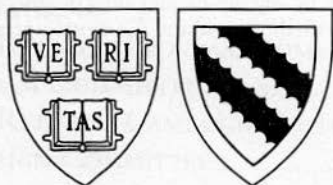


Harvard and Radcliffe
Class of 1971
Fiftieth Anniversary Report



CAMBRIDGE

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DEGREES: AB, cum laude, '71; PhD '78.

SPOUSE/PARTNER: Beatriz Garcia, July 5, 1999 (BS, Instituto Politécnico Nacional '76; MA, Univ. of Pennsylvania '90); Paula K. Roberts, May 31, 1982 (divorced, 1996) (BA, Univ. of Utah '70; MA, *ibid.* '81).

CHILDREN: Sarah M., 1985 (BA, Brandeis Univ. '07; MSI, Univ. of Michigan '11); Anna A., 1987 (BS, Skidmore Coll. '10); Elizabeth L., 2000 (BA, New York Univ. '22).

OFFICES HELD: President, 1994–present, Middle East Forum; director, 1986–1993, Foreign Policy Research Institute; professor, 1984–86, US Naval War College; lecturer, 1983–84, Harvard; member, policy planning staff, 1982–83, US Dept. of State.

PUBLICATIONS: *Militant Islam Reaches America* (W. W. Norton, 2002); *Conspiracy* (Free Press, 1998); *Greater Syria* (Oxford University Press, 1990); *In the Path of God* (Basic Books, 1983); *Slave Soldiers and Islam* (Yale University Press, 1981).

AWARDS: Guardian of Zion Award, 2006, Rennert Center for Jerusalem Studies, Bar-Ilan University; honorary degree, 2003, Yeshiva University; *Who's Who in the World*, 2002, Marquis Publications; Public Affairs Award, 1990, Lotos Club; honorary degree, 1988, American University in Switzerland.

“The worst Class in the history of Harvard”: that’s how Nathan Pusey, Harvard’s president, described us, the graduates of 1971.

With nearly a half century’s leisure to contemplate that bitter judgment (this is written in August 2020), I’ve concluded that he was about right. Of course, one can’t be sure, as no one person knows all 384 graduating Classes. One can, though, say that ours was not just feckless in college—what Pusey observed and condemned—but in the half century since, it has actively joined in the degradation of American higher education and beyond.

Though a blink in time, our collegiate years of 1967–1971 witnessed the most far-reaching changes since the founding of Western higher education at the Università di Bologna in 1088. We entered a liberal university in 1967 and left a radicalized one four years later. Consider the innovations: pass–fail courses, student representatives on tenure committees, politicized “studies” departments and majors, relevancy the new yardstick. In addition, student life was transformed through coed housing, coed nude swimming, an end to the dress code, and the abolition of *parietals*. (As an experiment, ask someone under seventy what *parietals* means.)

These steps transformed the University from an institution encouraging free inquiry into one that seeks to inculcate a message. Of innumerable examples (such as just 1 percent of the faculty identifying as conservative), take the fall of Larry Summers. Many factors led to his abrupt departure as Harvard's president, but key was his audacity to speculate, however cautiously, in a January 2005 talk on "Diversifying the Science and Engineering Workforce," that "issues of intrinsic aptitude" may help explain the relative dearth of women in top positions in the sciences. This commonsense conjecture prompted a faculty revolt that forced Summers's resignation a year later. So much for free inquiry and the search for truth, or *veritas* in Latin.

Speaking of *Veritas*, that is also the ironic title of a book about Karen L. King, Hollis Professor of Divinity (the oldest endowed chair in the United States) at Harvard. It establishes how, blinded by her ideological fervor, this renowned professor fell for an obvious forgery, bringing shame on herself and on Harvard.

And lingering on the topic of *Veritas*: "*Christi Gloriam*" ("For the glory of Christ") served as Harvard's motto for its first two centuries. To adapt to changing times, it was changed to the more secular "*Veritas*" in 1836. This motto now being woefully outdated, it urgently needs to be replaced. Our Class of '71 should propose "*Propaganda*." This Latin term has several advantages: it conveniently dates to 1622, or just before Harvard's founding in 1636; it requires no translation into English; and it precisely captures Harvard's new spirit, which our Class bumptiously promotes.

We were among the last to receive a solid, demanding, apolitical education; for this, I am deeply grateful. I learned from such masters of their craft as William Alfred, John Clive, Carlton Coon, Kenneth Dike, John Fairbank, Elliot Forbes, Owen Gingerich, Stuart Hughes, Edward Keenan, Angeliki Liaou, Muhsin Mahdi, Harvey Mansfield, Amos Perlmutter, Edwin Reischauer, Abdelhamid Sabra, Judith Shklar, Shlomo Sternberg, Donald Stone, George Wald, Michael Walzer, Robert Wolfe, and Harry Wolfson.

Guided by such professors, I wrote classical music, puzzled over differential geometry, memorized Chinese dynasties, understood the importance of Marsilius of Padua, stumbled over Arabic grammar, and appreciated the impact of the Six-Day War. I relish that training the more because few of today's undergraduates experience anything like it (and, being the parent of a college junior, I know this firsthand).

The politicization that our Class promoted had the small consolation of teaching me some hard lessons. I broached pretend "picket lines" to eat the food and attend the lectures that my family had paid for. I argued with Progressive Labor cadres about capitalism and imperialism. I brought complaints against members of the Students for a Democratic Society (SDS) for shutting down a Counter Teach-In that supported the Vietnam War. I wrote letters to the editor denouncing radicals (published in the *Boston Record-American*) and criticizing faculty squishiness (in the *New York Times*).

That personal education has stood me in good stead through the decades and prepared me for 2020's renewed radical moment of political correctness, cancel culture, and microaggressions. Our cohort did its share to transmute crazed economic ideas from the aeries of our ivory tower a half century ago into the cultural lunacy that has become dogma among half the population. Our classmate Chuck Schumer serves as the paramount symbol of this extension. During Harvard's years of revolution, he was president of the Young Democrats. Today, he is minority leader of the US Senate. In both cases, he attempted to triangulate between moderates and radicals; in both cases he ended up facilitating the extremists. His apprenticeship at Harvard in 1971 prepared him well for national demolition today.

That is our dismal legacy.