Harvard Radcliffe Class of 1970

50th Reunion

Essay Collection – "Our Next Chapter"

May, 2020

Please do not share outside classmate circles.

Our Next Chapter: Reflecting On The Past While Staying Mindful Of The Future

Stories From The Harvard-Radcliffe Class Of 1970

The Reunion symposium planned as part of this project was originally scheduled for Tuesday, May 26, 2020 at 2:30 PM.

Notes about the production of this eBook reader

We have left the essays as submitted, including their fonts and layouts.

If you read the PDF file electronically -- with Adobe Reader, for example:

Table of Contents entries function as hyperlinks to the corresponding essays.

Each essay has a bookmark, so the bookmark menu will let you jump to individual items.

Using bookmarks or the table of contents links may resize your display – sorry, we could not find a way around this.

Clicking hyperlinks embedded within the essays should take you to the web addresses noted. If not, try a different reader.

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INTRODUCTION

In honor of our 50th Reunion, this reader is a compilation of 44 essays written by our classmates who responded to a call for personal stories reflecting on the past with an eye to the future.

As we write from our early 70s, we touch on themes of hope, loss, doubt, politics, climate change, childhood, family, social justice, values, and more. We reveal our resilience as we embark on the next chapter of what Erik Erikson poignantly called "our one and only life."

I think over again my small adventures.

My fears,
These small ones that seemed so big.

Of all the vital things
I had to get and to reach.
And yet there is only one great thing,
The only thing:

To live to see the great day that dawns
And the light that fills the world.

--OLD INUIT SONG

The "Our Next Chapter" 50th Reunion symposium committee

Janice Abarbanel
Mark Gerzon
Peter Kramer
Margie McKenna
Dave Siktberg
Carol Wagner

Note for History about the Cancellation of the Class of 1970's 50th Reunion

From January, 2020, the global spread of the COVID-19's virus entered the consciousness and, slowly, the practice of self-care for many of us. It was a dark cloud spreading over nations. We slowly quarantined ourselves, practiced a lot of hand washing, social distancing (6 feet from anyone else), and created significant changes in our daily work and home lives.

On March 20, 2020, Harvard's President Lawrence Bacow announced that Harvard's 369th graduation was cancelled. That same day, Philip Lovejoy, Executive Director of the Harvard Alumni Association, announced that our 50th Reunion was cancelled. Our months of preparation for our Reunion came to a sudden halt as schools, universities, and businesses closed around us. We slowly realized that a different life had dawned on each one of us.

A positive remnant of our planned Reunion program has emerged from our work to prepare the "Our Next Chapter" symposium: this "Our Next Chapter" ebook reader - a compilation of all those submitted classmates' essays, from which we had planned an engaged shared conversation in a symposium scheduled for Tuesday afternoon at 2:30 PM, May 26, 2020.

And with this reader, we honor the work of its writers and recognize the enormous planning effort of the full Reunion Committee.

Janice

March 31, 2020

Speaking Up for Science in an Age of "Alternative Facts"

by Andrew Fraknoi '70

At a time when the issues facing us demand the best thinking we can muster, it seems sad that we appear to be living, once again, at a time of increasing science denial and flight into the realms of the extra-natural. I am an astronomer and college educator and have devoted a good part of my career to helping students, the media, and the public to distinguish fact from fiction. It is a task which has only become more urgent, and more frustrating, over time.

As an example of this work, you may recall the time in the early 1980's, when an estranged cabinet member's book revealed that there was an astrologer on the payroll in the Reagan White House, advising the First Lady about auspicious days for various presidential activities. I was the Executive Director of a scientific society in those days, and was one of the few astronomers willing to discuss this topic with local and national media.

I thought to myself, what analogy could I come up with to show TV reporters (not generally known for the depth of their science knowledge) how silly it is these days to believe that the position of the Sun, Moon, and planets at the moment of our birth could have a profound effect on our destiny?

So I introduced them to the new "science" of *jetology:* that the position and clustering of the jumbo jets at the world's major airports at the time of a baby's birth would have tremendous influence on her love life and career prospects. Of course, the effects were subtle, and required the casting of a jetological chart and interpretation by a trained jetologer.

This usually took a moment to sink in. And when the reporter asked, with a quizzical look, why it should be that jumbo jets should affect a baby's fate, I said, "Yes, that's the same question we astronomers have about the planets."

Over more than 40 years, I have taught introductory astronomy and physics to tens of thousands of non-science students, and the prime question I encouraged them to ask was always, "Why should I believe a word of this?" What is the evidence for any claim, whether made by your science professor or your next-door neighbor? Clear-headed questioning is a fundamental aspect of scientific inquiry, and our society badly needs to apply that process to politics, medicine, and social theory.

So when I tell my students that systems of planets are common around other stars, and that some of these planets seem to have conditions hospitable for life as we know it, they have every right to ask, "Why should I believe a word of this?"

When I tell my students that the majority of the atoms that make up our bodies were made inside previous generations of stars and bequeathed to us through a process of cosmic recycling, they have every right to ask, "Why should I believe a word of this?"

And it was my job to show them just how we knew – what experiments, what observations of nature underlie the claims we make in science.

In the same way, when a conspiracy-monger tells us that vaccination causes autism or that NASA never landed humans on the Moon, we should be asking ourselves, "Why should I believe a word of this?"

When some spokesman for the oil and gas industry (or politician beholden to them) tries to convince the public that global warming isn't real and humanity's role in climate change is not established, we should be demanding, "Why should I believe a word of this?"

And when high government officials hatefully malign whole groups or nationalities, when they spew pronouncements not based in facts or reality, we must keep asking, "Why should I believe a word of this?"

It seems incredible that, today, there are people in entertainment and sports seriously claiming that the Earth is flat -- 500 years after Magellan and 50 years after humans landed on the Moon (and sent back photos of the round Earth).

Yet it is precisely in such troubled, complex times, when the resources of the country are so unfairly divided, that people turn to conspiracies, to rumors, to super-

natural explanations. And this is when we must redouble our efforts to teach science, to encourage skeptical thinking, to help everyone ask questions.

Astrology was born millennia ago, when people sought to explain the unfairness of life by blaming the gods or their representatives in the sky. But today we know that the Sun, Moon, and planets are not super-natural beings, but worlds whose characteristics our ingenuity is now revealing ever more clearly and which are mercifully unconcerned with our fate.

Let's make sure that the generations of young people today see the world (and other worlds) with clear eyes, and do not grow up with ancient fantasies and superstitions, left over from a time when we huddled by the firelight, afraid of the night.

Anthony Toto

Hello again:

I have access to Sister Felicite's computer for awhile, so I thought I would check in. It's Friday 2/15 @5:44pm after a gentle rain, a female rain, came through Nyamata this afternoon as the first of the 60 girls who will be here eventually began to arrive. Almost of us here are not local, though the girls are a heck of a lot closer to their own villages than we *mzungu* are from Boston!

After a crazy day shopping in Kigali and a lovely but very late meal at a top restaurant, it was after midnight before I took my (cold) shower back in the teachers' quarters. (Seems the plumbing people here are a tick or two below union standards). Consequently, I awoke at 11:30am, still wondering where I am and why I am here.

After getting myself dressed, I had a breakfast of a power bar and tea...quite satisfying. I tracked down Kate who was in one of the girl's dormitories making colorful name tags to tape to each of the bunk beds. Finally, I found myself doing something useful in Rwanda: numbering and coloring stars on the name tags of girls #31 to #60. In that special nurturing way which comes so naturally to her, Kate had looked closely at the class list to make sure that girls from the same villages were not all clustered together. We laminated each card with clear packing tape to make them more durable, attaching each to a bunk in numerical order.

This simple process took the better part of three hours during which several times I found myself crying spontaneously, though I was not sure why. Reading their names aloud made it obvious that each girl was so very precious to their own families: there was an *Isabel*, a *Deborah*, a *Solange*, several *Angeliques*, and even one *Divine Magnifique*.

At one point during this process, a very distinguished-looking gentleman with very good English skills stopped by to ask where his daughter Nicole would be staying. Mr. Isimbi had worked for the British consulate in Kigali for many years prior to the chaos that accompanied the genocide of 1994. Presently, he was without a job and living back here in Nyamata village. After a short while, he asked if I spoke French: sad to say, I did not. Despite my ignorance, he had something on his mind that was worth the struggle to get through my thick head. We eventually figured out that the s*onambulique* that plagued Nicole was in fact *sleep walking*, and dad was concerned that she not be assigned a top bunk. We looked up Nicole's bunk assignment and discovered that she was student #23 and thus in the dorm across the way. Sure enough, her name had just been taped to a top bunk. This was an easy fix, and thus another potential crisis was averted by another dutiful dad who, like all dads everywhere, want only the best for their children.

At one point, I had to get up and stretch. Walking over to the dormitory window, I was greeted by a vision of a slender girl in a bright lavender dress, all by herself, leaning up against the outside corner wall of the Administration building. It was a curious scene because the charter group of students had been arriving with their families for over an hour now, and small knots of new arrivals were greeting each other and self-assembling into new relationships under the portico of the main entrance, all under the watchful eyes of their parents.

Sister Ann Fox came by to see how close the dorms were to being ready. I asked her about the solitary girl in the lavender dress. Looking out the window herself, she said, "Oh, that is _____: she is an orphan of the genocide who has been raised by foster parents since she was 4 months old. They thought it best that she attends a school like Maranyundo School for Girls so that she break out of her shyness and be better prepared for adulthood." Sister Ann and I looked at each other, and then we both started to cry.

"Sometimes it gets to you, doesn't it?" Sister Ann said quietly.

And then I knew the meaning of my earlier spontaneous tears, and, more importantly, why I had been called to sub-Saharan Africa in the first place to number and color stars on the name tags of girls #31 to #60.

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Our Next Chapter Symposium, Harvard
William M. Kutik ‘70

By Bill Kutik

If you’ve managed to save enough money to retire, it probably means you loved working. Which means (at least to me) that you probably need to continue having work. Everyone in that position has a mission after retiring to find worthy causes that can benefit from the skills that helped us make the retirement money in the first place.

I finally managed getting into retirement work in 2019 after clinging to the shards of my last career for longer than I should. Simply put: I finally took my talents honed razor sharp from 30 years of self-employment and redirected them to benefit someone other than me! A startling idea for me, at the beginning.

The first started after moving to Westport CT 21 years ago. The Aspetuck Land Trust was finishing its crowning achievement: acquiring 1,007 undeveloped acres 20 minutes from my house saved from a real estate and golf course developer and creating a wilderness park called Trout Brook Valley. The late Paul Newman, Westport’s most famous resident, was the public face of that fund-raising effort.

Being brand new, Trout Brook Valley was so untrammeled, I hiked there every weekend. And started giving money to the Trust in lieu of admission. I raised the amount as the years went by and I had more money to give, until I finally came to the attention of the executive director who sent a board member to “develop” me as a major donor. Instead I offered my direct marketing services.

Since 1953, the Aspetuck Land Trust had been devoted to preserving open spaces still left after a century of suburbanization of the farmlands that once comprised Fairfield County, CT, which includes Westport, Greenwich and Darien – plus two much less affluent towns: Norwalk and Bridgeport. The executive director immediately recognized that a guy who sold $1,500-$2,000 tickets via direct mail and email for 16 years (while programming all the content and building the HR Technology Conference & Exposition into the world’s largest in that software category) might be useful for selling memberships. I have.

Also in re-positioning the organization in the fiercely competitive non-profit world as being connected to direct action against the climate crisis. There aren’t many big tracts left around here. So now I am helping Aspetuck to convince homeowners that their perfect 19th-century British greenswards in the front and back of their homes provide no food for the insects that pollinate our food. And to make their lawns more biodiverse with native plants! The Natural Resources Defense Council reports that 40 percent of the nation’s honeybee colonies – our major pollinators – collapsed over the past year!

Being an impresario, my first question to the executive director: “Who will be your new Paul Newman?” We decided actor Anne Hathaway, so please tell me if you know her.

Also, local politics have always pulled me. Eight minutes away in neighboring Norwalk is a four-screen movie theater, built in 1918 as a vaudeville house, showing foreign and independent films. Imagine a cultural resource like that in the leafy suburbs which exist solely for the raising and schooling of children?!? Don't ask what I'm doing living there without any!

A tangent: Please join my 30-year and totally unsuccessful effort to popularize the word "child-free" instead of the judgmental "childless," which implies I am missing something I should have: like legs or arms. Also "elders" instead of "Senior Citizens." Two totally self-interested missions.

Suddenly a developer was threatening to demolish the theater for his subsidized apartment house – for a garage parking! Happily, I knew a thing or two about political power after reading the 5,600 pages of Robert Caro's four books on LBJ and one on Robert Moses (all the first time in their publication years and a second time in the last five years sitting on the beach during consecutive Junes); my favorite course at Harvard by Prof. Richard Neustadt on "Presidential Power"; plus covering the Board of Selectmen as managing editor of *The Provincetown Advocate* on Cape Cod.

I've been helping opponents turn the town's Common Council against the plan. We got a reprieve from what was considered the certain death vote in July 2019 with a postponement. All small-town redevelopment projects rattle around for at least five years, often ten, with contradicting town board decisions and endless lawsuits, so no final chapter yet.

We'll see if in the end Norwalk paves paradise and puts up a parking lot (www.youtube.com/watch?v=94bdMSCdw20).

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Brian Carpenter

Homosexual Thoughts

During spring break of our freshman year, I went home to Brownsville, Texas, and was sitting in the kitchen with my mother while she made dinner. I said, "Mother, I'm going to a psychiatrist at Harvard." There was a moment of silence. Then she replied, "Would you like peas or carrots for dinner?" My sister later reported, "Mother said you told her you were going to a psychiatrist at Harvard--AND that it was all her fault."

I went to the psychiatrist because I was afraid I was a homosexual -- and I was right. I'm sure my mother knew that and that she had her own special psychological reasons for denial and self-blame. But among the reasons for her reaction also had to be that she was a church-going Christian. It must have been very hard for her to reconcile her love for her son with the belief held by some in her church that God Himself hates homosexuals.

My mother divorced my father when I was 9; he and I were never close. During a rare visit, when I was in my 30's, he asked me an uncharacteristically intimate question: "Brian, when are you getting married? "Never," I said. "Never?" he repeated. And I shook my head. I waited for the next question, but he didn't ask—and I didn't tell. A couple of years later, just hours before he died, I gained some perspective on that conversation. I accidentally found in his desk a cache of magazines--photographic collections of naked young men. I suddenly

realized that my father--married 3 times with 2 children--had been in the closet all his life.

But was he gay? Well, I don't know. That question implies that there are only two categories into which all of us must be--neatly and irrevocably--divided. I prefer Kinsey's notion of a 0 to 6 scale, which has room not only for "straight" or "gay" but for everyone in between. Our sexuality is a dynamic which allows for more options than just "peas or carrots."

Don't try to tell that Hollywood, though. In one of my commercials I played an executive—who, I learned on the day of the shoot, had to be unequivocally straight. One of my character's tasks was just to set a suitcase down on a bed. But after a couple of takes, the director yelled: "Do it like a man! Don't do it like *Dick Button*!" Dick Button--graduate of Harvard College and Law School, whose unprecedented triple jump in the 1952 Olympics won him a second figure-skating gold medal. I should be honored to do something "like Dick Button"! But the director used his name as an insult--because Dick Button is a homosexual.

I was cast as another Harvard man—admittedly not one of my heroes—in the film We Were Soldiers. I played Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara opposite Mel Gibson. During a break, Mel offhandedly told this story to some of the cast & crew: "I have a friend who said she'd gone out with a guy five times and he never even tried to kiss her once. So I told her, 'Well, he's probably just a FAG.'" If Mel had used a racial or ethnic term in his story, he would surely have offended someone--but he knew that bashing homosexuals was almost always

socially acceptable.

Sometimes, when I'm feeling down about my life, I think of Billy Pilgrim, the main character of a novel I first read at Harvard, Kurt Vonnegut's Slaughterhouse 5. Billy Pilgrim maintained a sweet optimism in spite of many sad and painful experiences. I'd like to borrow Billy Pilgrim's epitaph--so that when I die and I'm buried in the gay graveyard, on my homosexual tombstone there will be inscribed these words: "Everything was beautiful. And nothing hurt."

CRAIG YORKE OUR NEXT CHAPTER

Infinite parental ambition and the weight of black history moved into Wigglesworth K31 with me in 1966, enclosing me in a brittle persona. I spent four years there, most weekends at home to save money on food. Not quite an invisible man, but definitely marginal. The mission was to work tirelessly, rebut stereotypes and some day win a measure of inclusion.

I was fated to concentrate in Biochemical Sciences and become a doctor, but Art and History were more fun. James Ackerman and John Fairbank enlarged my world. When non Newtonian physics overpowered me, I was rescued by the astonishing mercy of Edwin Purcell's office hours. Could this hostile world really contain such an empathetic Nobel laureate?

The uproar of our last two years found me mostly at its margins. I knew something about racism and was no fan of foreign wars, but my parents' fierce love had convinced me that my place at Harvard was fragile - that expulsion and the draft were one sit-in away.

They expected a victory lap at commencement but instead were met with chaos. Ironic that they were probably the only ones in the yard that day who actually knew some of the folks invading the ceremony. For them a moment of volcanic rage - for me a lesson in their history's power to imprison.

I crossed the river to Med School and stepped toward adulthood. My decisions - my mistakes - suddenly mattered. The beauty of the nervous system beckoned and I went to San Francisco to become a neurosurgeon. My future would surely feature glamour and unalloyed respect. Perfect choice for a kid from Roxbury.

Neurosurgical training is severe and its trials change every resident. We would all participate in morbidity and death. But again my professors modeled empathy and humanity to us and to our patients. It's hard to imagine a job more trying than teaching a novice how to clip an aneurysm. But my training was excellent. Even better, I was lucky in love! I married a Montana girl who embodied compassion and optimism. Amazing physical therapist too!

In July 1980 we left coastal life and I abandoned academic ambitions to start a practice in Kansas. My fellow residents had given us a farewell gift of a small bottle of Thorazine to voice their opinion of the decision. We drove east without air-conditioning, watering our backseat plants and each other. We reached the Holiday Inn in Topeka just before midnight, just as the temperature had fallen to 90 degrees. The hotel security lights were obscured by swarms of flying insects as large as small birds. We came to understand that the KKK maintained a chapter a few miles further east in Tonganoxie. The Thorazine was briefly tempting, but this mixed race couple was warmly welcomed into the American heartland and no crosses were burned.

Most of us choose a career ignorant of its nuts and bolts. I hadn't grasped how terrified patients would be of seeing a neurosurgeon and how that fear could shrink an already intimate exam room. I slowly learned - and relearned - the power of humor and plain speaking. And I came to understand my true privilege - to offer real help each day in folks' most desperate moments and to witness how sickness and death can be confronted with grace. I worked on many Kansans - and they worked on me. Many still say hi in the grocery aisle or at the mall.

Several thousand trips to the O.R. had brought some skill and prominence, but the price had been high. By 2003 I was tired. I felt a need to retrieve a bit of lost childhood - a need to play. So I moved the phone out of our bedroom and stopped operating. We saw some of the world as we followed our two sons on their adventures. I joined a tennis team and nurtured a more friendly relationship with my old violin. I joined the local orchestra. We funded scholarships and helped found a children's museum. In 2015 we were honored as the medical couple of the year.

I wasn't alone in 1966 and I'm not alone today. I inhabit my history but am less enclosed by it. My identity is more resilient and my tribe much bigger. These 50 years of education have been the path and the goal - and I'm still learning.

Craig Yorke '70
26 January 2020

Dan Ardrey

REHAB

A Story

For Cathleen.

Daniel Ardrey

What happened to me last summer? I remember from way way back the end of summer and the beginning of school. I don't even know what age I was. Little. But I could write with a stubby pencil that made stubby letters. And I wrote about what? A trip to the beach and getting sand in my sandwich, which I ate anyway. I was always a gritty little guy. Or we went to the mountains and saw a bear. I saw the bear. Nobody else did. And nobody believed me. Life's like that. It happens to you and nobody else but it happens over and over and we all think we know.

When I was little I took it for granted and didn't make a fuss. But I'm not little anymore, I'm seventy two, and so this summer was different. It changed in a day, in an afternoon, and it was a big deal. That's what the doctor said, looking across at me with a steady wondering gaze trying to figure out what species I was.

"How'd you get here" he asked. He had bristly short hair and a bristly short beard or he simply looked like he need a shave, and as I studied him, thinking, I realized his head was slightly uneven but he had nice eyes, and he turned out to be kind. His vacation was starting next day, a Saturday, but he scheduled my emergency surgery anyway.

"I walked," I said. "I took an Uber and walked. I have a cane." I held it up.

"He walked," he said, turning to his assistant who'd looked at the X-rays. He looked Latino and had a real beard.

The doctor looked back at me. "This is a big deal," he said, "I'll have to find somewhere to do emergency surgery tomorrow. You can't walk on it anymore. You've been walking on it for two fucking months, and I now I've got to fix the fucking ankle. It's a fucking mess."

He didn't say fucking. He was much too professional for that. He was much too kind for it too. But afterward that's what I remembered. It's the subtext, the unspoken, which between humans is always there. By the time CCC picked me up my summer was over, and though I didn't know it yet I was on my way to rehab.

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REHAB

I was always of a cheerful disposition. I needed it. Rehab is where you go to get better or when in the hospital they can't figure out where else to send you. It's a place of lost souls and people who just stepped out of life or slipped on some mouthwash and discovered they had dementia. It's both terrible and healing and it's just there, on a street you've been down a thousand times before, in a complex of buildings you never noticed.

Life's like that. It's not just forking paths, things you didn't do and your unknown destiny, it's detours. You're not going to die of it, it's not terminal and it's not cancer, but it is a detour. And oh yes, everyone forgets about your pain, because they're so worried about their own. So don't complain. Everyone here is suffering. It's rehab.

Be grateful it's not a hospice and you're not leaving in a velour body bag. You're going out in a wheelchair and a walker. But not so fast. First, you have to get discharged, and that's only going to happen unless you make some people happy.

OT and PT

These people are younger than you. They could be your grandchildren but they aren't. They are the OT and the PT. Get used to jargon. Rehab is a bit like the military but there's no enemy, unless it's your own ever getting older body. Most everyone is older here but not everyone. Detours happen to younger people too, but for the most part the young people work here and the older people are the patients. The young people think they understand but they don't. They never have. They fight wars, they die and they die never understanding. Or the war isn't death it's trauma — now called PTSD— and it gets imprinted in their brains like fused circuits for the rest of their lives, a strange rigid distance between them and the rest of the world.

Rehab isn't like that. It's fixable. For the most part. And it's the young people showing the older people how to fix what's gone wrong, so the older people can go home and live on their own again.

That's what's happening to me. I have a blackboard at the foot of my bed and my PT comes in and writes her name on it, like once upon a time in school. Next to her name is a time. And that's when she comes back and starts therapy. Therapy is getting better, little things over and over, walking on crutches where I can't go far, walking with my walker, where I can go farther. Therapy. It's one of our modern magical words that can mean anything. Like in the old days take your medicine. It's good for you.

So Dana comes back and off we go to the gym. It's small but crammed with equipment and old people working on each piece of it. Next to each old person is a young one, an OT or a PT. The first is occupational therapy and the second physical therapy. It's easy

to get them confused because it's not always clear which is which. Coleen is my OT. She's pretty with freckles and long blond hair she sometimes wears up with a scrunchy. She has the easy assured stride of an athlete which she was in college, not so long ago, while my PT, Dana, is more out going, loose limbed, less controlled and easier to like, because Colleen is so contained. They're both nice but different, and over my three weeks in rehab I develop a very intense temporary relationship with each one. They're strict, but friendly, but they're the ones to get out of here I have to make happy.

ROOMMATES

Every room I'm in I have a roommate. My first one, Bill, is the nicest. I tell him so when he leaves three or four days later. My next one turns out to be mean and a bit crazy, because I wake up at 3 in the morning with the TV on loud and he's looking for the Red Sox game. There's a protocol going on here, I will discover, the nurses can't turn the TV off, they can only turn it down. But that's not the end of it. I wake half an hour later, the lights on and bright, the TV lower, my roommate having a loud conversation with people who aren't there. He's the one who slipped on the mouthwash, and whether he has dementia or is insane I don't care. I ask the head nurse to be moved, she gets it and by the end of the day I'm down the hall.

My new roommate is very large man who is mostly paralyzed from many operations. He's smart, around eighty and somehow still runs in his own business. His voice is very deep and hard to understand. He's doing therapy too, a few steps down the hall, just to walk a little before he goes home. He gets hoisted in and out of bed by a crane. He can't get up to go to the bathroom. He uses a bedpan. There are times when the smells in the room are unpleasant. It's not his fault, and the nurses are wonderful taking care of him. He's been in rehab several times, so they know him like an old friend. Then one day he goes home, quite an operation with family and friends, and I'm left alone for a few days.

Then someone shows up when I'm out doing therapy. When I come back he's curled up asleep. He's asleep almost all the time, the TV on low, its blinking luminescence all night. A few days in I learn his story. Rehab is filled with stories and some of them I'll learn about in my three weeks there, stories like broken bits of life that come off in your hands, so you never know the end of them. My last roommate is from Juba in the Southern Sudan, the African part, which fought to free itself from the Arab north and its capital Khartoum. His story is simple but beyond sad. He's 37, came here when he was 19, has a young baby at home, and he has throat cancer. I'm lying there one morning and listening as the kindest therapist imaginable tries to help him with his shoulder pain. His whole body is in pain. Pain meds are what he's living on. He's not eating, he can get up and walk, but it's not clear what he's doing in rehab, except as a place to go before going home.

STORIES

Stories. Everywhere I look there is one. A man of maybe sixty who turns out to be an artist from the South Shore. He lives alone like I do. He's pacing up and down the hall, trying to get in good shape for his next chemo. He got diagnosed with cancer all over his body eight years ago and was given three weeks to live. He's still at it. We chat, he heads off and I don't see him again. Lots of people disappear. Some don't. Like the dear older lady who's a church organist who does a crossword puzzle everyday to keep her mind active. She's in a wheel chair all the time and looks in her eighties. Nobody comes to visit her, but then most people get no visitors. One Sunday I get six and someone says I've broken the record. Families come on Sunday, and one morning as I listened, but could not see, what turned out to be a nephew told his aunt about tennis tournaments he was in and how well he was doing. It was only later when I saw him I realized he was in a wheelchair too, but listening to him he sounded like a different person. He sounded athletic, almost obsessed by it, but his tennis matches were all for people in wheel chairs.

NURSES.

It's like the Third World, nurses and aids come from all over. I ask and love to find out where. One turns out to be from Marrakesh, another from the Crimea. On her way to Boston she spent a year in China. One weekend she goes skydiving and laughs. It's fun. She likes me. She brings me little treats. Other nurses aren't so nice. In the middle of the night they make patients wait an extra ten minutes for their pain meds. One of my favorites is from the Philippines. She sings softly while she works and it almost sounds like a lullaby. Most of the nurses are from the Caribbean with British accents and efficient kindness. There are assistants of all kinds and nurses in training. Some of these are so young and lovely with long lustrous hair and such fresh skin. And some really like dogs.

I know because when CCC comes every evening she sometimes brings her rescue dog, who's black and white and sweet and sniffs everything like a hound. I pretend he's a border collie but he has a weakness. Garbage. Can't help himself, he's always getting into it. The nurses don't care. They love having him around. He lies on his back with his paws in the air and loves getting his tummy scratched.

CCC.

My emergency surgery was a shock to her. She didn't want to be a caregiver again, and I was an elderly bachelor living on my own who had no one else. She backed off, thinking of all the years she'd taken care of her late husband. She wanted some fun. I couldn't blame her. We're both about the same age but she's young at heart. She even gets her eye lashes done once a month. I think it's cute. Being a boy friend in my seventies is a big responsibility. I don't know if I'm ready for it yet. But every time she comes by after work and after dinner it always makes me happy to see her, especially when she brings the dog and the nurses want to come in and cuddle him. We sit there, chat, hold hands and even though I'm in rehab I feel content.

MORE PT and OT.

Every morning they're back and together we're planning what I need to do to get out of here. Everything is in stages. Walking down the hall with the walker. Walking with the crutches. Going farther. Exercises with elastic bands. Getting up and sitting down. Showers. I discover something called a shower bench. I buy one and have it delivered to my home. But my problem is stairs. I live on the second floor with no elevator and my doctor wants me to go up and down stairs on my bottom. Fine with me. So for the next week or so my PT is all about stairs. It's not as simple as going up and down. I can put no weight on my right foot. These are the initials that go with it. NWB. Non weight bearing. For three months. It puts you in a category by yourself. You can't go anywhere on your own but I can manage inside my own home.

So every morning I'm practicing going up and down the rehab stairs while, holding files, people are busy going up and down around me. One week goes past, then two, finally three. I'm still doing stairs but getting much better. For my OT one morning I make pancakes. She wants to make sure I can feed myself. My PT thinks I'm almost ready. Other people are leaving rehab. Suddenly I'm anxious to go home. CCC is too nervous to take me herself. So I hire a caregiver of my own. Ayub. He's African and ever so polite. Quiet too. He's like my shadow but in rehab I've gotten used to it. Walking with my walker, walking on my crutches, right behind me is my OT or PT, one of those nice young women who are strict and determined and right there.

Then one day comes down the word. I sign my discharge papers. Ayub and I head off in his car. CCC promises to come by that night with her dog and one of the things I love about her is she keeps her promises. She'll be there and she is.

My life in Rehab is over. I'm home for good now. Next I have to learn how to walk again.

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David Blair Our Next Chapter HR70 2020

When I tell people that I'm at the BU School of Theology, they often ask, "What are you teaching?" I smile. I am once again a student, now in a two-year master's in theological studies program with a concentration in religion and conflict transformation. This follows twenty years of teaching in the public schools, five years of work in the Philippines and Vietnam, numerous overseas training trips with the Karuna Center for Peacebuilding, and, most recently, ten years as education director and then executive director of the Mariposa Museum and World Culture Center in Peterborough, New Hampshire. Somehow it all makes sense!

In the spring I was asked to speak to the question "What can one person do to make a difference?" at the Cohen Center for Holocaust and Genocide Studies at Keene State College. Here is what I said:

“What can one person do? Wake up. Show up. Stand up.

By “wake up,” I mean to recognize our interconnection with all beings. Martin Luther King said: “In a real sense, all life is interrelated. All [people] are caught in an inescapable network of mutuality, tied in a single garment of destiny. Whatever affects one directly, affects all indirectly.” To recognize this, to live this, is to wake up from the illusion of separateness. This waking up is an inner journey, often a painful one, as it requires letting go of old habits of pride and fear in order to embrace a much larger identity. It is a heroic and necessary journey for this time.

Once we are no longer sleepwalking, we can show up. This is what Jonathan Daniels did when he went south to register black voters. He’d apparently resisted that call until he remembered the passage in the book of Isaiah in which God searches for someone who has the courage to stand against injustice and asks, “Whom shall I send?” Isaiah replies, “Here I am, Lord. Send me!” That’s what Jonathan Daniels said in his soul. He woke up completely, and then he showed up. He made himself available to be used, and he chose to act.

So Jonathan Daniels also stood up. We know that he died a martyr’s death. Standing up doesn’t have to mean being killed for what we believe in, though it can. It does mean making the choice, once we show up in a place where we are needed, to act as the situation and the moment call us to. We choose not to stand by but to stand up: to witness, to accompany, to share risk, to act in solidarity. The choice of what to do is best prepared by thought, prayer, and training; and yet, in the moment, there is an element of spontaneity, a leap of faith.

Each one of us has opportunities to stand up, in so many ways. May we have the wisdom to recognize these opportunities and the faith to act on them.”

Our Next Chapter

HR70 50th Reunion Symposium

De Kirkpatrick

I have no clue about how long this next chapter—our next chapter—might run. I'd like to make it to our 80th reunion standing up and perhaps coherent, but we'll see.

I'm generally an optimist, but I struggle with coping with what's happening to our world, our country, and our democracy. I recognize in myself reverberations of what Michelle Goldberg recently labeled "democracy grief," but from experiencing many grief-laden events in my life—such as the sudden death of my older and only brother, as well as my own near death two years ago—I tend not to get burdened by grief. By talking about grief and other associated emotions, I do my best to direct my energy towards hopefulness and meaningful activity. In my experience, in the realm of genuine loss, grief does not have discrete, predictable stages.

As I've indicated in previous musings (45th and 50th Red Books), being faced in 2013 with my ancestral history of coming from a long line of southern slaveholders (beginning circa 1762), my awareness shifted in a most profound way. In 2018, I had the privilege of teaching a course at UNC-Charlotte on the history of slavery in Mecklenburg County (where Charlotte is located). The one required book for my students was a small, powerful treatise, *The Hidden Wound* (2010), by Wendell Berry, in which Berry argues that all Americans suffered and suffer from a traumatic wound wrought by racist chattel slavery. We still live in the world slavery created.

My brother Jimmie Lee Kirkpatrick's gift to me was that he put the truth of Southern slavery right in my face. Slavery became a family matter. I was thinking about retiring from my forty year practice as a clinical and forensic psychologist, but Jimmie's gift—not the least of which is the extent we have become friends who enjoy spending time together—made me sprint out of my psychologist life into the almost incomprehensible history of American racist slavery. My journey has compelled me to make an honest effort to trace my ancestral slaveholders' footsteps and carve my way into the collective mind of the slaveholder. So, I never quit being a psychologist; I just changed my dance partner. I am committed to this path.

As a white southern male, Harvard gave me a crimson and gold patina of white male privilege from which I benefit everyday. As a forensic psychologist, with more than ten years of education post baccalaureate, when my credentials would be vetted in a deposition or courtroom, it was the "Ah, Harvard" piece that would get the most nods.

My dear classmates, whether or not addressing the questions about America's legacy from slavery is your cup of tea, I invite you to think about it and talk about it when it seems appropriate. It's a wound we have. My mother would caution me at this point about what I am saying here. She would look at me and say, "Now, son, you've gone from preachin' to meddlin'." I neither want to preach or meddle.

Deborah Frank

Our Next Chapter

While preparing a talk on Erik Erikson's stages of development for pediatric fellows, I discovered that as someone over 65 I am in the 8th stage of development – ego integrity vs despair. One is either expected to look back on a life "well lived" and face death calmly or be filled with regrets and fear of death. The successful resolution of this stage is termed "wisdom."

I am not sure how to categorize myself in this stage. I do not fear being dead but do fear dying having spent a lot of time with my brother, my aunt, and my father as they went through the process of pain and thirst and loss of control of their body while dying over weeks or months of dementia or cancer. More of my time than I would like is spent going to medical appointments, tests, physical therapy etc. I am beyond grateful that I can afford this care but would rather not need it!

I also spend a lot of time struggling with despair from another news bulletin about our country's mistreatment of children and their families for you name the reason – too poor, too different in skin tone, too immigrant, too sick, wrong parents, wrong neighborhood. Since I retired from clinical care in December 2019, I no longer have the privilege of working with a multidisciplinary team to address the many social, developmental, nutritional, and medical needs of a child who is "failing to thrive" (which in the rest of the world is recognized as malnutrition). Then I at least had the solace of immediately comforting an individual child or family by relieving the pain of an ear infection, referring to the hospital food pantry or simply boosting a parent's morale by praising their baby's bottom remarkably clear of diaper rash!

Despairing or not, I stay on at Boston University School of Medicine/ Boston Medical Center half time to mentor, mobilize resources, advocate and research on behalf of impoverished families. My mentees are full of forks and hope and some of their energy bounces back to me. So I shake myself loose from the Slough of Despond. I remember I still am privileged to hear from those who worked closely with me decades ago while still students in high school, college, or professional schools, sometimes the first in their families to go to college but sometimes from

hyperprivileged families who still are wondering why their offspring didn't take the traditional vow of prosperity. These mentees, most of whom had never listened through a stethoscope or written a professional paper when I met them, are now emerging as leaders in women's health, child psychiatry, pediatrics, family medicine and public policy, clearly poised to carry the banner into the future no matter how grim the current prospect.

The multisite research project which my colleagues and I founded in 1998 Children's HealthWatch (www.childrenshealthwatch.org) also continues to issue solemn scientific papers and policy summaries explaining (with statistical significance) that it is bad for babies' health and future educational potential to be hungry, cold, and badly housed. What is striking is that every time we are asked to "brief" federal and state legislators this is news to them. Sometimes they tell me I am "doing the Lord's work," and I have to bite my tongue to keep from replying I cannot speak for the Lord but using political power to provide for all our children should certainly be their work!

Fortunately new mentees keep showing up. Since I am free of clinical responsibilities I find more young colleagues and preprofessionals approaching me not only to teach (see Erikson above) but to support them in their career choices, scholarship, grant writing, and advocacy. So I hope to keep on keeping on until I become such a comical dinosaur I am no longer useful.

Away from the hospital I have joined the Senior Common Room at Adams House dispensing grey hair and moral support to any interested students in the dining hall. Students are fascinated and quite appalled to hear about the "old days," of parietals and required skirts to classes, when women could not go into Lamont, and there were no women faculty above the rank of instructor at Harvard. It is rather startling at the 50th reunion to find ourselves being seen as "living history!" Some things, at least, have changed for the better at Harvard and in the wider world. So I don't know my Erikson "grade" since despair is a constant challenge but contact with the next generation still keeps me struggling for wisdom.

Story for 50th Harvard Reunion - Deborah Levine

My life has been an exploration of cultural diversity and health debacles. The journey began as the only Jewish little girl in Bermuda but truly got underway arriving at Barnard as a Radcliffe freshman. Dad and I wended our way through television cameras and reporters to find out that my room mate was Senator Eugene McCarthy's daughter, Mary. "Kid, you'll learn more than you ever imagined." How true! The Jew and the Catholic together sent me over to the Divinity School classes, unaware of rules barring freshmen. There was no major yet in world religions, and although I offered to create one, the dean wasn't impressed. Always a change maker, I chose the newly created Folklore and Mythology major. I took the bus to Manhattan to join the first Women's Liberation March. I missed Harvard Square's anti-Vietnam War riot, but learned that tear gas rises from the street to a 3rd floor infirmary window.

I was all too familiar with being bed-ridden with only books to keep me company. My father had been a History & Literature major at Harvard and overflowing bookcases occupied every room in the house. Writing was a natural follow up, easing the loneliness of isolation. I began publishing in high school, but never pictured myself as a professional writer. Yet, my writing skills led me to my first job after graduation as a research correspondent for Chemical Bank. I then earned a urban planning masters degree and blossomed from grant writer to development director of the Chicago City Ballet, from assistant director of the American Jewish Committee in Chicago to writer and consultant to AJC's national office and an executive of several Jewish Federations.

As natural as that progression sounds, it was a wild ride punctuated by health crash and burns. Lacking the stamina for 9-5 jobs, re-invention was mandatory. Inspired by my mother's passion for special education which she'd pioneered at Radcliffe in the 1930s, I opened a ballet studio and taught the deaf. On another hiatus from salaried work, I founded the DuPage/Chicago Interfaith Resource Network, still flourishing decades later.

With a strong sense of mortality, I documented everything hoping to leave behind something of value that could be replicated. Working in Tulsa shortly after the Oklahoma City bombing, I realized that my archival instincts were a family legacy. When I told my father about dealing with neo-Nazis and going undercover at a talk by Holocaust denier David Irving, Dad jumped on a plane to protect me. Only then, did he share that he'd been a US military intelligence officer assigned to interrogate Nazi prisoners of war during World War II. He'd written about his experiences in letters to my mother and saved their letters in a file cabinet in his closet.

I couldn't bear to read those letters. But that changed after my close-to-death experience in Uzbekistan on a Federation mission. I was flown, virtually smuggled, out of Tashkent to Israel's Hadassah hospital. Laying inert in the emergency room, a suicidal young Palestinian was chained into the bed next me. Surrounded by armed guards, we both survived, but my central nervous system was shot.

My brain forgot to breath when I slept. I got lost driving home from the grocery store. I had to resign my Federation job and thought life was over. I asked friends to keep me company and created Chattanooga's Women's Council on Diversity, then the Global Leadership Class, followed by the Youth Multicultural Video Contest. I documented and published: how-to cultural diversity textbooks, unconscious bias workbooks, and two memoirs that include Dad's letters. I became a newspaper opinion columnist, an executive coach, and diversity keynoter. Having studied computers as part of my urban planning degree, I created the website www.americandiversityreport.com fifteen years ago. The ADR has over 700 articles by writers from around the world and its own podcast show.

I currently serve on Chattanooga's Council Against Hate executive committee. Given today's divided world, I also direct the ADR New Beginnings project based on the United Nations World Interfaith Harmony Week. Working with the World Conference of Mayors and Former Mayors International, we are generating similar councils across the USA and Africa. I'm honored that *Forbes Magazine* profiled me in 2019 as a Diversity & Inclusion Trailblazer. With an all-natural diet, yoga, and exercise, I'm preparing for this next phase. As amazing as this life has been, the best is yet to come.

George Kinder Our Next Chapter

I've dedicated my life to the pursuit of freedom and the deepening of trust—both for myself and others. But freedom has many meanings, one might call its deepest levels authenticity. My professional life has been dedicated to delivering freedom and trust through financial advice all over the world. My current mission, an extension of my professional, is to create a Golden Civilization, sustainable, vital, and wise, across all of Mother Earth and within each of its human creatures.

My notion of transformational change, both personal and global, began at Harvard. It was an extraordinary experience, as a young man, to be suddenly part of what seemed an enormous community of peers, each of us wrestling with issues of personal identity as we confronted global threats to our safety alongside academic challenges to our self-esteem. Freshman year, I entered as a Math major, but Reuben Brower's Humanities 6 course, Interpretation of Literature, changed all that. Despite ridiculously low verbal aptitude, the mathematical beauty of language alongside its wild creativity made a poet of me and led me through a chaotic shifting of majors from Math to Economics to Fine Arts to English. Harvard's academic rigor added detail, texture, and depth, but it was the cultural milieu that most shaped my developing passions. In particular, the ongoing influence and legacy that Richard Alpert created amongst graduate students and with *Be Here Now* led me to what I consider to be my greatest accomplishment. For over 50 years I have practiced meditation three hours a day and for over thirty of those years have been a Buddhist teacher. The other huge influence came from the idealism and global passion of the anti-war movement.

I left Harvard with a dream of freedom, but needing to make a living, I fell back on my natural skills in mathematics. Over time, I made it my legacy to help financial advisors develop trustworthy relationships with their clients that led to those clients living profound lives of freedom. The methodology is called Life Planning. We've trained thousands of advisers in over 30 countries in mindfulness, deep listening, empathy and inspirational skills, and a commitment to what it truly means to be fiduciary.

These last few years something was calling me to go further, think bigger, be bolder, and get more people engaged in their own freedom. The idea initially derived from reflecting on the Banking Crisis of 2008 and the political turmoil in developed democracies, including surveillance, autocracy, wars, climate change, inequality, cynicism, and distrust. I began to write of economic, social, and political structures that would deliver instead authenticity, trustworthiness, and the exhilaration and peace of freedom. It was time all over the world to Life Plan civilization!

As I wrote my sixth book, *A Golden Civilization and the Map of Mindfulness*, I realized our paradigms needed to be challenged if we were to succeed. How is it that after 250 years of Industrial Revolution we don't find the best of humanity, our wisdom and compassion, organically arising to the top of every hierarchy of power? I got busy exploring how we might replace self-interest with self-knowledge as our motivator and moments of transaction with moments of freedom as our measuring stick, how we might end gross inequality and create an inspiring and illuminating path to a sustainable future.

But the greatest transformation for me was the realization that Life Planning provides a natural framework for participative democracy for communities all over the world through a simple conversation structure that first envisions and then implements a Golden Civilization. Ordinary people become leaders to develop the world they want to live in right now. Hundreds of these “Golden Civilization Conversations” have been held globally over the past year at colleges and universities, libraries, churches, senior centers, bookstores, financial institutions, in living rooms, and over kitchen tables.

Whether meeting with citizens in Hong Kong at the start of the pro-democracy protests, students from Washington University in St. Louis, or Free Masons in pro-Brexit Leeds, people want the same thing. They want democracy, freedom, an end to war and corruption, sustainability, respect, kindness, vitality, and safety. Audiences feel the urgency: they craft the vision, consider the obstacles, discuss possible actions, and commit to doing their part to deliver change.

I am on a mission now in the second half of my life, that found its roots at Harvard, to end war, inspire participative democracy, and bring about a Golden Civilization within a generation. In this divisive world we live in, we have only opportunity to gain from reaching across the aisles that separate us and remembering the one thing that makes us all the same—our humanity. It is my sincere hope that through having these conversations and making commitments to live out the vision we want, we have the power to change the world and to each feel greater trust and more freedom within it.

“Poof” by Hank Greenspan

I understand I’m not the first person who ever died.

Still, it is the first time I will have died, so it is hard not to foresee the head stone as a milestone.

Cliches abound. Anticipating poof, I parcel time. I try to make it count. I live fast, maybe too fast, trying to get things done while I can. But even while I’m racing, I think about the bigger race. If it has ever been one.

I am comforted thinking that the most important thing I’ve done has already happened. That is my teaching. I will never know most of the ways it made a difference, but I know enough to be sure it has been good and useful work. So I could say the rest is gravy, but I don’t taste gravy. It frustrates me when I see so much in my “field” that I believe is simply wrong. I imagine writing one more thing. Or two. Or more. With the usual fantasy.

I try to remember my beloved Agi, a Holocaust survivor, saying that her legacy is not up to her. It’s up to those who come after, to take what they need which she could not control. Just as her own parents could not predict what she would need in her unimaginable life. “The life I was made to live is gone,” she once said. “I am alive, in another life.”

I think a lot about generations, and the inevitable selfishness of each. Selfishness is no stranger to me. But now it is compounded by that sense of rush and need. The young are the ones who can help me continue.

But they have their own goals and lives. There is something poignant and beautiful in the reality that each age brings its own needs, and the ways they do and do not mesh. We often cannot be there for each other as we might wish. But those who *have* been there for us are harder to let go. Even though we must.

One would think the dying could say something useful to the living. There are all those last lectures and final testaments. And Breaths into Air. But can the living hear it, even though they are also dying? Maybe the living, at least the young living, need *not* to know they are dying. And maybe the dying need to know, more richly, that they are still among the living. It is yet another one of those binaries that isn’t. Here are the living. There are the dying. And beyond them, the dead. Who are also us.

Time. Yes, it is all we have. This single life. Though, of course, I know the spiritually otherwise experience it otherwise. Personally, I think I’ll just not be any more except in occasional memories and stories. And then they will also die. Leaving only poof where Hank used to be.

I never wanted to be immortal. It would bore the crap out of me, and I would have to live in a Michelin tire or Pillsbury Doughboy suit in the hope of avoiding “accidents.” Ghostbuster,

indeed. But I would love to be able return every five years or so to see folks; how they are and what they are doing. And to watch Rachel Maddow. How did it turn out, if it turned out at all?

Twain said we should start dead because we would be honest so much sooner. And probably loving and compassionate sooner. But we might also be a drag, the skull at the banquet. If I get to go to a banquet, I'd rather go with viscera intact. And how many skulls get to banquets anyway? Not many. In general, they don't even have the chance to make other people uncomfortable.

In Rwanda and Cambodia the skulls are piled together in carefully constructed heaps. That is to REALLY make people uncomfortable. Look what you did to us, dumb asses. Look how you didn't look. But they won't really look now either. The pyramid of skulls, hard as it is to say, is probably beside the point. They help us dumb asses pretend it matters. That *they* mattered. Other than to their friends and family. Beyond that, they help us pretend that some day we may not need help to pretend.

At best, we try our best in our lives as actually lived. At the end of a play I'm writing, the protagonist—a real person known as the "mad jester of the Warsaw ghetto"—repeatedly challenges another character to arm wrestle. He knows he will lose every time, and he does lose each time. But he wants to teach the other guy—who pursues survival through guile and corruption—that there is still a game that transcends whether or not one survives, even while the darkness closes in. After every loss, the mad jester says, "Let's play again." They play again. As the light continues to fade, "Let's play again." "Let's play again." "Let's play again." "Let's play again."

Then full black. End of play.

One River

Jack Joy

When cloistered Cambridge cools with chill and bracing air
As favored fall relieves the sultry atmosphere of care,
Or when spring's life-affirming sun beckons
And the Charles in sinuous flow glides by
And brings another crimson convocation nigh,
Then heed your Alma Mater's call to come and share your joy with all
Who once upon a time did share a time and place with you, so fair,
That years and distance can't erase your poignant memories of this place,
That once your callow youth did consecrate and in so doing honored fate,
Return, return, do not spurn my fervent call to share the joy
Of every single girl and boy whose path crossed yours so long ago,
Who shared your time and space, your verdant salad days,
And got to know the bud of you,
I am fair Harvard, your college,
Who, in league with modest knowledge
And a medley of tame and wild events
Seasoned your youth with moments both serene and tense,
I call to you all listed here to draw near,
To those published and to those who've perished, all cherished,
To lovers of women, of nature, of men, amen,
To the left wing, the right, the silent center, all enter,
To lovers of freedom, equality, or both, I pledge my troth,
To the ample, the median, and to the thin, all in,
To the proud, the timid, the bold, all remain within my fold,
To the sleepwalkers of the day and to the awakened, neither forsaken,
To the lanky, the tall, the infirm, the diminutive and all, give a call,
To the extraverts, introverts and ambiverts,
Come and claim your just desserts,
To the tightly wrapped and to the chill, summon up your wistful will,
To my lawyers, doctors, corporate chiefs, suspend awhile your core beliefs,
To the confident, both natural and compensatory,
Come and share your matchless story,
To all my sinners and all my saints, no constraints,
To the agents of stability and change, your schedules kindly rearrange,
To the Buddhist, the Taoist, the nudist, the flutist, arrange a springtime tryst,

To all my perpetrators, all my victims, heed my heartfelt dictums,
To the boisterous, the reticent, and to the serene,
Come and let yourselves be seen,
To the acquisitive and to those with enough, I call your bluff,
To the atheist, the iconoclast, the infidel, and to the devout,
I will not count you out,
To those of every secular or sacred creed, put on some speed,
To all those near or far, I wonder always where you are,
To those of wealth or little, you needn't put money in your purse,
Come share with all your classmates chapter and verse,
To the single, the married, those who mingle, the harried, do not tarry,
To the settled and to all you restless souls,
Your names are immutably carved within my rolls,
I am not owned though lofty icon labeled,
I am a house of many rooms all gabled,
From which perch I watch the Square in hopes to see you walking there,
I lie here by the river in vivid memory, silently treasuring yours,
Recalling how intolerant time and arduous chores
Called you away, and though for some the journey back is hard,
Wide swing all the gates to Harvard Yard,
So, I say to all of you who once passed through when each of you
Was young and impossibly new,
Like the munificent Charles I am a giver,
And you, all of you,
One river, one river.

Purpose and Meaning: full time activism
By James White

Harvard's militarism and racism pushed me into SDS my senior year. This experience has grounded the rest of my life. In this work I met Eileen Karlson, my wife of 48 years, and I hope the reunion will organize a special time for us to kvell abut the joys of family life. I am now both a full-time granddad, and full-time activist and it is the latter vocation I will describe now at greater length.

Ten days before I retired after 35 years as a mental health lawyer, police were called to the Bronx apartment of Ms. Deborah Danner, a psychotic out- patient whom my colleagues had represented previously. A line of armed NYPD officers invaded Ms. Danner's bedroom, provoked her to raise a baseball bat in self-defense, and shot her dead. The mayor and police commissioner decried this gross breach of protocol and demanded prosecution. Three months later Sgt. Barry went to trial and was promptly acquitted as predicted. No disciplinary action has followed to this date. I vowed this issue would become the main focus for my activism for the duration.

This horror is not at all localizied to New York City. the "Washington Post",the "Guardian", and Statista estimate that at least 1,000 people nationally are killed by uniformed police officers. Almost half are people of color. Fully one out of four are suffering mental crisis. Three years ago our Harlem based interfaith coalition teamed up with the Police Reform Reform Organizing Project (PROP) which had begun organizing a campaign to demand that only mental health trained civilians be mandated as first responders to calls about people in mental crisis. Such a program has proved effective in Eugene Oregon for years, and other jurisdictions are beginning to adopt it nationwide.

Three years ago we were alone.This past December we joined a rally at One Police Plaza to press this demand along with FORTY ONE other congregations and organizations! On Martin Luther King Day this past month we united with a Bronx church to press for this demand and for the expansion of community mental health services to prevent emergent mental crises. One such struggle is the fight to stop Columbia Presbyterian hospital from closing their psychiatric service in upper Manhattan. Twenty three people signed up to do weekly work to press the New York City Council to hold hearings toward legislation requiring this demand!

Why is such racial terror expanding? The global geopolitical conflict in part explains this agony. More quickly than before the multinational corporations that primarily control U.S. foreign policy are being threatened by China's expanding imperialism. Strategically World War III will develop from this lethal struggle as predicted By Paul Kennedy in the "Rise and Fall of the Great Powers". Sharpening fascist oppression is the tool for social control essential to prepare the U.S. populace for vital militarization. And the call for a military draft is resonating: more and more loudly. Charles Rangel, Mayor Pete, Elliott Ackerman -all are promoting the universal military service that will guarantee enough boots on the ground to occupy the Middlle

East, Venezuela, and anywhere else China must secure its hold on the fossil fuel that is the lifeblood of their capitalist machine of exploitation and profit.

And who thinks that such global carnage could not escalate to nuclear exchange? Or that market engendered ecological destruction will not escalate into the pervasive floods, wildfires, and superstorms that will destroy millions and billions of our children, grandchildren, and their generations?!

Climate catastrophe, nuclear war..And so the Doomsday Clock ticks a bit closer to midnight. Is there any choice but to be a persistent activist?

With the support and often the participation of family I have been privileged to play a modest part in many grassroots struggles for justice and peace since coming to New York for grad school in 1970. The lessons I have learned and the friendships I have developed continue to give me the "sure and certain hope" that a corrupt, war-engenderig society grounded in systemic racism CAN be overcome to the great benefit of all. Worldwide!

Jim White

Our Next Chapter essay, H-R 50th Reunion
Janice Abarbanel

I was born and grew up in Los Angeles, aware that my parents and my two older siblings had moved from Washington DC to California after WWII. I also knew that all my grandparents had immigrated into the US around 1900, two from Russia, one from Romania, and one from Austria. These facts became part of the fabric of my personal story. I felt that I was a member of a family that moved great distances and that these big moves were about brave, confident, and adventurous people filled with hope.

My childhood included multiple driving trips across the country to spend time with my mother's family in Baltimore. At age 12, in 1960, I asked for a birthday present of a jet trip to Baltimore, flying alone to spend a month with my grandmother and extended family. I wanted to have a big geographic adventure of my own. I imagined that I was preparing myself to carry on the family story about living in a global world.

In the Fall of 1969, my head and heart turned towards a life purpose that only makes sense as I look backwards. I found myself drawn to the life stories shared by my (our) professor Erik Erikson in Soc Sci 133. I wanted to be like him. I wanted to learn the metaphorical art of communicating with children and parents and help them move into more comfortable relationships from often intense periods of discomfort. Erikson guided me towards colleagues in London where I spent a year being mentored at the Anna Freud Clinic and in a seminar with Donald Winnicott.

Almost 30 years and hours of private practice later, I took my skills to Romania and Hungary where Neil and I volunteered with the US Peace Corps. The day we arrived in Bucharest, two young volunteers looked around at the gray city and, within 24 hours, returned to the US. I noticed that many of the younger volunteers spent most of their time seeking out other Americans during service. It dawned on me then that one requires certain emotional skills to move with resilience into positive experiences living and learning abroad, beginning with curiosity as one slowly gets comfortable with feeling uncomfortable. I began to call these skills "an Emotional Passport".

In 2010, I shared the idea of the Emotional Passport in Berlin, Germany where I served for 4 years as NYU's first onsite psychologist at their study abroad site. I created a significant shift in what an "in house" counselor could offer college students abroad, primarily skills for making both a positive cultural shift into Germany and an easier life journey as they emerged into a healthy adulthood.

I continued this work in 2016, when I had the opportunity to join 550 college students in an educational sail around the world, serving as one of the ship's psychologists. (By the way, my biggest take away from this global voyage was that the oceans are very large, and that we are very insignificant.)

I know that I've already stepped into my next chapter with a clear mindset about my purpose: to support the next generations to move with curiosity towards understanding and caring for others who might be different from themselves. Perhaps indeed a small part in a process towards a better world.

Today, at 72, I often think that my childhood was an apprenticeship to a life of helping others live and learn in places that might initially feel uncomfortable. Moving between cultures (that can include spending time in a relative's home) takes skill. I discovered that resilient culture shifts require lived experiences and mentors. I learned that it's normal to feel uncomfortable when one lives in places that are unfamiliar and that it helps to lead with curiosity, not fear, while relying on mentors to show the way.

I believe that our class' momentous transition in our lives at 70+ calls us to reflect on our past chapters as part of a whole, or perhaps better said as part of our long and winding journey. We pause to notice our lives right now and acknowledge that this is, as Erikson said, "our one and only life". A time for integration, an age of integrity.

I feel grateful for my grandparents' journeys across the Atlantic over 100 years ago, my parents supporting my independence as I went alone at age 12 on a jet across the country, and, for my current energy to help the next generations (grandchildren included) make meaning of challenges that might at first seem daunting.

And last, I believe that looking forward into the arc of life ahead, we have a responsibility to continue to make a difference, to mindfully shift our wisdom towards those who follow us.

JAY SPITZEN

OUR NEXT CHAPTER

I started out as a freshman in Greenough in 1967. Thought at the time I was cut out to be a mathematician but a couple of years in Cambridge enlightened me about the talent of real mathematicians. So, I switched to Plan B: Computer Science (which, back then, was called Applied Math). That was a great fit for me, and I stayed for graduate school and a Ph.D. in 1974. I made close and important acquaintances then, some of who taught me backcountry hiking and cross-country skiing on New Hampshire.

I decided, post-thesis, on a move to California. I got to choose between being junior faculty at Stanford or a researcher in the Computer Science Lab at SRI and chose the latter. This ended up being a further move away from theory and into practice as I spent the next 5 years writing proposals and papers and hustling for funding from ONR, ARPA, NSF, etc. I especially remember funding for one proof-of-correctness project from an Anti-Ballistic Missile general who, as I recall, would have preferred a nuclear war to figure out if his stuff worked; proof-of-correctness was a second choice. I also worked on one of the (unsuccessful) competitors for what eventually became ADA. Three of the semi-finalists teams (including my team) were led by Harvardians but the winner was, shockingly, associated with MIT.

I left SRI in 1979 to work on early workstations and office automation at Xerox. My colleagues there included many other prominent participants in the early days of the computer era. I joined one of them in co-founding a Silicon Valley start-up in 1979 and stayed until 1985 when I found myself bored with that aspect of Silicon Valley. invented the Ethernet. I was inspired by the experience of wandering around the countryside with that company's lawyers, doing deals with the likes of Burroughs, I obviously spent too much time with lawyers and decided to reincarnate as one of them.

1985 saw me back in Cambridge as a first year at Harvard Law School. Law School felt like an extended vacation after the prior 5+ years at a 7x24 Silicon Valley startup. It was the same law school class as Michelle Obama but it's a big school and I never met her. I had some more nice vacations hiking in the White Mountains with folks from my prior life in DEAP.

Graduating HLS in 1988, I returned to Silicon Valley as the most junior lawyer at the firm whose partners had worked for me in my prior life at a start-up. I did technology and securities law at that firm for a wide variety of clients, including several founded by former Harvard classmates. I met a special teacher of special education that year and got married to my wife, Carrie Salinger, in 1995. Our two daughters, Miriam and Lily, were born in '96 and '98.

I left that firm in 2000 but continued practicing technology law as a solo and as a public company general counsel through 2016. My computer science skills had definitely gotten very rusty but still exceeded those of any lawyer with whom I dealt. By 2016, both daughters were in, or about to go to, East Coast colleges. Carrie and I were both ready for more downtime than Silicon Valley offered. We sold our house and moved to rural Vermont.

The new location has more cows than software engineers or lawyers. Carrie and I hike a lot with Lucy, our always-hungry Labrador Retriever. I do a part-time solo practice, exclusively for California technology clients. Our daughters will both be starting graduate school in the Fall. There are no computer scientists in

the latest Spitzen generation—Miriam is going to law school in the fall and Lily will study to become a Licensed Clinical Social Worker. Neither has made a final choice of grad school—more news on that in a few months. Chances are that they will be in different places, so I guess there is a lot of travel in our future.

Runaway

I am in Mr. Burge's fifth grade class at Red Oak School in Highland Park, Illinois.

Because I am tall for my age, I am sitting in the back row with Leslie Nelson and Frank Wippel.

Because I am near-sighted, I am squinting at the clock, the chalkboard, and the Rand McNally map of the United States.

Because it is 1958, neither Hawaii nor Alaska appear, but next to the map I can barely make out the Saturday Evening Post cover: "Runaway."

Because I am bright, I finish all my assignments quickly, and Mr. Burge tells me to write a story.

A ten-year old boy sits on a diner stool next to a large cop in uniform. All the boy's earthly possessions are bound up in a kerchief tied to a stick lying at his feet. The boy's face exudes awe and trust, while the diner's owner and the cop display kindness and understanding. The stools are just like the ones at HoJo's (Howard Johnson's) across the tracks, which is good for the story because it is forbidden to cross the tracks. Plus hot dogs, thick milk shakes, and twenty different flavors of ice cream. I can see running away…that far.

I know I did fantasize about running away. What kid doesn't? If I ran away—

- I wouldn't have to go to Hebrew School with David Robbins and Steve Wainess.
- I wouldn't have to go to Dr.Gold, the orthodontist, who just kept tightening my braces until they hurt.
- I wouldn't have to practice my flute for thirty minutes every day.
- I wouldn't have to do my chores—clearing dishes, mowing the lawn, raking the leaves, shoveling the snow, making my bed.
- I wouldn't have to fight or compete with my brothers, David, Danny, and Jay.

I cannot remember what I wrote, but I know I wove an elaborate story about running away. I do not know where I ran to, but it sure felt good to make my fantasy come true, even if only on paper. What else do I remember about fifth grade? I know that is when I got glasses. Wow. I did not know what the world looked like when distant objects were brought into focus. The optometrist, Dr. Irvine, told me not to worry. "Lee Walls, the Cubs right fielder? He wears glasses and I'll bet it makes him a better hitter." Dr. Irvine did not know that I hated the Cubs (I was a White Sox fan) and only the worst players get sent out to cover right field. Hardly words of inspiration. Plus, he was wrong. The glasses did not improve my hitting.

I did fantasize about running away as an adult. Who doesn't? Usually it involved a beach In the Caribbean or on the Southern coast of France. Still, my life has followed a much more traditional path. I married my high school sweetheart at 21, joined the Peace Corps, went to grad school, and moved back to Chicago to work with my dad in his educational film business. And because Dad died when I was 34, running away was not an option. Three kids, a dog, and a mortgage kept my nose to the grindstone. Because I sold the business at 55, I retired early. And because two of our kids moved to California, they opened a path for us to escape Chicago winters. Maybe we finally ran away from home as our parents died? Now we spend much of life's fourth quarter in Santa Barbara.

How did I get here? My memory is not as good as it was in fifth grade. In fact, I can't even remember how I got to Red Oak School each day? Probably on my bike or walking through the woods. I am not sure who was in my class, but I do know that Lynn Feldman, a new girl, was in Mr. Wilson's room, the other fifth grade. She was special—so special that within five years we were dating, within ten years we were engaged, and today, fifty years later, we are babysitting in Oakland for Jamal and Ellie, our two youngest grandchildren. Jamal is in third grade at Sequoia Elementary School where he is so quick and bright that his teacher keeps him busy by challenging him to write stories about visiting his grandparents in Santa Barbara. He loves making up tales and sharing them with us.

I am glad I did not runaway.

Instead I learned to escape through stories—some I read and some I write.

Thanks, Mr. Burge.

OUR NEXT CHAPTER - Judy Norsigian

I am one of those 1970 classmates who has decided to make climate action volunteerism a high priority in my life now. After 41 years working as part of the Our Bodies Ourselves (OBOS) collective and staff, one night during 2012 I had a vivid dream where babies were dying everywhere in some sort of weather disaster. Since I hardly dreamed back then, I took this as a powerful sign that I should switch gears and shift my focus to activities that might help preserve a more livable world for our children. I'm now active with Mothers Out Front, a national group with active chapters in more than a dozen states across the country, including Massachusetts.

I stepped down as the Executive Director of OBOS at the start of 2015 and began to educate myself about the many critical dimensions of the path towards a sustainable, fossil fuel-free world. (I still have a long way to go, and the reality of a much-diminished short-term memory capability has created some interesting challenges for me…more than ever, my computer and all the emails I've saved have become an indispensable memory extender.)

As I look back, I am not surprised that I landed where I did, engaged for more than five decades with social justice work. In high school, I imagined that I would end up in a profession that would allow me to somehow indulge my love of math, but early experiences shaped my world views in ways that steered me onto a different course.

I grew up in Watertown, where a large Armenian population provided a strong ethnic identity, but because my parents were not religious and didn't attend church (my father was a professed agnostic), I went to Sunday School with a more questioning mind than other kids. And because the Sunday school curriculum was created by the head of the even-then famous Newton Free Library, Dr. Virginia Tashjian, I was forced to learn about and appreciate all the world's major religions. It was because of this exposure that I was able to argue with the Catholic girl up the street whenever she asserted that "only Catholics" would go to heaven and that Catholicism was the only true religion. Tashjian also gave us useful ideas about how to speak up about religious intolerance.

When I was 12 years old, my father, who was born in Armenia and lived in Marseilles until he was fifteen, gave me Bertrand Russell's "Marriage and Morals" to read – part of his effort to teach me the importance of being independent. The section advocating that people live together before they get married really intrigued me, as most of the societal messages around me then would describe such co-habitation as "living in sin." This kind of reading encouraged me to think outside the box.

My father was also open with me about the 1915-18 Armenian Genocide, and my great aunt on my mother's side had no ability to censor her retelling of unspeakable atrocities she witnessed during a forced march across the Syrian desert. As an eight-year old, I had no understanding of the PTSD that she suffered for many decades afterwards, but her vivid descriptions were seared into my brain forever. I understood early that the world could be a horribly unjust place.

In eighth grade, about a year after I joined Rainbow Girls (part of the Masonic Order), a few of us asked a new black student to join Rainbow Girls (at that time only a few Black families had moved into Watertown). When we got the letter from officials telling us that no blacks could join Rainbow Girls (or DeMolay boys for that matter), I was pretty horrified to think that I was part of such a racist organization. A group of us wrote a letter to the national office noting that the policy had to change and then resigned. (The adult advisors in Watertown didn't join us but simply offered the lame excuse that the rules were "made in the South.") It was my first public act resisting social injustice, and I realize now that my parents' support through the whole process made it possible for me to stand up to adult authorities when I believed them to be morally wrong.

So here I am now, not only engaged in volunteer climate activism, but also reconnected with a couple dozen HR1970 classmates who are similarly concerned about the climate crisis and current trends in our country and elsewhere. Working together recently to resist efforts to disenfranchise voters in states across the country has been a great way to reconnect with peers and to foster those "hopeaholic" instincts so often fleeting these days.

H-R 70 Our Next Chapter Reflection, by Karen Neva Bell

I have never thought of myself as a "geek," yet for some time I have sought out and embraced technologies that enable me to do things more efficiently. For example I bought the second edition of the Macintosh computer in 1984, ostensibly for my 12 year old son, but then became its only user in the family. I also enjoyed conducting surveys and analyzing databases in my public health work. As my parents' health began to fail in the early 2000s, I cut back on my work commitments and then decided to retire when relocating from Atlanta to Gloucester MA in late 2007. In the spring and summer of 2008 I met people actively working for the Obama campaign and was recruited to work at the local campaign headquarters. I soon discovered that databases of voter information were the lifeblood of the campaign and that putting data in and extracting useful information out was an essential skill for managing the entire effort. Apparently this was not true of many volunteers my age and older, who balked at mastering new kinds of software. As one gentleman told me, he never learned to type, having had secretarial assistance for decades. This realization gave me a new perspective on volunteer work and my own value. I had never worked actively as a volunteer, other than to help my husband in his various roles as CEO of humanitarian and philanthropic organizations. I began actively working in Democratic campaigns and soon became the newsletter editor for the Democratic City Committee. During the Obama years I learned the ropes of local party politics, and assumed other roles, eventually being elected Chair of the local city committee in 2016. Losing my husband to a rapid cancer in 2014 transformed my personal horizons. On the one hand children and grandchildren depended on me in new ways, but I could now make decisions about how and where to spend my time. The Trump victory profoundly shocked and disturbed me, and gave me and many other friends a sense of urgency about electing Democrats. This event galvanized not only our local Democrats, but spawned numerous grassroots organizations with state and national networks---MoveOn, Indivisible, WeCan. By this time I was chair of the local Democratic City Committee, and active on several other nonprofit boards. At first I

attempted to track the proliferation of the grassroots groups, but as more requests for donations poured into my gmail box I discovered the filter and label features that allowed me to purge periodically. Our City Committee is always seeking ways to integrate representatives from these groups into our formal and informal events. However, I am constantly amazed to meet new activists who have never attended a Democratic event. For example at the rally held in sleeting weather at our local rotary the night before the impeachment vote, I encountered the organizer. She told me "No I never attend political events; I am far too busy organizing protests." I am grateful to live in a city that has a proud history of activism, resistance, and innovation, but I continue to meet eccentric individuals. One of these groups recently created a climate crisis network that has engaged well over 150 people on Cape Ann, and that has ties to other state and national climate organizations—Elders Climate Action, MA Audubon---as well as city and town administrators in the area. We are currently trying to enlist more people in effective and timely lobbying efforts with the state legislature and educate the community. When I asked a woman who has traveled to the MA Statehouse on many occasions to lobby legislators to suggest how our group could become more effective, she described her method of getting information about bills from websites and printing out the key pieces of information. But---she added; she wasn't very good with computers, and could not recommend ways to organize a local group to do this more effectively. I concluded that we should just follow and support the state and national groups who were tracking climate legislation in MA, and then communicate with our legislators. Few of the people who might have time to be activists have the interest and ability to build the necessary databases of people, the skills to create internet graphics, communicate on social media, manage websites, organize networks, communicate with elected officials, and raise money. I have made many new friends by working on shared commitments to the wider community. Fundraising from each other continues to be an occupational hazard, but I balance this with time spent with traveling and with my children and grandchildren.

MY NEXT CHAPTER

Kathleen Henschel

There are so many themes weaving in and out of my life that brought me right here, right now, and will take me forward – family, music, work (paid or not!), play and love.

It began with growing up in a family full of smart, curious people, with parents committed to giving all four of us girls the best opportunities and the best education available – hence, two years living near London while I was teenager, exploring the broader world for the first time, and Radcliffe degrees for all four of us!

The Radcliffe Choral Society led me into a deeper love and knowledge of music and introduced me to my late husband, a Harvard Glee Club guy. We continued singing together in symphony choruses when we moved to Berkeley and then San Francisco, and it carried us both forward into support of musical organizations as ticket buyers, subscribers, donors, board members, and chairs of boards. Love of music still fills my calendar and directs my travel to a city where a friend is conducting or singing.

The Radcliffe connection also stood me in good stead when I finished business school at U. C. Berkeley and joined the oil business in the mid 1970's. At the time, I had to stand on my tiptoes and look a very long way away to find my women peers at work, so I went to find the wonderful women at the Radcliffe Club of San Francisco. They have been coaches, supporters and friends for many years. We're the first and now the very last independent Radcliffe Club in the world, and proud of it! A young lady from The Crimson called to interview a few of us a couple of years ago. Perhaps amazed and bemused that we're still here, she asked why? I guessed aloud that it was because we're stubborn. Maybe independent would have been a better word, but stubborn works!

My late husband, Peter Henschel '71, and I both had long and full careers, actually putting our undergraduate and graduate degrees to work, in finance for me, and in local government for him. We both did well, rising in our organizations, and starting to give back to non-profits as time moved along. The end came suddenly for him one day. He died of heart failure, climbing the cliff at our house on the Northern California coast. That started a next chapter for me, with the page turned so fast that it almost tore out of the book.

It also started me thinking about what is truly important in life – love, family, time together, laughter. More years of work were not on the list. Retiring at age 55 was a bit early, but I have had much more fun applying what I learned over the years for the benefit of the non-profits I support. I'm still working, no doubt, and NOT for pay, but it's thoroughly rewarding!

I begin my every-5-years Reunion reports with the same sentence – "The past 5 years have been busier than ever, but then I say that every 5 years…" My husband, John Dewes, Notre Dame '58, and I celebrated our 5th anniversary last August, and we both still feel it's a miracle to have found such love again. We're traveling a lot to revisit favorite spots and explore new places

together, and managed to hit all seven continents in a 16-month period a couple of years ago – not intentional, but still noteworthy! We are both loving being married again, for as long as it may last, and we continue to be grateful for every day.

Who knows what the next the chapter may bring? It will definitely be an adventure. See you in Cambridge!

Kathleen Gregory Henschel ’70
January 31, 2020
kghenschel@gmail.com
415-713-9979

Larry Kohl

MY NEXT CHAPTER

The Harvard Reunion Committee solicited notes on “Our Next Chapter,” but I am afraid that I can only speak to “My Next Chapter,” which may hold little relevance for the different lives of my classmates. The committee wanted to know “how our experiences have shaped our approach to our lives going forward.” In my own case, however, I am not seeking such continuity, but trying to forget these experiences for a time and take a fresh look at my life. Let me explain.

For nearly forty years I was a history professor at several universities. I loved what I did. I had flexible hours, opportunities to travel, stimulating activities, and a satisfying belief that my efforts were beneficial to my students and the wider world. I didn’t think I would ever retire; I would be one of those aged and beloved teachers who remained in the traces until the final trumpet sounded. Yet three years ago, rather suddenly, I retired. I decided that it was time to leave my students and the university to explore my own next chapter, which I knew would be my final chapter. Why did I do this?

No serious difficulties beset me on the job. No serious health problems warned me of impending doom. Nor did I have any intense desire to see the Sistine Chapel, sail solo around the world, or write the great American novel. I had accumulated no bucket list of unfulfilled dreams to achieve. Rather I wanted to see what I would do if all the usual responsibilities of life were lifted and I was free to think and act in a way that I hadn’t been able to do since my early years. It is true that academic life allows this freedom more than most careers. Yet, when I examined my adult life I realized that my friends were virtually all fellow academics, my travel was largely (though not exclusively) for research and to attend professional meetings, and my reading was mostly designed to keep up with my professional field. Then too, the economic, social, and emotional responsibilities of raising a family necessarily limited my ability to explore other needs that might lie latent within me.

Life inevitably narrows us. Of all the possibilities the world offers we can travel only one path in our unique and ephemeral existence on earth. And that chosen path, no matter how broad, can become a tunnel by limiting our vision and experience of the world. John Finley, Master of Eliot House in my day, used to say that life was like an hourglass. I was too young then to grasp the significance of this simile. But now I see it and am trying to live it.

In the innocent enchantment of our early years we curiously ask for answers to the big questions in life: Who am I? Why am I here? Where did I come from? We examine nature closely, and ask why the sky is blue, how mountains were created, and how birds fly? But too soon, it now seems, we must narrow our focus to the practical and the quotidian. Everyday problems of family and profession make us forget these larger concerns. Important as they are, families and careers tend to restrict our horizons, they draw us into the narrow part of the hourglass, and, as in my case, we may remain there for many decades.

Now I wanted to expand my horizons while there was still time, and I knew I could not do it as long as I continued with my regular routines and responsibilities. What I wanted to do was think. I wanted to ask myself the kind of big questions that I did as a child. I wanted to read deeply the people who through the millennia seemed to have a handle on these questions. I have always

believed with Pascal that the noblest aspect of man is his mind: “Man is only a reed,” said Pascal, “but he is a thinking reed.” Not in walking erect, not in opposable thumbs, but in consciousness is our glory. I retired not to be able to do things but to freely think things.

How has it turned out? I have no exhibits to show, no great accomplishments to claim. My life is still a work in progress, but I am satisfied that I am now on the right path for me. My sense of the world has again opened up. I have emerged from the tunnel. I know I can never recover the innocence or the enchantment of my early years, but I am working to restore the wonder with which an appropriately humble person should view the magnificent opportunity of this life.

Reflections:
Lincoln Janus '70

At a party, someone will occasionally ask what I did for a living. If I'm feeling talkative, I'll begin, "Well, I was an English teacher; then a salesman; then an employment attorney; then a telecommunications attorney, and then…." At some point people head for a drink, even if it's at a cash bar. I end up feeling like Ted Striker in the flick "Airplane!," where a traumatized veteran-turned-taxi driver moves from seat to seat over-sharing his life story. Eventually he says, "Enough about me," but it's too late. Various passengers have already fallen by the wayside, literally bored to death. This essay tries to honor Ted Striker's life lesson: Keep any life stories short and (hopefully) interesting.

Before arriving at college, I perused some of the recommended readings, including Erik Erikson's "Childhood and Society." A paradigm set forth the eight stages of human development, each consisting of a struggle between various forms of maturation and stagnation, with the last described as integrity versus bitterness. A person of integrity would easily recognize another person who had successfully negotiated the stages of living, no matter in what culture or place these persons found themselves. I was a 17-year old when I read that and had all the time in the world to live and grow. Now, time runs short, and if I don't feel at peace with whatever is going on in my life or I lose my temper, I sometimes think back to Erikson and wonder where I stand relative to his measures of development, particularly the last one. I console myself that my loving wife and I have raised three children. They have become wonderful spouses and parents of four beautiful grandsons. They pursue challenging careers that in some way contribute to the common good. We have also enjoyed mentoring individuals new to our country. But there are times when I feel cranky. Family members point out I am more irritable than when I was younger. While I use my golf game as an excuse, I'll take their word for it. So, the regret is, I have not exactly become a paragon of Erickson's last stage of development.

But, let me return to college life for a moment. At the beginning of our freshman year, I remember Nathan Pusey welcoming us in Sanders Theater. I sat in awe of my surroundings and classmates. I had trouble believing I was at Harvard or worthy of a place in our class. Pusey asked us to look to our left and right and recognize that we were looking at future physicists, architects and the like. He told us that much of our education would come from our classmates, not from our classes. Implicitly, he encouraged us to educate ourselves liberally not just so that we could make a living, but also so that we could richly experience that living.

In my life since Harvard, I certainly spent a lot of time making a living. Through work mostly as a corporate attorney, I managed to do so, experienced a fair measure of personal growth, and made some good friends along the way. Eventually I even enjoyed practicing law (that took a good many years). Nonetheless, now retired, I have tried to stay true to the ideal of a liberal arts education introduced to me at

Harvard. I now spend a lot less time thinking about the law and a lot more pursuing various interests by taking courses with my wife at Northwestern University (organized by its alumnae) on subjects ranging from library management to the latest developments in cosmological research to opera as history.

To close, I remember reading Homer's "Odyssey" for Humanities 2 and hearing Professor Finley lecture us about it. One passage stood out for me. Upon returning home, Odysseus tells Penelope that after all his harrowing adventures as he struggles to travel home from Troy, one last trial awaits him. He must walk the land with an oar upon his shoulder. Only when he achieves the near impossible and finds a man who has never seen a boat or the sea, who asks about the "winnowing fan" that Odysseus carries, will death come upon him like the loving hand of his wife. Hopefully such a fate awaits us all as we pursue (and hopefully overcome) personal challenges in the later stages of our lives, with death coming upon us in the (distant) future like the loving hand of one for whom we care the most.

Murray Dewart 50th Report

Gratitude above all else, *under the wide and starry sky.* Gratitude especially for the friendships that began in Cambridge in 1966. We were streaming into the Freshman Union from around the country and the world and we began conversations that are still ongoing and still unfolding. We can be an exhausting group, you might say, too driven, too prone to over-reaching, too much "those Harvard talkers", as Huxley remarked "who equate talk with consciousness." We've accomplished much, we're proud of much, some with our families and long marriages. I am fond of G.B. Shaw's maxim: "I want to be thoroughly used up when I die, for the harder I work for something larger than myself, the more I live." It is a worker's credo. Do we delude ourselves in saying our destinies are already realized? *Tell me there's more to come*. I have been making sculptures for fifty years and it gives me great delight to have done so. I am grateful that Harvard College had the open doors of the Carpenter Center when I awoke to sculpture in 1969. It is not a career you retire from, but I delegate more and more, as my stamina for long workdays muscling granite has declined. From the historian Bernard Berenson comes something cautionary: it takes two hundred years to fully understand if an artwork is of true value. I have loved making sculpture and if you love what you are doing, you can disappear into the discipline of the work: choosing and cutting the granite, casting the bronze, sharpening the tools, chasing down commissions and dreaming up the next sculpture. I have works in more than thirty museums and collections and in parks around the world. But is it ever enough? I was just beaten out of a big Boston commission by the sculptor Jeff Koons. The painter Kokoschka said, "If you last as an artist, you'll live to see your reputation die three times." I shared this comment with the great Frank Stella at a party. He said his reputation had died more times than he could count. Someday coming

up, I will lay down my tools by the edge of the sea, glad to have worked as I have worked. Were there failures, mistakes and grievous accidents? Of course! Did I have my *Ozymandias* moment with humiliations and broken stones? Yes! At some point, I began to realize that many of my successes were born of earlier failures but only because I persevered. I sometimes pretend there is a Sanskrit word for "*Artists hurling themselves at the world*." Emily Dickinson, armed only with her delicate poems, saw herself as *"David against the Goliath of the World."* I sometimes say, "I am on the road to Jerusalem in a way I cannot explain." This is my spiritual dimension, a yearning to be something more than the sum of my appetites. There is a solitariness and a necessary loneliness in being an artist but I have worked at building a community, Boston Sculptors Gallery, now celebrating its thirtieth year. There is collegiality and mentoring among the thirty-six, even as we compete with each for public commissions. I sometimes say, "the history of art is the history of noisy artists who share tools and strategies."

The courage required for artists is not so much at the outset, when our youthful imaginations fly in overdrive with the awakened sense of possibility. It's true that I went against my father and grandfather in my decision to take up sculpture, which meant I owned the decision in a major way. The world does its level best to talk us out of being artists. It's for the long endurance where courage is truly required, years of marginal day jobs, scant recognition, petulant reviews, and ramshackle studios in dangerous neighborhoods.

Mary and I were born into large families. We have grandchildren and two wonderful sons and daughters-in-law, and there's an ever-widening circle of great nieces and great nephews. *We are caught,* said Yeats, *between the immortality of soul and that of tribe and family*. Often, we have big family parties in the lush garden that Mary has

tended for nearly forty years. By my studio door at the edge of the garden, there is an eight-foot-high sculpture from 1970 that I built in the Carpenter Center, then lately rebuilt. Mary and I sit in the shade, the ruckus of children and grandchildren all around us. We are glad for all of it and grateful. Like those figures of seated married couples carved on Etruscan tombs, we are smiling with fully radiant, impassioned smiles.

Harvard Essay, Class of 1970

by Mark Pendergrast

Our time at Harvard represented a startling shift in the college's cultural ethos, along with the rest of the country. Our freshman dorm advisor asked us when we were going to stage a panty raid. This tradition involved shouting outside Radcliffe dorms for girls to throw down their underwear. Then we were to rush back with our ill-gotten gains, only to find the cast iron gates to Harvard Yard were locked, so we climbed over. This was all considered good clean fun. Sexist, you think?

Only a year later, I took a bus with many other Harvard students down to the March on the Pentagon on Oct. 21, 1967. I was one of 70,000 sign-carrying people who stormed the steps of the Pentagon to demand an end to the war

By the time I left Harvard, there were no more "parietal hours" in which girls were allowed only limited visiting privileges. There may have been no more panty raids, but the gates of Harvard Yard were again closed, this time against protesting students. We all know the story of the occupation of University Hall, the police bashing in heads, and the general strike of 1969.

It was a shock and a wakeup call to all of us.

I too protested the war and police behavior. Some Harvard students began yelling at policemen, even campus police, calling them "pigs." I didn't approve of this kind of violence and vilification. I was quite friendly with the campus cop outside the Loeb Drama Center, where I was an usher and ticket-taker.

I was also rather cynical about how the strike just happened to end in time for students to take their finals. I wrote most of my senior thesis on William Blake during the strike, and I'm sure many other students took advantage of the time to study for finals.

How did my time at Harvard influence my subsequent life? I have been concerned ever since with issues of justice and injustice. I have always been a fierce defender of those treated unjustly, but I realized that both the left and the right can be blinded by ideology into ignoring faults on "their" side. Many of my books have reflected these values and concerns.

My career since Harvard has had its ups and downs, with short stints in jobs such as real estate agent, accountant, door-to-door salesman, waiter, dorm parent. I went through a difficult first marriage, had two daughters, taught high school English and elementary school, then became a librarian and finally began to write books in my forties just as I remarried. My two best-selling books are *Uncommon Grounds*, a history of coffee, and *For God, Country and Coca-Cola,* a history of the soft drink. So I guess the moral is to write about caffeinated beverages, though those books cover issues such as globalism, economics, racism, nutrition, and culture in interesting fashion. But I also wrote about memory and its fallibility, false allegations and imprisonment, mirrors

and their influence on society, epidemiology, urban planning, renewable energy, astronomy, advertising and patent medicines, and many other topics. See my website, www.markpendergrast.com, for all of them.

Now the world has changed. I have come to detest cell phones, social media and much of the Internet, for many reasons, one of them being the impact on the publishing world. It is very difficult now to get a book contract, although you can self-publish. And don't get me started on Donald Trump and the state of our country.

I have had bouts with depression at various times during my adult life. I now call myself "semi-retired," and I need to rekindle my joy and passion for life, whether I write more books or not.

I suspect that many of us have had some such problems, though we may not talk about them. In a way, being a Harvard graduate can be a burden as well as an advantage. People treat you differently, so that I used to avoid telling anyone that I studied there. It also sets you up to feel that you are somehow entitled to success and happiness. Yet life is a struggle at times for all of us, and we are all aging. The challenge is to age gracefully and maintain our values. We will die, of course, and all too many of our classmates are already gone. Acceptance of our limits, while celebrating our joys, accomplishments, and remaining lives, is the key.

Waking Up to the World
By Martha Bayles
Harvard Class of 1970
March 2, 2020

"Only 10 percent of Americans have passports!" This factoid has been false for 20 years; the figure is now closer to 45 percent. But it still rings true, because despite globalization, immigration, inexpensive travel, and the internet, most Americans are still remarkably ill-informed and uncurious about the world beyond our borders. I say this without prejudice, because for the first fifty-odd years of my life, I was one of those ill-informed, uncurious Americans.

This is not because my family's roots go back to colonial times, with no living connection to an "old country." Many other deep-rooted families have sent generations of missionaries, students, teachers, doctors, and just plain adventurers to every corner of the Earth. If I had wanted to venture forth like that, I am sure my family would have supported me. But I never asked.

Growing up, I had friends with relatives who lived abroad and encouraged the study of Western and non-Western languages. During my freshman year at Harvard, I met the daughter of a U.S. diplomat whose family had just returned from three years in Southeast Asia. Like everyone else, I soon learned where Vietnam was, not to mention Laos and Cambodia. But when my SDS roommate introduced me to a Vietnamese activist, I was tongue-tied. If I had shown a scintilla of interest, I am sure these people would have gladly told me about their experiences. But I never asked.

Why not? Was the reason xenophobia, fear of the Other? Or was it arrogance, an unjustified belief in American superiority? It was neither. It was *embarrassment.* My cluelessness about other countries was so great, I knew that any world traveler who talked with me for more than 30 seconds would consider me a dunce. Unfortunately, my main reaction to people who talked about strange faraway places was to consider them snobs.

I did not react that way to the Other in America. My wrestling with the race issue, in the old indelible sense of white and black, began at Harvard and continued for many years afterward. The story is long, and I am not the heroine. Suffice it to say that over the course of three decades I arrived at a place where, although mindful of my own prejudices and those of others, I am no longer a guilty white liberal, much less the type of aggressive anti-racist that today is called "woke." What I *am*, has no name.

With regard to the rest of the world, the scales fell from my eyes when, thanks to my husband Peter's gift for languages and friendship, I became connected to people in Germany, Britain, France, the Czech Republic, as well as in immigrant communities at home. In 2006 I spent six weeks in Poland on a short-term Fulbright. The following year I took a solo trip around the world, interviewing people in seven countries for a book about America's image (pro and con)

that was published in 2014. In 2015 I circumnavigated the globe a second time, learning from journalists in nine countries about global threats to press freedom.

These travels were life-altering, by which I do not mean they made me stop identifying as an American. On the contrary, if my years of wrestling with race taught me anything, it was that I cannot shed the skin I am wearing for another skin more to my liking. All I can do is learn how to be comfortable in my own. Or, as my Harvard classmate Janice Abarbanel advises her college-age clients when living abroad: "It's a skill to get comfortable with feeling uncomfortable."

A sterling example of this is Mike Mansfield, the Montana Democrat who served sixteen years as Senate Majority Leader and eleven as U.S. Ambassador to Japan. On the occasion of his death in October 2001 (less than a month after the attacks of 9/11), the *Washington Post* observed: “In time, it would be said of Mansfield that he had the best of both worlds, officially the U.S. ambassador to Japan, but also thought of by many Japanese as their ambassador to the United States.”

Did this mean Mansfield was a globe-trotting elitist, more at home in Davos than in Butte? Not at all. George Schultz, Secretary of State under Reagan, tells the story of how he would meet with newly appointed U.S. ambassadors in his office, which contained a large globe. “Ambassador,” he would say to each, “you have one more test before you can go to your post. You have to go over to that globe and prove to me that you can identify your country.” Without fail, the ambassadors would spin the globe and point to the countries where they were assigned to serve. The exception was Mansfield, appointed first by Carter and then by Reagan. Spinning the globe, he put his finger on the United States, saying, “That’s my country.”

This wise response has no name, either. But in today’s insanely polarized environment, perhaps we should give it one.

THE WAVE

by Martha Ritter

It feels dislocating to be asked about the “next chapter” when Erik Erikson, who deftly mapped the succession of life’s challenges, already puts us at the last stage. Not to mention that life on our four and a half billion year old planet may be in its own last stage. Erikson, a graceful 68 when I and other members of our class studied with him, calls this last round: ego integrity vs. despair. If you’re lucky, wisdom is the prize.

To look forward to the next chapter, I must get my bearings by looking back.

As a freshman, I reveled in Soc. Sci. 2, Samuel Beers’ course on revolution, and Nat. Sci. 6, William Howells’ and Irven DeVore’s on evolution. I tried my damnedest to understand how change, both social and biological, was fed and formed.

Revolution and evolution. Our class has ridden the crest of both.

In my case, I have evolved into a writer, actress, and practitioner of Chinese Medicine. Acting and Chinese Medicine are not dissimilar endeavors in some respects. You must scrutinize people, but also help define challenges and provide some comfort in change. Being a writer, though, has most shaped my life and allowed me, in turn, to tweak a bit of social fabric here and there.

Above all, as for many writers, the joy has been in stringing words to reveal the hidden and to prod the odd masterstroke of transformation.

I’ve had the chance to enter people’s lives, as well as the flow of their societies, at pivotal times. Welfare mothers during welfare reform, Chinese peasants on the cusp of the Cultural Revolution, Czech revolutionaries as Russian tanks rolled in, Alaskan natives while Congress weighed the fate of their land.

At Mayor Ed Koch’s city hall, I learned to write speeches with borscht belt humor. At the Ford Foundation, I learned the arcane hustle of boardroom advocacy.

I think of the eager 11 year old I once was, who penned a hundred page opus to fathom the socio-political wobbles of far-off, exotic Indonesia. When, shockingly, President Kennedy asked that I give my tome to President Sukarno, I reluctantly agreed and landed in a jittery Washington a couple of days after the Bay of Pigs disaster. In my short speech, it turned out that I, too, nearly caused an international incident.

Over time, I have discovered that if you get out there, such lessons are aplenty, that only if you live will you learn. It sounds easy. But it is not. Darwin knew that. When I tried to procreate, I had miscarriages. When I hit my stride, masonry fell on my head on Broadway.

If it's not your time to be the terminarch, you can keep pounding at the immortal *isms*, as much of our generation has, with verve and nerve, and look for efficiencies and inroads. Racism, sexism, militarism—plus now fascism and just plain hate-ism. Fighting them has built an enduring bond for many in our class.

I remember standing in a sweltering crowd, a 14 year old Quaker girl, as Martin Luther King delivered his "I Have a Dream" speech. I thought we would all float home and change the world with beautiful language and the force of love. But I soon learned by watching my radical parents that if you want to change things, you must do something every day.

That's how anthills are made, those miraculous, busy mounds, born of persistence, trust, and teamwork.

At our tenth reunion, in 1980, I was struck by the number of classmates still striving mightily to confront injustice and change our society. Also, many were leading split lives, as I was then, and still do now. A physician-filmmaker. A lawyer-opera singer. A poet-sanitation worker-farmer. Just being a woman divided your existence. A lawyer-mother working in a law office found the firm's bulletin board was in the men's room.

I was curious to see if the fluidity and duality of our lives were born of our revolutionary time or were customary for the first decade out of college. I read Harvard/Radcliffe Red Books from 1950 to 1980 to get some perspective. I then focused on the Classes of 1959 and 1975, who sandwich us.*

The two classes were different from ours, but, interestingly, had a lot in common with each other. Both the Classes of 1959 and of 1975 tended early on toward marriage, rootedness, and single-minded goals, although perhaps for different reasons—the younger generation maybe in protective response to the social unrest of their childhoods.

So it turned out that we of the late 1960s did not resemble those who came before or after. Many of us seemed to have been shot out of a cannon. We married later and many maintained our bifurcated/trifurcated lives. All the familiar disrupters—the Vietnam War, assassinations, protests, riots, the women's movement, the lack of academic inclusion of women and blacks, Harvard's displacement of surrounding neighborhoods—for many of us, had slammed our forward trajectories, not to mention our very cores.

Whatever our politics, we have all had to roll with the punches, sometimes literally. While forging our identities, in nylons and heels or a jacket and tie, it was suddenly OK to slip into old jeans and hiss at a guy from Dow Chemical. If you weren't against the war, didn't occupy University Hall, get beaten by a cop, go to jail, or have tear-gas sprayed in your eyes, you still faced trauma, like watching ROTC be downgraded to an extracurricular activity.

Emile Durkheim, we learned in Soc. Sci. 2, said it plainly. In periods of great change, *anomie,* a feeling of confusion and displacement, abounds and your “social identity” is fragmented.

So how does looking back help us look forward? Erikson’s magnificent schematic says that when we mature, the life we have lived has the impetus to weave back onto itself. All the stages culminate in a giant wave, cresting, gaining power, and commingling what we have learned of hope, will, purpose, competency, identity, love, and caring.

During troughs, of course, sometimes you have to recharge. I turn to books, birds, trees, the ocean, dogs, friends and selected family. But the challenges can come home, too, particularly as you get older, when you’re needed by the derailed, the sick. I piled up thirteen years cushioning the old age of my parents and wrapping my partner in hope when he landed a rare, aggressive leukemia.

Maybe both intensified reflection as well as intensified reaching-out are elements of the life-defining, culminating wave’s pre-show. Maybe the strong desire in my sixties to be writer-in-residence at an inner city school, and to write a children’s book, have been part of my reweaving.

I could have walked in the door of that school when I was 25. But I have more to offer now. I am gently amalgamating everything I have learned. I try to use it, share it.

The theme of the children’s book is resilience under extreme, adverse circumstances. A laboratory dog with no name, who lives in a cage, is released into a world she could not have imagined. Kids are drawn to the adventure and the power of patience and kindness. Older folks respond to the tale of isolation rectified.

What strikes me is that however we’ve lived our individual lives, the deep, incessant turbulence of our formative years, and beyond, has produced a remarkably propitious skill set for our diaphanous next chapter, our apogee time: resilience and adaptation.

Sure, at times, the turbulence has exacted a price and the amygdala has tangled with PTSD. But you hope you can move on. “Hope is both the earliest and the most indispensable virtue inherent in the state of being alive,” Erikson says.

How can we now feel dislocated when we always have been dislocated? We are blowing in the wind. But we know how to blow in the wind.

Our bodies, our minds, may slow. Friends and family may die. Species we’ve met, as well as some we’ve never met, will disappear. But now, the brink of true wisdom may be the most extraordinary chapter of all. We have honed the capacity to help ourselves and others through this time of more deeply personal change.

Wisdom, says Erikson, allows us to accept death without fear. Wisdom enables us to look back on our life with a sense of coherence and completeness. Completeness is a

springboard. It is not a life wrapped in a neat ribbon. Maybe it sounds like a lot of work to get to this place of power, serenity, and readiness. But perhaps the secret to rolling with this stage is taking the time to harvest the seeds of adaptability and endurance that took a lifetime to plant.

The core challenge of the next chapter is to ride that culminating wave of one's life, while balancing the glory with despair. The despair that comes from not always feeling clearheaded, powerful, calm, collected—everlasting.

Reassuringly, Erikson says that wise people don't have it together at all times. Because they have seen what they have seen and felt what they have felt, they have good days and bad days. Waves cresting and crashing.

*"Echoes from the Age of Relevance," *Harvard Magazine,* July-August*, 1981*

#

Our Next Chapter
Meira Warshauer

What's the view like from over 70? Looking forward? Looking back? From inside out?

Outside in?

Looking forward. Will there be enough time to finish everything? To write more symphonies or operas? Or just to start, but maybe not finish? Or will I focus on smaller forms? Is it ok to work less and play more? Can I just be in the present and live each moment fully? Listen to my inner voice?

I recently returned from a 9-day silent Jewish meditation retreat. At the end, we were asked to share our experiences and what we'd like to take back home. I expressed my gratitude for the nurturing I had received. Then, to my surprise, tears flowed when I spoke of bringing self-nurture into my life. Can I take care of my own self physically and spiritually? More listening.

Looking back. Did I do enough? Was it good enough? Raising the children? Composing? Was it the best I could do? Did I write enough music? Actually, I think yes. It is enough, and yes, there could be more. I recently watched the video of my opera-in-progress, *Elijah's Violin* (*www.meirawarshauer.com/works/elijahs-violin-work-in-progress/)* from the San Francisco production last September. I think it's good. I'm grateful. I want to share it with the world. It is enough. (That feels risky to write.)

And our children are thriving adults with spouses and children of their own. I'm sure I gave them issues to work on, as an imperfect mother. I hope I gave them enough love.

From inside out. Am I still comparing myself to others? Can I appreciate myself, just the way I am? No need to improve or achieve more? Just be? I didn't win the Pulitzer, but my music touches people. More and more I'm finding stillness inside. It is enough.

From outside in. Did I contribute enough to healing this earth? I helped reduce the threat of off-shore drilling in my area. I'm working with a broad coalition towards reversing the climate crisis and with a smaller group monitoring nearby Savannah River Site's nuclear facilities. Love for the earth is in my life choices. It's in my music with *Symphony Living Breathing Earth* (*www.meirawarshauer.com/works/symphony-no-1-living-breathing-earth/*), *Ahavah Ahavah (Love, Love)* (*https://meirawarshauer.com/works/ahavah-love/*), *Ocean Calling* (*www.meirawarshauer.com/works/ocean-calling-ii-from-the-depths/*) and *more* (*www.meirawarshauer.com/*).

A knot of fear lodges in my heart when I think of our children and grandchildren inheriting a less healthy and sustainable world. I sit with this fear. It motivates me to do more. And then I ask it to rest so as not to succumb to panic or despair.

I'd like to share a story with you about a lesson I learned from a tree 30 years ago. It helps me with the fear.

> In 1991, I was teaching at a Jewish Renewal retreat on the campus of Bryn Mawr College. We were exploring Jewish texts about the environment and expressing them through music. One afternoon I sat overlooking a meadow for my afternoon prayers. Afterwards, I noticed a large beech tree behind me and

> walked over to embrace her wide trunk. Gazing up into her branches, I asked if she had a song for me. In the listening silence, I heard a three-note chant on the word *ahavah*, Hebrew for love. I wrote the notes in my journal and brought the tree's song to my class the next day. We chanted it together and felt the spiritual power in its simple beauty. Loving energy from the earth to us. Can we love her back?

Here is a video I created using the chant with more recent photos of this tree. I invite you to sing along with the video, and to let *ahavah* hold you in its embrace.

https://youtu.be/3sbgYG2Cb4A

What matters to me now? Listening. Loving each moment of this miraculous life. Feeling aliveness. Hearing the message from this tree surging up from all of creation that we are One. That love will sustain us no matter what happens. Being present with my life-partner Sam. Being present with our children and grandchildren. Listening to them. Learning from them. Loving them.

What matters to you now? Take a moment to reflect.

--February 2, 2020

Post script, March 31, 2020. As I am revising this piece for our e-book, Sam and I are in "Stay at Home" mode to help prevent the spread of Covid-19. The end and extent of the pandemic is unknown. My questions are different now. Can we finally learn that we are one humanity, living on this shared earth? In the stillness amidst suffering, will our compassion increase for the sick and poor? And in the budding springtime, can we love more deeply—each other and this beautiful, fragile life-sustaining planet? Let go of our old habits, allow the earth and ourselves to breathe? *Ahavah, Ahavah*…

“Personal and Political”

David Michael Hughes, LCSW, Harvard/Radcliffe Class of 1970

The 50th Reunion Committee has encouraged us to submit our personal story. Writing has never been my strength but a creative writing teacher, namely, Diana Thompson, wife of History Professor James C. Thompson, Jr., intervened in the nick of time to advocate that I graduate. You may remember spring, 1970 there were thousands of students, teachers, and conscientious folk descending on Washington D.C. to protest the Vietnam War. There was the issue of credits for classes missed and courses abandoned for what was perceived a higher calling, that is, the need to protest. The situation was unprecedented. “The whole world was watching!” I didn’t complete a paper for a medieval history course, was about to fail the course, not graduate and of course disappoint everyone. I feel today like I didn’t deserve to graduate. Sometime in 1968 I had however embarked like many young adults upon an earnest search for self, meaning, connection, community. The search continues.

Fifty years on I am a licensed clinical social worker and counselor working part-time for two non-profit organizations in the San Francisco Bay Area, father of three, grandfather of four, and spouse-partner of a medical anthropologist and academic world traveler. I have witnessed and sometimes assisted her research in North-East Brazil, Ireland, South Africa, Australia, and the United States. We share a keen interest in child and family welfare, believe public health matters, and hold on to radical hope. 2020 is our 49th year traveling together.

For many weeks I have been focused on the impeachment of this president. Not encouraging news today. *The Washington Post* headline reads “Senate appears ready to reject witnesses in Trump impeachment trial”. Is it lack of moral courage, fear of a bully president, cowardice? Not to call witnesses is dishonorable. Donald J. Trump’s behavior is dishonorable. I contrast him to Lincoln. I am from Ohio – born and raised. I grew up imagining a wilderness, men and women hewing out homes and lives in the Ohio Valley. The interaction with Native Americans was not without violence. Many lessons some learned some not. Lincoln seemed to stand or ride above his times. Abraham Lincoln’s words

console, inspire, cut through. He understood like Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., the promise of America because he lived it. So did King. Greatness for these two Americans was fused with an abiding sense of humility. Contrast them in word and action to Donald J. Trump.

Yes we are living in challenging, often discouraging times. Elie Wiesel said that he wrote in order to understand. Wiesel, the European Holocaust survivor and Nobel Prize Winner claimed the opposite of love was not hate but indifference. He was a voice and beacon of morality. There are similar voices today. Malala Yousafzai and Greta Thunberg are two examples. So is Representative Adam B. Schiff. We know from our life experience how personal and political interweave. They coexist. They are not opposites unless there is serious deviation. As a helping professional I know deviation occurs. In fact deviation is more common than we like to acknowledge.

How do we go forward in a good way? How do we "make a way out of no way"? How do we "keep hope alive" as the Reverend Jesse Jackson urged.

One day at a time, one *step* at a time. *Paso a paso.* Positive psychology has emerged since our undergraduate days to claim attention. Mindfulness whatever it means is not irrelevant. Daily breathing exercise, yoga, walking in nature, organic gardening, listening to country music &/or Bach have their place. Critical thinking and discussion hasn't gone out of style. Yes our republic is in crisis. Hannah Arendt's books are available. Michael Walzer is still writing.

We have much to strive for. We must keep "our eyes *on* the prize". And what is "the prize"? A better safer, more secure and sustainable world – fit for our children, grandchildren with cleaner air and water, with plants and animals – a world more ordered than disordered, a world with more truth than falsehood, fear, or fakery. Truth itself may be the prize. "All it asks, and all it wants, is the liberty of appearing" wrote Thomas Paine. *Gandhi's Truth* remains quite relevant. Perhaps we start with a critical review of this book written by Erik H. Erikson dedicated to the memory of Martin Luther King and published in 1969.

Michael Sherraden Our Next Chapter HR 50th Reunion

After writing notes for the Red Book, I was asked about looking ahead, so will offer some related thoughts. This is less of a story, more about potential directions. In this short space, but I can summarize some directions that are on my mind much of the time.

Saying that I am a beneficiary of affirmative action is of course an understatement. Millions of white Christians in America have been the beneficiary of *very affirmative* and *very strong* action, at the direct expense of millions of others who were robbed, betrayed, denied, enslaved, and/or killed—all of this dressed up with the Lord's Blessing and Manifest Destiny. We have our own horrors on this continent, and our righteous forefathers—Cotton Mather, Andrew Jackson, so many others—have a very long reach. Our accepted history is still distorted by their views, and their sour breath sustains White Supremacy marches in Charlotte and elsewhere. Fortunately, more accurate inquiry and journalism is also a long tradition—W.E.B. Dubois, Dee Brown, Ida B. Wells, William Monroe Trotter—and if thorough inquiry into America's colonial (and on-going) racist history can continue, and all parties are empowered to write the text, there is some possibility that *deep racial divide*—the gaping wound of our nation—can gradually mend in the 21st century. We should be clear that mending will require not just accurate knowledge and good intentions, but also public declarations and material action. Material action requires a way to actually do it (which is not very common in policy proposals), and in this regard, a universal Child Development Account (see below) could become a platform for reparations for slavery, coerced and broken treaties, property theft, and wrongful death. The meaning and purpose is not that historical harms can be corrected, but they can be clearly acknowledged, and going forward all children of every ethnicity, national origin, and religion can have an opportunity to reach their potential.

As mentioned in my Red Book notes, I envision a Child Development Account CDA) for every newborn in the United States, and indeed on the planet, with progressive funding for the most disadvantaged. The rapid transformation of finance to information-age platforms makes this possible. Literally all children can be included via cellphone, and we now have policy examples in some nations and some U.S. states to build upon. *The CDA would be only a first step toward lifelong asset-building for everyone*. Why do this? Today hundreds of billions of dollars are spent globally on "development work" by international organizations (a common stereotype is that development workers drive Land Rovers and meet in nice hotels) and national bureaucracies (known for inefficiency and "leakage" of funds), while all too often a corrupt leader has his hand in the till. Development work as we know it has been appropriately criticized—because too little of the money reaches the people who are supposed to be "developing". In contrast, imagine a world of universal accounts that can receive deposits directly, securely, fully, and immediately. Resources can go directly to the poorest children in every village and slum for shoes, de-worming, school fees, and a laptop. Later, resources can be invested in land, shelter, or livelihood. (What I am proposing here is not universal basic income to support daily consumption. We can debate UBI, but I think a more productive strategy would be UBA, universal basic assets, invested for family and community development.) This system of asset-building accounts can become highly efficient, almost like a global "public good". Pause for a moment to think about efficiencies for public policy, for philanthropy, and for international aid. When resources go can directly to people, the core strategy of development work can be

transformed. In addition, a global Child Development Account policy would spur relationships and promote problem solving across national borders. A US corporation or a Rotary Club could decide to boost the all the CDAs in a small village in Zambia, or on an Indonesian island, and so on.

Returning to my first major academic work, we should also create a 21st century Civilian Conservation Corps (CCC) for the planet. The CCC of the 1930s planted more trees than had ever been planted prior to that time, while employing young men adrift in the Great Depression. Today, information age labor markets, with rising inequality, are a disaster in human terms and will become socially disruptive (we already see many signs of this). Millions of people no longer believe that they or their children have a positive future. Young people especially yearn for a pathway forward, and a way to contribute to society. At the same time, good science estimates that *planting a trillion trees could absorb two-thirds of the carbon humans have put in the air since the Industrial Revolution.* This is said to be *by far the easiest and cheapest way to address climate change* (ETH Zurich). Tree planting is labor intensive work, and young people all over the world need a job. The necessary innovation is not technical, it is social. In this regard, we can learn something from the CCC about how to mobilize a large conservation initiative quickly and productively. Taking a page from FDR, a global CCC might use military organization and equipment, and employ millions of people (ideally not even in their home country) to massively replant forests of the world on every patch of ground that is available. (Could it be possible that massive military spending and pollution could be turned to environmental protection? This is not entirely a far-fetched idea. In 1906 William James first delivered his essay, *The Moral Equivalent of War,* where he proposed large-scale non-military service. And militaries today are sometimes used for disaster relief and other non-military purposes.) To be sure, this solution carries risk, but a much larger risk is that climate change is "a whole new ballgame" that humans are now rapidly losing. A *Very Green and Global New Deal* would require the international vision of a Martin Luther King or Christiana Figueres, coupled with on-the-ground pragmatism of a Jane Addams, Booker T. Washington, or Francis Perkins. We have these people in the 21st century—some of them are graduating from a more racially diverse, more female, and more international Harvard University.

Finally, regarding the potential of female leadership, Barak Obama recently said, "If women ran every country in the world there would be a general improvement in living standards and outcomes" and that women are "indisputably better" than men. He is in a position to know. At great cost, men have hobbled the talents of half the world's population across millennia. This may now be getting better but we have a long way to go. None of this is news to our female classmates, and we have watched our wives and daughters pay a price for gender bias. *Our best future is to unleash fully the talents of women, and put more of them in the highest leadership positions.* To address challenges of the 21st century we desperately need this talent, and our granddaughters will be expecting nothing less.

MICHAEL WEISSMAN Our Next Chapter

This reunion gives a chance to discuss what we can do in our remaining time to help turn the world from a disastrous path, and maybe toward a good one. Most of us aren't activists, so this autobiographical fragment is meant to suggest the sort of things those of us like me with apolitical jobs and sporadic involvement can still do.

In 1968 I tore up my draft card in public, and in 1971 did 3 months of a nominal 5-year sentence in the federal pen, as I described in an NYT op-ed (1). It wasn't altogether a bad experience: (2). Overall, it seems that actions like that by enough Americans helped hasten the war's end.

I somewhat accidentally became a physicist, sometimes finding it to be fun: (3). When Reagan began pushing his Star Wars SDI program, almost all of us physicists recognized that its stated purpose of nuclear defense was fraudulent. Some of us realized that it was also a genuine threat as part of a first-strike strategy. Although SDI threatened the survival of civilization, I did nothing to oppose it until irritated by some petty internal departmental propaganda. Then I got together with some Illinois colleagues to write a pledge to not take any SDI money, hoping for maybe 12 signatures. We had a lot of success, and then merged with a similar Cornell pledge. It ended up with 12,000 signatures, including most of the faculty in the top 20 U.S. physics departments. Barbara Boxer got a few dozen colleagues to nominate four of us organizers for the Nobel Peace Prize. Maybe we had some effect on stopping Star Wars, but it's hard to be sure.

I've sporadically participated in other political activities- civil rights before college, opposition to the second Iraq war (4), etc., some with limited success.

In academics, I've generally been on the traditionalist side, following my sister, who fought against an intense postmodern faction in her literature department. The move toward denying the existence of objective facts, at least at convenient moments in arguments, always struck me as a sign that people knew that they were making false claims, or maybe just looking for a way to make boring truisms about uncertainty and subjectivity sound sexy. That the same solipsist move would also be convenient for sinister right-wing forces always seemed obvious. That's now clear to anyone who reads the daily dose of alternative facts from the administration.

Recently, I stumbled into a controversy over the usefulness of GRE exams. It's not an issue I care much about, but I was bothered that many physicists and astronomers were falling for a very PC anti-GRE paper with sleazily stupid statistical claims. I had to respond (5) to defend basic honesty and to avoid conflict with my stats-lecturer wife. A sanitized version of my response was accepted for publication on 8/26/19 by Science Advances, publishers of the original crap. As of this writing, they're still stalling publication. This tiny issue exemplifies my worries about how many progressives are retreating from realism and honesty.

The overwhelming issue facing our children and grandchildren is our impact on the environment, especially via global warming. We've had a lucky 12,000-year run of pretty steady

climate, and are throwing it away. The American Right (also Brazilian, Australian,…) is worse than useless on this issue, perversely opposing even rules against massive methane leaks, the biggest low-hanging fruit for quick, cheap progress. The left is on the right side, but avoids squarely facing the longer-term underlying population issue.

This week's news includes much of the woke left strongly denouncing the candidate with the strongest progressive stands on the big issues, largely because they disagree with the views of one supporter regarding which gendered sports contests some people should compete in. This sort of discourse reminds me of Russell's conclusion about Augustine: "[T]he last men of intellectual eminence before the dark ages were concerned, not with saving civilization…, but with preaching the merit of virginity and the damnation of unbaptized infants."

I suspect that having an apolitical, non-bureaucratic job or some other regular contact with stubborn physical and social facts may help avoid the common ideological aneurisms. Here's some blogs capturing some of my thoughts: (6). Maybe my hope for some solutions via reason in the service of universalist values is unrealistic, perhaps just the tribalism of anti-tribal secular scientific types. We can talk about it.

(1) https://drive.google.com/file/d/0B9dsawny1m4LbUVQZmlWTmRxcUJUTTc5ZGE4VkJPdUhBRlNF/view?usp=sharing

(2) https://www.dailykos.com/stories/2011/12/30/1014100/-Prison-Memories

(3) https://drive.google.com/file/d/0B9dsawny1m4LV19ic2ZtQ3Fvc0E/view?usp=sharing

(4) https://drive.google.com/file/d/0B9dsawny1m4LOWNkYmQ1ZTAtZTU3NC00ODU5LTgzMzYtY2FkZDU3ZDE1ZjQ2/view?usp=sharing

(5) https://arxiv.org/abs/1902.09442

(6) https://www.dailykos.com/user/docmidwest/history

Paul Holland Our Next Chapter

Mary Oliver's poem, The Messenger, says

My work is loving the world.
Here the sunflowers, there the hummingbird—
equal seekers of sweetness.
Here the quickening yeast; there the blue plums.
Here the clam deep in the speckled sand.

Are my boots old? Is my coat torn?
Am I no longer young, and still half-perfect? Let me
keep my mind on what matters,
which is my work,

which is mostly standing still and learning to be
astonished.

Standing still and learning to be astonished. That's the work of the Next Chapter.

My submission to our class history supplies some details about my life as a Jesuit priest in the Catholic Church. For this time together, let me comment briefly on learning to be astonished.

My Next Chapter will seek to deepen my conviction that this world is not an illusion or a farce of absurdity. Rather, this world, and each life, is shot through with divine grace and glory. And human living itself invites each of us to encounter that Mystery, and to respond with awe and gratitude, and to ek-stasis, that step out of ego into transcendence and ecstasy.

"Mystery is what happens to us when we allow life to evolve rather than having to make it happen all the time… Just to see. Just to notice. Just to be there." (Joan Chittister, The Gift of Years p 75-76)

If we only allow space and awareness for it, encountering Mystery helps us stop taking life for granted. Even each loss, each limitation, invites us to go more deeply into those places where we begin to see ourselves as only part of the universe, just a fragment of it, not its center.

The spiral galaxy Andromeda is as large as our Milky Way, and sends out rays of light, that, at a speed of 186,000 miles a second, take two and a half years to get to us. It consists of perhaps a billion suns, many larger than our own sun. Ponder that and then try to hang on to your individual ego. Perspective.

Yet consider the observation of Forest Church. "For us to be here in the first place…more than a billion billion accidents took place… Even the one in a million sperm's connection with the equally unique egg is nothing compared to everything else that happened from the beginning of time until now to make it possible for us to be here. …(W)e have been *in utero* from the beginning of creation. We can trace ourselves back, genetically, to the very beginning of time. The universe was pregnant with us when it was born. Having spent billions of years in gestation, present in all that preceded us—fully admitting the pain and difficulty involved in actually being alive, able to fail and suffer and die—we can only respond in one way: with awe and gratitude." (Forrest Church, Love and Death)

How can we cultivate that awe, that awareness of Mystery and that readiness for ek-stasis? Here are a few suggestions:

Learn to laugh and to cry easily. If you can't laugh, especially at yourself, you get broken by the pain of life. If you can't cry, especially over your own losses and failings, you calcify your spirit and your heart.

Cultivate friendships.

Cultivate aloneness and silence.

Cultivate a life of the mind and culture, music, art, poetry, drama, literature; it's practice for ecstasy.

Try to understand the concerns and questions of the young.

Make room in your hearts, and at your table, for impoverished people, people whose names and stories you learn; and visit in their home and sit at their table.

Listen more than talk.

Read, especially those with whom you don't immediately agree.

Sing

Ponder the stars and the sunrise, or sunset for you later risers, or a rainstorm, or birds in flight, or clouds, or all of them.

Say "thank you" and "I love you" and "I'm sorry: and "I forgive you" as often as needed, at least daily.

Mary Oliver's poem concludes:

The phoebe, the delphinium.
The sheep in the pasture, and the pasture.
Which is mostly rejoicing, since all the ingredients are here,

which is gratitude, to be given a mind and a heart
and these body-clothes,
a mouth with which to give shouts of joy

to the moth and the wren, to the sleepy dug-up clam,
telling them all, over and over, how it is
that we live forever.

Or, as Gregory Orr says,

To be alive; not just the carcass
But the spark.
That's crudely put, but…
If we're not supposed to dance
Why all the music?

Our Next Chapter

by Ralph P. Locke ’70

I missed the deadline to send my information in to our Class Report. So I’m taking this opportunity to share a few thoughts about my work life, relating these to some larger social and cultural trends that I’ve noticed or that have been much discussed. (I’d rather talk about family and personal matters by phone or email.)

My own path was a very old-fashioned one: I went to graduate school in musicology, got a job (at the University of Rochester’s Eastman School of Music), and stayed there for forty years. Nowadays, one is expected to keep expanding one’s “skill set” and to be on the lookout for the next job, where one can put one’s skills to work—and acquire new skills in preparation for moving to yet another position, sometimes in a different field. By contrast, my own work life relied upon building up ever-greater expertise in a single field. I feel like a real throwback to an earlier era, one that put what is now called “content” (i.e., subject matter or a knowledge base) at the center of job training and hiring.

Furthermore, in universities, many tenure-track positions have been converted into part-time or adjunct positions that provide little long-term job security. (My impression is that this often happens bit by bit, without announcement.) Will adjuncts have time and motivation to work over the long haul to meet the needs of an institution’s students? Will they fight—as we sometimes did (perhaps not as hard as we might have)—for maintaining high standards and for establishing responsible practices and humane values (e.g., tolerance of difference) in the institution as a whole?

Now that I have retired, I find ways to use my old-fashioned “content-based” expertise. I have written program-book essays for opera companies in Santa Fe, Wexford (Ireland), Bilbao (Spain), and Munich (Germany), and for the Glyndebourne Festival (England). I also publish record and book reviews in online e-magazines, such as ArtsFuse.org (edited by Bill Marx, of WBUR), NewYorkArts.net (edited by our classmate Michael Miller), and *The Boston Musical Intelligencer* (co-founded by Robert Levin, ’68). Here, for example, is my wrap-up of noteworthy vocal recordings from 2019, with links to some of my reviews from that year: www.classical-scene.com/2019/12/13/lockes-list-2019/ . I am excited that readers can find and download my articles by a simple Boolean word search, instead of having to travel to consult a music magazine in a library.

I get paid reasonably enough by opera houses but receive little from (for example) The American Record Guide, an old-fashioned magazine, on paper, for which I review over 30 operas a year. I am learning that low pay (or none) is typical for many "content providers" nowadays, especially ones who write for online sites. Fortunately, this is not a problem for this retired academic: I tend to think of the aforementioned writing projects as pro bono activities that allow me to reach various broad readerships, e.g., concertgoers, record collectors, amateur musicians, and people interested in the arts and what used to be called "high culture."

I continue to write relatively specialized articles for scholarly journals in historical musicology and to edit a book series that I founded in the 1990s at the University of Rochester Press: Eastman Studies in Music. The more than 150 titles in the series can be seen at: www.boydellandbrewer.com/series/eastman-studies-in-music.html . Even in my work for the Press, though, I find myself responding (and contributing) to broader cultural trends: some books in the series involve popular music (e.g., American dance bands and pop singers in India under the British raj www.boydellandbrewer.com/american-popular-music-in-britain-s-raj.html) or non-Western music (a book on a gamelan built by Indonesian prisoners in Australia www.boydellandbrewer.com/the-gamelan-digul-and-the-prison-camp-musician-who-built-it-hb.html).

At times I feel that I have followed a safe but elitist path, when compared to the activist work of certain classmates. I have recently begun engaging in a modest form of politicking, namely writing postcards to registered Democrats in states where there are special elections going on, or where it's important to get as many Democrats to vote as possible (e.g., in a swing state such as Florida). The campaigns run by this "Postcards to Voters" program change weekly or even daily, depending on where the organizers think the need is greatest. Details can be found at www.postcardstovoters.org/ . I recommend this program to anybody who may be feeling hopeless at times when thinking about many disturbing developments in our nation's political life, never mind broader life-and-death matters, such as the climate crisis.

Harvard 50th Reunion Story
"Prof. John Finley Changed My Life."

Dr. Ray Healey, class of '70

The best course that I took at Harvard – and one that changed my life – was Humanities 3, "The Epic And The Novel," taught by the legendary professor John H. Finley, '25, the Eliot Professor of Greek literature. In one epic fall semester he taught Homer's *Iliad*, the *Odyssey*, Virgil's *Aeneid*, Dante's *Divine Comedy* and Milton's "Paradise Lost". The course was incredibly popular (upwards of 850 students took it in 1971), and once a week Dr. Finley would pack the house at Sanders Theater, captivating his huge audiences (enrolled students, curious townspeople) with his dramatic lectures on the classics.

I had been psyched about reading "the classics" when I arrived at Harvard, because I had had the good fortune to spend 4 years at Andover, where, under the guidance of another great teacher, Dudley Fitts, also '25, I had read a number of the "Great Books,", ranging from *The Odyssey* (translated by a Fitts student, Robert Fitzgerald) to Aristophanes' "Lysistrata," (translated by Fitts himself).

But nothing had prepared me for Finley's riveting lectures on the epics, which helped me push through the nearly 2500 pages of reading in the course syllabus. I was "hooked" by these classics, and my love for them inspired me, soon after I left Harvard, to attend grad school at Columbia U., where I earned a PhD in English in 1979.

Pursuing an academic career was not an obvious choice, because I was no scholar (I barely squeaked through Harvard cum laude, and my senior thesis was devoid of footnotes and bibliography.). Unlike '70 classmates and friends of mine like Andy Abbott, who has gone on to be a distinguished professor of sociology, and Michael Kazin, now a distinguished professor of history, I went to grad school mostly because I loved to read literature, not because I had any talent for scholarly writing.

Another inspiration for me was my late mother, Dr. Claire Healey, an American Lit professor who had put the novels of James Fenimore Cooper in my hands at age 12, and got me hooked on reading. My father, Dr. Ray Healey Sr., Harvard '40 and Harvard Med School '44,

had urged me to attend medical school, but I was dismal in math and the sciences, so my mother's literary career path was much more appealing.

At Columbia, famous for its "core curriculum," I again was enthralled by the classics. But, when I earned my degree, I hit a brick wall. Columbia graduated scores of English lit PhD's in 1979, but there were virtually no teaching jobs available, especially for a non-scholar like me.

Like most of my fellow PhD's, I segued, and enjoyed a 30 year career in journalism, publishing and the media – including stints at CBS and Forbes magazine. I had a lot of fun, and found new outlets for writing, but in the back of my mind, I really wanted to get back to teaching English Lit.

My breakthrough moment came in the fall of 2010, when I joined the faculty of Hostos Community College, a CUNY school just north of the South Bronx. Walking into my first classroom, I surveyed 28 students, mostly black and Latin kids who had come through high schools in the South Bronx or East Harlem. I had not taught English Lit since a stint at a prep school in the mid-70s, so I wanted to go slow. I said, "Why don't we talk about what we read in high school; I'll tell you what I read, and you can tell me what you read."

My immortal first question to my students: "How many of you read Homer in high school?" I looked around the classroom, but no hands went up, and nobody seemed to have ever *heard* of Homer. Finally, one student raised his hand and said, "Do you mean Homer Simpson?"

I vowed that day that every student who came through my classroom was going to learn who Homer was, and that his epics were the foundations of Western literature. I was aided in my quest by our Hostos English department which has, for the last four years, had a collaboration with Columbia University, enabling us to introduce a scaled down version of the Columbia "core" to our students.

And what did I get to teach in my most recent Hostos English course? Homer's *Odyssey*, Dante's *Inferno* and Milton's "Paradise Lost." I don't have the erudition or the dramatic verve of John Finley, but I am inspired by his memorable performances every day.

Change!

Robert E. Penn Jr.

I was ecstatic when I read that Harvard College Class of 1970 acceptance letter!

My non-violent civil rights activist parents drove me from Gary, Indiana to the Yard. I expected to replicate their together and equal successes at the College. It only made sense that I joined the student government. I ran for President and was elected Freshman Class Secretary. I was a proud advocate for dress code reform. "Jacket and tie required" at dinner was too old-fashioned. Thanks to our work, jacket and turtleneck was approved as alternative attire.

Other conventions maintained white patriarchy on campus. Women and minorities were not taken seriously. Courses focused narrowly, ignoring or denying the contributions of women and of people whose ancestry lay outside Western Europe. In order to maintain my grade point average, I had to memorize violent sexist and racist theories, paradigms and timelines.

The honor of being a Harvard man seemed dubious from inside the institution. Its hidden costs were excessive. I wanted out, but met resistance when I expressed my desire to withdraw from the brand of power, wealth and prestige. Administrators and professors suggested that I stick it out – remain patient. People back home were proud that my hard work had earned me a place at the country's best university. And I did not want to disappoint them. However, I could not survive the College without the

companionship of like-minded classmates.

I found the student sub-culture. It was radical! Classmates talked about peaceful revolution, and I agreed that one was needed. In fact, some changes we promoted were ultimately implemented, at a snail's pace. However, like their conservative counterparts, liberal student organizers rejected my proposal to add civil rights to their platform. Liberals had initially appeared progressive, but only by contrast with the Harvard culture that lingered in its missionary past. Lies and half-truths disappointed me. The likelihood that I must sell out to the status quo beneath an illustrious veneer sent me into a tailspin.

Suddenly, a more extreme *reveille* appealed to me: "Turn on! Tune in! Drop out![i]" It offered the immediate and bloodless revolution that the times demanded. We believed this wake-up call would expand among students and faculty, spreading enlightenment, personal serenity, social harmony and environmental respect. None of us knew the long-term consequences of smoking weed or dropping acid, only that they offered change – different from, and probably better than, our parents' cocktail parties. No one suspected that some of us, regardless of race, creed, ethnic group, national origin, socioeconomic background or any other classification, would become obsessed with the immediate gratification that substances provided. That sub-group abandoned the dedication that change required and fell into oblivion, myself included. We readily suspended our no-alcohol pact when it served the addiction. Liquor was readily available anywhere in the world. Though it didn't enlighten; it anesthetized.

The change in my personality was obvious to many folk, perhaps everyone except me. My parents, then Senior Tutor of Winthrop House Dan Horowitz, and others tried to intervene, but prescription medications, controlled substances, nicotine and alcohol were jealous lovers. They rebutted every logical argument against taking them then demonstrated virtuosity by instantly alleviating all discomfort once I used them! In their thrall, drugs and alcohol let me earn degrees, secure and maintain positions, travel the world, socialize and enjoy many other comforts of life. However, no person, place, institution or interest was stronger than the pull of the pill, the swig, the tab or the line. That is, until I voluntarily sought then accepted help.

I am one of the lucky ones. Circumstances coaxed me to change again. After my father died at only sixty, friends recommended I see a psychiatrist. Dr. Herbert Walker helped me mourn and grieve. Years into that process I admitted that I could not stop drinking. He proposed a new wake up call: "Be here now.[ii]" That was truly innovative. I did not need to vow to stop forever. I simply did not have to use at any point in a given day. I gratefully embraced this principle, practiced it and passed it along.

Change is not immediate. It often falters. In 2020, African-American culture influences U.S. society more than ever. But many non-African-Americans remain complacent when it comes to personally interacting with African-Americans. Some may have grown apathetic while others have violently pushed back. It seems that U.S. citizens would replace "equal treatment under the law" with best tax manipulators take all.

My activism today does not demand a specific outcome. It is honest and often involves awkward engagement with others of every age, race, ethnicity, nationality, politics or faith. Each day I hear my internal *reveille*: Get up! Suit up! Show up! Relying on guidance from God and the people who carry Its message, I succeed at facing whatever comes up. In turn, I always offer my presence, and sometimes share my experience when It wills me to do so.

Robert E. Penn, Jr.[iii]

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[i] Timothy Leary, American Psychologist, October 22,1920 – May 31,1996
[ii] Ram Dass aka Richard Alpert, American Teacher, April 6,1931 – December 22, 2010
[iii] 819 words, excluding title, author name and endnotes, as of at 12:36 p.m., 2 29 2020, First draft February 16, 2020, edited February 22, 23, 26, 28 & 29 and March 1, 2020

Families We Choose[i]

Robert E. Penn, Jr.

Over the years, each of my children has lived in my apartment for days, weeks or even months at a time. Shanté, John and Will drew me out of my conventional "father is king" thinking and behavior.

Like many families, we don't see each other as often as we did at our beginnings. They are in their mid-forties now and drop by for an hour or a weekend. We exchange news, opinions, experiences and challenges via phone and the Internet. Each of my children shares personal life lessons with me.

Born on Independence Day 1971, Will introduced himself to me after a friend's poetry reading in 1993. He recognized me from a photo in an LGBT anthology. He was charming and suggested dinner. During our casual meal, he told me about himself – good student who had won high-profile internships despite absent father, institutionalized mother, disapproving siblings, strict grandparents who raised them and stints of homelessness. I was speechless. Will asked me to be his writing mentor. I accepted, in part, because I had tutored disadvantaged, young men through Harvard's Philips Brooks House Association, but mostly because my savior complex leapt at the opportunity.

I recommended creative consistency, but Will did not like my rigorous edits and fired me. He then asked me to be his "Pops." I never expected that. He wanted a positive,

older Black gay male role model to support him as he grappled with his sexuality. His request reminded me that throughout my teen and young adult years, I dreamed of having a platonic relationship with an upstanding, older Black gay man. Will's timing seemed God sent. I wanted to be as good a father as mine had been while surpassing him at embracing a gay son. I accepted fatherhood.

John gave me with my first father's day card in June 1995. We met in 1994 between his junior and senior years at Harvard. He interned that summer at the New York City AIDS Service Organization where I served as Assistant Director of Education. I admired his thoughtful approach to community-based HIV prevention. He and I connected on many levels, including community activism and outreach, creative writing, arts appreciation and Black and LGBT life at the College.

John moved to New York after graduation. We attended many cultural events together. We critiqued each other's draft manuscripts, and traveled together. He let me support him emotionally through his disappointments in love, and the disillusionment he felt after his corporate American employer racially pigeonholed him.

He married decades ago. John and his husband have an abundant life. John still speaks openly with me, his chosen father. I listen, empathize and give feedback when I have relevant experience. He continues to inspire me and tells me I motivate him. Born on January 5, 1973, John came out to his birth family at sixteen. Though his biological father abandoned him at that time, John forgave him. Therefore, he calls me his Second Dad out of respect.

Shanté was born on October 1, 1975. After graduating Smith in 1998, they took a receptionist job at NYC's LGBT Center. They greeted me each time I arrived for weekly community meetings. We were naturally drawn to each other, in part, because each of us is a "PK" (preacher's kid). I found their intelligence, curiosity, political observations and positive energy very attractive. I intentionally arrived earlier each subsequent week so that we could have additional time to discuss a wide range of topics. A few months after meeting, they invited me to attend that year's Halloween Dance as their father. I initially thought it was a costume idea, but they meant it literally. As easily as that, a daughter chose me. I accepted and chose them in return!

Shanté uses the pronouns: they, them and their. They have expanded my appreciation of gender. They are an inspiration for their academic success and their survival against heavy odds. We continue to have thought-provoking conversations, often about topics that few of my other family members and friends find interesting. They confront the status quo; rigorously live by the words they speak and write; and pursue the liberation of all sentient beings. Their spiritual practice and social interactions help me continue growing.

I walked them down the aisle and supported them through their divorce. I met Shanté's parents when they visited New York City about twenty years ago. Though both have since died. However, Shanté still has a Dad.

As Pops, Second Dad or Dad, this Baby Boomer father offers insights accrued from my

nuclear family members, close friends and surrogate relatives discovered during my education, employment and years of worldwide travel.

I love my next generation. We respect each other. Chosen family is my now and future. I cannot imagine a more fortunate life.

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[i] Named for the book *Families We Choose: Lesbians Gays, Kinship* by Kath Weston, initially published in 1991.

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Ronald David Glass
A Way Out of No Way

A Reflection on 'Our Next Chapter' for the 50th Harvard Reunion

I entered Harvard a self-conscious politically progressive public school country boy oddity, Jewish and a basketball star, from the outskirts of the small Ohio city that a *Rolling Stone* 2014 cover story declared '*Where the Tea Party Rules*'.* I was sophisticated enough to have spent the summer between my junior and senior year of high school in a National Science Foundation intensive life sciences program at Indiana University Medical School studying neurology and neurosciences, and later to be selected for a year-long Freshman Seminar on Body and Mind with a Harvard psychiatrist, and yet I was naïve enough that I phoned my father incredulous that my Harvard classmates were truthful in claims they had attended U.S. public schools where Jewish holy days were school holidays. Only a handful of Jewish families resided in the district I attended for eleven years, with not many more than a hundred in the entire region; I experienced my family as frequent targets of a John Birch Society dominated power structure, and I was targeted for verbal and physical punishment in school by students, teachers and administrators. We, and I, always demanded respect; however, to try to gain a measure of acceptance, I played basketball, against my parents' wishes, and my high school championship team (49-2 in our last two seasons) provided that possibility. That made me open to a similar hope when a pressure solicitation to play for Harvard came from the coach who surprised me at my Matthews North dorm room my first week. Basketball helped me navigate a first year of similarly profoundly unfamiliar and uncomfortable terrain, and I thrilled when the *Crimson* named me on rare occasions, an honor for a freshman.

A major post-season career-ending ankle injury in a pick-up game altered my trajectory. With several hours a day suddenly available without my sport, and academic demands stretching me beyond my preparation, I began to question my major (biology), my career goal (medicine), and also my moral obligations with regards to the ongoing civil rights struggle that was already part of my family experience, and the emergent anti-Vietnam War movement. At the October 1967 big Pentagon demonstration, with the helicopters thundering above my uniformed age-mates with their fixed-bayonet rifles sounding loud cracks on the heads of the comrades at the front as we surged against the plaza steps, I heard a call and discovered myself as a person in history. I became firmly committed for the long haul struggle against racism and militarism. I changed my major to History and Science and my intellectual focus shifted from biomedical aspects of consciousness to questions of ideological aspects of consciousness. I then had no idea of the 'career' that became possible through what I was organically becoming, a radical philosopher of education who designs learning processes to resist, engage, and transform dominant ideologies like racism, sexism, classism, militarism, and the like.

My cousin was seriously wounded during the 1968 Tet offensive, prompting me to volunteer to be drafted at my local Ohio board; in early June 1970, I reported to the Cambridge draft board for transport to the Boston army base, where I and others in the Resistance disrupted the entire process (a story for another occasion) and my country found me unfit to ever serve it militarily. I did not graduate with the class (still owing a semester lost to illness during junior year) but had already found a home at the Graduate School of Education, completing the BA (71) and then an

EdM in 1972. My intellectual roots nourished in Harvard's unique environment and in the broader social justice movements of our time have endured alongside a more general alienation from Harvard and its (continuing) colonial/racist/militarist/capitalist collusions, and from my classmates despite our joining together in resistance-light protest, drugs, sex, rock & roll, and working odd jobs. While their general defiance faded the closer they got to graduation and graduate school, my resistance became increasingly woven into a both a path of professional development and a way of life.

I pursued this path while being rehabilitated by the Labor Department for 'chronic unemployment' (remember CETA?), arrested in the University of California Office of the President protesting the development of nuclear weapons (1977; acquitted 1978), and raided by a Reagan-Bush counter-terrorism task force (1981). My love for my children (1978; 1980), my commitment to single parenthood (1982-1988), my respect for my mentor Paulo Freire's advice (to walk with one foot in the academy and one in radical community work), led me to resituate my work and try to invent a way out of no way. I retire formally in 2022, honored as the 78th President of the Philosophy of Education Society (oh the ironies!). What's next? G*d willing, more of the same with more time with my kids (now 3) and grandkids (now 6), more time to keep weaving the generations into the bonds of love and the ethical and political groundings that will give them the courage to stand in the contact zones of the present age. Then I can have 'hope on this side of the grave' as Nobel poet Seamus Heaney reminds:

History says, *Don't hope*
On this side of the grave.
But then, once in a lifetime
The longed-for tidal wave
Of justice can rise up,
And hope and history rhyme.**

* (https://www.rollingstone.com/politics/politics-news/where-the-tea-party-rules-69923/)

** Seamus Heaney. *The Cure at Troy*.

Roy McCoy

A Planned International Language – Why Not?

I will never forget the unbounded enthusiasm with which the Swiss psychologist and linguist Claude Piron, speaking in California, declared Esperanto to be an invention as historically significant as that of the printing press. If you didn't like Esperanto, fine, he said – but you should then at least favor something *like* it, and support the general idea.

And now, nearly forty years later, I ask what could be wrong with that idea. It has been said that it is impractical, but Esperanto has proven that otherwise many times over, working perfectly adequately on an incalculable number of the most varied occasions. Regularity of phonetics, accentuation and so forth has been shown to be no obstacle to free and clear communication. It may properly be said that there are other impracticalities involved – the near-impossibility of devising an equitable lexicon, for example – but it can no longer be denied that a planned language such as Esperanto can work and has done so.

But then so does English, it may be said. And it does. No matter how horrendously inappropriate it may be linguistically – with all the howling, screaming, virtually impossible to master contortions it imposes on its learners and the pitiable non-native ones in particular – it's still "the big-dick language" (as a student of mine in Switzerland once politely put it), and it works.

So why bother? A lost cause, right? Well, maybe, and I won't go on about it to the length permitted. In fact I practically never talk about Esperanto or international language these days following my retirement, and I make the exception here only because I'm looking at a request for "Our Next Chapter" contributions and still believe the implementation of a planned, relatively simple international language is, or would be, a good direction in which to head. As for the context in which I'm presenting this, I think that Harvard – following Google and Wikipedia, as well as other universities elsewhere in the world – should recognize Esperanto as a legitimate language, and that proficiency in it should accordingly be accepted as fulfillment of the undergraduate language requirement. This wouldn't constitute a giant step for mankind, but it would be a small step for Harvard and one I think it should take. If any classmate ever has the occasion to give a nod to this, I hope he or she will.

That said, here's my personal story. I sang with the Glee Club as a GSAS special student in the 1981-82 academic year and toured with them the following summer in Japan and China, where I noticed the great difficulty students there were having with trying to learn English. Thus, when I returned to the States and found an Esperanto brochure in the foyer of a Boston lecture hall following a lecture by Ed Asner on Central America, I was primed for the idea of an easier language and thought this might be just the thing for our East Asian friends. I researched planned languages in the Widener Library collection on the subject and quickly learned Esperanto, traveling with it the summer afterwards to its annual congress, this year in Budapest, and proceeding afterwards to a three-week course in the Rodopi Mountains of Bulgaria, where one of the textbooks was a compendium of excerpts from Esperanto literature. One of these was a chapter from the first novel originally written and published in Esperanto, *Kastelo de Prelongo* by Henri Vallienne. In it the scion of a fallen French aristocratic family climbs a wall of the chateau lost to the now-risen family, hoping to ravish the daughter and thus regain the top social position and again occupy the chateau. He climbs into her window with this in mind, but she doesn't like him and is fighting him off. He rips off her nightgown and there she is standing there naked… and that was the end of the chapter and of the excerpt! But what happened then? Nobody knew and the book wasn't available, but I found a copy in the library of the British Esperanto Association in London on my way back to the States and persuaded them to lend it to me despite their usual policy of not letting their books circulate. I took it home and found out what happened (she successfully defended herself), but the book, being early, was full of errors and so I offered to prepare a new corrected edition for the international association in return for a life membership. They accepted, but when I made too many changes – for example changing every *fart* to *stat*, and giving the novel a different ending because I didn't think the one it had made sense – they wouldn't publish the book and I didn't get the life membership until I worked for a couple of weeks at their office in Rotterdam, following which I got not only the membership but also a permanent job as their typesetter.

Salahdin Imam

Our Next Chapter

After Freshman year I changed my major from Physics to Social Studies which gave me a platform to explore my interest in social theory, and apply it to the high-intensity times we were living through. Elected to the *Crimson* I was privileged to share opinions with the general community. The topics I covered ranged from the rock music of the late 1960s (reviews of albums and concerts all the way to the Big One at Woodstock) to activist-oriented analysis of socio-political developments on campus—such as the uprising of April 1969—and off—which were many in the years of the Vietnam war and the counter-culture.

My father died unexpectedly in April 1970 and I left Harvard as soon as term ended, before the graduation ceremonies.

I returned to my home country, then known as East Pakistan, where I had never lived for any long period of time, because my parents were diplomats and I had been raised all over the world. But it was a joy to discover my roots and I set about making up for lost time while also pulling together with my widowed mother and two younger brothers. I felt cut off, in what was then a very unglobalised world, from the relationships and issues that I had known in America but there was enough at hand to keep me occupied. At the time East Pakistan was locked in a titanic political struggle for independence which became a full-fledged genocidal war in March 1971. In the face of this existential challenge our people, known as Bengalis, enrolled without hesitation in the resistance, and so did I. A far cry from the occasional activism of the Harvard days, this was the real thing, bullets flying in an improvised guerrilla campaign.

After I had been fighting for a few months my superiors sent me to work for the government-in-exile based in Calcutta (today Kolkata) in India. I was assigned the task of helping to win over world public opinion to the legitimacy of our struggle. As a result I had an insider's view of the international geopolitical crisis which was ultimately resolved at the end of 1971 with our emergence as an independent country, called Bangladesh, thanks to India's military intervention in support of our own guerrilla forces.

That was the beginning of the long saga of Bangladesh which has seen the country rise from disaster and poverty to its status today, 50 years later, as one of the most dynamic economies on the planet, as well as displaying excellent social indicators. There is still a long way to go but all reports speak highly of the energy and enterprise of my fellow citizens. As for me personally, with many family responsibilities, I made banking my profession, which suited me because it was a people-business. This work took me around the world with postings in the Middle East and other world capitals, including a stint of ten years in France, based in Paris.

I am back in Bangladesh, grateful to have played for 20 years a role as one of the business and cultural leaders of the country. However, over the last decade I have gone about re-inventing myself as a writer, which I see now was always my first love. I have published a book of short stories titled *Diana Juxtaposed and Other Unrealities*. The lead story deals with the death of

Princess Diana in Paris. The other stories in the collection also try to mingle action, often violent, with intense emotions.

But the news I most want to share is that I have almost finished the first draft of my memoirs of the late 60s. Under the working title, *My 5 Year Hyperlife 1966-71,* the book covers our College years in the backdrop of the momentous events of the time, but from the perspective of a foreign student. It then morphs into my experiences of the Bangladesh Liberation struggle and how its huge life-lessons played out against the earlier Harvard phase of my life. I hope the story of my personal journey interwoven through these themes will prove interesting to readers.

I am also developing my next fictional project, a novel and there is the small matter of finishing my *magnum opus*, an original study of Yin-Yang theory. So lots of writing I absolutely need to do. Crazy as it sounds, I feel I am just starting out on my life's work.

The Good Samaritan and “the little white child”

Sharon Dennis Wyeth

When I was six-years-old, a stranger saved my life. I’d started a new school and got lost trying to walk home. Ordinarily, I would have taken the city bus. The bus stop was right outside my school, and my parents had taught me how to do it: first, wait for the bus and then get on and drop my bus ticket into the box and tell the driver to let me off at 61st Street N.E., please, and sit down until I get there. The plan worked fine for a while. But then my mother enrolled me in an afterschool gymnastics class, and on the very first day I stayed after school for the class, I lost the bus ticket I needed to ride home.

There were only a few children who’d stayed for the class. I really liked it, especially throwing my legs over my head and then rolling up into a ball. But when the class was over, I was a slow poke pulling my clothes on over my leotard and buttoning my red winter coat. By the time I finished getting dressed, the teacher and all the other kids were gone, When the custodian poked his head into the classroom, I knew I had to hurry. But first I had to get out my bus ticket. I stooped down on the floor and opened my lunch box where I always kept it. But the bus ticket wasn’t there. The custodian flashed the lights and I walked out of the classroom.

Outside, I gazed at the empty street. Since I didn’t have my bus ticket, I would have to walk. It was only my parents that made me ride the city bus because they thought it was safer. But as I rode to school in the morning, I could see lots of other kids walking. One of them had even told me how to do it: I just needed to “walk on the railroad tracks.”

The railroad tracks weren't far away from the school; I could see them from where I was standing. So I crossed to the tracks, and began to make my way. Unfortunately, I was walking in the wrong direction, so each footstep took me farther away from home.

I'm not sure how long I walked, but after a while it was dark. Though I kept on walking, I began to cry. Then out of the blue came a really loud noise and someone yanked me by the shoulder. The next thing I knew, I was off of the tracks and a woman was standing over me.

"Who are you?" she asked in a soothing voice. "Where do you live?"

Sobbing, I told her my name and address.

The stranger took my hand.

We walked down a hill and into a house, where another woman was cooking at the stove.

"Look what I found on the tracks," my rescuer announced. "A little white child--I'm going to take her home."

"Aren't you the Good Samaritan?" said the woman at the stove.

I told the woman who'd saved me my telephone number and she called my mother right away. Then the two of us walked out again and got on a bus going in the right direction.

I never forgot how happy I was to see my parents. They had been out looking for me and had been about to call the police when they got "the Good Samaritan's" telephone call. But I was only home for a few minutes before they got into a fight about whose fault it was that I'd gotten lost. I hung up my coat and went into the

bedroom I shared with my little brothers and lay down on the bed. I had wanted to ask my mother and father what "a Good Samaritan" was. I had also wanted to ask them what it meant to be "a little white child," a phrase I'd never heard before….

The fact is I was a Negro child who happened to have white skin. But I didn't know that, since my parents hadn't explained "race" to me yet or even mentioned it. I suppose since I lived in an all-Negro community and the people in our family had a variety of complexions, my mother and father didn't feel the need to cue me in. Maybe they were trying to protect me from the prejudice they knew I was eventually bound to experience. Or maybe the topic was simply too complicated for them to find the words. But it wasn't until I was in fourth grade that my mother brought up the subject to me personally.

"When it comes time to fill out the forms in school, at the part where it says 'race,' you check 'the Negro box,'" she instructed.

Of course, by fourth grade, I was well aware that there was something called "race"—I'd heard about it on the streets. Even though my friends in the neighborhood knew well enough that I was Negro, they couldn't resist teasing me about my "white" skin. Checking the "Negro box" was a big relief. It provided me with proof that I belonged. Living in a sheltered Negro community without contact with "whites," my understanding of "race" beyond that, was detached and unreal. But knowing that the word "Negro" was mine was important. In fourth grade, the word was enough.

When I got older and entered integrated schools in my home city of Washington, D.C., I experienced myriad facets of my social identity on a deeper

level—its legacy of aspirational striving and survivorship and the complex perspective that became mine to own as an African American. I also experienced blatant racism and at times the social isolation often familiar to a person of color in a nearly all-white institution, even if that person of color happens to have "white" skin.

For most of my life, I have compulsively collected my family's oral history. I needed to know why we are who we are, and how it came to be. The research I've done for the books I've written featuring African American children, has filled in a great deal of my missing education as well. Writing the books themselves has given me the opportunity to speak with my "black" voice from the perspective of the African American childhood I remember so well. It's also provided me with a mission to write literature that includes our experience; books with covers where children of color can see themselves reflected.

Ten years ago, I was one of the first descendants of enslaved people to be officially welcomed "home" to Cameroon. As I walked down a jungle trail to the ruins of a Portuguese "slave holding" fort, I tried to imagine my ancestor enchained, wrenched away from her home and family. How many generations would it take to repair the trauma that began with her capture? The grief and astonishment I felt when I was on that jungle trail was beyond anything I'd ever experienced. And when I returned to my home in New Jersey, I began to experience a shift in my psychology. An unnamed discomfort and sense of dislocation that had dogged me for years evaporated. I'd finally found my way "home" to myself.

The story of “race” in America is an essential part of my own personal story. But it’s also an essential part of the story of the class of 1970. We came of age during a struggle for Civil Rights, a struggle that continues today. The story of “race” is as relevant now as it was when we got the news that Martin Luther King, Jr. had been assassinated. Our collective society continues to experience the aftershocks of a way of life that condoned and legalized the immoral commercial enterprise known as “slavery. “

If an unknown woman hadn’t pulled me off the tracks when I was a child, I wouldn't have enjoyed the fortunate life I’ve led as a wife, mother, writer and teacher. The loud noise I heard was a train coming around the bend. Based on skin color, the stranger (who had brown skin herself) assumed I was “a little white child." But that didn’t stop her from yanking me out of harm’s way to take me home. As her friend said, she was "a Good Samaritan." I will continue trying to keep her example in mind.

50th REUNION ESSAY FROM

STEVEN K. TURSKY, HARVARD COLLEGE

CLASS OF 1970

If someone were to ask me what are the areas of life that have concerned you during the last 72 Years, two would come to mind. One is Jewish life in America and how I would contribute to it during the years after graduation. The second area is the state of civil rights and human rights in this country. In this essay I want to talk about the latter, since it was the focus of my professional life. It was also a key to my getting into Harvard in the first place.

I grew up in the Boston of the 1960s, a city that was one of the most residentially and economically segregated cities in the country. Its politics was motivated by racial prejudice that impacted the quality and impact of public education. The Boston School Committee was run by an all-white and Irish group of politicians that wanted nothing to do with racial justice. I could not understand why Boston's political and educational establishments could not bring themselves to allocate the same resources to neighborhood schools in Roxbury, the city's African American ghetto, as it did to the city's predominantly white sections such as Dorchester and Mattapan, the city's Jewish sections where I grew up. When it came time for me to apply to Harvard, I wrote my admissions essay on this controversial subject. I expressed my outrage that politicians in Boston such as Louise Day Hicks, the chair of the Boston School committee and a sympathizer of Alabama's segregationist Governor George C. Wallace, could run on a slogan – "You know where I stand!" I also described how on my way home from Boston Latin School, I would go through Roxbury and ask myself why African American kids couldn't or didn't have the same opportunities that I had. Boston, like the rest of the country, was trying to come to grips with its racial past.

Fast forward to the early 1970s. I had left graduate school and started working for the Department of Housing and Urban Development. HUD at the time was trying

to transition from its own racial past. FHA would not give home loans to African Americans, and "redlined" them out of white neighborhoods. The Fair Housing Act had just been passed and the Department was gearing up to enforce its provisions. In the Spring of 1972, the Department organized a Special Training and Reassignment program where headquarters employees could learn new skills and go to a Field Office. Fortunately for me, one of the training classes was in Fair Housing and Equal Opportunity. In that class I learned about the Fair Housing Act, the Department's other civil rights laws, and the new approaches the Department would take to enforce its provisions. After finishing the training, I did go to the Springfield Illinois Field office, which was staffed by a bunch of white conservatives who would have fitted in very well with the Boston politicians I had grown to hate. I did not last very long in that office, but a year later, in 1974, I went back to Washington as an Urban Intern in the Office of Fair Housing and Equal Opportunity. I consciously chose that office for several reasons. First of all, most of HUD was predominantly white and male. Not that that was a bad thing, but the Office of Housing Production, Public Housing. Community Planning and Development and Housing Management shared old prejudices and old attitudes toward people of color and efforts to improve their welfare. Besides the fact that I didn't feel suited to go into the technical side of the Department, I did not want to be associated with the well-documented racially motivated impacts of HUD's policies going back to the 1930s.

Secondly, when I went to work for the Office of Fair Housing, I knew going in that my colleagues would not look like me, a white Jewish guy. My colleagues were mostly African American and/or female. During the next 32 years, I had periods where I was the only white person in the room, the only Jew in the room or the only male in the room. I had to put being scared of my colleagues out of my mind, and figure out how I would forge professional and personal relationships with my colleagues. Fortunately it worked out, because several of my African American colleagues are still friends of mine today. I guess I pride myself on being a racially tolerant and open-minded person, who has more than most white people reached out to people who are different.

Thirdly, I spent most of my career working in the office that wrote civil rights policies for HUD's programs, many of which had hundreds of millions, even billions, of

dollars in their portfolios. We reviewed every proposed regulation, handbook, statute, etc. that the Department tried to promulgate. In HUD's policy formulation process, we were considered a thorn in the side of the program offices. I felt comfortable working in this office, because I liked to look at the big picture. One of the big picture questions I was involved in was how to get cities and states to focus on how their policies implemented to objectives of the Fair Housing Act. I spent almost a decade working with my colleagues to answer this question through a regulation called the Affirmatively Furthering Fair Housing rule. It took HUD 20 years to finally publish this rule, because the political and attitudinal "stars" all lined up correctly. I guess during my career, I learned that in the government and in politics generally, the same issues can get litigated over and over again.

Yet during the last 50 years, I have also observed how the nature of civil rights has changed dramatically. What we refer to as "the civil rights movement" related to the struggle of African Americans to overcome the original sin of slavery and the terrible impact of Jim Crow segregation. During the 1960s, the seeds for other civil rights movements were planted, notably Second wave feminism and the LGBTQ movement that started with the Stonewall incident in 1969. During the last 50 years my generation has witnessed how these movements have changed America and its attitudes toward its heritage, its history and how it understands itself. The America of 2020 is a vastly different America from that of 1970 because of the new civil rights "movements" that have formed not just around black/white, but also around immigration, disability rights, religious life, even around traditional values such as religious rights, pro-life and gun control.

In recent years the movement for civil rights has evolved into efforts to achieve racial and other forms of diversity in major American institutions and areas of life. This will be the civil rights movement of the 21st Century. This movement is buttressed by the fact that the majority of the American workforce is female, that more women than men receive college degrees, and that women and non-white segments of our society are becoming more politically mature and motivated, and are unwilling to tolerate having less power. Part of this is the desire of people who are not white, male, heterosexual or able bodied to have their efforts and accomplishments recognized by the society at

large, and not be overlooked by white male controlled institutions. My own daughter Elayna has started a career in the field of diversity and inclusion; as her father I am very proud that she is in many respects following in my footsteps to fight for social justice, only this time in the corporate world. I can honestly say that she is running up against old attitudes toward making the corporation less white and male. I hope that she will have greater success than my generation.

As of now I can look forward to following how my daughter and her generation will build on the legacy of generations and civil rights movements past, and make our country a place where all men and women are created equal. I hope that she and her generation will be more comfortable than we were in interacting and working with people of different races, colors and sexual orientation. I also hope that we white men who have "ruled the roost" in America since its founding will acquire more humility as we encounter the future. We should come to terms with the past impacts of the political and economic power we have wielded, and, where appropriate, admit our mistakes, all the while feeling proud of what America has and will continue to achieve. That is how our beloved country can stay true to its principles.

Steven Bloomstein Our Next Chapter

Well, it's a long story, but everything at our age is a long story! I am not a typical Harvard alum – in part because I am not formally an alum at all. I left Harvard after sophomore year and transferred to UC Berkeley, not because I didn't like Harvard, I loved it actually, but because I was a Cambridge townie who needed a change of pace, plus chasing my high school girlfriend (and now dearest old friend) who went to Berkeley. But because I was a born-and-bred townie with a somewhat erratic college career, I was actually back-and-forth to Cambridge all the time, continued to share life with my Harvard classmates, and in fact lived somewhat illicitly in Winthrop House for periods because nobody on staff or in the kitchen figured out that I was not still part of the Winthrop class of 70. Those were the sixties, we must remember, and nowhere more so than in Cambridge and Berkeley.

I did finally graduate from Cal Berkeley in 1973 but when I point out my dubious Harvard legacy to several of my classmates who are encouraging me to come to the 50th reunion, they say no matter, I am an honorary member of our class. And indeed, I would be honored to be considered so.

Not to deviate from my aberrant ways, I and Robert Albert, Jr., Class of 70, then upped and moved to Venezuela in the early 1970's. The idea way back then was going back to nature, tropical homesteading, vegan diet, meditation, and yoga, and while we have always appreciated and continue to practice some of these good things, our lives became increasingly focused on the plight of the poor rural and urban communities where we have chosen to live. In 1996, after several decades of tropical farming with increasing social involvement, and with the help of Steve Morgan, also Class of 70, we started the Turimiquire Foundation (www.turimiquire.org) (a 501(c)(3) nonprofit private operating foundation), with the mission to improve public health and education along the impoverished northeast coast of Venezuela. In 1997, we founded Fundación ServYr (www.fundacionservyr.org), our in-country nonprofit sister organization to execute our programs in Venezuela. These Foundations have steadily grown to serve rural populations in family planning and in literacy education and community development, and we have been happily busy ever since!

Except, alas, the world we live and work in has sadly changed over these years. Venezuela in the seventies and eighties was considered what used to be called a "second world" country buoyed by OPEC oil revenues and an exuberant, fairly egalitarian tropical spirit. It has now become a lower-tier, lesser-developed country with an extraordinarily skewed distribution of income: a rich government and narco-mafia elite, a disappearing, destitute middle class, and a deeply impoverished vast underclass. Corruption, drugs, crime and emigration have become mainstream ways to survive. While our organization has perhaps been modestly successful in what we have set out to accomplish, the world we operate in has failed drastically. It has been a bittersweet lesson in the foibles of human governance.

Nonetheless, and not to be deterred, our Foundation spearheads a replicable methodology, which we call our "Recipe for a Thriving Community," that seeks to integrate various factors in the perennial debate about how to help in a real way on the ground in less developed parts of the world. In 20+ years, we have homegrown from a small local presence in our farming valley to a modest grassroots organization that supports programs in public health and education in various rural counties and cities in our state. We do not have deep pockets, and depend on the generosity and concern of many people, including friends, classmates, family and several foundations, with donations large and small, to help us realize this work.

Neither Rob nor I have biological children, but we have each acquired our own extended families in the communities where we work and live. As Rob (alias Bob, Roberto, Jose Mango) wrote in his 25th Anniversary Report, *"I've finally figured out how to be a peasant subsistence farmer in the Third World and have a good life. All you need is a Harvard education."*

We thank Harvard, and many of you, our Harvard classmates who support and guide our work and help us make a difference in so many lives. To understand our life and this work, please visit our website: www.turimiquire.org. We even appear in photos and in a short video that several of our USA interns collaborated on, that captures this Caribbean tropical world spirit. www.turimiquire.org/watch-our-videos/

Susan Dyshel Sommovilla, Outlier

As a Harvard graduate, I consider myself something of an outlier. I followed my Harvard Phi Beta Kappa years with an MA and ABD in German from Penn to raise three children in the same public school district I grew up in. Then in that very same district, I became a teacher of German and later Latin, much of it at the exploratory level. I rarely, if ever, spoke of my Harvard affiliation to my colleagues or students. When the school administration requested that teachers post college alma mater pennants in their classrooms one year, my affiliation became slightly better known. If the subject of my Harvard association ever came up among my students, the typical response was "Then what are you doing here?"

I have been really fortunate to have raised three children at home for 16 years and then to have worked in a teaching position that enabled me to incorporate my interests in music and art. I loved my work, and since retiring in 2015, I still go in to substitute teach at my school. In that, I am really an outlier!

I initiated an after school program that enabled 5th and 6th graders to participate in the National Exploratory Latin Exam sponsored by the American Classical League for 11 years. Some of my students won perfect score ribbons, but, of course, by Harvard standards, this was a modest accomplishment.

Not particularly happy in Soc Rel at Harvard, I had taken an intensive elementary German course in the spring semester of sophomore year just for fun. The course met 6 days a week at 8 AM, and I still cannot believe I did that. I must have been really dissatisfied with Soc Rel! I continued with Intermediate German in summer school. On the first day of Advanced German in junior year, my wonderful Harvard professor Christa Saas introduced an incredible Holocaust poem. I decided to switch my major to German in my junior year—perhaps an outlier there too.

At the age of 70, I wrote a book that I recently self-published: From Hans to Henry—A Holocaust Survivor's Story. It's about a cousin of mine who related his story to me at a family High Holiday gathering in 2007, just three months before he died in 2008. After the gathering, he had sent me documentary materials in German, knowing that I had studied the language and was interested in his story. My cousin Henry was a remarkable guy who was forced to interrupt his education at the age of 15. While I am gratified to have finally completed that book, it is certainly more a tribute to him than to me.

As a Harvard graduate, my accomplishments may be less noteworthy or grandiose than what might be expected of one who was fortunate enough to have been educated at Harvard. So I am an outlier, yet grateful for all of it.

Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jr. once said, “I would not give a fig for the simplicity this side of complexity, but I would give my life for the simplicity on the other side of complexity.” At long last there is a simplicity to our sense of self, what truly matters, what makes us happy, and what inspires us to continue to give back any way we can. We can engage across generations and nationalities to do our small part to make a difference. Making money is no longer the point.

Thanks to Harvard I became an environmentalist and entered the Department of Landscape Architecture at the Design School. Little did I expect that four decades later landscape architects would be in the vanguard in planning for urban and coastal resilience in the face of climate change. It is our number one existential threat. To quote a trendy aphorism, there is no Planet B.

Anthropology 1 opened my eyes to cultural diversity and whetted my appetite for adventure abroad. Maybe that is why I felt so at home in Taiwan living in an all Chinese neighborhood in 1976-7, eager to explore the Tao ethnic minority on Orchid Island and help preserve their way of life, and felt at home once again three decades later during a year in Shanghai, both times practising landscape architecture in a Chinese organization. If more Americans had the chance to live overseas, maybe there would be a lot less whining.

I wish Harvard had offered a course in emotional intelligence. That would have been pure gold. Instead I took psychologist David McClelland’s course on motivation—achievement, affiliation, power, these three, and the greatest of these was achievement (according to our male instructor). When I got to business school fifteen years later, I was introduced to psychologist Abraham Maslow’s Hierarchy of Human Needs, which places

"self–actualization" at the top of a pyramid that rests on basic survival needs, with three layers in between, among them connection to a wider community. Later, when I wrote *Cities with Heart*, a manual for urban green space planners and designers in China, I embellished Maslow's hierarchy by placing his five layers on top of a sixth layer, Earth's Needs.

Maybe I was channeling my anti-war protest days when five years ago I decided to join in the effort to save Prouty Garden, the healing garden at Boston Children's Hospital—sacred ground to concerned doctors and parents of former patients, but merely a free building site to the hospital administration. We failed. No more immersive nature for tomorrow's patients. Someday we will come to realize that nature is not just nice to have, it is essential, above all for the most vulnerable among us.

Stories of reconciliation and reunion, especially across nations or ethnicities, seem to gain power with me the older I get. I suppose the first stories to grab me were Gandhi's, and Mandela's, or even that of Kim Phuc, the Vietnamese girl napalmed in that haunting photo we all recall from 1972. She grew up to be a champion of forgiveness, healing, and helping children injured in war. They counteract the constant barrage of stories about hate and all the related dark impulses. The common perception is that things are getting worse, but Harvard Prof. Steven Pinker 's *Enlightenment Now* gives me hope. The youthful protesters at Harvard and across the country give me hope. Human progress will resume. Fairly soon. I am a short-term pessimist but long-term optimist.

The decade I spent as a stay-at-home Dad for our three children was a choice not to be traded away for anything. They went on to enter fields that did not exist as choices in our generation—Sumner and Mallory in high-tech, introducing us to must-have

accessories they helped bring to market like Fitbit and iPhone, Lydia becoming an authority on creativity and artificial intelligence. But so far, I remain app-athetic, wary of cloud dependency and cryptocurrencies, and mindful of the huge potential market to make new stuff old-user-friendly! I can see a role in that for all of us.

I continue to compile a list of Boston-area firsts across all fields of human endeavor over four centuries. Not bad for this small corner of the globe. Inspiring, too. I need to get this into book form asap. My current book project, *America's DNA: How one family helped advance a nation and its ideals over three centuries,* is a collection of stories of feisty forebears who deserve to be better known to a wider audience. One was Anne Hutchinson, the threat of whose formidable intellect is thought to have instigated the male hierarchy to hurry up and found our alma *mater*. The midwife who begat Harvard. The point is, stories that inspire instead of fomenting despair are needed now more than ever. We have personally experienced almost one third of America's history since 1776! The "Class of 70+" is what we now are. We should share what we have learned by engaging, asking questions and listening, and practicing what we preach.

Vic Connell

Harvard College lore our freshman year revealed three types of students: Preppies, Wonks and Jocks…indeed an impressive triad! As I think back, the most significant way in which college influenced my subsequent life was my participation in intercollegiate athletics. Being a "Jock" and a student for four years was more rewarding, complicated and challenging than some might imagine. I know that many of you who were student athletes can relate.

So why play football? There were so many apparent downsides to this. It took time and energy away from other college activities; there was the pain and frustration of sustaining and recovering from sports injuries; the getting up early or staying up late to work on academics so we could trek over the Charles River to the stadium for practice most late afternoons, and then trek back in the evening - often in bad weather - only to spend more time watching game films before eating a late meal; and finally, missing classes while traveling for several days to other college stadiums to play in front of antagonistic crowds. Why would anyone sign up for this?

There were upsides. First, there was the immediate advantage to an incoming freshman of having something in common with other student-athletes from all over the country. The football players were a diverse group, coming from different geographic, social and academic backgrounds, but we all bonded with each other early in August, before the academic year started, during "double sessions." As a new arrival from a lower middle class family in New Jersey, having attended middling public schools, and the first in the family to go to college, it could have been overwhelming to arrive at an Ivy League College, to adjust and "fit in" with other classmates who were often better prepared socially and academically.

But, as a member of the football team, whence you came did not matter. What mattered was how you contributed to the team. For many of us, physical effort, self-discipline, personal sacrifice, teamwork, camaraderie, and learning from our athletic successes and failures on the field would ultimately be just as important as academics in determining our future opportunities and outcomes.

After college, the rigors of medical school and residency were all more manageable as a result of my experiences as a college athlete and team member. The "life lessons" learned from participating in team sports helped nurture the skills I would need to succeed later in life - balancing a demanding medical practice, a growing family, and finding time for community and social activities.

For many of us "Jocks", the experiences we shared during our college years as members of an athletic team stayed with us after college as we morphed into proud alumni and faithful athletic team supporters. This has resulted in significant lifelong

friendships across many different class years, keeping us connected to the college, its athletic programs and each other. Go Crimson!

Someone once said that while looking around at his 50th reunion, he wondered why there were so many much older people in attendance? I bet many of us feel the same way today. Hopefully there is a bit of that 18 year old freshman still alive in each of us…looking forward to new adventures, new relationships, and new opportunities to learn and experience the ups and downs of life…for a while longer.

Ultimately, being 71 and retired is OK. At this point, I know who I am, what I like, and have the ability and means to do pretty much whatever I want as long as I pace myself. I now attempt to find joy, purpose and meaning by "living in the moment" – by staying aware and present…trying to fully experience whatever occurs each and every day.

My professional life in health care and service to others has revealed to me that most people experience difficult challenges in their lives. Understanding this, we should strive to be kind, patient with each other, tolerant of our different points of view, and try to help each other get through the many trials of life… in other words, as we make way through our life journeys together, be a good teammate.

A final somber thought reflecting upon our 50th Reunion is how many of our classmates are not able to attend this gathering. Both of my freshman roommates have died…one in his 40's and the other in his mid 60's – both too soon. One of my best friends in college and med school passed in his 30's from melanoma. Another close college friend has developed a type of dementia that prevents him from recognizing me and sharing any of our memories. Many of you have experienced similar classmate losses. Those of us attending this reunion are among the lucky ones.

Vic Connell '70, MD '74

WILL WALKER OUR NEXT CHAPTER 50th REUNION

When I was about fifteen, my cello teacher stuck a Beethoven sonata on my music stand and asked me to sight-read it. I struggled through a few bars as he accompanied me on our piano and then I stopped.

Mr. Schwager leaned back in what seemed to me a sunny coma of musical ecstasy and, as though calling to me from a distant idyllic meadow of elevated liberation, called out as from a great distance, “Fake it! Fake it!”

Perhaps my most treasured musical memory.

As it turns out, also kind of a watchword for much of my later life.

Music-making is for me an amateur experience. I guess I could call it an avocation, if I were feeling fancy. Calling it fun seems dismissive. It’s something I’m called to do. Though that seems a little highfalutin for the sounds I produce on a cello.

In any case: As another voice from the past puts it, Anything worth doing is worth doing badly.

That’s kind of my mantra as I progress with music-making, and also other creative endeavors.

I also write. Never professionally, really, though I’ve received some cash for my efforts along the way. But if I’m not writing to satisfy myself, I’m sort of missing the point.

Becoming an enthusiastic amateur, then, has pretty much been the focus of my later years. I hate even thinking of these as my later years, for all the obvious reasons. But also for this one: These days I feel a freedom to just show up and do the best I can. I wish I’d felt this way fifty years ago, or even longer, when I was sitting trying to sight-read Beethoven and the prospect of faking it seemed like an impossibility.

Now I fake it, with gusto. Or, as they say in the music world, con brio.

As for the writing: I’ve given up on the idea that somehow my efforts amount to a failure if I can’t find a major publishing house to endorse my efforts. I write as much as I can get myself to write, and I do what I can to find someplace to share my work. My efforts meet with limited success.

Emphasis, however, not on “limited,” but on “success.”

Faking it, it turns out, can be quite rewarding.

Take this piece: My puter thingie says I’ve only written around 400 words. What do I do now?

Let me trot out another childhood exemplar. Miss Hartog, is how I knew her. She was what in those days would be described as a spinster. She showed up at a music camp I attended in, I think, 1965. Among the students in attendance, I was a dunce; Miss Hartog was slightly less accomplished. She was also impossibly old, by camp standards. So, you know: fifties, perhaps.

She had no business being at Kneisel Hall, sawing away with the truly talented thireteen-year-olds on summer break from Juilliard. And yet, as we say now, she persisted.

The teachers at the camp had no idea what to do with the likes of me and Miss Hartog; finally they managed to shuffle out a duet by a guy named Dotzauer, and we played that duet at the summer’s-end recitals. I won’t say it went great, but we made it through without breaking down or giving up.

I had no real sense of what courage Miss Hartog displayed that summer, simply by showing up.

Now that's me: Get over yourself, and show up.

These days I actually get to play Beethoven, in the summer, when I'm in the vicinity of a decent pianist. Our friends keep telling us they're expecting a recital any year now; we keep assuring them that someday soon, maybe in another year or two, we'll be ready to perform. In the meantime, we practice in an empty room in the Truro Library. Our only identified audience has been an older woman who asked to listen, then sat down and put her hands over her eyes as we played. She appeared care-worn and burdened. I guess the best I can say is, she appeared no more care-worn after our playing. And, as I remarked to my partner in crime, at least she hadn't put her hands over her ears.

As for the writing, I note with some sense of achievement that I'm closing in on 750 words. Some days it's easy to meet one's MDR; other days it takes extra effort. Happy to still have the time and attention to try.

—Will Walker '70

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