife of 34 years, Kristen; children, Andrea Fountain, Elona Cunningham, Sabrina Kikut, Bryson, Seward, Skovran, and Zane; and 15 grandchildren.

ENGINEERING

Charles Leonard Mraz, MS '56 (mechanical engineering), of Mary Esther, Fla., September 28, at 91, of an infection. At Aerojet General, he became a project engineer responsible for the design and testing of the Titan I missile engine. From 1959 to 1961, he served as a liaison with the federal government for Project Gemini. Later, based in Japan and Singapore, he arranged sales of the Tomahawk ICBM and the Apache attack helicopter. Survivors: his wife, Celia; daughters, Laurene Mraz-Peterson and Maria; three grandchildren; brother; and three half-sisters.

Leo G. LeSage, MS '62 (engineering science), PhD '66 (mechanical engineering), of Boulder, Colo., July 6, at 87. For 33 years, he worked at the Argonne National Laboratory outside of Chicago, where he served as senior scientist and directed several divisions. He was the designated U.S. representative to the committee tasked with developing a long-term solution for stabilizing the Chernobyl site following the 1986 accident. He helped organize two NATO Advanced Research Workshops on Russian nuclear submarine decommissioning. Survivors: his wife of 64 years, Carolyn; daughters, Annette and Marietta; and three grandsons.

Louis Boyd Hilderbrand, MS '68 (civil engineering), of Yakima, Wash., May 29, 2020, at 86, of ALS. He was a member of the Shoshone-Bannock Tribe in Fort Hall, Idaho. He served in the Navy Construction Battalion Three in the Philippines, and worked for numerous companies and organizations, including the U.S. Forest Service and Tippetts Abbott McCarthy Stratton Consultants. His passion for travel and exploration brought him to places as varied as Yemen, Peru, Thailand, and Ethiopia. Survivors: his wife, Consuelo; daughters, Patricia O'Connor and Sandra Petrequin, '91; eight grandchildren; and five half-siblings.

Michael Kenneth Sahn, PhD '92 (mechanical engineering), of Canton, Conn., May 24, 2021, at 64, of cancer. He completed USGBC LEED certification courses in 2008 and held over 42 U.S. patents. After more than 20 years with United Technologies, he established his own company and worked as an independent engineering consultant. He had a contagious laugh and an amazing sense of humor, and he extended kindness and generosity to everyone. Survivors: his wife, Dawn; daughters, Heather Whitney, Ashley, and Megan; mother, Toby; and two siblings.

HUMANITIES AND SCIENCES

Joan C. Striefling Crespi, MA '55 (English), of Blue Bell, Pa., April 27, at 91, of dementia. After graduate school, she moved to New York City and worked as a copy editor at *Esquire* magazine. She relocated to New Jersey, where she wrote for the *Princeton Packet* and *U.S.1*, reviewing local theater productions. She wrote several plays, traveled extensively, and spent countless hours reading the *New York Times*. She was predeceased by her husband, Irving. Survivors: her children, Robert and Judy; and six grandchildren.

Richard Stefan Waritz, PhD '57 (chemistry), of Hockessin, Del., March 3, 2022, at 92, of Alzheimer's disease. He managed biosciences and toxicology groups at the DuPont Company and Hercules Company before forming his own toxicology consulting company, BioSante International. He was a diplomate of the American Board of Toxicology. He loved traveling, woodworking, fishing, and the *New York Times* crossword puzzle. He was predeceased by his wife of 67 years, Ruth. Survivors: his children, Joyce Farmer, Carol Buccio, Sharon, and Gary; five grandchildren; and four great-grandchildren.

Edward James Conklin, PhD '62 (chemistry), of Rockford, Ill., October 10, at 89. He served in the Army. He worked as an organic chemist at Pierce Chemical/Thermo Fisher Scientific for many years. He was also an associate professor at Rockford College, president of the Rockford School Board, and a member of the First Presbyterian Church. He was predeceased by his first wife, Donna Crandall. Survivors: his wife of 54 years, Mary; children, Jim, Don, Bill, Kathi Phillips, Eric, and Michelle; 10 grandchildren; and 15 great-grandchildren.

John O'Neill, PhD '62 (history of social thought), of Toronto, September 7, at 89, after a fall. He was a renowned sociologist, phenomenologist, and social theorist who co-founded the *Journal of Classical Sociology* and the graduate program of social and political thought at York University in Toronto. He wrote dozens of books and hundreds of articles. He was predeceased by his son Greg and first wife, Maria. Survivors: his wife of 38 years, Susan; children Daniela, PhD '94, and Brendan; stepchildren, Wendy Hallam Martin, Kathleen Kibzey, and Jennifer Rea; three grandchildren; and six stepgrandchildren.

Don Harvey Card, MS '64 (statistics), of Shoreline, Wash., January 24, 2022, at 84, of a stroke. At the NASA Ames Research Center, he engaged in seminal work analyzing and interpreting geographic satellite data. He later earned his PhD in geography at the University of Utah. He was a virtuoso classical pianist, a master chess aficionado, and a devoted student of linguistics and philosophy. He was predeceased by his second wife, Maureen. Survivors: his first wife, N'Shama Sterling; children, Judith, Ken, and Dave; and granddaughter.

Charlotte Nell Cook Morse, MA '68, PhD '70 (English), of Richmond, Va., September 25, at 79. She

joined the junior faculty at Yale University's English department and later became a professor at Virginia Commonwealth University. She served on two VCU committees, and was instrumental in promoting the development of the library into a core service for students and faculty. She enjoyed conducting research on Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales* at the British Museum Library in London each summer. Survivors include her sister and two nieces.

Lawrence Kwan Ho Ma, MS '86 (mathematics), of Hong Kong, September 29, at 60, of a stroke. He was a lecturer at the National University of Singapore, head of quantitative research at Man Drapeau Research, senior vice president at American Bourses Corporation, and founder of the Hong Kong Blockchain Society. An innovator and lifelong learner, he also founded eMALLIO Limited, a Hong Kong-based blockchain startup. He was a kind uncle, jovial friend, intelligent mentor, funny brother, and caring son.

LAW

Russell Lloyd Johnson, LLB '58, of Los Angeles and San Francisco, July 12, at 89. He was an editor for the *Stanford Law Review*. He spent his entire legal career at Gibson Dunn & Crutcher, becoming the first head of the real estate department. For decades, he was involved in major Los Angeles real estate developments, including California Plaza, the Museum of Contemporary Art, and the Walt Disney Concert Hall. He loved mentoring junior lawyers, hosting family gatherings, and visiting relatives near and far. Survivors: his wife, Mary; and daughter, Teresa, JD '92.

MEDICINE

Robert H. Friedman, MD '68, of West Newton, Mass., September 6, at 80, of Alzheimer's disease. A pioneer in the field of medical infomedics, he led a novel program in computer applications of medicine at Boston University Medical School, where he was a professor of epidemiology and biostatistics. He was insatiably curious and enjoyed wine-making, traveling, and the arts. Survivors: his wife of 58 years, Rochelle (Rame, MD '68); daughters, Jordana, Alissa, Heather, and Tamar; nine grandchildren; and two siblings.

SUSTAINABILITY

Robert Worth Esser, MS '59 (geology), of Huntington, N.Y., August 3, at 89, of a heart attack. He served in the Navy and participated in Operation Deep Freeze, during which he explored the Antarctic with Admiral Richard Byrd. For decades, he located and forecasted global oil deposits for Mobil Oil and Cambridge Energy Research Associates. He was honored by the Association of Petroleum Geologists Foundation with their Trustees Career Service Award. Survivors: his wife of 65 years, Gail; sons, Robert Jr. and David; three grandchildren; and three great-grandchildren.

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The Typewritten Ceiling

Was I a woman of letters, or only a girl?

IN APRIL 1962, three days before I would give birth to my daughter, a letter arrived from Wallace Stegner, informing me that I had won a Stegner Writing Fellowship at Stanford and that he was looking forward to meeting me that fall. I was in shock. I had almost forgotten that I'd applied, so busy was I buying diapers and organizing my thoughts around my imminent motherhood.

I had finished a year of grad school at Brandeis University, and my husband had just accepted a job nearby. I asked the head of the English department at Brandeis about applying for a scholarship so I could continue on for a PhD. He said to me, "Merrill, I'm sorry, you're only a girl, and men need these scholarships much more than you do."

Well, never mind the PhD—I was a writer at heart. My husband and I conferred about the letter. How could we just pick up and move to California? But this amazing invitation had come to me. It was the chance of a lifetime,

my husband said. So we decided we'd do it.

That September, as soon as we got to Stanford with our daughter, we drove our rented car to the housing office to find out how to get an apartment on campus. The kindly woman at the front desk looked at me quizzically. "I'm sorry," she said, "but we only offer married student housing to male students and their families."

Was I really hearing it again, that accusation of being only a girl?

"But I'm the student—I'm the Stegner fellow!" I protested. She apologized again.

I went back to the car and told my husband what I'd learned. I began to cry, in outrage and in worry. As we sat there in alarm at the thought of having nowhere to live, the woman from the housing office appeared and tapped at the car window. She suggested that I come back inside and write a letter to the president of the university, explaining my situation. "Since you're here for the writing program,

my dear, I'm sure you can write him a very good letter!" she exclaimed. I sat at her desk and typed away on her typewriter.

The next day, we were offered a student apartment in Stanford Village, close to campus. Within the week, we had moved in, set up a crib for our daughter, and met Wallace Stegner at his home, where he welcomed us warmly. A few months later, when *Redbook* bought the first story I had written in the fellowship's weekly workshop, Stegner rejoiced with me.

The morning after I learned my story would be published, I sat on the porch of our apartment, my daughter on my lap. I whispered into her tiny, beautiful ear, "We're only girls, sweetheart, but we're here to make our marks on the world!" ■

MERRILL JOAN GERBER, GR. '63, is a former Stegner fellow (1962–63) and has published many novels and short stories. Email her at stanford.magazine@stanford.edu.

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