

VIRTUAL REUNIONS
ONCE AGAIN

PRINCETON WOMEN
AND LEADERSHIP

LINCOLN SCHOLAR
ALLEN GUELZO

PRINCETON ALUMNI WEEKLY

WHOSE BLUES?

A new book by
Adam Gussow '79 *00
digs into who 'owns'
the music — and who
profits from it



MARCH 2021
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'83

Class of

*Princeton changed my family's life, and
by consistently participating, I hope to help
Princeton continue to change families' lives.*

I give because

Craig Robinson '83

Princeton alumni help to build the future by opening the gates for the next generation of leaders. New challenges await us, and the path to a brighter tomorrow points *forward together*.

Together We Make it Possible.



PRINCETON ALUMNI WEEKLY

An editorially independent
magazine by alumni for alumni
since 1900

PRESIDENT'S PAGE 2

INBOX 3

ON THE CAMPUS 9

Q&A with writer Hilton Als • Student-run research magazine • Education Department ends investigation of Princeton • Women and leadership • In short • Student Dispatch: Princeton's new Wintersession • Class Close-Up: Films in the time of COVID • Pyne Prize honors • RESEARCH: G. John Ikenberry on the global order • Adversity and developing "thick skin" • Faculty books

PRINCETONIANS 33

Bill Brown '83 skis for Parkinson's • Jane Dailey '95 on "white fright" • Eric Silberman '13 on COVID and family • Reunions to be virtual again

CLASS NOTES 37

MEMORIALS 55

CLASSIFIEDS 63

PRINCETON PORTRAIT 64



Robert "Wolfman" Belfour performs at Red's Blues Club in Clarksdale, Mississippi, in 2011; page 22

Black and White and the Blues 22

Who owns — and profits from — blues music? Blues harmonica player Adam Gussow '79 *00 explores the question in an excerpt from a new book.

Introduction by Mark F. Bernstein '83

The Politics of History 28

Faculty member Allen Guelzo stands out among historians. He is a renowned scholar of Lincoln. And he's a conservative in a largely liberal field, in a politically charged time.

By Deborah Yaffe

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Fairy Tales

On the latest PAWcast, Harvard professor Maria Tatar '71 discusses her scholarship on folklore and why tales of mother-daughter jealousy endure.



Science Policy

Shin-Yi Lin '11 holds a new fellowship designed to bring scientists into the New Jersey public-policy field.

'Tiger Cafe'

Three freshmen are using a podcast to create the casual campus conversations that have become tougher to hold during the pandemic.

Spring Riot

Gregg Lange '70 revisits the Riot of 1963.

Returning to the Classroom

My freshman seminar, “Free Speech in Law, Ethics, and Politics,” met in person on Thursday, February 4. It felt great to be back in a classroom, together with Princeton students.

The first session of the class had taken place two days earlier on Zoom. I had expected that meeting would be in person, but a blizzard shut the University for two days. As a result, I had to defer the first in-person session, something I had been anticipating for weeks.

I was delighted, first of all, to be teaching again. In a normal year, my travel and events schedule make it difficult for me to be in the classroom. The pandemic has grounded me, however, so my calendar can accommodate the class.

I also wanted the chance to do something with our students and to experience our campus protocols for in-person teaching. I am confident that we know how to teach safely: we carefully monitored other colleges and universities that followed rigorous safety protocols in the fall, and instances of classroom transmission were extremely rare.

A safe college classroom during the COVID-19 pandemic is, however, a strange-looking place. We all wear masks, of course. I spent a few days testing out options, making sure that I had a mask that allowed me to speak comfortably and did not fog up my glasses.

We also distance from one another. Under New Jersey state regulations, every student must be six feet away from every other student *and* six feet away from me at all times. We therefore cannot gather around a cozy seminar table. Instead, the 12 students are spaced around a horseshoe-shaped lecture hall with a normal seating capacity of 60.

The six-foot restriction places a serious constraint on room availability on campus. It means that big classes cannot meet at all, and even small ones, like my own, require large rooms and significant advance planning. Our facilities and health staffs have marked permissible seats for the students to ensure appropriate separation among them.

We have tech support with us in the classroom to facilitate hybrid teaching if any students needed to participate remotely. I am lucky: all of the students in my course came to campus this semester, so, as long as we're all healthy, we can all be in the room together.

Even so, we have to be ready with remote options in case any of us are showing symptoms, or test positive for COVID-19, or have to quarantine because we've been exposed to someone who tested positive. If I wake up with a cough, I must teach remotely. If students do, they must attend via Zoom. And we have to be ready for that possibility every day the class is due to meet.

And, of course, we all follow careful protocols outside of class to stay healthy: masks, distancing, and strict limits on gatherings, travel, and activities. For example, the maximum number of people for an approved gathering on campus is five indoors or ten outdoors. There is an exception for classes, making my fifteen-person gathering (12 students, myself, my assistant, and our tech support) relatively gigantic.

The undergraduate students submit saliva tests twice

a week. I submit a test once a week, along with all other faculty and staff who come to campus regularly.

Given these restrictions, it is no surprise that most Princeton classes are remote. Many have to be: our classrooms could not accommodate the distancing requirements. And many of my colleagues judge the challenges of genuine hybrid teaching, masked-up in person and on Zoom at the same time, to be more frustrating than they are worth.



Teaching the freshman seminar “Free Speech in Law, Ethics, and Politics” in person.

For me, though (admitting that it is early innings for now), the benefits of in-person teaching are substantial. I can make eye contact with the students, and they can make eye contact with one another. They are not distracted by whatever else is happening in or near their rooms, or on their computer screens.

When I stumble into the lectern while talking—a not uncommon occurrence in my classrooms—we all laugh together, something that is not so easy to do on Zoom (though, as I told the class, at least I don't run into any virtual lecterns).

I also want to develop experience with currently available in-person teaching options as we prepare for a more normal fall. Between vaccines and new viral mutations, we continue to confront an uncertain future. I have, however, asked our team to plan on the assumption that we will be fully residential in the fall, with a resumption of most activities.

My expectation is that the fall will be far closer to normal than anything we have seen in the past twelve months. My guess, though, is that we will still be dealing with lingering effects of the pandemic. We need to be ready to address them imaginatively, finding ways to restore as much of the Princeton experience as we prudently can.

We'll see how things go in my seminar in the weeks ahead. We are not out of this pandemic by any means, and no doubt there are unanticipated challenges ahead. But for now I can say this: I am thrilled to have the majority of our undergraduates back on the campus and even happier to be in the classroom with them.

February 7, 2021

PRINCETON ALUMNI WEEKLY

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YOUR VIEWS ♦ NEW ART MUSEUM ♦ UNSUNG HEROES

Inbox

BUILDING FOR THE FUTURE

I applaud the Princetonians of the New Urbanism movement for working to build dense, walkable, climate-resilient communities ("Built to Last," January issue). What David Walter '11's article did not discuss is the biggest barrier to New Urbanism: "Not In My Back Yard" politics. The planning process in most cities overweights the voices of the small but vocal and well-organized minority of local homeowners who oppose density. The result is terrible sprawl, not to mention skyrocketing housing prices, rising homelessness, and widespread evictions and displacement. In my state of California, NIMBY capture of local planning processes has resulted in sprawl so bad that building is pushed to the wildland urban interface, triggering dangerous wildfires.

The solution is "Yes In My Back Yard" (YIMBY) activism, which works to reform the politics of development so that dense housing is easier and cheaper to build. If Princetonians reading Mr. Walter's article are moved by the vision of New Urbanism, I urge them to support the YIMBY movement to make this vision a reality.

Gillian Pressman '08

San Francisco, Calif.

Thank you for the article on Princeton and the New Urbanism, which several professional colleagues have already commended for its accuracy. Those years at the architecture school under Dean Geddes were indeed serendipitous. Among the many Princetonians involved

in the movement, there is another to credit: Our classmate Chip Kaufman '71 emigrated to Australia where, with his partner Wendy Morris, he achieved as much urban reform on that continent as we did on ours.

Andres Duany '71

Elizabeth Plater-Zyberk '72

Miami, Fla.

Editor's note: Andres Duany and Elizabeth Plater-Zyberk were among the founders of the Congress for a New Urbanism and designed the first New Urbanist town, Seaside, Florida, in 1980.

STUDENT RESILIENCE

Thank you for your article "Facing Failure" (January issue), which highlights the challenges of a Princeton education and the need to both develop resilience among our (often already quite resilient) students and also to become a responsive and resilient university. We at the McGraw Center for Teaching and Learning strive to equip students with the knowledge, skills, strategies, and mindsets to grapple with challenges that all Princeton students encounter, thereby increasing their academic acumen, self-efficacy, and resilience not only through tutoring, as mentioned, but especially through our workshops (bit.ly/mcgraw-ws) and learning consultations (bit.ly/mcgraw-lc). PAW readers may also want to know about still other resources developed to promote resilience that are available to students and alumni (and their families) in addition to those the article mentions. For example,

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PAW Online: Comment on a story

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Letters should not exceed 250 words and may be edited for length, accuracy, clarity, and civility. Due to space limitations, we are unable to publish all letters received in the print magazine. Letters, articles, photos, and comments submitted to PAW may be published in print, electronic, or other forms. *The views expressed in Inbox do not represent the views of PAW or Princeton University.*

the Academic Resilience Consortium (previously the Resilience Consortium), which was created by a group of staff members from Ivy-plus institutions, including Princeton, offers extensive online resources addressing resilience. Many of these materials consider the distinctive challenges posed by highly selective and competitive institutions, which were underscored by the students interviewed in your informative piece.

Nic Voge

Senior Associate Director, McGraw Center for Teaching and Learning Princeton, N.J.

ART MUSEUM'S NEW DESIGN

For me, the two most important buildings on campus are Firestone Library and the building housing the art museum, art library, and Department of Art & Archaeology (On the Campus, November issue). As an undergraduate, I walked past the art building every day and enjoyed exploring the marvelous objects inside. What an incredible place the museum is, so central to the mission and goals of the University — and now the museum is also a place for music, performances, and lectures for community members as well as students, faculty, and staff.

Princeton has an excellent collection of 112,000 objects, very few of which can currently be displayed at any one time, and badly needs a larger museum the likes of which its peers have enjoyed for years. The current building is about 70,000 square feet. The new building will be about 140,000 square feet, providing adequate space for the museum, library, and department. I have developed about 75 buildings similar in size to these.

Some have expressed concern about how the building will fit into this site. On Sept. 23, architect David Adjaye and museum director James Steward gave an excellent presentation of the new museum describing the design and addressing circulation around and through the space (see bit.ly/PUAM-new). Their design is well thought out and at long last adequately houses an excellent museum, library, and department right where they need to be for those who, like me, will wander by to

serendipitously discover something that will spark a lifelong interest.

Bill Neidig '70

Hillsborough, Calif.

The projected Art Museum is a mixed blessing. The careful attention on the interior to changes of scale and texture, openness and closure, and variety of materials and lighting is handled with the architect's customary aplomb. Yet the fateful decision to locate the expanded exhibition space all on one floor, dividing it into pavilions around a large, central atrium/lecture hall/theater, places the design on a collision course with the campus layout by forcing too big a footprint on the site. As Sean Sawyer '88 and Eric Shullman '15 have each pointed out (Inbox, January issue), the design violates the two basic planning principles that have governed the historic core of Princeton's campus: It crowds the outdoor space around Dod and Brown Halls and, we add, along McCosh Walk as well; and it interrupts the long diagonal vistas that are the especial joy and unique pride of the Princeton campus. In other words, it is a great building in the wrong place.

To mitigate these problems, open the ground-level wall facing Dod to partially restore the vista. And, in place of the massive and scale-less corrugated concrete facades, differentiate the pavilions with varied and smaller-scale features so as to approach the stated goal of making them "folies," which means diminutive, not bulky, forms. Otherwise, the new Art Museum may bring to mind the popular phrase that this is an example of the "edifice complex."

Richard A. Etlin '69 *72 *78

Beatrice Rehl '76

New York, N.Y.

Editor's note: Richard A. Etlin is a Distinguished University Professor Emeritus at the School of Architecture of the University of Maryland. Beatrice Rehl is publisher and fine arts editor at Cambridge University Press.

NOBEL CONTRIBUTIONS

In response to the letter of Jon Holman '66 (Inbox, November issue) making a technical addition to the short list of

Princeton alumni who have received the Nobel Peace Prize, I offer a second addition and quote from PAW's own obituary for my late mentor and colleague, Dr. Victor W. Sidel '53:

"In 1961 Vic founded Physicians for Social Responsibility (PSR) and contributed a series of articles on the medical consequences of nuclear war that spurred the formation of PSR chapters across the country. Later, he became co-president of PSR's global affiliate, International Physicians for the Prevention of Nuclear War, which won the 1985 Nobel Prize for its work in bringing about the Limited Nuclear Test Ban Treaty."

When organizations are recognized by the Nobel Committee, there are many unsung heroes.

Hal Strelnick '70

Bronx, N.Y.

FROM INTIME TO OSCARS

"A Century of Intime" (On the Campus, January issue) is an excellent story on the plucky Theatre Intime, featuring, among others, the stellar playwright Branden Jacobs-Jenkins '06, whose work *Gloria* came as far west as San Francisco until it was shut down by the coronavirus in mid-run last season.

One regrettable omission in the Intime lineup was Robert "Bo" Goldman '53, who surely deserves mention. I saw him back then in Giraudoux's *The Trojan War Will Not Take Place*, doing a deft comedy role. He subsequently earned two screenwriting Oscars, most memorably for *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*.

Paul Hertelendy '53

Piedmont, Calif.

SUPPORTING FREE SPEECH

Princeton alumni have created a new nonprofit organization to support free speech and academic freedom at Princeton. Princetonians for Free Speech (PFS) is nonpartisan and focused exclusively on these core freedoms. It was founded by two members of the Class of 1970 but is supported by an increasing number of alumni from many classes, and its board also includes representatives from a number of classes.

The core of PFS is its website, princetoniansforreespeech.com. We invite all members of the Princeton community to take a look. On a regular basis, we post articles relating to free speech and academic freedom that are Princeton-focused in one column, and in the other we post articles about other universities and beyond.

In addition, subscribers receive regular email updates from PFS. While we have only recently launched, already hundreds of Princeton alumni, faculty, and students have signed up for the free subscriptions.

In the future, PFS plans to host discussions and speakers on the internet and on campus. We believe that it is vital to our democracy and to the future of Princeton that free speech and academic freedom be strongly defended, and that alumni of Princeton are critical to that defense.

Stuart Taylor Jr. '70

Washington, D.C.

Edward L. Yingling '70

Alexandria, Va.

FROM THE ARCHIVES

PAW readers Zach Ruchman '10, David Kaley '97, and Zach Zimmerman '10 wrote to identify the 12 alumni who donned Lady Liberty gowns and crowns for the kickline of the fall 2007 Triangle Club show, *A Turnpike Runs Through It*, featured in our December issue.



They are, front row, from left, Buddy Gardineer '11, Andy Linz '11, Stephen Lamb '11, and Jack Altman '11; and back row, from left, Billy Hepfinger '10, Jeff Asjes '09, Brad Baron '11, Kelvin Dinkins Jr. '09, Zimmerman, Casey Ford Alexander '10, Willie Myers '11, and Dave Holtz '10.

FOR THE RECORD

William H. Danforth's class year was incorrect in the Lives section of the February issue. He was a member of the Class of '48.

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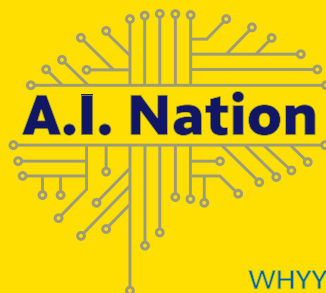


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Photo by Jordan Luciano

FORWARD THINKER:

Majka Burhardt '98 is moving mountains to partner with Indigenous peoples on their ecosystems.

Majka Burhardt '98 seeks out the roads less traveled. As a professional climber who's spent the last 25 years ascending cliffs and peaks around the world, that's more than a poetic metaphor. Plotting her course up to hard-to-reach perches and navigating across stone or ice, Burhardt is energized by those challenges that take her to places devoid of footprints. The more difficult and the more remote the adventure, the greater the thrill.

Somewhere between the treacherous, heady trek and the pinnacle, Burhardt also gained an acute awareness of a challenge beyond the climb: fully investing herself in protecting the mountains and the people who call them home.

That greater calling began in 2008, when a friend showed her a blurry photograph of a relatively unexplored peak in northern Mozambique called Mount Namuli. An imposing granite-domed monolith, Namuli is an inselberg — a stand-alone mountain that is almost like an island in the sky when it comes to its ecosystem.

It certainly passed the adrenaline eye-test, and Burhardt set her mind to climb it — and do more.

In 2014, Burhardt led an expedition of climbers and scientists to Namuli, using rock climbing to access previously unexplored habitats so that biologists could examine the diversity of plants and wildlife. They were not disappointed, discovering new and rare species of reptiles, amphibians and insects. "It was a scientist's treasure trove," Burhardt said.

Namuli is also the home to local mountain people who have been threatened by the impact of climate change on the delicate environment. Mozambique officials estimated that the population near Namuli was 3,000, but when Burhardt's team arrived, they discovered there were four times as many people. As that community's hardships have multiplied in recent generations, they've resorted to deforestation and unsustainable farming methods higher up on the mountain, threatening the region's unique biodiversity.

"The people who live in these mountain areas tend to be the most marginalized by their countries because it's simply hard to get there," Burhardt said. "They're typically the last of the last places for development to reach and for different social change organizations to work with."

"What's happening at Legado right now is thrilling."

The expedition led Burhardt to establish Legado — meaning "legacy" in Spanish and Portuguese — a nonprofit dedicated to a recalibration of the relationship between Indigenous and local peoples and their environment in order to ensure a thriving future for both communities and biodiversity.

"I started Legado ten years ago with \$11,000 from the outdoor industry and a bold and somewhat crazy idea, and today we operate a \$2 million program on our first mountain and are growing," she said. "What's happening

at Legado right now is thrilling. It's finally time in the conservation and development world to stop acting in these silos and to instead say, 'How do we do this in an integrated way from the get-go, to have collective impact in these places of high biodiversity importance, that also happen to be sociocultural areas of importance with the local communities?'"

Eight thousand miles away from the base of Namuli is Burhardt's home office. She and her husband, fellow climber Peter Doucette, live in New Hampshire with their four-year-old twins. They settled there because the state boasts some of the best ice climbing in the world. "Ice climbing has always been one of my favorite mediums of climbing, because [as opposed to rock climbing] you can break the ice to make it adapt to you," Burhardt said. "It sounds really aggressive, because it is. And so, if something isn't the way you want it when you're ice climbing, you can modify it to make it climbable to you."

That's the type of climber who can change the world.

For the full story and to read more about Forward Thinkers, visit forwardthinking.princeton.edu

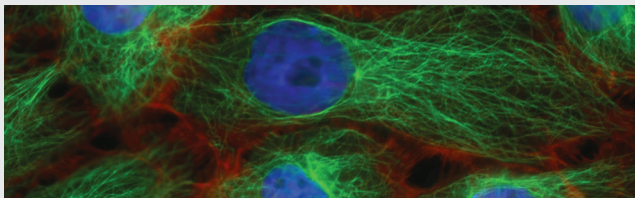


Photo by James Q Martin for Legado

Burhardt and entomologist Caswell Munyai, climbing the southwest face of Namuli.

JOIN THE CONVERSATION IN A YEAR OF FORWARD THINKING

A Year of Forward Thinking spans the 2020-21 academic year and invites Princetonians and others to join in a conversation focused on responding to the challenges facing the nation and the world. Forward Fest, a free, monthly online series, raises up voices of the University's "forward thinkers" — students, faculty, alumni and friends — who are pioneering solutions. RSVP for these upcoming fests at forwardthinking.princeton.edu.



THINKING FORWARD BIOENGINEERING

MARCH 18 | 3:30 PM EDT

Igniting new directions in research, education and innovation at the intersection of the life sciences and engineering, Princeton's Bioengineering Initiative has unlimited potential for positive impact on health, medicine and quality of life. This Forward Fest will focus on the groundbreaking interdisciplinary work that our bioengineers are thinking forward.



THINKING FORWARD THE ENVIRONMENT

APRIL 15 | 4 PM EDT

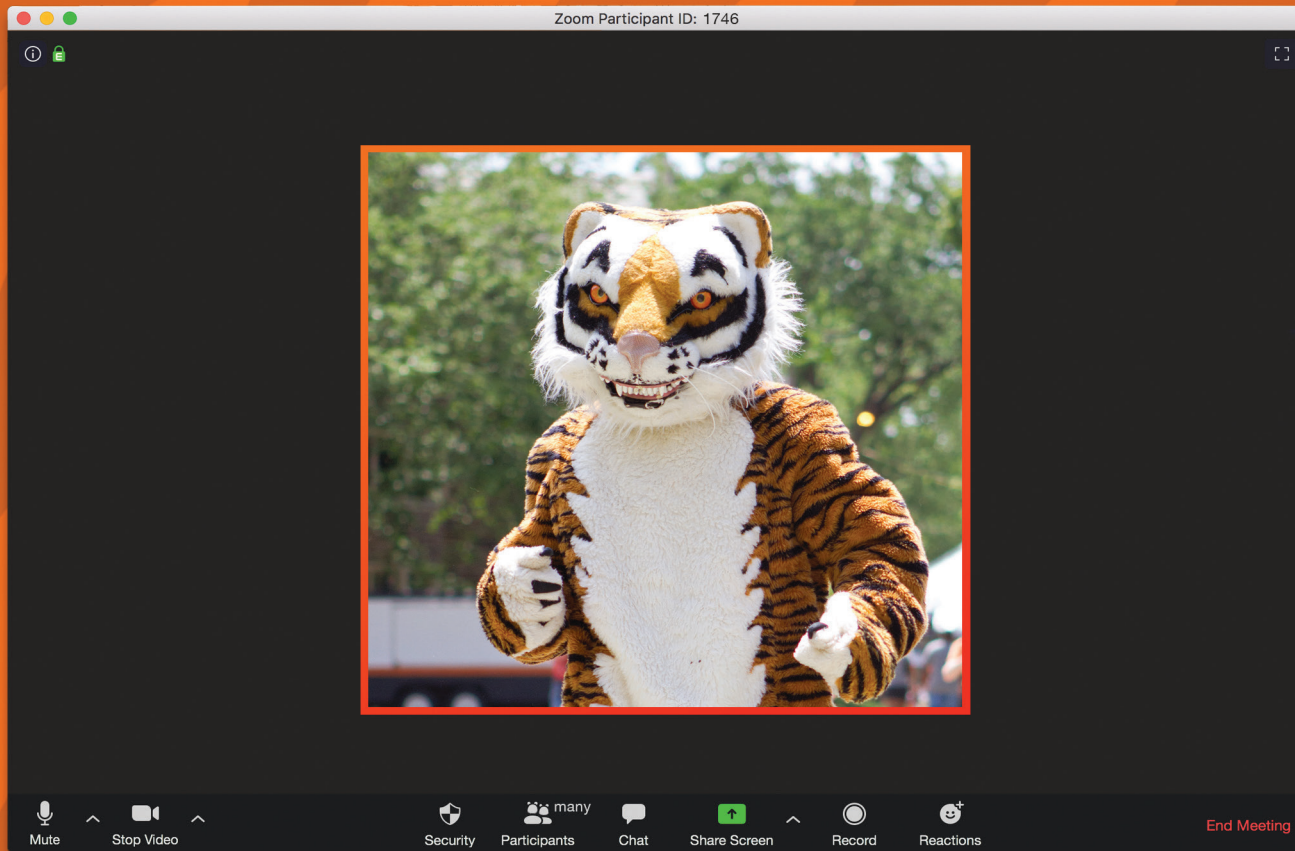
Princeton researchers are thinking forward across a spectrum of environmental issues and making pivotal contributions to solving some of humanity's toughest problems related to climate, food and water, biodiversity, and energy. Forward Fest explores the work happening at centers of excellence across the University that can give us reason for optimism.

There are many ways to stay connected to Princeton.

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REUNIONS ONLINE

MAY 20-23



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On the Campus



With about 2,900 undergraduates living on campus, dormitories like Bloomberg Hall, seen here at dusk in late January, are showing signs of life. Alumni may recognize the path as part of the P-rade route.
Photograph by Ricardo Barros



Q&A: HILTON ALS

A Critic's Point of View

Visiting scholar discusses writing and understanding queer history

Pulitzer Prize-winning theater and culture critic Hilton Als is the inaugural Presidential Visiting Scholar for the 2020–21 academic year at Princeton. The program was established to “recognize and support scholars who can contribute to the University’s diversity, broadly defined,” according to Princeton’s announcement of Als’ appointment. In the fall the *New Yorker* writer mentored a handful of students. For the spring semester, he is teaching the course “Yaass Queen: Gay Men, Straight Women, and the Literature, Art, and Film of Hagdom.” Als spoke to PAW about a range of topics, including his thoughts on the ways the pandemic has impacted the arts and vice versa.

Where did your passion and interest in writing and criticism start?

It started when I was 8 years old. I come from a very large family, and writing was

a way for me to get a word in edgewise and be part of the conversation while simultaneously being separate. It was also a way for me to work out what people were saying — to have some idea or sense of what was going on in my mind. When you write, you’re reflecting. I didn’t really start reading until I was about 10 years old, so I think writing was a real way of having language and speech.

How did your role at Princeton this year come about, and why did you decide to take it?

It’s a real gift from Tracy K. Smith [chair of the Lewis Center for the Arts] — a way for artists to be part of the Princeton community and also to do their work. She set it up so that it’s slowly introducing and hopefully integrating artists into the community. I feel incredibly fortunate that she offered me this opportunity, because

it gave me time to think. The goal of teaching is that you really want to make a difference in students’ lives. The thing that I want mostly is to be present for the students and their development as minds and as artists.

What do you think makes a good play?

The playwright’s interest in the world that they’re creating, and using metaphors to talk about how we live now and how history has informed us. The playwright brings together the past, present, and future to make moments that are completely beautiful and transcendent. It doesn’t mean that the subject or the work itself has to be subconsciously beautiful. I think it has something to do with the ethos of the writer, that we want to be with them because there is something so generous and there’s a great love of humanity reflected in their work.

What works have inspired you lately?

I think Michaela Coel’s *I May Destroy You* is one of the most extraordinary things I have ever seen. You’ve got to see it. What’s happening in it is she’s creating a real world out of her imagination. It’s also a good time for reading. I have to give props to Jane Austen — I’ve been reading *Mansfield Park* and I’m struck again by her radicalism and identification with the poor. I really admire her for that.

Where did the idea for your spring-semester class come from, and what do you hope students take away from the experience?

It was funny. It was something that I always wanted to do. When I started teaching [in the late ’90s] it was a different time in terms of what was permissible politically and what students could do, so when Tracy asked what I liked to teach, this is something that has been in my consciousness for a long time.

Because of the limitations of their time, some of the writers I’m teaching couldn’t speak about their own queerness and did by code. So the code is a powerful part of what we’re discussing. How do people say the unsayable?

All Smith

“How do people say the unsayable? I love the opportunity that this course gives me to dissect that a bit.”

— **Hilton Als, Presidential Visiting Scholar**

I love the opportunity that this course gives me to dissect that a bit. How do we talk about being queer before and how do we talk about it now? Students very beautifully have to work with queer history to understand how did we get to a relatively queer freedom.

How do you think teaching this course is impacted by the pandemic and having to interact with students virtually?

It's weird — because of Zoom you have to rely on a more personal intimacy with them. I think you have to rely on clarity of face and mind. Before, you could just talk and you would have those wonderful interruptions that happen and ideas that come out of conversations spontaneously. But because Zoom is so delayed, you have to kind of speak and wait, and that's a big difference that you're not really in dialogue with each other.

How has the pandemic impacted the arts?

It's impacted the performing arts by prohibiting folks so they are not able to perform. That is a very sad thing. For writers, I think it took us a while to kind of find our bearings. We didn't really know who we were. It took a minute for writers to understand who they were after this siege. So I think it took them about six months or so to feel that and write about it.

What role have the arts played throughout the pandemic?

Where would we be right now without music, books, and movies? Where would we be without stories right now? Stories elevate us and they give us a different view of ourselves. I think that it's a wonderful way for us — unfortunately — to understand how essential stories are for us. ♦ Interview conducted and condensed by C.S.

SHARING INSIGHTS

Student Science Writers Aim to Make Research More Accessible

Since last April, a group of Princeton undergraduate, graduate, and postdoctoral researchers has been reading through the latest scientific work from the University's research groups and publishing reviews of their papers with the aim of making the studies more accessible for researchers from other academic departments.



Addie Minerva GS

They are part of Princeton Insights, a student-run organization co-founded by Addie Minerva, a second-year Ph.D. student in the Princeton Neuroscience Institute. Minerva was inspired by a class assignment to write a short review in the style of the News & Views essays in *Nature*, which appeal to a broad audience while staying scientifically accurate.

“Afterwards I was talking to a few friends in other departments outside of neuroscience, and I realized I don't actually really know what they do for their research,” Minerva said. “I thought, hey, this would be a really cool opportunity to share ideas and research that's going on [at Princeton] throughout departments.”

Over the past year, about 50 writers and six editors have collaborated to publish 28 reviews in disciplines ranging from chemistry to sociology. Their work is available online at insights.princeton.edu.

The group often reaches out to the authors of the papers they cover to get feedback. “We've had really an overwhelmingly positive response,” Minerva said. “The researchers and [principal investigators] and grad students and postdocs who are doing the research have been really excited about our reviews and have wanted to provide a quote and try to help us make these reviews as good as possible.”

Princeton Insights also has started working with *The Daily Princetonian* to create a podcast called “The Highlights,” in which members will interview the researchers behind the papers they review. The first episode went live in January.

Since Princeton Insights began during the COVID-19 pandemic, the authors and editors have done their work remotely. When the pandemic restrictions on gatherings are eventually lifted, Minerva hopes to host writing workshops and get members together for the first time.

“We've grown so quickly and have really expanded to many fields,” Minerva said. “Initially the group was formed to present research to the Princeton research community, but we've grown beyond that and we are hoping to expand within Princeton and to the broader public.” ♦ By Richard Huang '23

EDUCATION DEPARTMENT ENDS PROBE

In the final days of the Trump administration, the U.S. Department of Education **CLOSED ITS INVESTIGATION** of Princeton's compliance with the Civil Rights Act and other nondiscrimination assurances required by law, President Eisgruber '83 announced in his annual letter on the State of the University Feb. 4. The probe was a response to Eisgruber's commitment to combat systemic racism at Princeton and beyond. Eisgruber wrote that the University was grateful for the “stalwart support” of legislators, other universities, and professional organizations that spoke out in Princeton's defense.

The full text of the president's letter, which reflects on the University's experiences during the COVID-19 pandemic, is available at bit.ly/sotu-2021. ♦

















Looking To Lead

Ten years after a campus report, are undergraduate women seeking top roles?

On the 40th anniversary of coeducation at Princeton, then-President Shirley Tilghman assembled a committee to study why relatively few undergraduate women were involved in visible leadership positions at the University. Inspired by discussions and examples of disparities across campus, the group collected data and conducted interviews for a year before releasing its final report in March 2011.

The 100-plus-page report found an upward trend of women in leadership positions from the start of coeducation to the 1990s, but a downturn in the 2000s. Although women outperformed men in most areas of academic achievement, the report found social pressures and expectations led women to “undersell themselves, and sometimes make self-deprecating remarks in situations where men might stress their own

Recipients of Major Academic Awards by Decade

Valedictorian	 	 
Latin Salutatorian	 	 
Pyne Prize	 	 
Rhodes Scholarship	 	 
	37 16 men women 2000–2009	33 30 men women 2010–2019

Note: In some instances, individual students won multiple honors.

Sources: Report of the Steering Committee on Undergraduate Women's Leadership (2011); Princeton.edu

There are anecdotal signs of progress. In 2011, a woman was elected president of an eating club for the first time; by 2018, nine of the 11 eating clubs had women presidents.

accomplishments.” The introduction of the report noted, “Women find many doors closed at Princeton, but few that are actually locked.”

For committee members, the findings were striking. “We found that a lot of women felt that they were engaged in leadership,” said Nannerl Keohane, a former president of Wellesley College and Duke University who chaired the committee while teaching at Princeton. This challenged her original conception of what leadership is, because so many women were involved in ways that the committee characterized as behind-the-scenes, Keohane told PAW in January.

Thomas Dunne, deputy dean of undergraduate students who was also on the committee, said some of the focus-group conversations with women students at the time were disheartening. He recalled students “were saying things like, ‘I don’t think this particular club will ever have a woman president. I just don’t see it.’”

Ten years later, there are anecdotal signs of progress. In 2011, a woman was elected president of an eating club for the first time; by 2018, nine of the 11 eating clubs had women presidents. Some high-profile undergraduate positions, including president of Undergraduate Student Government and editor-in-chief of *The Daily Princetonian*, either are currently or were recently held by women. Major awards, including the Pyne Prize, valedictorian, Latin salutatorian, and Rhodes Scholarship, have moved closer to gender parity in

the last decade (see chart). Princeton women continue to succeed in the classroom, outpacing men in four-year and six-year graduation rates in each of the seven years of data available on the Registrar’s website.

Back in 2011, the campus community had mixed feelings on the leadership committee’s findings. Some felt the central question of the report was a nonissue, Keohane said. But many were supportive and encouraged that the University was doing something to address the elephant in the room, she added.

The report offered recommendations on how to empower all students to pursue leadership opportunities. Recommendations included revamping freshman orientation to emphasize leadership preparation and connections between first-year and upper-class students, encouraging more mentorship, offering leadership training, and promoting faculty initiatives to help mitigate bias. The report recommended that the University revisit the data in 2019 and update the statistics, as part of the 50th anniversary of undergraduate coeducation at Princeton. According to University spokeswoman Ayana Gibbs, a follow-up review has not taken place.

Dunne said his office has plans to update the numbers. “I know that [the numbers are] significantly better because I work with those students, but I do think there’s value in picking up the conversation again,” he said.

Jemima Williams ’23 said that in her personal experience as a member of Whig-Clio, the Princeton Debate Panel, Matriculate, *The Daily Princetonian*, and Tiger Chunes (a steel-drum ensemble), she sees women leaders all over campus and finds it inspiring. Williams, a low-income, first-generation student, said she is more interested in understanding how to expand opportunities for students who may face more barriers to getting involved.

While progress can be slow, Keohane is hopeful things are moving in the right direction. “I think Princeton’s closer now than it was 10 years ago,” said Keohane, “but I think none of us [in higher education] has quite gotten there — but I’m hopeful that we will.” ♦ By C.S.

IN SHORT

The Carl A. Fields Center for Equality and Cultural Understanding and the Office of Wintersession and Campus Engagement launched **TO BE KNOWN AND HEARD**, an online gallery featuring examples of systemic racism on campus and other notable experiences of students and faculty from minority groups that show “injustices and indignities in the University’s history.” The site, available at knownandheard.princeton.edu, includes examples from the time of Princeton’s founding through the present day.

Jimin Kang ’21 and Aisha Tahir ’21 are recipients of the **2021 SACHS SCHOLARSHIP**, named for Daniel Sachs ’60 and one of Princeton’s highest honors. Kang, a PAW student writer and Spanish and Portuguese major, will pursue two master’s degrees at Oxford: one in comparative literature and critical translation, and another in environmental studies. Tahir, an African American studies major, received the Sachs Global Scholarship and will research feminist movements in India and Pakistan before pursuing development studies at SOAS University of London. University of Oxford graduate student Hannah Duffus received a Sachs Scholarship to study at Princeton’s Graduate School.



**IN MEMORIAM
YOSHIAKI (YOSHI)
SHIMIZU *75,**
the Marquand
Professor of Art
and Archaeology,
emeritus, died
Jan. 20 at age
84. A Princeton

Ph.D. graduate, Shimizu taught at the University of California, Berkeley, before becoming curator of Japanese art at the Freer Gallery of Art in Washington, D.C. He joined the Princeton faculty in 1984 and taught for 25 years until his retirement, continuing to share his curatorial skills for exhibits at the National Gallery of Art and the Japan Society. In 2009, the Princeton University Art Museum hosted an exhibition in Shimizu’s honor. ♦

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Source: “What Can Neuroscience Tell Us About Why Print Magazine Advertising Works?” A White Paper from MPA–The Association of Magazine Media, Scott McDonald, Ph.D., Nomos Research, October 2015

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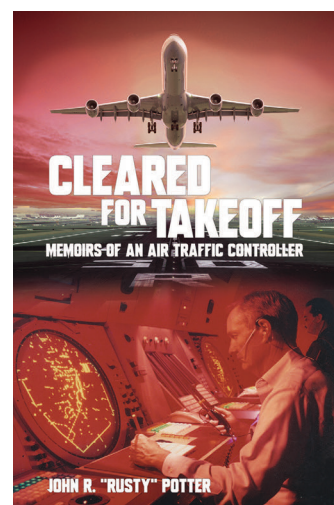
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STUDENT DISPATCH

Wintersession Offers Change of Pace, Exploring Sleep, Art, Cooking, and More

By Mara Harwin '22



The University's shift to a new calendar this year moved fall exams to December and also brought with it Princeton's new

"Wintersession," an opportunity for students, faculty, and staff to gather on Zoom and learn through no-strings-attached workshops. No essays, no tests, and certainly no grades. More than 3,100 people, including 2,264 students, signed up for a total of about 9,300 spots, according to organizers.

Originally envisioned to be held in person, the program pivoted to a virtual format because of the pandemic. Workshops were held during the last two weeks of January, as many undergraduates were returning to campus.

The program was inclusive by design, said Judy Jarvis, director of the Office of Wintersession and Campus Engagement. "This year, more than any other year, we need community-building and we need different ways to connect with each other," she said. "So

I felt like Wintersession could actually offer something really important to the community."

Students certainly had a lot to choose from, with 292 daytime workshops and a range of topics from coding to knitting to cooking to salsa dancing. There was even a cooking basics session led by President Eisgruber '83, titled "How to Fry an Egg." (Afterward, Eisgruber said in a story on the University website, "I have new admiration for anyone who leads a cooking class: It's not easy to teach and mind a hot stove at the same time!")

Few Wintersession proposals were rejected, according to Jarvis; the committee's job was "making sure that the submissions were true to our mission, which is dynamic, active learning, and whenever possible, unexpected."

For the unexpected, consider the workshop on "Sleeping for Success," held on the Friday before the start of spring-semester classes. The dozen students on hand might have been anticipating a science lecture. Instead, they were pleasantly surprised to

discover that the "teacher" was in fact a peer, Matthew Marquardt '21, who has a personal passion for helping other students create healthier sleep habits.

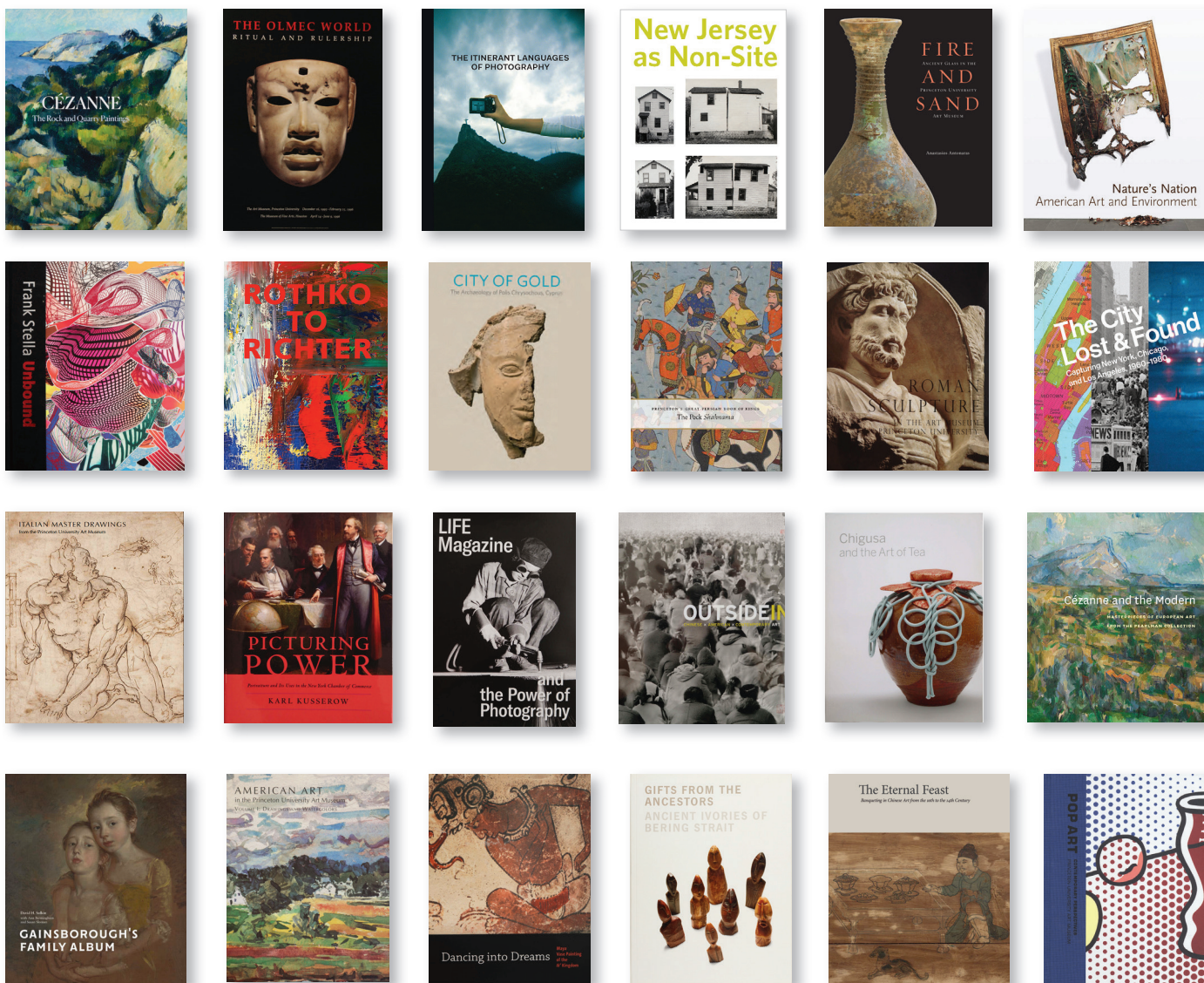
Marquardt's lecture had an informal and intimate atmosphere — a feeling often lost in the time of COVID-19, when each student can be one square on a screen of 50 or more. After looking at ways in which Princeton is sleep deprived, he offered tips for healthier habits, like waking up at the same time every day, even on weekends, and making your room a "sleep oasis" with no bright lights and no homework in bed. "I feel passionate about this because it is something that everyone struggles with, even myself," Marquardt told PAW.

Marquardt shared his own story: After growing up with parents who emphasized good sleep habits, during his freshman year he was surprised to discover how late students went to bed. Receiving a diagnosis of sleep apnea cemented his interest in the science of the topic and how it affects the lives of Princeton students.

Most workshops were led by volunteers from the University community. In the "Ink as Art" workshop, Nemo Newman '23 led students through the history of tattoos and the steps to choosing and getting one. In "Decolonizing Islam," Sohaib Sultan, the University's Muslim chaplain, combatted misinformation about Islam. In "Healing Through Creativity," Hope VanCleaf, communications assistant at the Lewis Center for the Arts, led students through the process of making a "healing bowl."

Like the workshops themselves, students' reasons for attending sessions varied. Hadar Halivni '22, a neuroscience major, attended nine workshops, many of them with a focus on art, something she enjoys but knew she wouldn't have time for during the semester.

Looking toward next year, Jarvis is hopeful that Wintersession's future will be in person, although depending on feedback, the program may offer a few virtual workshops again. But just like this year, the content itself will be entirely up to the Princeton community. "Every year there are new proposals, and so the content changes every year," she said. ♦



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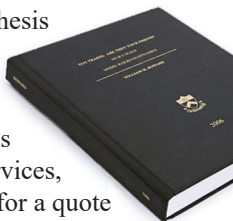
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On the Campus

CLASS CLOSE-UP

Students Explore Current Themes By Looking into the Mirror of Film

The pandemic has fundamentally shifted the way so many things are done — including the distribution and viewing of films. As at-home movies reigned, lecturer Erika Kiss was inspired to teach the class “Cinema in Times of Pandemic” to analyze the impacts of COVID-19 on the film industry.



Erika Kiss teaches the new course “Cinema in Times of Pandemic.”

“I believe that the pandemic, which destroyed theatrical film distribution, also created an opportunity for higher education to keep the circulation of important new, or forgotten, or never-distributed films alive,” said Kiss, founding director of the University Center for Human Values Film Forum and a lecturer in the Department of Comparative Literature and the Program in European Cultural Studies. Her spring-semester course features a mix of old and new films that look at many of the themes the world is currently experiencing, including isolation, political strife, and racial protests.

Students in the class of nine submitted videos explaining why they wanted to take it. Gaea Lawton '23 said she applied after taking a fall course that explored similar themes from the theater perspective.

At the outset, Kiss told students they would figure out exactly what they'd be creating as they went along. She envisioned students creating short films and a live website with content and commentary about each of the movies they would watch for the class. The group works together virtually.

During a mid-February class, Lawton and two classmates moderated a discussion with Nicole Newnham and James LeBrecht, the directors of *Crip Camp: A Disability Revolution* — a documentary that follows a group of people with disabilities who attended camp together and later were heavily involved in the Disability Rights Movement. The film was produced by the Obamas and distributed on Netflix. The discussion was open to the campus community.

Kiss has organized interviews with many directors, film critics, and other prominent figures in the industry for the class. She “wants to start looking at filmmaking through a different lens,” Lawton said. “She wants to expose us to films that don't necessarily fit that American narrative of if you work hard you'll eventually win.”

Because of Kiss' own interests and passion to challenge the clichés of Hollywood, the films her class studies are produced by and feature marginalized communities. She points to the 1989 film *Chameleon Street*, which won the Grand Jury Prize at the Sundance Film Festival the following year but was never picked up for distribution, as an example of the problems within the industry. It wasn't mainstream enough, Kiss said.

She hopes that in addition to gaining an understanding of the industry, this class will teach her students to look beyond the status quo to appreciate great films that didn't get their due. “Some of the best films are actually not even known,” Kiss said, “because they happen not to be distributed.” *By C.S.*

THREE WIN PYNE PRIZE

For the first time since 1975, three seniors will share the Pyne Honor Prize, the highest general distinction conferred on an undergraduate. The award is traditionally presented at the Alumni Day luncheon, which was canceled this year, so the University plans to recognize the honorees later in the semester.



PAIGE ALLEN

'21 is an English major pursuing certificates in creative writing, humanistic studies, music theater, and theater. Her

senior-thesis work includes acting and serving as dramaturge in a filmed production of the new play *Unbecoming*; playing the lead role in the rock musical *Lizzie*; and writing a collection of short stories inspired by Gothic literature and historical research.



AMY JEON '21, a School of Public and International Affairs concentrator pursuing a certificate in statistics and machine learning,

has devoted her junior and senior independent work to studying discrimination and anti-immigrant sentiment. Her interest in the subject stems from an internship with the Lutheran Immigration and Refugee Service, arranged through the Office of Religious Life's Religion and Resettlement Project.



JAMES PACKMAN '21, a psychology major pursuing a certificate in East Asian studies, is creating a scale to assess anti-Semitic

stereotypes for his senior thesis. In addition to studying Mandarin and volunteering for a suicide-prevention and emotional-support hotline, he has played drums in the Princeton University Rock Ensemble and performed as a stand-up comedian. ♦

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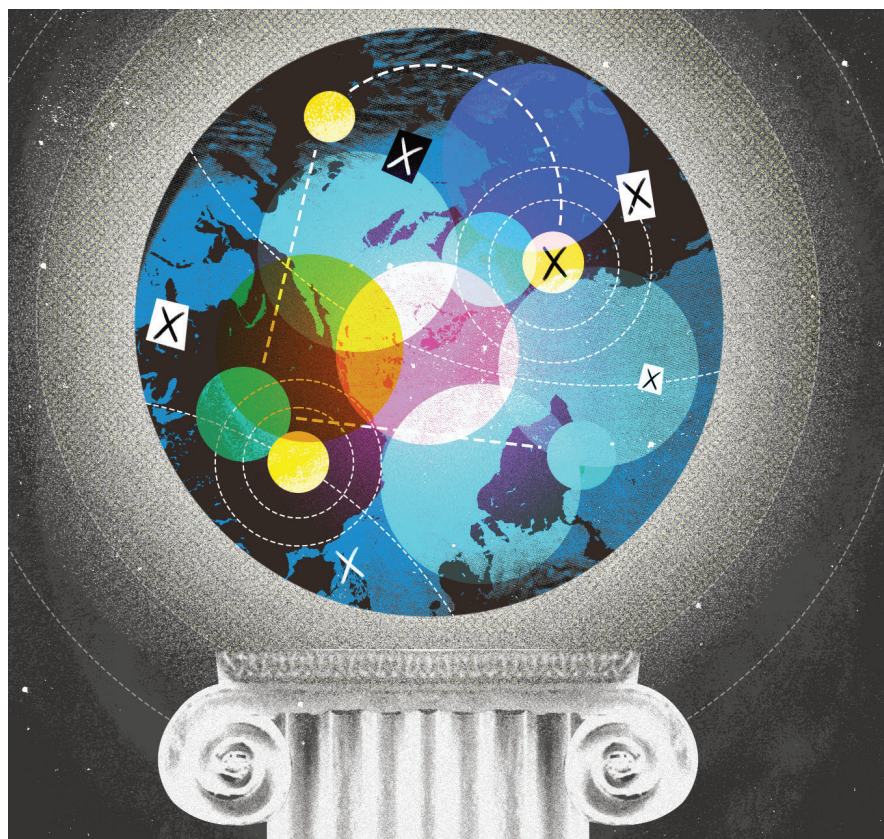


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FACULTY BOOK: G. JOHN IKENBERRY

Bolstering Democracy



G. John Ikenberry, the Albert G. Milbank Professor of Politics and International Affairs and a Global Scholar at South Korea's Kyung Hee University, wants

to update President Woodrow Wilson 1879's project of making the world "safe for democracy." He argues for an international order at once less idealistic and more socially progressive than Wilson's, involving "a pragmatic, reform-oriented approach" to issues such as trade, national security, climate, and public health. Ikenberry outlines his vision in *A World Safe for Democracy: Liberal Internationalism and the Crises of Global Order* (Yale University Press). PAW talked to him about the book and its implications for American foreign policy.

What do you mean by liberal internationalism?

Liberal internationalism is a tradition

or school of thought that's emerged with the rise of liberal democracies over the last 250 years, a set of ideas and projects that reflect the efforts of liberal democracies to build international order. It sits alongside other great traditions, such as political realism and Marxism. The phrase most associated with it is Woodrow Wilson's famous phrase "to make the world safe for democracy," used in a speech on the eve of America's entry into World War I. I'm trying to recast what that might mean. Rather than see it as a kind of idealistic crusade to spread democracy, it can be seen as a project of making liberal democracies safe by creating an international environment in which they can survive and prosper and organize themselves in progressive ways.

Why this book now?

I wrote the book, in part, to speak to today's unquiet. Looking back over the last two centuries, you realize that liberal

democracy has been troubled before — that the period after the Cold War, when it looked like liberal democracy was the only game in town, that history had spoken, is more an anomaly. The longer 200-year period [involves] a lot of contestation, near-misses — in the 1930s, what might even be called an extinction moment when liberal democracy really had to struggle with finding a basis for survival. We can speak to today's problems by showing the various ways in which liberal democracies have navigated these sorts of storms in the past.

How has liberal internationalism evolved since Wilson?

In some sense, Wilson was more of a 19th-century figure. The true transformative moment occurred in the 1930s and '40s under the auspices of Franklin Roosevelt. There was this effort to reinvent an international order and create frameworks to stabilize liberal democracy itself, to reconceive how these countries would operate among themselves and find cooperative solutions. That generation saw the collapse of the world economy, the rise of fascism and totalitarianism, the total war that was World War II, the Holocaust, and the dropping of the atomic bomb. That was an extraordinary moment in which leaders of liberal democracies had to think about how to rebuild and secure the foundations for open societies. That was the pivotal period in the modern reinvention of liberal internationalism.

So, liberal internationalism allows states to cooperate within the framework of rules and institutions but doesn't dictate that every country be a liberal democracy with a socially progressive agenda.

Right. It really begins with a vision of how the liberal democracies can create a world that will make their societies safe. And it does that with the conviction that open exchange and trade are mutually beneficial, that international institutions can facilitate cooperation, that liberal democracies have special reasons and capacities to cooperate. Finally, in an era of growing economic, security, and environmental interdependence,

Nate Kitch



The rise of nationalist forces “inside the liberal democratic world may be more profound than those forces that are attacking it from the outside.”

— G. John Ikenberry, professor of politics and international affairs

cooperation is increasingly important for these societies to achieve their ends and protect their values. That’s the core of liberal internationalism.

Why do you think nationalistic tendencies have gained such ascendancy?

I would argue that the rise of nationalist, populist, authoritarian, anti-democratic, illiberal forces inside the liberal democratic world may be more profound than those forces that are attacking it from the outside. It goes to a kind of breakdown in the post-war bargains and coalitions and class compromises and political settlements that were part of the decades of liberal democratic and economic and trade growth across this world.

In some sense, the liberal international order is a victim of its own success. After the Cold War ended, the liberal democratic world expanded. The golden era of Western liberal democratic order was when it was inside the Cold War bipolar system. It had a kind of club characteristic, [like] a mutual-aid society. But to be inside was to buy into a suite of responsibilities and obligations that created a sense of

coherence and sustained cooperation. When the Cold War ended, that inside order spread and became the outside order. So, the liberal international order became more like a shopping mall where countries could wander in — countries could join the World Trade Organization but not buy into the human-rights regime.

What are some of the challenges facing the Biden administration?

I think the administration is eager to try to rebuild a kind of working international order that is rooted in cooperation among like-minded countries. The administration has, for example, proposed that there be a summit of democracies that would provide an opportunity to focus on their problems and on possibilities of cooperation. There is a pretty keen awareness in the new administration that things have unraveled, and the U.S. is not going to be a credible, effective leader unless it puts its own house in order and returns to the vision of a cooperatively organized multilateral system organized around pragmatic problem-solving in areas from trade to environment to public health to security cooperation.

What are the specific problems that the pandemic has raised for the world order?

The COVID crisis has both illuminated and accelerated the crisis of liberal international order. It’s certainly brought out what might be called pandemic nationalism, but it’s also shown the world the cost of failed international cooperation. It showed us the virtues of competent government. It showed us the fragility of democratic institutions. It showed us the precariousness of Enlightenment-era civilization, and it showed us the inescapable fact of humans’ common fate. And so, while the immediate news is not good, in a deeper sense it illuminated why the current international order is not adequate or acceptable, and that we need to reimagine what is possible — because this has been a stark reminder of what happens when we aren’t working together. ♦ Interview conducted and condensed by Julia M. Klein

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PSYCHOLOGY

How We Misjudge the Emotional Pain of Poverty

The phrase “what doesn’t kill you makes you stronger” represents a common belief: By surviving adversity, we become more resilient. Yet this belief could be harmful when applied to society’s most vulnerable individuals.



Nathan Cheek, a Ph.D. candidate in psychology, has identified what he calls a “thick-skin bias” — the perception that people with low socioeconomic status (SES), all of whom experience more frequent and severe hardships, are less affected by negative life events than those with greater wealth.

According to a recently published series of studies in *Behavioural Public Policy* that were co-authored by Cheek and Eldar Shafir, professor of psychology and public affairs, the thick-skin bias warps our perception of low-SES individuals, causing us to underestimate the extent of their distress.

Cheek began his research with the hypothesis that most people will display a thick-skin bias in their judgment of low-SES people. In the first set of studies, subjects were shown a photograph of an adult named Jordan. Some subjects were told that Jordan grew up in an impoverished family, while others were told that Jordan’s family was financially secure.

Subjects were then asked to rate how strongly Jordan would be affected by various negative events on a scale of zero to 10. Events ranged from mild (a leaky faucet) to more serious (a flooded apartment).

Cheek found that subjects consistently rated the low-SES version of Jordan as less affected by negative experiences than the high-SES version. The effect persisted even when the researchers changed Jordan’s gender or race (Black, white, Latino, or Asian) in the photo. The effect also prevailed among low-SES study subjects who were asked to consider other low-SES people, but the effect disappeared when considering themselves.

Cheek recruited subjects from hospitality, social work, and education fields to determine whether the thick-skin bias affects their judgments of the populations they serve. Additional studies investigated whether the bias influences perceptions of children. Each study yielded the same result: Subjects rated low-SES individuals as less distressed by negative events than high-SES individuals. Even 5-year-old children were perceived to be “toughened” by poverty.

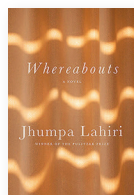
Cheek, whose research focuses on psychological biases and their effect on social inequality, was surprised by his results. At the beginning, he figured that the thick-skin bias would apply to “trivial events,” he said, and predicted that it wouldn’t apply to serious events “because people understand that these [events] are really harmful.” Yet his studies found that the bias was equally strong whether a negative event was minor or severe.

Cheek theorizes that the thick-skin bias is so widespread because it seems flattering to characterize low-SES individuals as resilient. However, research demonstrates that repeated experiences of hardship tend to weaken, rather than strengthen, the emotional resilience of low-SES people. Over time, they experience more distress, not less, with every subsequent negative event.

The thick-skin bias has potentially harmful effects. If policymakers assume that low-SES individuals are habituated to the chronic stress of poverty, they may be less likely to prioritize initiatives that would improve the lives of the poor.

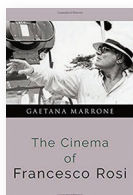
Cheek has since conducted preliminary research on ways to counteract the thick-skin bias. One intervention shows promise: When subjects read a prompt about the ways that poverty makes life more difficult before making predictions about a figure like Jordan, they displayed less thick-skin bias. Cheek believes that it’s vital to cultivate greater empathy for low-SES individuals to understand and address their emotional pain. ♦ By Joanna Wendel ’09

FACULTY BOOKS



Whereabouts (Knopf), a novel by creative writing professor **Jhumpa Lahiri**, focuses on a woman’s solitude after her father’s death. Her unease leads to a transformation

that unfolds over a year, until one fateful day when her perspective changes. This is Lahiri’s first novel written in Italian and translated into English.



Gaetana Marrone-Puglia, a professor of Italian, has published the first comprehensive book on the Italian neo-realist film director Francesco Rosi. In *The Cinema of*

Francesco Rosi (Oxford University Press), Marrone-Puglia relies on private archives and personal interviews with Rosi to inform her in-depth analysis of each film.



In a book of poems, *Music for Exile* (Tupelo Press), lecturer in theater **Nehassaiu deGannes** explores personal and historical losses in the United States, the

Caribbean, and Canada. The poems unpack how the notion of home is complicated by violence and reckon with the status quo for immigrant women. ♦



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BLACK AND WHITE AND THE BLUES

WHO PROFITS FROM A CULTURAL TRADITION?

INTRODUCTION BY
MARK F. BERNSTEIN '83

No genre of American music has been more romanticized than the blues. As with most things that are romanticized, though, the treatment elides and airbrushes many inconvenient truths.

To pick from dozens of arresting examples in *Whose Blues? Facing Up to Race and the Future of the Music* (University of North Carolina Press), a new book by Adam Gussow '79 '00, even in its heyday during the Great Migration of the 1920s and '30s, blues music never received much favor from the Black record-buying or jukebox-playing public, North or South. For another, Robert Johnson, the most romanticized blues musician of all, may have been a tortured soul, but he was also a troubadour who played whatever his audiences wanted to hear. Johnson is best remembered for standards such as "Terraplane Blues" and "Cross Roads Blues," but judging from his surviving set lists, his favorite song to perform was "You Are My Sunshine."

In this season of reckoning with the history of our racial past, Gussow's book is relevant. Questions of ownership and appropriation within the blues are plain to see. Its roots may lie deep in the segregated South, but most people who listen to it or write about it these days are white.

Gussow, a professor of English and Southern studies at the University of Mississippi and author of five books on the blues, examines the history and culture of blues music in 12 chapters, which he calls "bars," to mimic the signature 12-bar blues structure. He traces the genre's origins (the blues may have originated in the Ohio River Valley, not Mississippi); its impact on Black literature in the works of Zora Neale Hurston, Langston Hughes, and others; efforts beginning in the 1990s to reclaim the blues as Black music; and the current state of affairs, which is muddled. According to Gussow, the top contemporary blues performers include Ken "Sugar Brown" Kawashima, a Japanese American, and Aki Kumar, an Indian immigrant who sometimes sings in Hindi.

"Adam has been a careful and devoted scholar of blues studies for some time now," says former Princeton professor Daphne Brooks, now a professor of African American studies at Yale, who has also addressed racial and gender tensions in the blues in her work. "We ought to be able to identify how the blues is forever deeply extricated with its history, but that doesn't mean that it hasn't had a transformative impact on modern life. We should take seriously the extent to which Adam's study calls attention to the obscuring of that history."

The subject is more than academic for Gussow, who personally stands astride the music's racial divide. A highly regarded blues harmonica player, Gussow partnered for years with Sterling "Mr. Satan" Magee in the duo Satan & Adam, playing on the streets of Harlem. (Magee died Sept. 6, 2020, after contracting COVID-19.) Like many white blues players, Gussow notes that he apprenticed under two great Black musicians — in his case, Magee and Nat Riddles. Now he is a mentor to several young Black proteges.

At its heart, *Whose Blues?* addresses a much larger question, one which echoes throughout Black history and popular culture: Who "owns" the blues? Who performs it, curates it, defines it, interprets it — and, perhaps most significantly, makes money off it? In the following excerpt, Gussow defines the two main currents of thought in the contemporary blues world. With a foot in both camps, Gussow refuses to commit himself to either.

"My goal," he writes, "is to spoil the party for everybody concerned."
— *By M.F.B.*

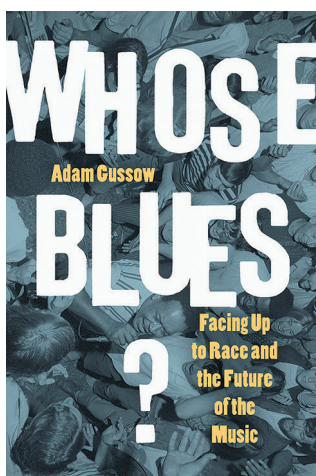
Read an excerpt from *Whose Blues? Facing Up to Race and the Future of the Music* on the following pages.



Adam Gussow '79 *00, left, performs with his mentor Sterling Magee at the Chicago Blues Festival in 1992. Magee died in September after contracting COVID-19.

Starting the Conversation

By Adam Gussow '79 *00



From *Whose Blues? Facing Up to Race and the Future of the Music* by Adam Gussow. Copyright © 2020 by Adam Gussow. Used by permission of the University of North Carolina Press. www.uncpress.org

Speaking very broadly, people who have emotional investments in the blues — people who like, play, think about, talk about, and identify themselves with the blues — have two diametrically opposed ways of configuring the blues in ideological terms. An ideology is simply an idea-set: an intellectual orientation that governs the way one sees the world and thinks through the problems it presents. One way of ideologizing the blues is to say, “The blues are black music.” They’re a black thing. When you look at the history and cultural origins of the blues, when you look at who has a right to claim the social pain expressed through the blues — what you might call the “I’ve got the blues” element of the blues — and when you look at who the most powerful performers and great stylistic innovators have been, it’s black people who have a profound, undeniable, and inalienable claim on blues in a way that whites just don’t. The history, the feelings, the music: They’re a black thing. And when whites get involved, as they always do, black people suffer.

This ideological position, a form of black cultural nationalism that I term “black bluesism,” is expressed with great clarity and power by Roland L. Freeman, an African American photographer and cultural documentarian, in a poem titled “Don’t Forget the Blues.” Freeman composed his poem in 1997 to mark the twentieth anniversary of the Mississippi Delta Blues and Heritage Festival — the oldest black-run blues festival in the country — and he read it out loud to the crowd. “Do you see ’em,” the poem begins, “here they come”:

Easing into our communities
In their big fancy cars,
Looking like alien carpetbaggers
Straight from Mars.
They slide in from the East,
North, South and West,
And when they leave,
You can bet they’ve taken the best.
Listen to me,
I’ve been drunk a long time
And I’m still drinking.
I take a bath every Saturday night,
But I’m still stinking.
This world’s been whipping me upside my head,
But it hasn’t stopped me from thinking.
I know they’ve been doing anything they choose,
I just want ’em to keep their darn hands off’a my blues.

That aggrieved “I,” demanding our attention, is an avatar of the blues, his blackness unmarked but evident, who refuses to say die: Drunk and stinking, beaten down by the world, he is still “thinking,” still conscious and resistant. The poem’s omnipresent “they” is white people — more specifically, white blues tourists, fans, producers, musicians, anybody who seeks pleasure and profit from the music. “They” is the oppressive white world, an all-points barrage (“from the East / North, South and West”) that surrounds, exploits, and unmakes black people (“us”) and their (“our”) world, body and soul. Playwright August Wilson evokes both worlds in his “Preface to Three Plays” (1991) when he talks about how the blues gave him “a world that contained my image, a world at once rich and varied, marked and marking, brutal and beautiful, and at crucial odds with the larger world that contained it and preyed and pressed it from every conceivable angle.”

Like Wilson, Freeman sees the blues as an art form that contains an image of his humanity, but, unlike Wilson, he sees the blues themselves as something that the white world has purloined and profited from, an expropriation anticipated by the earlier refashioning of rhythm ’n’ blues

into rock 'n' roll. "How can we stop 'em," he cries as the poem rolls on, "or will it ever end?":

Mama's in the kitchen
Humming her mournful song.
Sister's moaning in the bedroom,
Crying some man has done her wrong.
Papa's in the backyard sipping on his corn-n-n-n . . . liquor,
He's just screaming, hollering and yelling.
And the old folks on the front porch keep saying,
"There just ain't no telling
How long it'll take 'em to leave us alone."
They have taken our blues and gone.

"Don't Forget the Blues" speaks to the blues from a beleaguered black nationalist perspective. At the heart of the poem is a contemporary black folk community in crisis. There's mama, there's sister, there's papa and the old folks, and there's the poet himself; the family is a microcosm for Black America, and everybody is hurting. Freeman's black family has the blues at the very moment when the surrounding white world is consuming and capitalizing on the blues. That white world, these days, is populated by self-styled blues aficionados who claim to love the music and who shout things like, "Keep the blues alive! Let's drive on down to Clarksdale, Mississippi, and listen to the real blues at Red's Lounge! Let's pay five thousand dollars and take a blues cruise to the Bahamas! Let's fly our Dutch blues band to Memphis and compete in the International Blues Challenge." Freeman's poem articulates the pain created by the juxtaposition of, and the power differential between, two radically different blues worlds: an immiserated but tightly knit black community on the one hand and, on the other, a widely dispersed mainstream blues scene that takes pleasure and profit from the music. When Freeman cries, "There they go, with our gold," he is, at least implicitly and with prophetic foresight, taking aim at my viewers, my customers, and me — millions of blues harmonica players from 192 countries and territories around the world who enjoy the hundreds of free instructional videos I've uploaded to YouTube since 2007, a modest percentage of whom visit my website every year and sometimes buy my stuff.

Freeman's poem speaks, in other words, to the transformations that mark our contemporary blues moment, even though it was composed in 1997, before the full extent of those transformations had become evident. It evokes the alarm felt by one particular black community advocate at the fact that blues music has moved outward from his community into the larger world, even while black people in those communities are still suffering, still hurting. Black people still have the blues. Young black kids may not particularly like or play blues music. But they and the old folks still have the blues. And something vitally important is being lost, Freeman's poem insists, as blues music floods outward into that surrounding (white) world. Not just lost: Something is being taken away from black people in an old, familiar, hurtful way. "I know they've been doing anything they choose," he says repeatedly. "I just want them to keep their darn hands off of my blues."

The black bluesist vision certainly has its virtues. But it is confronted, in any case, by a second and diametrically opposed way of ideologizing the blues, one that holds somewhat more sway in our contemporary moment, at least among denizens of the mainstream scene. I'll call this second orientation "blues universalism." The epitome of blues universalism is a phrase — a T-shirt meme — that the Mississippi Development Tourism Authority has put up in the waiting rooms of the welcome centers as you enter Mississippi: "No black. No white. Just the blues."

Lou Bopp



Jimmy "Duck" Holmes performs at Red's Blues Club in Clarksdale, in the Mississippi Delta. Red's is a draw for locals and tourists.

Freeman's poem articulates the pain created by the juxtaposition of, and the power differential between, two radically different blues worlds: an immiserated but tightly knit black community on the one hand and, on the other, a widely dispersed mainstream blues scene that takes pleasure and profit from the music.



A mural in Leland, Mississippi, honors area blues musicians.

A black bluesist might point out that since an overwhelming majority of the greatest Mississippi blues performers, historically speaking, have been African American, and since Mississippi's contemporary blues tourism industry is anchored in the reputations of those celebrated performers, there's something disingenuous about welcoming blues tourists to your state with a slogan like "No black. No white. Just the blues."

As problematic as that phrase is, I understand and appreciate the anti-racist message that it believes it is conveying. One nation under the sign of the blues! No segregation, no overt disrespect, no "If you're black, stay back." All that race-madness is behind us now. Blues can be a place — or so the slogan suggests — where blacks and whites and, by implication, a whole bunch of different people, come together. Gay and straight. Men and women. Working-class and middle-class. Americans and foreigners. That's a good thing, right? Certainly it is a huge improvement over the bad old Mississippi of the Jim Crow era, a place known over the years as "the lynching state" and "the closed society," where blues got no respect whatsoever from white people. Now, an irritable black bluesist might point out that since an overwhelming majority of the greatest Mississippi blues performers, historically speaking, have been African American, and since Mississippi's contemporary blues tourism industry is anchored in the reputations of those celebrated performers, there's something disingenuous about welcoming blues tourists to your state with a slogan like "No black. No white. Just the blues." Doesn't that formulation tend to underplay the hugely disproportionate black contribution to the blues — the very reason, in fact, why so many white blues tourists flock to Mississippi in the first place? Wouldn't a phrase like "Welcome, white blues tourist, to the home of real black blues" be more accurate? But at least the welcome mat has been thrown out, and at least Mississippi's blues are being celebrated in Mississippi. That's a good thing, isn't it?

Why do so many different kinds of people around the world not only listen to blues but sing and play the music? Why is it so receptive to their embrace, so adaptable to infusions of local flavor, even while maintaining its identity as blues? Perhaps the music's distant African origins offer a clue. Many enslaved Africans in the antebellum South, especially in Louisiana, were brought from Senegal and Gambia. One thing that made that part of West Africa distinctive was the trade routes: a lot of Arab traders coming through, bringing along their Islamic religion and its melismatic vocal music. Melisma is a vocal technique that takes one word or cry and runs it through a long series of pitches; it often takes the form of what ethnomusicologists call a "descending vocal strain." Melismatic singing — also known as "riffing" in black cultural contexts — lies at the heart of the blues tradition, and black popular and religious music more generally. Field hollers are melismatic. B. B. King is a wonderfully evocative blues singer because he brought gospel melisma into the blues. In other words, one core element of the blues isn't African per se but Arabic: This is the argument made by German ethnomusicologist Gerhard Kubik in *Africa and the Blues* (1999). Senegalese musical culture made a space for Islamic melisma, absorbing and transforming that influence even while maintaining its core values. People who live on trade routes need to be quick on their feet, culturally speaking: taking what they like and mixing it into the local stew, even while maintaining that stew's brand identity. Senegalese culture, in turn, became the generative matrix of blues culture after the crucible of slavery brought Senegalese musicians to the southern United States.

One way of appreciating why Freeman might have felt the need to write his angry poem is to engage in a thought experiment that I call flipping the script. What would the present situation involving whites, blacks, and the blues look like if we picked a "white" folk music — bluegrass, say, rather than blues — and flip-flopped the races, so that blacks, suddenly an overwhelming numerical majority, were the larger world, in August Wilson's terms, that preyed and pressed on a beleaguered "white" folk-musical community from every conceivable angle? What would that situation look like? It's a fanciful scenario, one that traffics in stereotypes and exaggerations in order to make a point, but I'd like to play it out, much the way that African American author George Schuyler envisioned the

chaos wrought on America by a drug that could turn black people white overnight in his satirical novel, *Black No More* (1931).

Imagine that you've got not just black Americans but also musicians and fans from all parts of Africa, trekking up to the mountains of Kentucky, wanting to hang out with bluegrass banjoist Ralph Stanley, Man of Constant Sorrow. This isn't Jon Spencer and a bunch of white punk rockers hanging out with bluesman R. L. Burnside in Mississippi, this is Jamal and Dewayne and Ibrahima heading up into the hills and hollers to hang out with Ralph — and Imani and Jada, too, all of them wanting to party with, and document, the mountain man. Imagine that over a fifty-year period, the situation had evolved from a few black folklorists and fans tracking down Ralph, Bill Monroe, and Flatt & Scruggs, to a situation in which hundreds of thousands of black kids are buying banjos, guitars, fiddles, and learning how to play bluegrass, to a point where now, at this late moment, black people actually have a monopoly, or near monopoly, on the means of production. The record labels — Motown and Death Row Records — are up in the hills. They're doing field recordings of Ralph Stanley and his family, and the hardcore black bluegrass aficionados are publishing a magazine called *Keeping the Mountains Real*. It's the analogue to *Living Blues*, but instead of being written and published by whites, with lots of blues album reviews by white reviewers, it's written and published by an all-black staff, with lots of bluegrass reviews by black reviewers. *Keeping the Mountains Real* has a certain number of white subscribers; a handful of them even come from the Kentucky hills. But most subscribers are black urbanites, and, as aficionados, they engage in fierce debates about the music they love. Some of them, the "purists," argue that black bluegrass players just can't sing bluegrass with an authentic twang; this invariably produces cries of outrage from another cohort of black bluegrass lovers and performers who insist that it's not about color, it's about the high lonesome feeling in your heart. They've got a slogan: "No white or black, just some bomb-ass 'grass."

The contemporary situation of the blues, as evoked by Freeman, is sort of like that. Of course this little thought experiment has an element of fun-house exaggeration, but only enough to make a point: Something weird and unsettling has happened to the blues — at least when viewed from a certain kind of skeptical black community perspective.

I've already suggested a way I find myself, as purveyor of a popular blues harmonica instructional website, ethically implicated in the present discussion. But I'm interested in having the conversation for a different reason: As the interracial married father of a black/biracial son, I dwell in a family circle where there is no racial "they." There is only "we." At the age of thirteen, Shaun's musical talents have already made themselves vividly obvious — he plays trumpet and half a dozen other instruments — and I've taught him the rudiments of blues tonality, along with the heads for "Watermelon Man" and "Doozy." At some point in the future, if he realizes his promise, it is entirely possible that he will be able to tell an interviewer that he learned to play the blues from an old white man down in Mississippi. The marvelous absurdity of that statement makes me want to think these issues through. If I'm a member of a troubled, unsettled blues community — a white-and-black community, a world community — I want to understand where we are as a community. I don't see Freeman, with his black nationalist perspective, as a "they" who is stirring up trouble but as a member of my extended family, as it were, who is doing his best to speak the truth as he sees it. If there's no black and no white, just the blues, then I want to understand where we, as blues people, really are at this moment in history. ♦

Adam Gussow '79 *00 is a professor at the University of Mississippi; his blues harmonica website is at modernbluesharmonica.com.

**If I'm a member of
a troubled, unsettled
blues community
— a white-and-black
community, a
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**Adam Gussow '79 *00 and
his son, Shaun.**

READ PAW's story about Adam Gussow
and Sterling Magee at bit.ly/gussow-2011

The Politics of History

A conservative scholar of Lincoln
and the battle over how we teach
about America's past

BY DEBORAH YAFFE

On a drizzly afternoon last September, the Princeton-affiliated historian Allen C. Guelzo told listeners at the National Archives in Washington, D.C., that left-wing influences on the teaching of American history were endangering the welfare of the United States, a nation founded on an idea, not a bloodline.

"We have no ethnicity, no tribe, to fall back upon — only our vivid dedication to an Enlightenment ideal 'stretching from every battlefield and patriot grave to every living heart and hearthstone,'" Guelzo said, quoting Abraham Lincoln, his most frequent research subject. "If we wish to imperil the American experiment, we can find few more sinister paths to that peril than by forgetting, obscuring, or demeaning who we were."

Guelzo had expressed similar sentiments before, and as an outspoken political conservative in an overwhelmingly liberal academic discipline, he is used to disagreeing with his colleagues. This time, however, he wasn't writing a think piece for a well-known conservative outlet like *National Review*, the *Claremont Review of Books*, or the op-ed page of *The Wall Street Journal*. Instead, less than seven weeks before the November election, he was speaking at a panel discussion, billed as the White House Conference on American History, that featured closing remarks from President Donald Trump.

The response from fellow academics was immediate, and furious. Forty-six organizations of scholars in the humanities and social sciences signed an American Historical Association statement deploring the conference as "a campaign stunt"

designed to inflame the culture wars. In *Slate*, L.D. Burnett, a historian who teaches at a Texas community college, argued that Guelzo's presence "served as a scholarly fig leaf to cover the naked polemicism of the event." On Twitter, the Yale historian David W. Blight declared, "Shame on Guelzo for lending himself to that stunt, and helping profane the National Archives."

"I was a little taken aback by it," says Guelzo, a scholar of the Civil War era who has appointments in both Princeton's Humanities Council and the James Madison Program in American Ideals and Institutions. "It was like — 'Really? Is this the commission of a crime?'"

If the ferocity of the opposition was something new, Guelzo's willingness to cultivate a public profile was not. For more than 25 years, he has sought to reach an audience beyond the narrow confines of academia, and he has succeeded to an extent unusual for a credentialed scholar. His books have been published not only by university presses but also by the trade publishers Simon & Schuster and Knopf. The popular recorded lecture series offered by The Great Courses includes six featuring Guelzo. An audio version of the Lincoln-Douglas debates, for which Guelzo provided an introduction, was nominated for a Grammy Award. And in the past five years, Guelzo has published dozens of essays in newspapers and magazines on topics both historically inflected and contemporary: the value of the Electoral College, the culpability of Robert E. Lee, the wrongheadedness of Pennsylvania's coronavirus lockdown, the "unholy mess" of mail-in voting.

But the furor over the White House conference raised a compelling question: In the age of Trump, can a serious scholar moonlight as a conservative pundit without tarnishing his reputation in the academy?

Sameer A. Khan



In person — or, at least, in person via Zoom — Guelzo, 68, comes across as affable and preternaturally articulate. He quotes Lincoln-related sources from memory, reels off polished historical anecdotes, and riffs knowledgeably on the role of the double bass in orchestral music. Colleagues describe someone with a sharp sense of humor, a prodigious memory for historical and cultural arcana, and a forceful personality. “He is no wallflower,” says Lucas Morel, a fellow Lincoln scholar who heads the politics department at Washington and Lee University. “At parties, he’s got more than one story to share. He’s got a bit of a dramatic flair to him.”

Guelzo puts that dramatic flair to use in a sonorous, theatrical mode of public presentation that Gary W. Gallagher, a retired professor of history at the University of Virginia, calls a “spread-eagle style of lecturing.” On stage, Guelzo is a commanding presence, standing 6 feet 4 — the same height as Lincoln — and, with his balding dome, high forehead, and deep-set eyes, bearing a slight resemblance to the actor Kelsey Grammer. Guelzo “has a great voice for radio, and he uses gestures, and he moves around,” Gallagher says. “It’s a kind of 19th-century style of speaking.”

As a child growing up in and around Philadelphia, Guelzo was required by his grandmother to memorize poetry. “I can remember standing at her knee, as she’s sitting in this big chair, and having to recite ‘Paul Revere’s Ride,’” Guelzo says. “She could recall stretches of Longfellow’s ‘Evangeline’: ‘This is the forest primeval.’ That would set her off.”

Guelzo’s grandmother also ignited his love of history. She told him about the white-haired Union Army veterans who had visited her school to recount their Civil War experiences. She gave him a first-grade primer with a section on the medieval King Robert of Sicily. And, in a foreshadowing of Guelzo’s career, she bought him a comic-book biography of Abraham Lincoln.

But if these anecdotes conjure an idyllic 1950s childhood, the reality was quite different, in ways Guelzo will describe only obliquely: Abandoned by his father at an early age, he was largely raised by his grandparents in a financially strapped working-class household. “It was not happy,” Guelzo says, amid long pauses. “It’s not easy to talk about.”

School provided a welcome escape, but finances limited his college choice to a small Christian school, Philadelphia College of Bible. “It was either that or I was going to become a paper-hanger like my grandfather,” Guelzo says. Initially, he trained for the ministry, earning a bachelor’s degree in pastoral studies and then a master’s in theology, the equivalent of ordination, from the Pennsylvania seminary of the theologically conservative Reformed Episcopal denomination.

In the age of Trump, can a serious scholar moonlight as a conservative pundit without tarnishing his reputation in the academy?

Throughout, history remained a passion. “Always loved history. Never understood why people said, ‘Oh, history — that’s so boring,’” Guelzo says. “I thought, ‘Boring? How could that be boring? It’s like a constant movie going on in your head.’”

As Guelzo embarked upon his professional history training, however, his religious background repeatedly seemed to confound the denizens of secular academia. Concerned about enrolling a student from a little-known Bible college, faculty at the University of Pennsylvania conditioned his admission to their history doctoral program on his grades in master-level coursework. When Guelzo aced those courses, says Alan Charles Kors ’64, a now-retired Penn historian, a faculty gatekeeper unsuccessfully argued against passing Guelzo on to the Ph.D. program — what was the point, if he was going to end up teaching at a Bible college? And when Guelzo — by then a graduate of two Christian institutions and the author of a dissertation on the 18th-century theologian (and, briefly, Princeton president) Jonathan Edwards — began looking for an academic job, a Penn faculty member warned him that “the slightest whiff of religion on your résumé is the kiss of death,” Guelzo says.

Guelzo, who remains a devout Episcopalian, spent the next 17 years as a teacher and administrator at institutions where religious commitment posed no handicap: four years at the Reformed Episcopal Seminary, his alma mater, and 13 years at Eastern University, a Baptist school near Philadelphia.

Meanwhile, he contemplated his next research project. His dissertation, published in 1989, had explored Edwards’ philosophy of free will and his influence on generations of thinkers into the mid-1800s; Guelzo envisioned a sequel taking the story into the next century. Hunting for ways to make the book more appealing to a nonacademic audience, he decided to explore Abraham Lincoln’s thinking on free will. “Being able to invite Lincoln as a character onto the stage — I thought, ‘Well, that’ll spice things up,’” Guelzo says.

A well-received conference paper on the topic led to a contract for a Lincoln biography — one that would for the first time consider Lincoln as a man of ideas, a voracious reader whose religious faith grew from a deep engagement with the intellectual currents of his age. The result, *Abraham Lincoln: Redeemer President*, published in 1999, won the prestigious \$50,000 Gilder Lehrman Lincoln Prize, and Guelzo never returned to his free-will project. “I got my hand in the Lincoln cookie jar, and I couldn’t get it out,” he says.

Guelzo followed up his initial success by giving himself a crash course in constitutional law for *Lincoln’s Emancipation Proclamation*, the first full-length study of the document that ended American slavery. He mined precinct-level voter data in the archives of the Illinois secretary of state for *Lincoln and Douglas: The Debates that Defined America*. In historical societies from Maine to Mississippi, he discovered memoirs that helped reconstruct the experiences of ordinary soldiers for *Gettysburg: The Last Invasion*. And along the way, he became the only scholar to win the Lincoln Prize three times. Later this year, Knopf will publish his voluminous biography of Robert E. Lee, and Guelzo — by now the author or editor of more than a dozen books — is already planning his next one, on Lincoln and democracy.

“Lincoln is a figure that I find perpetually fascinating,” Guelzo says. “I can’t say that about Lee — I’m really done with



Guelzo in 2009
on a visit to
the Springfield,
Illinois, home
where Abraham
and Mary Lincoln
lived for 17 years

Robert E. Lee. But Lincoln I keep coming back to, because there are depths in Lincoln that elephants could swim in.”

His Lincoln scholarship also provided Guelzo with a path to more prestigious academic appointments. Five years after the success of *Redeemer President*, he moved to Gettysburg College, the small liberal-arts school located a stone’s throw from the Civil War battlefield. And in 2018, after three widely spaced stints as a visiting scholar at Princeton, he accepted an essentially permanent, although nontenured, position: a three-year renewable appointment as both a senior research scholar with the Humanities Council and the director of the Initiative on Politics and Statesmanship in the James Madison Program, a longtime bastion of conservative thought at the University.

Guelzo’s scholarly work is generally well-regarded. Among the 11 American historians interviewed for this article, even those who said they sometimes disagree with Guelzo’s interpretations praised his indefatigable archival burrowing, broad-ranging expertise, and graceful prose. “He’s a very assiduous researcher, and he writes very well,” says retired Princeton professor James M. McPherson, the dean of Civil War historians. “I think he stands very high in the field.”

Although Guelzo’s colleagues say his political conservatism doesn’t color his scholarship, many describe him as conservative in a different sense: traditional — critics would say old-fashioned — in paying most of his attention to prominent political and military leaders, rather than to the unsung multitudes who are the subject of social history.

Guelzo’s focus is on “high politics and constitutionalism and military history. Those are all unfashionable in academia,” says Gallagher, of the University of Virginia. “They are, however, the things that most nonacademics want to read about. Allen writes books that appeal to people who are interested in American history but are not interested in what are currently fashionable academic approaches to American history.”

But if Guelzo’s scholarship is largely uncontroversial, his public-facing conservatism, especially as manifested in the Trump era, is anything but. Nine American historians contacted for this story — including Blight, the Yale professor — declined to speak about Guelzo; several said or implied that their disagreements with his politics motivated their refusal to discuss him. On Twitter, he has been called both “hackery personified” and “a national treasure.” In January, news of the forthcoming publication of his Lee biography sparked a lively Twitter back-and-forth over whether his work could be trusted. “Given Guelzo’s ‘interventions’ in the historical profession of late, I can’t imagine this will be anything but yet another neo-Confederate hagiography,” one historian tweeted. “Completely misguided, silly accusation,” retorted another. (Indeed, Guelzo says he has no patience with the pro-Southern “Lost Cause” school of Civil War historiography. “Ba-lo-ney,” he says, drawing out the vowels. “They were doing it all for slavery, and they knew it, too.”)

For many liberal historians, last year’s White House conference crystallized their anger at the Trump administration. (They were even more outraged at the version of American history presented in the January report of Trump’s advisory 1776 Commission, in which Guelzo played no role.) In part, the controversy embodied a recurrent debate, says retired UCLA history professor Gary B. Nash ’55 *64, who co-directed the much-contested 1990s effort to write national standards for history education. “We seem to have this exercise, this culture war over U.S. history, about once every quarter-century,” Nash says. “It happened in the ’20s, it happened in the ’50s, it happened in the ’90s, and here we are getting it in the 2020s. It becomes to certain people a useful political tactic.”

The White House conference also tapped into the ongoing controversy over *The New York Times Magazine*’s 1619 Project,

“Allen writes books that appeal to people who are interested in American history but are not interested in what are currently fashionable academic approaches to American history.”

— Gary W. Gallagher, retired professor of history at the University of Virginia

a collection of essays, poems, and fiction that aimed to place slavery at the center of the American founding. Guelzo was among more than a dozen scholars across the political spectrum who publicly criticized the project, published in 2019, for errors of fact and interpretation, and speakers at the White House conference, including Trump, described the *Times*' work and a school curriculum based on it as destructive, anti-American propaganda.

Initially, Guelzo says, he saw nothing unusual about his decision to attend the conference: After all, he had served on the National Council on the Humanities during both the Obama and George W. Bush administrations and, in 2010, had been appointed by Speaker Nancy Pelosi to the committee seeking a replacement for the historian of the House of Representatives. When the Trump White House called a week before the conference, Guelzo says he saw only a chance to talk about a pet concern: the problematic state of history education in the United States, at both the college and pre-college levels. “If this had been billed to me as a Donald Trump reelection event, I would have said no,” Guelzo says. “I don’t do reelection events. I do history.”

To critics, however, the conference’s partisan nature seemed obvious. “I think I speak for all of us when I say how blessed we are to have a leader like President Trump,” Ben Carson, the secretary of Housing and Urban Development, said in his opening remarks. Two other panelists described the summer’s police-brutality protests as “riots” and linked the violence to leftist bias in the teaching of history. “There have been times when the main political forces in both parties were friendly to educational reform and decentralization,” said moderator Larry P. Arnn, the president of Michigan’s Hillsdale College. “This is not such a time, so we have some big decisions to make in the next few weeks.”

Guelzo’s own remarks lasted just over 10 minutes, and in the cavernous, echoing rotunda of the National Archives, he says he could hear little of what his fellow panelists were saying — and, in any case, doesn’t necessarily endorse the views of everyone with whom he shares a stage. “I will take the opportunity of any platform offered me short of outright tyrants, depraved fools, and genocidal murderers to talk about American history,” he wrote in a defense of his appearance published weeks later by the online *History News Network*.

As Guelzo sees it, the crisis in history education has two causes. The first is neglect: A focus on math and science has frequently pushed history out of the K-12 curriculum. The second factor, he says, is ideology: The relentless negativity of much contemporary scholarship (“an unrelieved witches’ sabbath of condemnation of the American past,” he said at the White House conference) has left students grasping for reasons to honor and protect the extraordinary achievement that the

United States represents.

Guelzo traces the bleak scholarly outlook on the American past to the precarity of the academic job market in the American present. Graduate students feel betrayed by a system that can no longer guarantee them stable long-term employment, and that frustration “leaches into what they’re writing,” he says. “How can you write happily, contentedly, cheerfully about the prospects of American history when your own job teaching it is liable to be blotted out by the decision of some administrator in an administration building far, far away from you? I think that has played a significant role in the darkening of perspective in American history.”

Guelzo attended public schools, his wife has taught in them, and he has participated in summertime history seminars for K-12 educators. But none of his three now-adult children attended a traditional public school, and critics of the White House conference say its panelists — only two of them professional historians with Ph.D.s in the subject — grossly misrepresented both the state of K-12 history teaching and the aims of modern scholarship in American history, with its emphasis on issues of race, class, and gender. “It’s not a question of overturning one narrative with another,” says Manisha Sinha, a historian of 19th-century America at the University of Connecticut. “It’s an idea of adding more actors to the past and telling a more complete story of the past.”

Guelzo insists that he too wants only to ensure that students encounter the full richness of American history — its shortcomings, yes, but also its glories. Along with “the horrific nature of slavery — of destroying families, of selling people down the river, of flogging people within an inch of their lives, of rape — there is also a Frederick Douglass, who rises up to denounce that,” Guelzo says. “Douglass had more reason than almost anybody else to understand the flaws, the defects, the hypocrisies in American life — and they’re there. He also celebrated its opportunities, what it made possible.”

Guelzo sidesteps the question of whether he was naïve in not foreseeing how his participation in the White House conference would be interpreted in the volatile political climate of late 2020. But he does acknowledge an irony: He spoke about his fear of the social splintering that might result if Americans lost their shared sense of a valued past, and the reaction only underlined how splintered American culture already is.

“We are threatened by fracture, and it’s a fracturing in which we cease to regard each other as fellow Americans, we cease to feel that we have anything in common with each other,” Guelzo says. “And we start coming apart at the seams, we start shunning each other, and then we start separating from each other. And what do we get? Secession.” ♦

Deborah Yaffe is a freelance writer based in Princeton Junction, New Jersey.

PRINCETONIANS

GLIDE ON: Bill Brown '83 was diagnosed with Parkinson's disease in 2015. He has since raised \$250,000 for the Michael J. Fox Foundation through cross-country skiing races called loppets, which span 26 miles or more. Brown's Ski For Parkinson's charity helps him manage the disease through exercise: "It's really easy on the joints because there's no pounding. It's more of a gliding motion," he says. In 2019, Brown, shown here racing in Argentina, was the first American to complete the World Loppet Series of races in 20 countries. ♦

READ MORE about Brown at paw.princeton.edu



Karen Brown s'83

READING ROOM: JANE DAILEY *95

RACE, SEX, AND CIVIL RIGHTS



Jane Dailey *95, associate professor of American history at the University of Chicago, has long been a student of Reconstruction and 19th-century race

relations. But her latest book, *White Fright: The Sexual Panic at the Heart of America's Racist History*, concentrates on the 20th century, asserting that the fear of interracial sex and marriage was at the heart of Southern resistance to civil rights. It was “an extremely powerful political argument,” she says. “I was focusing on why this argument worked, and how hard it was for the civil rights movement to deal with it.”

You talk about anxiety around fluid racial categories. Doesn't that owe much to coerced sex between white men and enslaved Black women?

That's what W.E.B. Du Bois and others always said. There is an anxiety, and that's one reason that anti-miscegenation laws have so much power — as a bulwark against what white supremacists consider this horrible future of racial nothingness.

What about white men's worries that white women might find Black men attractive?

Ida B. Wells basically got run out of the South for saying white women are not being raped — they are having consensual relationships with Black men. The myth



of the raped white woman holds up the pillar of lynching and white supremacist violence and domination [of the time].

You say that while many white civil rights advocates were trying to distinguish between political and social equality, Black people rejected that rhetoric.

African Americans didn't draw that line, and they resisted drawing that line all the way through *Loving v. Virginia*. That was one of the things that surprised me — how forthrightly African Americans demanded equal sex and marriage rights.

So white supremacists' beliefs that political rights would lead inexorably to interracial marriage were correct?

They weren't wrong. And white advocates for civil rights would say,

“No, you're crazy.” White supremacists read the desires and demands of African Americans in some ways more correctly than some of African Americans' own civil rights allies did.

What about the impact of World War II?

Advocates for civil rights grabbed onto anti-fascist language to bend it to their own purpose. Long before the war, African American writers and thinkers were already saying, “Any kind of racial discrimination is incompatible with democracy.” Black soldiers were still living a segregated life because they were in a segregated military. But the lives of African American soldiers serving in England and Italy and Hawaii were much less rigorously policed by proponents of white supremacy. These soldiers were talking about new freedoms, which they were determined to bring home with them. And then they come back to an orgy of violence in the South.

What can you say about “white fright” today?

It doesn't seem to be a great preoccupation of either whites or Blacks. If you look at the polling, people are much more likely to either countenance or approve of interracial marriage than they were in 1967. *Obergefell v. Hodges* [the 2015 marriage-equality case] is built on the logic laid down by *Loving*. Justice Anthony Kennedy reached right back and took Chief Justice Earl Warren's human-rights language. ♦ Interview conducted and condensed by Julia M. Klein



READ a longer version of this Q&A at paw.princeton.edu

In-Person Reunions Canceled

For a second consecutive year, in-person Reunions will be canceled due to the pandemic. The celebration, which typically takes place in the last weekend of May and draws about 25,000 attendees to campus, will be replaced by a virtual celebration, likely similar to last year's offerings, featuring panels, speeches, a P-rade, and tent parties.

An email to alumni Feb. 1 explained that Princeton administrators had hoped that the advances in science and public-health guidance would have brought the virus to bay with enough time to allow the alumni celebration to safely take place on campus. Unfortunately, that did not come to pass.

The message from Princeton's alumni engagement

office said that the major reunions of 40 percent of undergraduate classes have now been affected by the pandemic. It would be unrealistic to triple the major-reunion classes on campus in 2022 because of limited space, according to the message. Still, it said, “we are eager to work with relevant reunion chairs and class leadership to find nontraditional alternatives” to mark the milestones.

The University announced that a make-up Commencement this spring for the Class of 2020 was also off. According to the email, Princeton is working with the class to find other ways “to honor [graduates'] achievements and foster a strong sense of community with each other and the University.” As of mid-February, a decision had not been made about the Class of 2021 Commencement ceremony. ♦



ESSAY: FROM GENERATION TO GENERATION

THE BAG MY GRANDPARENTS PASSED DOWN TO ME



Eric Silberman '13 is a physician at Northwestern Memorial Hospital in Chicago, Illinois.

Of the many hours of orientation to medical school, there is one moment I will never forget. The dean, standing at the base of the steep auditorium, clicked his slideshow to a picture of a red disaster-preparedness backpack overflowing with emergency supplies: hand-warmers, canned goods, bottled water. “There will come a time,” he said

ominously, “when you will be called upon.” He described Manhattan in the days following Hurricane Sandy, the crisis in most recent memory, when medical students volunteered aid in flooded hospitals downtown. “It’s just a matter of when.”

Those words stayed with me because I still have the hand-crank flashlight my mother sent me after the lecture. I have been prepared for disaster as long as I can remember. All of my grandparents survived the Holocaust, and their experiences informed my lifelong vigilance. More than that,

their stories from “back then” created a framework with which to approach adversity: My paternal grandmother, a resistance fighter during the war, taught me audacity; my maternal grandfather, a Russian army soldier, imparted courage; and my paternal grandfather, a survivor of five concentration camps, resilience. Born from trauma, the traits I inherited formed a preparedness bag that I have always kept near.

My grandparents’ experiences also informed my pursuit of a career in medicine. My maternal grandmother, Manya, was saved by a Polish-Catholic teenager and believed that inspiring her offspring to become physicians was a sacred responsibility — a way to perpetuate her rescuer’s lifesaving actions. She used medical analogies to encourage me — my visits were “like a shot of life,” she said — and, over meringues and Evian, she prophesized that when I became a doctor, I would understand what she meant. She died between my freshman and sophomore years at Princeton, before she could see me receive my medical degree.

In 2020, my dean’s prediction came true: As an internal medicine resident during the COVID-19 pandemic, I was called upon. While in medical school I might have leapt at the opportunity to serve in a time of crisis, in residency, I had responsibilities beyond work. In late 2019, just months before rumors of faraway contagion began to swirl, my daughter, Manya, was born. Though her first months were as a newborn’s should be — filled with festivity and time with family — as the pandemic emerged, her life changed. In January, my wife and I celebrated our daughter’s baby-naming at what would be the last party we attended that year. We handed down the qualities that her great-grandmother and namesake embodied: optimism, gregariousness, and tenacity. Sooner than my daughter would, I found myself calling upon those traits — and the others in the preparedness bag my grandparents packed — to ensure that although Manya would know a stranger’s face as only a set of eyes above a mask, she would still learn how to smile.

When, years from now, Manya asks about “back then” — about my

experiences as a doctor and ours as a family — I will start the story just before the storm, when, in the beginning, time slowed. February felt like a year; we watched dark clouds on the horizon but pretended they would dissipate. Early on, I worked on the oncology service with an attending physician from Italy. Before our morning rounds, we traded speculation based on what was happening abroad, but the conversation always ended with some degree of dismissal. Their health-care system is flawed, we justified. It could never be like that here. But when no one was looking, I slipped an extra N95 mask into my bag.

In mitske drinnin — all of a sudden, in my grandmother’s Yiddish — those dark clouds turned to rain. I was working in the local VA hospital’s emergency room when I saw my first COVID-19 patient. On a Monday morning in mid-March, I greeted a middle-aged man with a handshake — both of us maskless — but retreated once I heard his barking cough. His wife had brought him in because his defibrillator fired, an event usually triggered by acute illness. I admitted him to the hospital for treatment of pneumonia but feared that there was more at play. By the time his positive result came back, he had died.

I was petrified. He was not only my first COVID-19 patient, he was also the first in the hospital. My chief residents imposed precautions for the next two weeks: to wear a mask to work and check my temperature twice a day. I heard stories of doctors and nurses who slept in hotels or offices, and I worried: What if I brought the virus home? The white stains on the collars of the pullover sweaters I wore over my scrubs are a testament to my incessant bleaching of my workstation and the stethoscope

I kept slung around my neck.

Through April and May, when I returned home each night, I’d peel off my scrubs before the door closed behind me. Manya had learned to roll over and crawl, and she often made her way toward me before I could toss the dirty clothes in the laundry. When she hung onto my leg and I scurried to the shower instead of picking her up, I felt like I was abandoning her. But we had to stay safe. And as my paternal grandfather would say, we were thankful for each day — so far.

All of my grandparents survived the Holocaust, and their experiences informed my lifelong vigilance. More than that, their stories from “back then” created a framework with which to approach adversity.

If Manya one day looks at pictures from that summer, she may ask why things look so ordinary. I’ll have her look more closely: at the mask underneath my chin, the bottle of hand sanitizer poking out from her diaper bag, the boarded-up stores in the background. As my wife and I tried to preserve normalcy, for once, we were grateful that time dragged. We went for long walks and visited the zoo. When it was warm outside, we invited friends with children to join us on the lawn in front of our apartment building. Even if they couldn’t get too close, at least the kids would see another living child.

How long could this go on? friends asked. I shook my head. There was no way to know. I was reminded, over and over, of something my grandmother would say: “When you’re climbing up the tallest ladder, and you think you can no longer climb, look down to see how far you’ve come.” At times, the top of the ladder seemed to be in sight.

November brought another wave. A few weeks before Thanksgiving, I was called in to staff the COVID intensive-care unit. From a medical standpoint, taking care of the patients there had become almost like a protocol: steroids, an antiviral, supplemental oxygen. There was little medical reason for me

to even go inside a patient’s room and risk exposure.

But the patients needed so much more than medications. And so, when an elderly woman with dementia called me through the glass doors to her room, I hesitated until I thought of her daughter, who feared not only for her mother’s physical comfort, but also for her mental well-being. I stepped inside her room wearing standard protective gear — an N95 mask, blue plastic gown, and face shield — and realized that the patient was confused. As we talked, she pulled off her ventilatory facemask, which delivered pressurized air, and unintentionally waved it around the room. I felt the cool air billow under my face shield.

A week later, I tested positive. When Manya asks what it felt like, I’ll tell her that thankfully, I felt physically fine. But I was as terrified as the patients I saw. In the days prior to testing, had I infected her and my wife? Would my parents, who often cared for Manya, end up like the patients I cared for in the ICU? I didn’t hug or kiss Manya for two weeks, waiting for my minor symptoms to intensify, and trying hard to distinguish between panic and prodrome. In December, as news of a vaccine broke, my symptoms — and my fear — faded.

When I held my daughter for the first time since testing positive, I finally understood what my grandmother meant when she told me that my visits were “like a shot.” The literal shot that would mean the beginning of the end of the pandemic was in the wings, but Manya, I’ll tell her, you were there the whole time. You were my shot.

I don’t think my medical school dean could have predicted the way the COVID-19 pandemic would ravage our country, let alone serve as a backdrop to the civil unrest and leadership failures that our nation has witnessed. But my grandparents taught me to always be ready. “This is not a story, it’s my life,” my grandmother would remind me. As my grandparents packed my preparedness bag for me, I will pass it to my daughter — hoping that she never has to open it up, but knowing that if she does, she will find in it all of the strength she will ever need. ♦

A CALL FOR COVID STORIES

PAW is seeking to publish essays by alumni on how their lives have changed during the course of the COVID-19 pandemic. Stories about loss, hope, resilience, or any other topics that could help other alumni navigate this time of trial are welcome. Send your idea — not a completed essay, please — to paw@princeton.edu.

CLASS NOTES

Online Class Notes are password protected. To access, alumni must use their TigerNet ID and password. [Click here to log in: http://paw.princeton.edu/class-notes](http://paw.princeton.edu/class-notes)



MEMORIALS

PAW posts a list of recent alumni deaths at paw.princeton.edu. Go to Reader Services on PAW's home page and click on the link "Recent Alumni Deaths." The list is updated with each new issue.

THE CLASS OF 1943



James C. Alexander Jr. '43

Jim died Dec. 6, 2020, in Naples, Fla., his winter haven. He was 98.

Jim was born and raised in Fort Smith, Ark. His father was a gentleman farmer and vice president of Merchants National Bank. In the *Nassau Herald*, Jim said he expected to "engage in farming" upon graduation. His long life took him in many directions, but none of them toward farming.

Jim graduated with honors from Princeton with degrees in public and international affairs and in electrical engineering. He was elected to Phi Beta Kappa, came in second in the Lynde Prize Debate, was on the Woodrow Wilson Honorary Debate Panel, and was a member of Cloister Inn.

After graduation Jim was hired by Tennessee Eastman Corp. and then worked on the Manhattan Project in Oak Ridge, Tenn. In 1947 Jim went back to Fort Smith to work for Merchants National Bank, like his father. Except for a short departure to volunteer in the Navy in 1950, where he received his commission as a lieutenant, Jim spent most of his working life in Fort Smith. He retired from Merchants National Bank as CEO and director but remained active as president and an owner of the Revere Corp., an oil and gas exploration company.

Jim was predeceased by his wife of 42 years, June Boulogne, in 2017. The two participated in numerous civic, charitable, and business activities in Fort Smith. Chief among them was the Fort Smith Hospital and the Boys and Girls Club, for which June and Jim established the Fort Smith Boys and Girls Club Scholarship Fund.

THE CLASS OF 1948



Darwin O'Ryan Curtis '48

Born Sept. 7, 1926, Dar served in the Merchant Marine during World War II and graduated in 1948. The next year he and Ann Kingman were married. They were together until her death in 1993. They

had three sons, Randall, John, and Stephen, and a daughter, Lee. The family had a varied and international life in Greece, France, and especially in Algeria and Vietnam because of Dar's career in the U.S. Foreign Service. They settled in Chevy Chase, Md., after Dar's retirement in 1983.

During and after the years abroad, Dar's work as an inventor-promoter of solar cookers led to reduced need of firewood for family cooking, promoting women's skills, and increasing nature conservation in parts of Africa and Asia.

Dar was also an author, on subjects ranging from solar cooking and other technologies to social history. He wrote about much of this in a memoir, *My Lucky Life*.

After Ann's death, Dar and his high school sweetheart, Lindsay Makepeace, re-met at a class reunion. They soon combined and parented together the large Curtis and Makepeace families — children, grandchildren, nephews, and nieces. Dar died Nov. 5, 2020, in Bethesda.



Joseph H. Kenworthy '48

Joe was born Feb. 11, 1927, grew up in Philadelphia, attended Penn Charter School, and did brief Navy service before Princeton. He majored in psychology, belonged to Tiger Inn, and graduated in 1948.

Joe became a partner in the family's carpeting and wool import business; this led to much international travel. In 1973 he and his wife, Nevenka Parjkovic, and the family relocated to Santa Barbara, Calif. Both in the East and in Santa Barbara, Joe rode to hounds and in California he was a hunt field master. He was also a competitive pistol shooter and a breeder-trainer of boxer dogs. The family later moved to Oxford, Ohio.

Joe died Nov. 16, 2020, in Oxford. He is survived by Nevenka, their five sons, one daughter, and seven grandchildren.

Julian I. Kitay '48

Julian — physician, medical researcher, educator — was born August 29, 1927, in



Kearny, N.J., and died Nov. 1, 2020, in Cary, N.C., after a long illness.

He graduated *cum laude* from both Princeton in 1948 and, after brief military service,

in 1954 from Harvard Medical School. He did clinical training at Yale and Columbia Medical Schools and then began a distinguished career in teaching and research in endocrinology, first on the medical faculty at the University of Virginia and later at the University of Texas medical school in Galveston, where he was professor of internal medicine, physiology, and biophysics.

He authored approximately 100 peer-reviewed publications in endocrinology and related fields. He also served a term as chairman of medical education in the Association of American Medical Colleges. For pastimes he became an accomplished fly-fisherman and craft woodworker.

Julian is survived by his wife of 47 years, Deanna; their son Steve; and grandson Alex.

George T. McAllister '48

George was born May 2, 1926, in Philadelphia, but his later longtime home was in Longport, near Atlantic City on the Jersey shore.

He attended the Lawrenceville School and then saw Navy service as a chief petty officer and gunnery instructor. At Princeton he was a history major and one of the minority of '48ers who actually graduated in 1948.

In Longport he joined and later became CEO of the family fuel-oil business and an executive in his business association, retiring at age 92. He was an active parishioner at the local Church of the Epiphany and a community leader, serving terms as president of the Board of Education and as chair of the planning board. He played tennis and enjoyed hiking, skiing, cycling, and considerable foreign travel.

George died Dec. 4, 2020, peacefully at home in his sleep. He is survived by his wife of 65 years, Nancy; daughter Anne; sons Max, Thomas, Andrew, and Patrick; and 12 grandchildren.



Harold F. Reed Jr. '48

Hal was born March 5, 1927 in Beaver, Pa., where he joined and later was principal in the family law firm.

Hal did Navy service from 1945 to 1946. At Princeton, where his father was in the Class of 1910 and his brother George was in the Class of '56, Hal graduated with honors in economics in 1948 and then earned a law degree at the University of Pittsburgh.

Through his practice as a trial attorney, Hal was elected to the American College of Trial Lawyers. He also served as president of the local bar association and was both board

member and president of the Beaver Trust Co. and of the local United Way. For half a century he was prominent in the local Presbyterian Church — as a deacon, elder, and a trustee — and taught Sunday School for more than 50 years. And he was a trustee and board member of the Chataqua Institution.

Hal died May 23, 2020, at home in his sleep. He was predeceased by his wife of 62 years, Martha. Hal is survived by their children, Jenifer, Harold Reed III, Nancy, and Thomas; and six grandchildren.

THE CLASS OF 1949



Octavius A. Orbe '49

Tavy died Sept. 26, 2020, just a few days after celebrating his 93rd birthday and his 70th wedding anniversary. He was survived by his wife, Ellie, seven children, 10 grandchildren and two great-grandchildren. A native of Passaic, N.J., Tavy grew up in a family of six brothers and sisters, so his own family reflects the same tradition.

Tavy came to Princeton from the Peddie School. At Princeton he majored in history; belonged to Charter, the Newman Club, and SCA; played 150-pound football; and rowed crew. He served in the Army from September 1946 to July 1948. After graduation he married Ellie July 8, 1950, and began the general law practice in Ridgewood, N.J.

Tavy's legal career included much pro bono work, volunteering at juvenile court and night court, and also serving as president of both the Bergen County and New Jersey Bar Associations. Despite the demands of his professional career, he remained active in Princeton affairs, serving as chairman of our 50th reunion. He also loved fishing, bird hunting, boating, swimming and "a party for any occasion."

We remember Tavy as an enthusiastic, outgoing individual, and we will miss him greatly.

THE CLASS OF 1950



Peter I. de Roeth '50

Pete died Oct. 16, 2020, in New Hampshire.

Pete was born in Budapest, Hungary, and immigrated to Spokane, Wash., with his family in 1939. He entered Princeton from Gonzaga Preparatory School. A politics major at Princeton, he was an associate editor of *The Daily Princetonian* and belonged to Campus.

Following graduation from Harvard Law School in 1953, he served two years in the Army, mostly in France. After five years as a security analyst, he founded Account Management Corp., a portfolio-management business in Boston that he led for more than 50 years. He

served on boards of organizations he cared about, including Dana-Farber Cancer Institute and Discovering Justice.

With his family he enjoyed sailing, skiing, traveling in Europe, horseback riding in Montana, and building trails in the woods around New Boston, N.H. He was a voracious reader and wrote witty poems.

Ever playful, he was known for riding his scooter around Boston streets. His first date with his wife, Lisa, whom he married in 1959, was skiing in the precipitous Tuckerman Ravine in New Hampshire's White Mountains.

Pete was predeceased by Lisa in 2008. He is survived by son Christopher, daughters Elizabeth and Louisa '91, and six grandchildren.

THE CLASS OF 1953



Eugene Lee Cleaves Jr. '53

Eugene, known as "Jinx," died Nov. 25, 2020, in Riverside, Conn., where he had lived for more than 60 years.

He was born in Manhattan, grew up in New Rochelle, and came to Princeton from Kent School. He joined Cottage Club and majored in English. He was a member of the 1952-53 Ivy League championship hockey team and earned All-Ivy honors.

After graduation Jinx became an officer with the United States Marine Corps and was stationed in Japan during the Korean War. Returning to civilian life, Jinx became an advertising copywriter and, eventually, a vice president and creative director for Dancer Fitzgerald Sample in Manhattan, where he created memorable advertising campaigns for Toyota, Life Savers, Schick razors, and Bayer aspirin, among others.

His wife, Sheila, predeceased him by three weeks. He is survived by three children, 14 grandchildren, and seven great-grandchildren.



William Williams French III '53

Bill died Dec. 10, 2020.

He was born in Birmingham, Ala., and graduated from Ramsey High School.

At Princeton he joined Quadrangle Club and majored in basic engineering. After graduation Bill served for two years as a lieutenant junior-grade in the Navy in Chicago and on the USS *Philippine Sea*.

He then earned an MBA from Harvard Business School and returned to Alabama to begin a business career with Alabama Power in the industrial development department. In 1963 he moved to Moore-Handley Hardware Co., where he became president. He later founded The Storeroom as a division of Thompson Tractor Co.

Bill was president of the Downtown Rotary Club of Birmingham and a longtime member of Blooming Grove Hunting and Fishing Club.

He enjoyed bird hunting and fly-fishing, and was said to know where every fish was in the streams. Bill was a fourth-generation member of South Highland Presbyterian Church, where he was baptized as a baby and later served as an elder and trustee.

He is survived by his wife of 63 years, Jane Blough French; one son; one daughter; and four grandchildren.



Nicholas Robert Guilbert III '53

Nicholas died Sept. 29, 2020, at the age of 89 in Ambler, Pa.

He came to Princeton from Germantown Academy and became a member of Cannon Club.

He majored in mechanical engineering and graduated with a bachelor of science degree in engineering.

Nicholas then served in the Army, where he taught the maintenance and repair of field artillery at the Ordnance School in Aberdeen, Md. Leaving the Army, Nicholas went to work for the family business, Guilbert Inc., as sales manager and then as controller, but after the company was sold, he had a succession of positions in sales engineering and sales management with manufacturers of custom-designed capital equipment.

In his retirement Nicholas volunteered with the Fort Washington Historical Society along with several other local historical organizations.

He is survived by his four children, three grandchildren, and three step-grandchildren.

THE CLASS OF 1954



William T. Beaver '54

Bill died Nov. 12, 2020, of complications from COVID-19.

He prepared at the Albany (N.Y.) Academy. At Princeton he majored in chemistry, joined Terrace Club, and was a member of the Chemistry Club, the Pre-Med Society, and Whig- Clio. After earning a medical degree at Cornell Medical College and an internship in surgery, he became a postdoctoral fellow, then an instructor in Cornell's department of pharmacology. In 1961 he married Nancy B. Powell.

In 1963 he began his distinguished career in research on the clinical pharmacology of pain medications. Bill helped establish a scientific basis for the use of painkilling drugs ranging from aspirin to oxycodone, and chaired a federal panel on the medical use of marijuana. His neighbors in Waterford, Va., jokingly called him "the pain man."

As a teacher and clinical pharmacologist at Georgetown University, Bill set out principles that evolved into today's standards for how proposed new drugs for human use are to be

tested. Students elected him to the medical school's Golden Orchard, an honor reserved for faculty who earned three or more Golden Apple annual teaching awards.

A practiced woodworker, Bill built or restored much of the furniture in his home, constructed several outbuildings on his 48 acres, and planted more than 2,000 evergreens, hardwoods, and fruit trees.

He is survived by his wife, Nancy, a retired mental-health therapist; three children; and six grandchildren.



John H. Demmler '54

Jack died Nov. 29, 2020.

He came to us from Shady Side Academy in Pittsburgh, where he was active in publications and dramatics and was a sports manager. A dedicated alumnus, he served as the school's chairman of the board and a trustee.

At Princeton he majored in history, joined Tower Club, served as program director of WPRU, was active in the Pre-Law Society, and worked with the *Nassau Herald* and the Senior Council in his senior year. He attended Harvard Law School in 1954-55 before two years of service in the Army as a lieutenant, primarily in Korea.

Jack met Janet Rice (with an assist from classmate Art Thomas), and they married in 1957 after his military service. He went on to earn a law degree from Harvard in June 1959. He returned to Pittsburgh, where he practiced corporate law for his entire legal career as associate and then partner with Reed, Smith, Shaw & McClay. He retired in 1995.

Jack enjoyed sailing, downhill skiing, and tennis into his early 70s. He and Janet enjoyed domestic and world travel, observing wildlife on all seven continents, taking a sentimental trip to Korea, and following the Lewis and Clark Trail.

Jack was predeceased by Janet in 2012. He is survived by sons Richard '83 and Ralph, daughter Carol, and six grandchildren.



Paul S. Sarbanes '54

Paul died Dec. 6, 2020.

He prepared for Princeton at Salisbury (Md.) High School, where he was active in basketball and student government. At Princeton he majored in the Woodrow Wilson School, joined Cannon Club, played varsity basketball, and held leadership positions in many campus organizations. He won the Pyne Prize for excellence in scholarship, character, and leadership; graduated Phi Beta Kappa; and attended Oxford on a Rhodes Scholarship.

Although in the senior class poll he was voted "Done the most for Princeton," "Best all-around man," "Most respected," "Biggest grind," "Most likely to succeed," "Biggest

drag with the faculty," and "Most ambitious," he operated quietly in his subsequent life as a public servant.

After Oxford he earned a law degree at Harvard, married Christine Dunbar, practiced law, and held a number of clerkships and official positions. Elected to public office in Maryland and in the U.S. House of Representatives and Senate, he is remembered for his role in the impeachment proceedings against Richard Nixon, the Panama Canal treaties, and as co-sponsor of the Accounting Reform and Investor Protection Act, known as the Sarbanes-Oxley Act.

In an essay for his 50th reunion, he wrote, "Public service, in its many forms, is critically important to making our society a viable one. ... Democracy cannot be taken for granted. It is very precious and very fragile."

Paul was predeceased by his wife, Christine. He is survived by his children John '84, Michael '86, and Janet '89; and seven grandchildren including Mulugeta '16 and Anteneh '16.



R. Richard Straub '54

Dick died Nov. 24, 2020, after a brief battle with COVID-19.

At Webster Groves High School in St. Louis he was active in football, student government, and glee club.

At Princeton he majored in history and the American Civilization Program, joined Cannon Club, played football and basketball, and graduated with honors. Commissioned a second lieutenant in the Marines, he served from 1954 to 1956. A former roommate characterized him as "warm, intelligent, upright, and the paradigm of a Marine."

Dick married Beverly Jean Wallace in 1958 and earned a law degree from Washington University in 1959. He practiced corporate law with the St. Louis firm of Lewis Rice for 22 years until he retired because of a brain hemorrhage and stroke. Yet he continued to approach life with tenacity and positivity, sustained by his deep faith in Jesus Christ.

He engaged in Stephens Ministry, provided free legal counsel at Score, tutored children, and assisted with stroke education at Barnes-Jewish Hospital. He played golf with one hand, bowled, and loved to tell jokes and play games. He moved to an assisted-living facility in 2014, but as recently as 2019 Beverly reported he was still "Princeton sharp."

Dick is survived by Beverly, daughters Susie Graham and Karen Spann, four grandchildren, six great-grandchildren, and a brother.

Thomas A. Vyse '54

Tom died Oct. 21, 2020.

He was born in Shanghai, where his father was with the State Department. The family was evacuated at the beginning of World War II and his father was assigned to various posts in

South America. Thus began Tom's lifelong love of travel.

Tom attended St. George's School in Rhode Island, where he was active in soccer, publications, and student government. At Princeton he majored in politics and was a member of Cap and Gown. After service in the Army, stationed at the 7th Army Intelligence post in Oberursel, Germany, he attended the School of Architecture at Berkeley, studied Spanish in Mexico, and attended the Hastings Law School of the University of California.

He practiced law as an admiralty attorney in Long Beach, Calif., for 33 years and retired in 1995. He was a member of the state bar association for more than 50 years and a member of the Long Beach Yacht Club for 48 years.

Characterized by his friends as "a gentle man and a gentleman," he was involved with several civic and charitable organizations such as the Fine Arts Affiliates, dedicated to fostering the arts at California State University, Long Beach and securing scholarship funds for college students.

Tom is survived by his wife, Dolores; in-laws Norman and Donna Mourer; and many cousins.

THE CLASS OF 1955



Arthur Edmund Pew III

'55 Art, of White Bear Lake, Minn., died after a long bout with Parkinson's Oct. 2, 2020. He was 87.

Art was born June 28, 1933, in Philadelphia, the eldest son of Arthur E. Pew Jr. and Mary Elliott Trowbridge. Before attending Princeton, Art graduated from Hotchkiss School, where he was varsity baseball manager and active in varsity swimming. At Princeton he joined Charter Club, continued with swimming, and roomed with Rod Ferris and Mat Delafield.

Art was passionate about railroading. He served as a systems analyst and purchasing director before retiring from Burlington Northern. He was a generous supporter of small railroads in Maine and the Midwest, as well as railroad preservation groups. Art shared ownership of a private railroad car, named Gritty Palace, and loved to travel the country in it. He served on the board of the family's Pew Charitable Trusts and with it was an early champion of environmental causes such as the threat of global warming.

Art was predeceased by his devoted wife of 60 years, Judith Gaylord Bowe. He is survived by four children, Karen Pew Matysik, Linda Pew Bucher, Arthur "Chip" Pew IV, and Marion "Mari" Pew; 10 grandchildren; three great-grandchildren; and his brother, R. Anderson Pew '58.

William C. Shafer '55

Bill, a notably warm-hearted, strong supporter of his class and the University, died Nov. 21,



2020, at age 87 after two falls triggered serious neck injuries. Betsy Grimes, an associate director of Annual Giving who had worked with him as class agent for seven years, said,

“Bill was a wonderful person to work with. He was so grateful for his Princeton experience. He wanted to give back.”

Bill was born Feb. 4, 1933, in Cincinnati, and graduated from Withrow High School, where he was class president and active in athletics and his fraternity. At Princeton he joined Cannon Club, majored in biology, and was involved with many campus groups. Senior year he married Mary Ruth Guenther and they lived in town.

After graduation Bill was a naval aviator for four years, then spent 30 years with Merrill Lynch, ending as manager of the downtown Miami office. Bill loved to play golf, travel, and sing in the choir of his Episcopal Church. Prior to serving as class agent from 1996 until 2020 he had been class treasurer from 1990 to 1995.

Bill’s wife died in 1995. He is survived by son Steven, daughters Amy Thompson and Robin Brenes, eight grandchildren, and his longtime companion, Patty Botsch of Atlanta.

THE CLASS OF 1957



George C. Thomas '57

George died Oct. 18, 2020, after a long decline brought on by Lewy body dementia. He left Princeton bound for the ministry but instead found his life’s calling in the visual arts.

Coming from Baltimore, The Hill School, and an English public school, at Princeton George majored in art history, ate at Cap and Gown, and was on the varsity crew, almost making the Olympics. His roommates included Bill Farlie, Paul Roberts, Norm Rousseau, and Bruce Woodger. Bruce recalled George as “the nicest man I ever knew.”

With a master’s in fine arts, George involved himself in various media, switching excitedly from watercolors to etching to lithography, oils, pastels, and eventually photography, which he taught at Andover and MIT.

George and his wife, Lynn Zimmerman, bought a farm on Cape Breton Island, Nova Scotia, raising livestock and table vegetables while giving George an escape into fly-fishing, his peaceful nature never disturbed by omnipresent black flies. “He had a capacity to focus, to lose himself,” Lynn recalls.

For their two sons’ schooling, they moved in 1983 to Nantucket, where George established a studio, returning each summer to Cape Breton. George created art for another quarter century until the Lewy effects made that impossible. Thoughtful and empathetic, George never complained of his illness, which in the last two years forced Lynn to use a lifting machine to

help him leave bed and settle in a chair, always contented.

His survivors include Lynn, sons Jonathan ’04 and Nathaniel, and two grandchildren.

THE CLASS OF 1960



Edward A. Kostelnik '60

Born and raised in Connellsville, Pa., Ed attended Connellsville High School, where he was class president and valedictorian, and lettered in football,

basketball, and track. At Princeton he earned a BSE in aeronautical engineering and played freshman and varsity football, earning All-Ivy League recognition. He joined Cottage Club and roomed there our senior year.

Ed went directly into industry with Mobil Oil, where after six months of training he moved to Liberia and then for a year to Khartoum, Sudan, where he met and wooed Nicole Marko. Back in the U.S., they married in 1963. Ed left Mobil in 1968 to seek entrepreneurial opportunities. After several preliminaries and a move to Houston, he founded KW Industries in 1972 as a manufacturer of outdoor lighting poles. Ed continued as its CEO through 1993 and chairman through our 50th.

He and Nicole retained their earlier enthusiasm for travel, visiting Western Europe many times among the four continents that attracted them. In Texas, they took up “hobby” cattle ranching, Ed’s term, in the town of Comfort in the Texas Hill Country, where they settled permanently in 2002.

Ed died Nov. 15, 2020, of COVID-19. He is survived by Nicole, three sons, and their families.



Douglas L. Relyea '60

Born in Hackensack, N.J., Doug was a chorister/student at St. Thomas Choir School, New York City, and then graduated as valedictorian from St. Peter’s

School in Peekskill, N.Y. At Princeton he took the first steps on a lifetime career in chemical engineering with a BSE while honing his skill at cards at Elm Club. He earned an MSCE in 1963 and Ph.D. in 1965 at the University of Illinois.

Doug began his working career in 1965 with Humble Oil and Refining (then and now a subsidiary of Exxon Mobil) in Baytown, Texas. He spent his entire career with Exxon in Baytown, rising through a series of engineering positions and becoming a teacher and mentor to many young engineers there. Upon retirement from Exxon in 2000, he joined GDS Engineers in Baytown and did further work for Exxon until full retirement in 2011.

Doug was active in numerous youth, civic, and religious pursuits in Baytown, but his particular passion came to be Habitat for Humanity. He became construction manager

of its new homes, an enthusiastic advocate, and a member of its board.

Doug died Oct. 3, 2020, of cancer. He is survived by one daughter, one son, eight grandchildren, and a host of devoted friends and extended family.

THE CLASS OF 1962



Eugene F. Humphrey III '62

Gene died Nov. 30, 2019.

Coming from Hotchkiss, Gene roomed with Duane Minard, Vince Lytle, Jim Hicks, John Ferguson, Richard

Thatcher, and later Carl von Isenburg ’64 *65. He was a member of Tiger Inn.

After graduation he earned an MBA from Harvard. Gene married Judith Stamp in 1963. They had two children, Alison and Jos. He co-founded a design store in Michigan called Orthogonality (“at right angles”) offering Scandinavian furnishings.

After divorce in the early 1970s, Gene married Peg Howard in 1980. They became interested in a spiritual and personal transformation process known as Pathwork. Changing course, Gene earned a Ph.D. in clinical psychology from Union Institute. He and Peg co-founded Pathwork of the Great Lakes, and later of California. Often jointly, they practiced psychotherapy and led workshops internationally. Gene served as president of the International Pathwork Foundation.

During Peg’s last decade, Gene cared for her during her struggle with Parkinson’s until her death in 2012. Two years later, Gene met Judy Wilson; they married in 2019 and traveled throughout North America.

Gene will be missed by both family and friends, most importantly Judy, Gene’s daughter Alison, son Jos, stepdaughter Tracey, and their families. We extend our sympathy to all.

THE CLASS OF 1963

A. Howell Cooper '63

Howell died April 10, 2020, of complications of a blood disorder. He had homes in Atlanta and Highlands, N.C.

Howell entered our class from Westminster Schools in Atlanta but left during his first year and attended Georgia State. In the ’60s and ’70s he was an officer of the First National Bank of Atlanta. Later he worked with his brother in renovations and remodeling.

In 1990 he and his partner of many years, Robert L. Comans (who died in 2008), founded the Buckhead Floral Co. He retired in 2000. For decades Howell was a director and member of the executive committee of Summit Industries, one of Atlanta’s oldest privately held companies. It originated in the 1920s with a cough suppressant and manufactured more

than 75 consumer products until it was sold in 2016.

Howell enjoyed multiple trips to Europe and was a collector of antique flat silver patterns.

Howell is survived by his brother, Joe; and numerous nieces and nephews. The class sends its condolences to Howell's family.



Hurst K. Groves '63

Hurst died Nov. 11, 2020, in Middleburg, Va. He was a prominent energy attorney and a faculty member at Columbia.

His legal career progressed from 10 years at Cravath, Swaine & Moore, in New York and Paris; to Mobil Oil, with four years in Tokyo and as managing counsel in Washington, D.C., until 1999. On retirement from Mobil, he became a professor at Columbia, where he founded the postgraduate Center on Energy Policy. In recent years he assisted an offshore-energy project in West Africa and helped the Overseas Private Investment Corp. distribute laptops to West Bank school children.

Hurst flew a single-engine Cessna and was a lifelong world traveler and devourer of adventure, music, and books. He arrived at Princeton from Park Tudor School in Indianapolis, studied politics, wrote a thesis on the Rural Electrification Administration, was business manager of WPRB, joined Charter Club, did graduate work at the Paris Institute of Political Studies, and graduated from Michigan Law.

Hurst is survived by his wife, Barbara A. Sharp; daughters Jennifer Groves and Catherine Groves Ramsdell; son-in-law Justin Ramsdell; stepson John Manekin; and four grandchildren. In 2007 his first wife, Marilyn, died in an auto accident.



David S. Hodes '63

David, whose proudest professional accomplishment was contributing to a clinical study showing that treating HIV-infected pregnant women with anti-retroviral agents could prevent passing the virus to their babies, died Nov. 9, 2020, peacefully at home in Dobbs Ferry, N.Y., of cancer.

He came to us from Manhasset (N.Y.) High School, where he wrestled and was co-valedictorian. He wrote for *The Daily Princetonian*, belonged to Cloister Inn, and won the McCosh Prize in the philosophy department. He went to Oxford on a Marshall Scholarship and then to Harvard Medical School. Next was pediatrics at Boston Children's Hospital, where he met his future wife, a fellow pediatrician.

Then came training at the National Institutes of Health, teaching at Columbia, a professorship in pediatrics at Mount Sinai

School of Medicine with 15 years as chief of pediatric infectious diseases, and six with Roche Laboratories. He published more than 50 scientific papers and book chapters.

David enjoyed classical music, golf, political essays, military history, spectator sports, gourmet cooking, cello lessons, amateur sculpting, writing letters to the editor, and crossword puzzles.

Survivors include his wife, Dr. Cynthia Miller; daughters Dr. Laura Dove '92, a psychiatrist, and Elizabeth Hodes '99, an artist; granddaughter Sophie Dove; and sister Ruth Rabin.



Stephen A. Molasky '63

Steve died Jan. 1, 2020, of cancer in Chicago. He was an adept money manager and a charming classmate with a wide embrace of life's experiences.

From Asbury Park, N.J., at Princeton he majored in Slavic Languages and Literatures, ate at Woodrow Wilson Lodge, and single-roomed near pals Colin Hill and Bill Parsons. After graduation he went to New York to study acting but was quickly drafted. He served in Vietnam (10th Transportation Battalion) and had to skip our 50th reunion for a gathering of war brothers.

Steve studied meditation with Maharishi Mahesh Yogi, earned a master's in clinical psychology, and worked in San Francisco as a juvenile probation officer. He helped develop a hotel near Chicago, and then switched to equities in the Loop, where he worked for several firms before partnering with JP MorganChase, successfully managing portfolios for 50 families. His nickname: Mister Alpha.

He co-chaired a campaign for Akiba Schecter Jewish Day School — resulting in the science lab being named after his father. He spent recent years in a high-rise with views of Lake Michigan's sunrise and Millennium Park. Steve loved studying investments, snorkeling, fishing, writing poetry, meditating, photography, and attending reunions of Vietnam veterans and '63. He was devoted to children Rachel, Jerome and Nora, and grandson Alex.



Kent A. Peterson '63 *70

Kent, who had a long career in federal government, died Dec. 18, 2020, in Washington, D.C.

First in his class at Moline (Ill.) High School, he majored in politics at Princeton and belonged to Whig-Clio and the Woodrow Wilson Society. He then earned a master's degree in political science at Yale. After teaching high school in Highland Park, Ill., and at Black Hawk College for a year each, Kent returned to Princeton for a master's degree and, in 1970, a Ph.D. in American history. In 1971 he moved to Washington as an

assistant to Sen. William V. Roth Jr. (R-Del.).

For a year he taught for the University of Maryland's European division on military bases in Germany, Italy, and Spain.

Kent began working in the executive branch, including as a consultant to the Office of Management and Budget, special assistant to the undersecretary of the Treasury, and deputy director of the Office of Revenue Sharing. He also worked at the Office of International Affairs at the U.S. Customs Service.

He retired in 2001 and continued his longstanding interests in reading, gardening, travel, classical and other music, and attending plays and lectures.

Kent is survived by niece Barrie Schoessel, nephew Scott Schoessel, aunt Carol Kroeger, and several cousins.



Peter A. Pfaffenroth '63

Peter, whose determination and courage led him to overcome any obstacle in his path, died peacefully Oct. 24, 2020, in Potomac, Md. For 45 years he lived in Chester, N.J., where he and Sara *84 raised their family.

Born with cerebral palsy, he aimed his lifelong love of learning at targets of achievement: three advanced law degrees from New York University (corporate, tax, and international), a pilot's license, marksmanship with a rifle, hosting 24 international exchange students, driving his bulldozer, holding multiple licenses in construction, building a four-seat airplane, maintaining varied expertise in 10 languages and traveling to more than 75 countries. And yet, he said, "I laugh at myself every day for something stupid I did."

First in his class at Ridgewood (N.J.) High School, at Princeton Peter majored in basic engineering with a certificate in European civilization and was president of the Concordia Society, VP of AIESEC, freshman football manager, rifle-team competitor for three years, and a member of Ivy Club. Next came Michigan Law and decades of private practice. He loved early American furniture, fine wine and food, theology, and his Swedish and Volga German heritage.

Sara died in 2009. Peter is survived by their three children, Elizabeth, Catherine, and Peter '97; six grandchildren; and a sister, Judith.

THE CLASS OF 1965

John Alfred Brigulio '65

John died peacefully Oct. 14, 2020. His rapid decline and death were due to late-stage leukemia. His loving daughter Lisa was by his side.

John was born Dec. 1, 1943, the son of Dr. and Mrs. Alfred Brigulio. He was raised in Washington, D.C., and attended the Landon School in Bethesda, Md. At Princeton he

majoring in aeronautical engineering and took his meals at Key and Seal. He spent his entire career with McDonnell Douglas, which was later merged into Boeing, retiring in 2006. Information from Boeing indicates that he was widely liked and respected in his field. He was a great fan of the Washington Football Team and the St. Louis Cardinals and enjoyed travel and sailing, which he involved his family in as well. He had a longstanding FaceTime appointment with his grandson Riley every Sunday morning.

He is survived by his daughter Lisa and her son Riley; sister Suzie and her husband, Larry Petersen; brother Brian and his wife, Deb; and nephews JW Peterson and Mitch Brigulio. The class sends condolences to all of them on the loss of their loved one.

Edmund J. Doering III '65

Ted came to us from Choate after a commitment to the Army in Germany, largely assisting at the Army Hospital there helping birth babies. This service gave him seniority in ROTC when he arrived on campus, which he enjoyed chuckling about. He majored in basic engineering and took his meals at Charter. Then came a medical degree at Northwestern and residency at the Medical University of South Carolina before he turned to pediatrics, retiring in 2010 after many years of 55-hour weeks at work.

An onset of continuing knee and joint infections caused him to have five operations in 24 months and later a 200-day hospital stay and five months of no golf. His spirits remained high, and he found that scuba diving worked for him and his family in terms of recreation and vacations all over the Caribbean, near his home in Jupiter, Fla.

Meanwhile, he continued with his boundless enthusiasm for life and was highly visible at our 50th. After that he threw a weeklong party on a ranch for all his living relatives.

Ted died April 20, 2020. He is survived by his wife, Di, and ex-wife, Marcia; sons Edmund IV and Albert Huntington Doering; and daughter Averill P. Doering. The class sends its condolences to his family on the loss of a great, fun, larger-than-life guy.

THE CLASS OF 1967



Louis Birenbaum '67

Lou died March 8, 2017, in his hometown of Webster Groves, Mo.

A native of St. Louis, Lou graduated from Clayton High School, where he was a National Merit Scholarship finalist and a member of the Latin Club, Spanish Club, Pep Club, and the track, golf, and cross country teams. At Princeton Lou majored in psychology and wrote his thesis for Professor Bart Hoebel. He roomed at 114 1938 Hall with Josh Kaplan, Chuck Gardner, John

Capestro '69, Steve Rosenberg, David Smith, and Russ Barron '68. An active member of Dial Lodge and its intramural teams, he also was active in the Stock Analysis Club.

After college Lou went to Boston University law school. He returned to St. Louis to practice law, working for underserved citizens. In later years he became an elementary school teacher for special-needs and disabled students. Lou's wife, Linda, also dedicated years of work to St. Louis area youth services.

Lou suffered for many years from Waldenström's syndrome, a type of lymphoma. He went on to participate in and serve a national support group for people similarly afflicted. But he remained positive in dealing with the disease's continuing effects on the body, including taking an annual fishing trip for years to North Carolina's Outer Banks with Dave Reiser and Phil Lynch.

Lou was known to his club mates, roommates, and class friends as a quiet, dedicated man whose unobtrusive friendship belied the fierce conviction he had to serve his community.

Lou is survived by his wife and a grateful Class of '67, for whom he served as a model of the ideals of our generation of the 1960s.

THE CLASS OF 1968



Charles H. Peterson '68

Pete died Oct. 24, 2020, at home from dementia with Lewy bodies in Pine Knoll Shores, N.C. He was 74.

He was born Feb. 18, 1946, in Trenton, N.J. He attended the Lawrenceville School, where he played hockey, baseball, and soccer. At Princeton Pete majored in biology, was active in the German Club, Campus Fund, and soccer, and ate at Cottage. After Princeton he attended the University of California, Santa Barbara, where he earned a master's degree and a Ph.D. in biology.

From 1976 until his retirement in 2019, Pete was a distinguished professor at UNC-Chapel Hill in the Department of Marine Sciences and the UNC Institute of Marine Sciences, publishing more than 250 scientific papers and mentoring hundreds of students. Pete served on numerous scientific panels, including for the state of North Carolina, the National Science Foundation, NOAA, and the EPA.

Pete is survived by his wife, Christine Voss; sons Per A. Peterson and Charles B. Peterson and family; stepdaughter Chelsea McDaniel and family; stepson Benjamin Maser; and brother John A. Peterson, Jr. and family. The class extends its profound sympathies to them all.

Richard D. Slone '68

Rick died Nov. 28, 2020, of complications from long-standing health issues, but remained stoic, even upbeat, to the last.



He was born Aug. 17, 1946, in Pittsburgh and attended Taylor Allderdice, where he was a stellar athlete and student. At Princeton Rick majored in history, played football and

baseball, roomed in Lockhart Lair, and ate at Cottage. After graduation he taught in Hawaii, later eventually settling in Ketchum, Idaho.

Rick was a serious writer, publishing two books, *Brown Shoe* and *Thirst*, and a myriad of articles for various publications. He was a passionate surfer, an inveterate traveler and photographer, and a true adventurer, driving across North Africa, hiking in the Andes, sailing off Hawaii, and participating in an attempt on Nanga Parbat in the Himalayas. Those who knew him best would not have been surprised had he swum the Panama Canal or joined the French Foreign Legion. Rick was always ready with a gentle, somewhat bemused, observation on the absurdities of life.

He is survived by his son, Cary; his daughter-in-law, Cassidy; and his grandson, Palmer. To them, his ex-wife Joyce Marcus, and his sister Hillary Cohen and her family, the class extends its heartfelt sympathy.

THE CLASS OF 1970



Paul S. Basile '70

Our ever-adventuresome aeronautical engineer, Paul died Aug. 21, 2020, after a yearlong battle with MDS in Avignon, France. When

we graduated, his aspiration was to design the Starship Enterprise or, failing that, the Mars lander.

In preparation, Paul came to us from Whitesboro, N.Y., and he hopped into the aerospace engineering department immediately. He married that with Air Force ROTC and stood out academically, as he did later in his grad work at MIT. Following his stint in the Air Force, with wife Gwen along for the thrill ride, by 1978 he was in Europe, eventually living in seven countries. The list of 12 companies in five industries, plus the many consulting gigs on which he graced his curiosity and creativity seems, like a subtle search to be present for First Contact, his stated goal — he felt he deserved it more than Spielberg. Always, he kept us uppermost in mind, working for the Princeton Schools Committee wherever he happened to be, sending his kids back to Princeton, and patiently explaining baseball in French.

Paul was predeceased by Gwen. He is survived by his ex-wife, Fionnuala O'Connor; his children Mark '98, Marie '01, Zachary, and Amandine; and seven grandchildren. With them we treasure the authoritative spirit who noted, "Some experiences certainly measure up to remembrances — among them spending

four inspiring, challenging, and frequently humbling years at Princeton that changed nearly everything for me.”



William C. Scott II '70

One of our significant contributors to the advancement of American medicine, Bill died May 31, 2020, in San Francisco.

Bill came to us from Wyoming Seminary in Kingston, Pa. At Princeton he majored in chemistry and engaged in original biochemical research, graduating *summa cum laude* and receiving the Robert Thornton McKay Prize in Physical Chemistry.

Instead of sleep, he found time not only for the Chemistry Club and Pre-Med Society, but also for the Trenton Tutorial Project and the social chairmanship of Terrace Club.

Bill went on from Princeton to Harvard Medical School, then to further training for thoracic and cardiac surgery at Mass General Hospital, the National Institutes of Health, and Stanford. He became one of the leading cardiothoracic surgeons in the country, earning numerous awards and authoring more than 40 publications in his field. He doubled as attending surgeon and clinical instructor at Yale-New Haven Hospital, served as department chair at Winthrop-University Hospital in Mineola, N.Y., then in St. Louis, and later as chief medical officer at Providence Saint Joseph Medical Center in Burbank, Calif. Along the way he earned the Distinguished Achievement Award from the American Heart Association.

Bill is survived by his wife of 49 years, Phyllis; sons Jason and Aaron; daughter Shelby Scott Lazarow; and four grandchildren. Along with them, we admire and honor his lifetime in the nation's service.

THE CLASS OF 1971

James C. Carmichael '71

Jim died July 30, 2020, of complications from cancer.

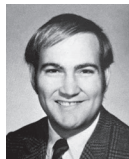
Jim came to Princeton from Columbia High School in South Carolina. He majored in music and piano performance at Princeton and gave several student recitals. Jim studied under John Kenneth Adams, Robert Miller, and the famed Robert Helps.

In 1973 he married Renata Simon of Gengenbach, Germany, and they relocated to Berkeley, Calif., in 1974. They divorced in 1983 but remained close friends. In the late 1970s, Jim moved to Oakland, Calif., and earned a master's degree in music from Mills College, studying piano with Bernhard Abramowitsch.

While maintaining his own teaching studio, Jim was principal accompanist for students of noted East Bay cello instructors Milly Rosner and Anne Crowden. His home on Chabot Road,

equipped with two grand pianos, was often the site of chamber music soirees. Though he taught piano continuously for 45 years, he also worked as an IT system administrator for engineering companies and a health insurance company from 1997 to 2009.

Jim was a dedicated runner, hiker, and skier until his seven-year, life-ending battle with glioblastoma and sequelae. Throughout his life, Jim maintained his wonderful sense of humor and avid interest in reading on every imaginable subject. The class extends condolences to his sister Sally Thompson, brother Paul, godson Eli McAmis, and other friends and family.



Louis Harkey Mayo '71

Surrounded by his family, Harkey died Aug. 13, 2020, of pancreatic cancer in Virginia.

Harkey came to Princeton in the Class of 1970 from Falls Church High School in Virginia. He majored in economics and played trumpet in the Tiger band, orchestra, and the Triangle Show. Harkey belonged to Stevenson, and friends remember his hearty laugh and positive spirit. In 1976 he graduated from George Washington University Law School.

While working for OAO Corp., he met and married Karen Denomme in 1980. Harkey spent most of his professional career with the Federal Aviation Administration and was most proud of his time as special assistant to the vice chairman of the National Transportation Safety Board, from which he retired in 2012. He valued public service and considered this in his work.

Harkey's main vocation was as a father and husband. Slow to anger and quick to forgive, he was involved in their hobbies and daily activities as a baseball coach, basketball fan, driver, and special assistant to Santa Claus. He continued to play trumpet in community bands. An expert wood craftsman, he loved to gift his fabulous creations to family and friends. He enjoyed conversations with his brothers about current events.

The class extends its condolences to his wife, Karen; his children, David Mayo and Rebecca Ralston; his grandchildren; his brothers, Richard and David; and other family and friends.

Bruce T. Reese '71

After a rich life of professional, personal, and community accomplishments, Bruce died at home April 4, 2019, ending a 14-year battle with cancer.

Bruce came to Princeton from West Lafayette High School in Indiana. Freshman year he enjoyed crew and met his lifelong friend, Bob Johnson. One year at a single-sex school was enough, so Bruce transferred to Brigham Young University in 1968. After his

Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints mission in Germany from 1969 to 1971, Bruce returned to Utah. In 1973 he married Lu Anne Gold and graduated from BYU as an English major.

After BYU Law School, Bruce had a short career in private practice in Denver and Washington, D.C. In 1984 he returned to Utah and began his career as associate general counsel at Bonneville International, a broadcasting and (eventually) digital media company. Bonneville was the ideal professional fit for Bruce, giving him the chance to work hard, solve problems, and listen to rock 'n' roll.

Bruce rose to become president and CEO of Bonneville from 1996 to 2011 and Hubbard Radio after that. He received several national broadcasting awards. His community service included board leadership of Intermountain Healthcare, United Way, Primary Children's Medical Center, and Pioneer Theatre. Bruce remained an active member of the Church. He loved golf, reading, pop music, BYU athletics, and attending his grandchildren's musical and athletic events.

To his wife, Lu Anne; his children, Gavin, Cameron, Taylor, Zachary, Megan, Caitlin, and Kelley; 20 grandchildren; and other family and friends, the class extends its sincere condolences.



John M. Rooney '71

John died Oct. 17, 2018, at his home in Southold, Long Island, N.Y., of strokes triggered by a long struggle with esophageal cancer.

John came to Princeton from Seton Hall High School in Patchogue, Long Island. At Princeton he majored in history, was a member of Colonial, and lived with Mauro Lapetina and Eric Mazur in Foulke sophomore through senior year. "Roon" kept busy as a Commons captain and multiple letter-winner in baseball and 150-pound football. Classmates remember him for his athletic talent, ready smile, calmness, positive attitude, and respect for others.

His first marriage to Sherry produced his daughters, Kara and Jennifer, and two grandchildren. He later adopted John Andrew. John married his last wife, Karen Lund, in 2014.

John's successful career as an executive in the food industry took him internationally to the Asia-Pacific region, Western Europe, Mexico, Canada, and domestically to New Jersey, Pennsylvania, California, Georgia, and back to a historic house on Long Island. In John's words: "Experiencing new cultures and having the opportunity to interface with and mentor business professionals with broad educational backgrounds and heritages have allowed me and my family members to grow and develop into better citizens of the world."

The class extends its condolences to Karen, Kara, Jennifer, John Andrew, and other family and friends.

THE CLASS OF 1988



David K. Rose '88

On Nov. 21, 2020, we lost our friend and brother Dave to complications from COVID-19.

Dave was a man whose smile was even more powerful than his defensive lineman's body. In 1987, "Rosey" was an unstoppable force on one of the best defenses in the league. His charisma made him a natural salesman, and he enjoyed success at ESPN, WGN, and WRMN radio, where he was also an on-air host. But Dave's heart was always more drawn to faith and service than fortune.

Following his calling, he attended Charis Bible College after majoring in history at Princeton, and later became dean of students at Charis. His missionary work took him to Russia, where he bridged language gaps and cultural barriers to share his boundless love and fellowship. More recently, Dave taught special education at Glenbard (Ill.) High School District 87, with Josh Chambers '88. Dave also coached football at Chicago Hope Academy with Chris Mallette '93, mentoring young men as only one who has been in their shoes could.

Dave leaves behind a family of people who loved him, from his Brooklyn home to the Linsly School in Wheeling, W.Va., to his Butler College classmates and his varsity football brothers, and everywhere else life took him. You could not be near Dave without smiling, or know him for long without loving him. He is survived by two sisters, Donna and Irene, and is now reunited in heaven with his beloved mother, Alice Rose.

GRADUATE ALUMNI

Douglas W. Hall '57

Douglas died Dec. 8, 2020, at the age of 91.

Douglas was born July 24, 1929, in Montreal, Canada, where he lived until the age of 12, when his family moved to Toronto. He graduated from the University of Toronto in 1951 with a bachelor's degree in applied mathematics, then attended Princeton and earned a Ph.D. in mathematics in 1957.

He taught as an instructor in math at Amherst College for two years. After marrying Elizabeth L. Brown in 1957, he joined the faculty of Michigan State University, where he taught for 42 years. He became a U.S. citizen in 1961. From 1973 to 1990 he was associate chairman of the MSU math department for the undergraduate program, retiring at 70 and having enjoyed his many years teaching and advising students.

Douglas had a Canadian's love of hockey and followed the Montreal Canadiens all his life. He was an enthusiastic supporter of MSU

teams and in retirement was always active — skating, swimming, biking, and walking with his golden retrievers. He enjoyed sea and spy stories, novels, and British and American history.

Douglas is survived by children Alan, Don, and Jean, and Alan's and Don's children.

Karl H. Illinger '60

Born in 1934, Karl died April 11, 2017.

He earned a bachelor's degree from the University of Pennsylvania in 1956 and earned a Ph.D. in chemistry from Princeton in 1960. He was an associate professor of chemistry at Tufts from 1960 to 2004.

His early work was in the areas of intermolecular forces and collisional perturbation of molecular spectra, with special expertise in microwave spectroscopy. He extended his investigations to the topic of infrared intensities shortly after he arrived at Tufts. Over the years he became an expert in the field of biological effects of radiation, co-authoring the "Report of the National Academy of Sciences-National Research Council on the Navy's Nonionizing Radiation Research Program" in 1974.

In 1981, he edited a book titled *Biological Effects of Nonionizing Radiation*, which was published as part of the American Chemical Society's Symposium Series that was highly cited. In his later years he turned his attention to the problem of global warming, involving both theoretical and experimental work on infrared "radiative forcings" of a wide range of industrial gases proposed as replacements for ozone-damaging chlorofluorocarbons.

Arnold Dicke '66

Arne died Dec. 2, 2020, of ALS in Philadelphia. He was 78.

Born in Downers Grove, Ill., Arne came east to attend Harvard, graduating with a bachelor's degree in 1964. He entered the doctoral program in theoretical physics at Princeton, but left the University after completing a master's degree in 1966. He was active in the peace movement while at Princeton during the Vietnam War years.

Arne made his mark in actuarial science, applying his considerable mathematical talents to the study of risk in the field of insurance. He worked for Penn Mutual and Provident Mutual, where he was senior vice president and chief actuary. He was vice president of the Society of Actuaries and the Academy of Actuaries at different times in his career.

He taught Scandinavian folk dance for years and obtained a Big Silver dance medal in Sweden. His interests included rock and roll, British detective shows, Wallace Stevens' poetry, amateur theater, cats, and the Philadelphia Eagles.

Arne is survived by his wife of 51 years,

Janice; his three daughters, Maggie Mayes, Nora Gilbert, and Amanda Spagnoletti; sister Alice Washington; and six grandchildren.

Paul W. Richelson '74

Paul died Sept. 17, 2020, in Hemet, Calif.

He graduated from Yale in 1961 and earned a Ph.D. in art and archaeology from Princeton in 1974. Although he began his college studies with a career in science in mind, gallery visits and art history classes enabled him to visualize a future in the arts.

During his career Paul taught at several colleges and universities across the United States. His professional positions included chief curator of art at the Grand Rapids Art Museum in Grand Rapids, Mich., and for the last 27 years of his career, chief curator of collections at the Mobile Museum of Art in Mobile, Ala., where he also served for a short time as interim director. During his time at the Mobile Museum of Art, because of his keen eye and expertise in the field, he was able to build an outstanding collection of decorative arts.

Paul retired in 2017 from the Mobile Museum of Art and relocated to Hemet in retirement.

Howard P. Segal '75

Howard died Nov. 9, 2020, in Bangor, Maine, at the age of 72.

Born in Philadelphia, he earned a bachelor's degree from Franklin & Marshall College and a master's degree and Ph.D. in history from Princeton. A professor and historian of technology, Howard was renowned as a leader in his field. The author of eight scholarly books and more than 250 articles in a wide range of prominent publications, he helped shape the history of technology and received many awards. Howard had an unwavering commitment to the pursuit of knowledge, encouraging impartial inquiry, tolerance, and equity.

A distinguished professor of history at the University of Maine for 34 years, he also taught at Princeton, the University of Cincinnati, the University of Michigan, and Harvard University. Howard was on the governing bodies of national and international organizations including Phi Beta Kappa, the Society for the History of Technology, and the Maine State Museum. His ironic comments and dry jokes were irrepressible, and his friends and family members were frequent beneficiaries of his inimitable wit.

Howard is survived by his wife of 31 years, Deborah Rogers; daughter Raechel Segal; son Rick Segal; and identical twin brother Robert.

Graduate memorials are prepared by the APGA.

An undergraduate memorial appears for Kent A. Peterson '63 '70.

Classifieds

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Kaanapali, Maui: Luxury 2BR, 2BA oceanfront suite, large lanai, at Hyatt Residence Club September 11-18, \$4900. (Adjacent hotel rate = \$7559.) Beau Carter '65, 415-652-7454, or lucyaallen1@gmail.com

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The Sculptor Was a Cowboy

By Elyse Graham '07

The bronze tigers outside Nassau Hall are a legacy of the Old West. Their sculptor, Alexander Phimister Proctor, hailed from a time of rugged bravery and experimentation, a time when you could name your child Phimister and he wouldn't even be angry about it.

When Proctor was 3, his family felled hickory trees, bent the trunks into bows, and used them for the top of a covered wagon, which they drove from the Canadian woods down into the United States. For eight years, they roamed the prairies before settling for good in Denver. In a memoir, Proctor recalled the Denver of the 1870s: "Trappers, cowboys, and dirty-clothed prospectors were familiar sights on the few sagging wooden sidewalks. Huge charcoal

wagons with yokes of oxen filled the streets. Covered wagons were to be seen at any time of day or night. Saloons and gambling halls flourished. Frequently, herds of longhorns were driven through town."

The brooks were dry on the day of his baptism — a traveling preacher came to town, crying, "The Devil's hot on your trail! You got to repent, and I'm here to rope you and drag you into the fold of God." Young Proctor volunteered as a repentant sinner, so he was baptized in a tank of sheep dip,

In the summers, he liked to go big-game hunting with President Teddy Roosevelt, who was eager to skip dull meetings in favor of what Roosevelt called the "spice of danger."

a stinging insecticide. Proctor kept his religion anyway, and he avoided cigars and liquor throughout his life.

From youngest childhood, he wanted to be an artist, so his father hunted down books and read about the history of art. "Father's reading in art literature was mostly about the Greeks and the Italians. His ideal sculptors were Phidias and Michelangelo, and he showed me pictures of their work," Proctor wrote in his memoir. The literature said artists are often poor, so his father had him apprentice to an engraver; he could always sell thrilling illustrations to newspapers. His first commission was to illustrate a book on true crime by a sheriff who ran a local saloon. The pictures include a bloodbath at a card game, a horseback chase in the mountains, and the wedding of a man who stole money and faked his death so he could remarry, only to be robbed and abandoned in turn by his new wife.

In 1885, Proctor moved to New York City to study, in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, the classical sculptures that his father loved so much. By 1909, when Princeton's Class of 1879 commissioned Proctor to create the Nassau Hall tigers to replace the pair of lions the class had contributed earlier, he was an award-winning sculptor who specialized in wild animals, like the bears and buffalo that roamed the West. In the summers, he liked to go big-game hunting with President Teddy Roosevelt, who was eager to skip dull meetings in favor of what Roosevelt called the "spice of danger."

For his models, Proctor chose two tigers in the Bronx Zoo, Rani and Rajah. (The zookeepers used to put leather booties on Rajah so he could walk around a nearby park.) "The bronze had to be thick enough to withstand the treatment undergraduates would give the statues," Proctor said. He attended the dedication ceremony on Commencement Day, 1911: "Standing on the platform in front of Nassau Hall, flanked by the statues, Margaret [his wife] and I were introduced by President Wilson and honored with the Princeton yell."

Rani and Rajah's descendants included a cub named Princeton. ♦



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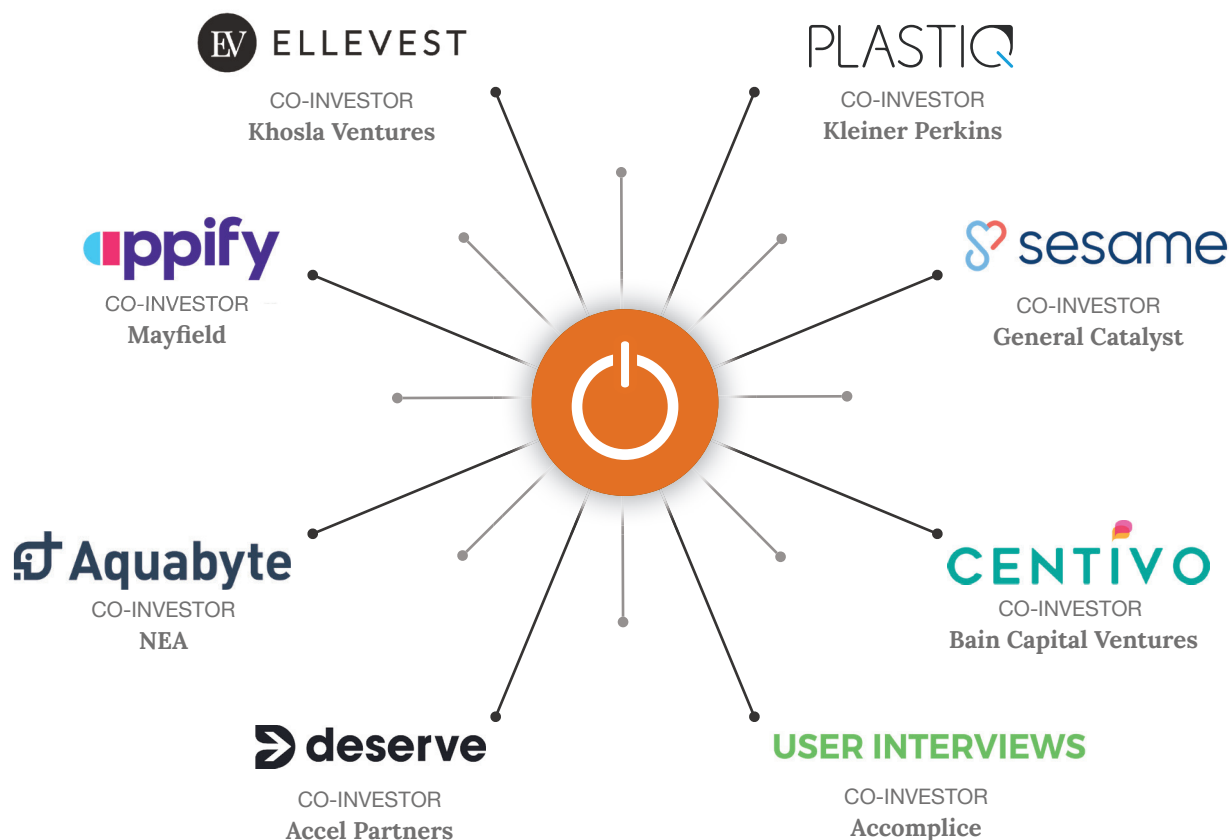
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