



THE KEY REPORTER

Symposium on 'Culture Wars' and Tech Revolution To Take Place at Hunter College on October 23

Phi Beta Kappa members and their guests are invited to attend a national symposium this fall in New York City to explore the implications for American universities of the new intellectual currents (the "culture wars") and of the technological revolution (the "virtual university"). The symposium will be held on Saturday, October 23, in Room 714, West Building, Hunter College. There is no charge for the event, which includes breakfast and lunch. The symposium is being sponsored by the chapters and associations of Phi Beta Kappa's Middle Atlantic District and Hunter College.

Phi Beta Kappa's national president, Frederick J. Crosson, and ΦBK Senator Catharine Stimpson will analyze the new challenges to tradi-

tional assumptions about liberal education and cultural literacy. Lynn A. Fontana, president of Fountain Communications, Inc., will discuss the effects of distance learning and other technological innovations on universities and colleges. John Brademas, president emeritus of New York University and a former member of Congress, will then give his perspective on the future of liberal learning and the implications of the technological revolution. An extended question period will follow the presentations. ΦBK Senator James Lusardi will serve as moderator for the program.

To obtain further details and to register to attend the symposium, write to Prof. C. Howard Krukofsky,

Hunter College, 695 Park Ave., New York, NY 10021. The invitation is open to any members (and guests) who are interested, and all are encouraged to register in advance.

Phi Beta Kappa Gives Key Reporter Subscriptions To Campus Libraries

Beginning with this issue, the libraries on all 255 campuses that shelter chapters of Phi Beta Kappa will start receiving a free subscription to the *Key Reporter*. The libraries are being asked to display the newsletter where students can see it, with the intention of improving general knowledge of Phi Beta Kappa on these campuses.

Furman ΦBK Graduate Wins Sibley Fellowship

Katarzyna B. Hagemajer, a native of Poland who is a 1995 Phi Beta Kappa graduate of Furman University, has received Phi Beta Kappa's Mary Isabel Sibley

Fellowship for 1999-2000. Now a graduate student in Classics at Princeton University, she will use the award to work on her dissertation: "Philobarbarismos: Greek Cultural Exchange with the East in the 4th Century B.C." She will conduct her research at Princeton and at the American School of Classical Studies at Athens. The fellowship, which was established by a bequest in 1934 to aid young women scholars, provides a stipend of \$20,000.

In 2000 the Sibley fellowship will be offered for studies in French. Candidates must be unmarried women who are between 25 and 35 years of age and hold the doctorate or have fulfilled all the requirements for the doctorate except the dissertation.

They must be planning to devote full-time work to their project during the fellowship year beginning in September 2000. Further information and application forms may be obtained by writing to the Sibley Fellowship Committee, Phi Beta Kappa, 1785 Massachusetts Ave. NW, Fourth Floor, Washington, DC 20036.



Katarzyna Hagemajer

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Confessions of a Peripatetic Philosopher

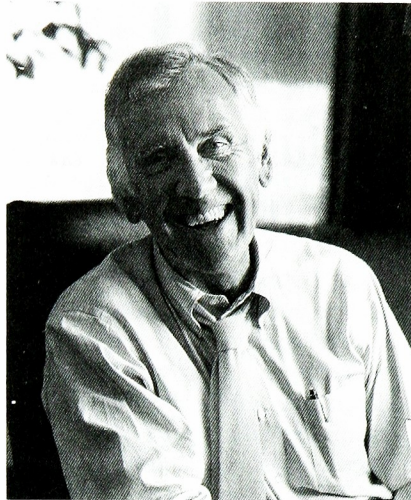
By Leroy S. Rouser

DURING THIS PAST YEAR I visited eight different colleges and universities, from Maine to Hawaii, as a Phi Beta Kappa Visiting Scholar. I was delighted to be asked; it felt like an honorary degree of sorts. At the same time, it was hard work, and I confess that I was somewhat intimidated by the prospect of people from some very good philosophy and religion departments giving me the once over. As it turned out, they couldn't have been nicer. Phi Beta Kappa is a prestigious organization, so I was greeted like a real dignitary, and that made me feel very grand.

I was also put up in some pretty swell accommodations. I had not realized that the Bed and Breakfast business had become so upscale. I stayed in several restored Victorian mansions, each more elegant than the last, with four-poster king-size beds, damask drapes, dried flower arrangements in crystal vases, linen napkins, sterling silver place settings, and more five-course breakfasts than were really good for me. I tried to do an afternoon workout when there was time, but they keep you busy at these places, so I eventually happily resigned myself to getting fat.

After you have been appointed to the Visiting Scholar panel—there are about a dozen Scholars each year, from various academic fields—you are asked to submit a list of two or three topics on which you are prepared to give a public lecture, and another two or three for classroom discussions in your field. My field is the philosophy of religion, so I did public lectures on “What Does It Mean to Be an American?,” “Ethnic Conflict and World Community,” and “Ecstasy and Truth.” Most places chose either the American civil religion lecture [see an excerpt in the *Key Reporter*, Spring 1999] or the one on ethnic conflict, because that is a hot topic these days, but one university philosophy department wanted “Ecstasy and Truth.”

I warned them that it was not about sex and drugs (alas), but was



Leroy Rouser

BOSTON UNIVERSITY PHOTO

actually a heavy-duty, industrial-strength investigation of how we know that the fundamental principles of any science are true. The lecture compared the way Aristotle dealt with the problem—because there is no way to prove the principle of noncontradiction, or the axiom that the shortest distance between two points is a straight line—and the way the philosophical theologian Paul Tillich dealt with it, because the affirmation “I know that my Redeemer liveth” is also beyond proof. So how do we know that any of these affirmations are true?

I was trying to show that the philosophy of science and the philosophy of religion aren't so radically different as the common wisdom assumes, and that there is a dash of mysticism—Tillich refers to “ecstatic reason”—in both the scientific and the theological answers to the question.

Once you get into it, the issue is interesting, but the lecture is a little technical, and the early going makes you think that this is something only a philosopher could love. I probably should have specified that lecture for an upper-level philosophy class, because the public lectures are for nonspecialists, but I was saved by a very gracious audience, most of whom listened carefully and worked hard to get it. The discussion follow-

ing the lecture turned out to be one of the best on my tour. When I launched into the subtleties of Aristotle's view of the “active intellect,” listeners could have just closed their glassy eyes and dozed off, thinking dark thoughts about philosophical obscurantists, but they didn't. As I say, people everywhere were very nice.

Before my tour began I had some good advice from Jean Elshain from the University of Chicago, who had been a Visiting Scholar two years ago. She said, “Take everything you've got. You'll be glad you did.” What she meant was that the prescribed format doesn't always tell you what is going to happen, and you are sometimes asked to do an extra talk. Each program is efficiently coordinated in the Washington office by Kathy Navascues, who single-handedly keeps track of all 13 Scholars, making travel arrangements, keeping in touch with the local Φ BK chapters, and doing endless trouble-shooting.

Kathy sends out the Visiting Scholar announcement to all 255 Phi Beta Kappa chapters in the country, as well as to the heads of departments in the Scholars' disciplines. The various chapters then make requests for various scholars, and Kathy puts together an itinerary for each Scholar.

Try as she did, however, to make the various chapters stick to the list of official topics, several of my invitations came from places where I had friends, and friends don't pay any attention to official lists. One friend was teaching a senior seminar on “Leadership in the Bible,” and told me that I was to teach his class on this topic. Now I don't know very much about leadership in the Bible. (All right, Moses I know, but where do we go from there?) Lack of knowledge, however, does not regularly deter philosophers from expressing views, so I said, “Okay, Henry; just for you.” I scrambled to do some research, told the class everything I knew about the topic in half an hour, and then participated in a high-level

and engaging conversation with a group of bright and articulate students on a topic about which none of us knew very much but all of us were interested in exploring. It turned out to be a great class, despite my lack of expertise.

People have asked my general impressions from this intellectual Grand Tour. The program is set up primarily for places with Phi Beta Kappa chapters that do not regularly have a lot of visiting firemen coming through. This was true of some, but not all, of the places I visited. The arrangement was for two full days on campus, which included lunch meetings with faculty and students, individual conversations with other philosophers, classroom presentations, and a public lecture.

Some general observations:

1. The faculty people I met were quite impressive. For years I have been telling graduate students that the tight job market has a plus side—that faculty colleagues in small colleges are increasingly comparable with colleagues in major research universities, because you have to be good to get a job anywhere these days. My experience on this tour reinforced my conviction.

2. The students were generally better at listening than at talking. On the occasions when there was lively student discussion, it was at a high level, as I have noted. But the undergraduates were usually close-mouthed.

3. During the year, I attended a number of Phi Beta Kappa initiation ceremonies, sometimes participating, in my role as a Visiting Scholar, and sometimes not. I was disappointed that brevity and informality have become so much the order of the day, thus marginalizing Phi Beta Kappa membership in academic life. I think it is important that these occasions be well planned and executed, with appropriate pomp, ceremony, and gravitas. (Nevertheless, the “secret handshake,”* which is now only silly, has got to go.) These

students are a distinguished group. They are receiving the undergraduate equivalent of an honorary degree, and the occasion of their initiation should be central to their academic life and therefore both serious and substantive. This is as important for our culture as it is for our Society.

Americans are the folk who built a better mousetrap and dreamed a grander dream. Our distinctively American gift has been a youthful naiveté and an imaginative practicality. But we have been suspicious of “culture,” and have always harbored a certain anti-intellectualism. “Eggsheads,” “nerds,” and occupants of the “Ivory Tower” are popularly regarded as irrelevant to the real American project, unless they can produce something that all of us can “use.” It is no accident that the distinctive philosophical contribution of America to contemporary thought is pragmatism.

Phi Beta Kappa, in contrast, is gloriously useless. We can make members mindful of our cultural heritage; it is even possible that we can make members better people. But as one of the last true bastions of the liberal arts and sciences, we do not celebrate the mind for its ingenuity. We celebrate the mind for its sensitivity to, and expertise in, things that are good, true, and beautiful.

Shortly before he died, Vince Foster, deputy White House counsel in the first Clinton administration, gave a talk, which was widely reported in the press, about our current preoccupation with practical values and the success it brings. What I remember most vividly about it was the comment, “No one, on his deathbed, ever said, ‘I wish I’d spent more time in the office.’”

Most Americans still believe that more time at the office is going to save their souls. Phi Beta Kappa is one of the few great American institutions that have countered that noxious doctrine with the view that our culture is more important than our accomplishments—that good, thoughtful, knowledgeable, and culturally gracious people are more significant for American life than the simply successful ones. We are here to hold that banner high, without apology. To do that we need occa-

sions of dignity, excellence, and emotional power.

As to the Visiting Scholar program itself, I cannot say enough good things about it from the point of view of the Visitor. In Willie Nelson’s fine phrase, I got to see “places where I’ve never been before,” got to know some fine folk, and discovered good work being done. Given one generous reception after another, I think that there is much evidence that this is a fine program, happily received. But what I know for sure is that I was honored to be part of it, and that I had a wonderful time. ■

Leroy Rouner is professor of philosophy, religion, and philosophical theology and director of the Institute for Philosophy and Religion at Boston University.

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***Editor’s note:** In the brand-new “Manual for Chapter Officers,” which was recently revised for the first time in a generation, the secret handshake is no longer a major part of the initiation ceremony.



If there were an Editorial Hall of Fame, Eleanor Gould Packard (ΦBK, Oberlin, 1938) would certainly be in it. Now in her 55th year as a nonfiction editor at The New Yorker, Miss Gould, as she is known professionally, still rides the bus each weekday to work in Manhattan, where she clarifies pronoun antecedents, roots out ambiguities and clichés, eliminates subject-verb disagreements, and otherwise protects authors from their lapses in usage, taste, and sense—usually right through lunch, which she munches at her desk.

To say she's a legend is to understate. She has been called The New Yorker's "Saint of Grammar" (Wall Street Journal, March 1, 1990), "the new Fowler" ([London] Observer, Dec. 13, 1992), and "the best copy editor in the world" (Magazine Week, March 8, 1993). She has been credited with having had as much responsibility for the style of The New Yorker as Harold Ross, E. B. White, or William Shawn (New York Times, Feb. 4, 1998), and White enlisted her help in revising the first edition of his (and William Strunk's) now classic Elements of Style.

Yet when the Key Reporter first invited Miss Gould to write about her career for this department of the newsletter, she begged off, writing in a clear script (she does not use a typewriter or a word processor), "There is really nothing to tell. For nearly fifty-three years now, I've simply got up and gone to work, trying to solve my puzzles of how to improve the writing I'm confronted with."

Well, a year and a half—and many more handwritten letters and a new fax machine—later (any telephone interview was out because she had suddenly lost her hearing a decade ago), here's a glimpse of the modest Miss Gould's life outside academe.

Q. How did you get started at *The New Yorker*?

A. In late 1945, when I was working on a magazine unwisely named *Tomorrow*, I told a colleague how much I longed to work for *The New Yorker*, and he gave me a tip: I should write to a man there named William Shawn but shouldn't expect to get any answer until at least three months had passed. I wrote a short letter, kept a copy of it, and, exactly three months to the day later, received a reply to come in for an interview. I did so on—as it happened—my 28th birthday.

In my letter I had said I had found in *The New Yorker* two misuses of the word "different"—one was "different than" and the other something like "the flowers smelled differently"—and we discussed those. I told him I was a junior [year] Phi Beta and had graduated summa cum laude from Oberlin, where I had majored in English. At the end of our conversation, he said that after the week's issue had gone to press he would send me some weekend proofs to edit. I was subsequently hired, to work on the copy desk.

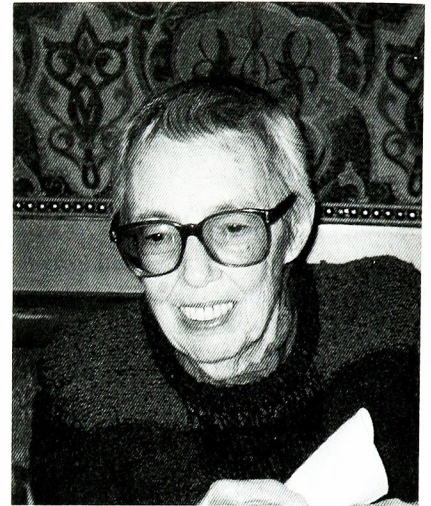
I soon learned that I was the first woman to have been given that job—that Mr. Ross generally preferred to have men working in the office. As things turned out, though, I was lucky. Perhaps partly

because Mr. Ross had to walk right past my office to get to Makeup, he kept careful watch on how late I worked—and I did work late.

In those days, the printer was in Connecticut, and everything was carried back and forth by train, so we all worked according to the train schedule. Most of us would come in at about 11 A.M. (most of us still do) and theoretically leave at 6:30 P.M., but a lot of us worked until nearly midnight. Perhaps because I was female, and because he kept seeing me working late, Mr. Ross asked me to keep a record of my time over several weeks, and before long he hired a second copy editor (a man) to work during the late afternoon and the evening.

Mr. Ross seemed to want as few women on the staff as possible, and he didn't much want to have women *writing* for the magazine at all. He insisted that the gender of any woman author be specified early in any piece. I remember that once I just *couldn't* think of any way to work that fact into a very carefully written piece; finally, it occurred to me to have the writer say, "I arranged with my husband to borrow the car for the day."

That problem solved itself after the death of Mr. Ross, in 1951, when Mr. Shawn became editor of the magazine. In



Eleanor Gould Packard

due course, sometime before 1960, Mr. Shawn told me that he wanted only me to do the editing on the pieces he was handling, and as a result I saw him every day. (In fact, during several months when *The New Yorker* was changing printers, I saw him every weekend, too. He and his family lived almost straight across Central Park from me, and I would get *The Talk of the Town* delivered to me from the office on Saturday, would read it, and on Sunday would walk across the Park and deliver it to him to work on before Monday morning.) Ordinarily, the fact checker and I had the last word, in Mr. Shawn's office, on how each piece should read when it went to press. The author was often with us, too, and Pauline Kael, for instance, was with us on Friday evening.

Q. Among some memorabilia you sent us was a note scribbled by Harold Ross saying, "Pregnant ladies are entitled to 5 weeks with pay." How did you manage family life and your job in that period?

A. Instead of taking the five weeks off when my daughter, Suzy, was born in 1948, I took only four, because I was afraid my office companion—the afternoon man—would feel overworked and quit. As for how Suzy was cared for, to tell that I'd have to tell you about Freddie Packard, my husband [the head of the magazine's fact-checking department, who died in 1974]. He had studied and worked in France and in Switzerland as a young man, and he had many, many friends. He could always find some French or Swiss woman who had come to this country to work and would look after our daughter when she was small.

Except for having to go to the hospital to try to establish the cause for my deafness, and taking a few vacations, I have not missed one moment of one day

at the office since long before Mr. Shawn died, in the late 1980s.

Q. How would you describe your editorial philosophy?

A. This isn't really a philosophy—just some guidance:

1. Always watch out for grammar problems in everything you read—from the newspaper to all the begging letters that come to your mailbox.

2. Avoid repetitions of nearly every kind.

3. Try to make corrections that are in accord with the author's writing style. (That's what is fun.) Over the years, I think, I have found more and more things that need to be corrected, and I hope I have found more ways of dealing with them.

Q. How about pet language peeves and favorite reference works?

A. My list of pet language peeves would certainly include writers' use of indirection (i.e., slipping new information into a narrative as if the reader already knew it); confusion between restrictive and non-restrictive phrases and clauses (*that* goes with restrictive clauses, and, ordinarily, *which* with nonrestrictive); careless repetition; and singular subjects with plural verbs and vice versa. Also, always change *ten times more than* to *ten times as many as*; *he is one of the best writers who is to who are*; and *they only did five things to they did only five*.

I have a shelf loaded with resources above my office desk and more at home, but among my favorites are *Merriam-Webster's Tenth Collegiate Dictionary* and Ted Bernstein's books, particularly *The Careful Writer*, *Miss Thistlebottom's Hobgoblins*, and *More Language That Needs Watching*. I never met Ted Bernstein, but over several decades, while he was working on the *Times*, we talked on the phone, and from the 1960s until the year of his death he sent me his weekly "Winners and Sinners," to praise or correct the writers at the *Times*.

One of the books on my shelf—*Line by Line*, by Claire Kehrwald Cook—reminds me of a curious incident. Garrison Keillor, who was on our staff for a while, gave me this wonderful book, which said on the cover "How to Edit Your Own Writing." I liked it so much that I persuaded Robert Gottlieb, Mr. Shawn's successor, to order a lot of copies to give to our writers. After he received the copies, though, he found that there had been a reprinting, and all those covers now read "How to Improve Your Own Writing." Because it was hardly the thing for the head of *The New Yorker* to urge his authors to improve their own writing, all the books went back.

Q. How has *The New Yorker* changed under recent editors?

A. Under Mr. Shawn, of course, all of us editors were careful to keep him from seeing obscenities that writers tried to get away with, so Gottlieb's advent seemed shocking. When Tina Brown was here, I encountered her exactly four times, and never exchanged even a word with her. As for the strong change in the language under her editorship, I had no choice but to ignore it. David Remnick seems to be a very good editor, but, because he is clearly working very hard, I seldom see him. Whenever I do see him, though, he is extremely kind and thoughtful. He astounded me last winter by sending me a Christmas present—a sort of picnic basket filled with many kinds of pâtés, some New York State cider, and some desserts. He also saw to it himself that I was given a new fax.

As the editor, he apparently seeks to turn the magazine into a number of long

fact pieces dealing with what is almost headline news, and that seems to work very well. Of course, the magazine had changed repeatedly over the past ten or fifteen years, and now it seems to me to be moving upward.

Q. How has your deafness affected your life and work?

A. The frightful losses were of music and ballet. Actually, when I was growing up I expected to do something in the music world (Oberlin, of course, encouraged that), but I turned toward words instead. When I was fourteen, I wrote a fan letter to a female poet, Aline Kilmer, whose subject was her children, and she answered the letter. We corresponded for many years; I was living in Ohio and she lived in New Jersey. We met a number of times, and she was a sort of second mother to me. It was she who taught me that there was such a thing as editing,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 6

"You don't know the extent of your ignorance until you work with Eleanor Gould. . . . You're soon overwhelmed by her feel for every editorial sin under the sun, her ability to replace lack of clarity with complete clarity. . . . She is incandescent, a teacher, a genius."—Martin Baron, head of the fact-checking department at *The New Yorker*, quoted in *Magazine Week*, March 8, 1993

*"She is an extraordinary editing machine. Her grasp of syntax, logic and common sense is inexorable. She's the basic fabric of the safety net that *The New Yorker* places beneath writers and editors."*—Robert Gottlieb, then editor of *The New Yorker*, quoted in *the Wall Street Journal*, March 1, 1990.

An Ode to Miss Gould

The Fallibility Rag

By Cynthia Ozick

Overruled (and schooled)
by Gould!
In the annals of Disgrace
I take my chastened place.
For one who goes to bed (and that is I)
with Fowler,
then perpetrates
a howler—
ah, humble, humble, HUMBLE Pie,
Pie of Shame, Blame's nadir!
(Or is it peak?)
Muse, shrink back in fear,
shiver and grow meek!
Make an end of wild surmise!
"Constitute" is not "comprise."
"Affinity" reciprocates.
"Unthinkable" is like "unique"
and has no mates.

O humble, humble, HUMBLE Pie,
O Pie of Shame, you mortify!
To err is human? Never mind.
Who'll deny
there's schism?—
those who err,
and those who don't. I'd prefer
to be the kind
(infallibly mentally fit)
who never commit
—it turns out when you quiz'm—
a Solecism.

So humble, humble, HUMBLE Pie,
hear my keening woe!
I'll sup till I die
on Humble Pie
(and also Crow).

[When asked for her permission to publish this ode, composed perhaps 10 years ago, Cynthia Ozick quickly assented, with this comment: "I would be more than pleased if you saw fit to use it in a piece about the legendary Miss Gould. Though I remember writing those verses, I don't recall whether the sins recounted in them really were mine, or were chosen for the sake of the rhyme. Of course I hope it was the latter; but I fear it was the former."]

LIFE OUTSIDE ACADEME

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5

and, as one who in school had helped teachers by grading students' papers, I jumped at the idea. I still do jump at it.

Curiously, deafness not only keeps me from talking to people but also keeps me from even recognizing them. It's really odd: when I meet new people, I'm very likely not to recognize them when I see them again.

On the whole, though, I feel that I've been unbelievably lucky; surely, there couldn't be a better job for a deaf person than the one I have and so much enjoy.

Q. What are your other interests now, apart from your work?

A. Would it strike you as unseemly for a nearly eighty-two-year-old woman to be a baseball fan? I follow the Mets and the Braves avidly.

And I enjoy travel. Suzy, who now works for an architect here in New York, and I went to the Antarctic a few years ago. I had become fascinated with the region after reading *The Worst Journey in the World*, by Apsley Cherry-Garrard. Our ship took us down the eastern shore of South America. Some years earlier, I'd been through the Panama Canal and visited Colombia, Ecuador, and Peru. This time, I got to see Buenos Aires. In Antarctica, the penguins walked along close beside Suzy and me wherever we went, and it was hard to obey the ship's instructions not to touch them or any other living Antarctic creature.

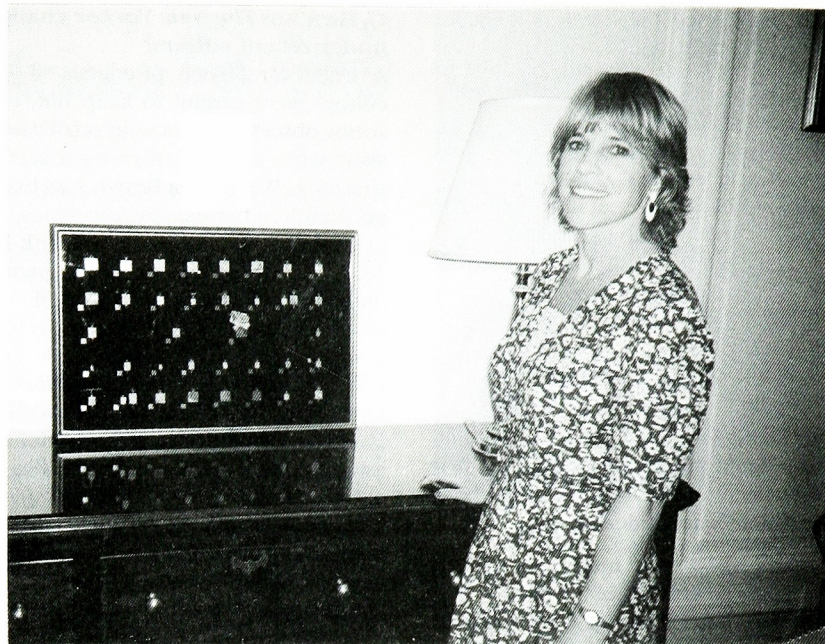
Last summer, Suzy and I went to England when my elder grandson graduated from Wycliffe College after being the Head of School for a year, an enormous honor in England.

Q. Have you any favorite authors among those you've worked with?

A. Some of *The New Yorker* people who come most readily to mind from the past are Joe Mitchell, Jerry Salinger, Pauline Kael, Andrew Porter, Janet Flanner, and Phil Hamburger. Phil still comes to the office every week or so.

Joe Mitchell, whom everyone in the office regarded as the greatest of all *The New Yorker* writers, was a special friend. He and his family met with Freddie and Suzy and me on weekends, and for some decades Freddie used to have lunch nearly every day with Joe (and with Winthrop Sergeant, who was then our music reviewer), and I would try to join them on Fridays, when much of the week's work was done.

I hesitate even to mention Salinger, since he had long ago sought retirement from the world, but back when my daughter was ten or twelve he made such



Barbara Howes was recently named the Society's director of chapter relations. In her new job she will work closely with the chapters and help them carry out their responsibilities as constituent members of the Society. She has been on the staff at Phi Beta Kappa's headquarters since 1993 and has served as office manager for the past 12 months. She is pictured in the Society's headquarters in front of a framed display of samples of the variety of keys that existed before the key design was standardized in 1917.

an impression on her that she still talks about him. For a while, he would pause by my door whenever he was coming to see Mr. Shawn, and ask after her, for he'd been charmed by a picture of her on my desk. On one evening when Mr. Shawn and I were about to close a piece of Salinger's, both men waited to do the closing until late in the evening so that I could go to watch Suzy's ballet class make its first public appearance; then I came back to the office.

James Thurber and his wife spent a lot of time in England or France from the 1960s on, and for a while I used his office—the one where he'd drawn a few pictures on the wall (pictures that I now walk past half a dozen times a day, because they were long ago moved to the wall of a hall just outside my office). When the couple returned, I was given the office just beyond his, toward the elevators, and every few days he'd walk into my office by mistake and I'd have to say brightly, "Good morning, Mr. Thurber." (He was blind by then.) Freddie had known him for a long time, but Thurber didn't like having his facts checked and so he didn't like Freddie.

The E. B. Whites: I knew Andy well, of course, and I saw quite a bit of Katharine. As the head of the fiction department, she worked upstairs but for my first dozen years or so I edited fiction, too, and I remember that when I once had lunch with

her at the Algonquin I told her I thought some of her editors cared more about their writers than about the magazine, because they let too many mistakes go through.

I've left out Ved Mehta, whose twenty-odd books I've edited. Blind since infancy, in India, he's a close friend of mine, but now, with my deafness, we can communicate only through a third person. Besides editing his work, I help him acquire assistants by giving them a standard test in which they are to correct as much of the grammar and punctuation as possible. Partly at my suggestion, Ved wrote just a year or so ago a whole book on Mr. Shawn, called *Remembering Mr. Shaun*, but, for some reason, it has been ignored by reviewers. Around the same time, as it happened, Yale published *A Ved Mehta Reader*, which he dedicated to me.

Q. For young people who might be thinking about an editorial career today, what educational preparation do you advise—lots of reading and a broad education? Or do you think it's all in the genes?

A. Certainly not just in the genes. The most important thing is a love of having things right—from the proper use of commas to the search for perfect clarity. Lots of reading, of course, is what brings about such love: one can't stand to find one's favorite authors not handled properly. ■

Letters to the Editor

'Only Connect'

William Cronon's "Only Connect: The Goals of a Liberal Education" [*Key Reporter*, Winter 1998-99] merits frequent rereading and reflection. As I study Cronon's list of qualities of liberally educated people, I find it both a source of inspiration and a challenge. It provides a basis for self-assessment and self-improvement as we pursue our individual goals, and helps us to redefine those goals within the broader context of the human community.

Articles like this remind us that education is an ongoing, dynamic process—a means of enriching not only our own lives but all those with whom we "connect."

Carol Krob, Iowa City, Iowa

I was impressed and not a little amazed/amused at Prof. William Cronon's listed criteria for recognizing liberally educated people. I couldn't help wondering: Does he know any?

Handsel Morgan, Buford, Ga. [Judge, Retired, Juvenile Court of Gwinnett County]

'American Civil Religion'

I'm puzzled by this passage in Leroy S. Rouner's article [*Key Reporter*, Spring 1999, page 5]: "It was not, after all, the American mousetrap builders who won the Civil War, because the technology was roughly equivalent on both sides. The war was won by those like Sullivan Ballou who trusted the triumph of American civilization."

Did I miss something in history class? Wasn't the North far more industrialized, with more steel mills and factories, than the agrarian South? Didn't the North have more men under arms than the South? Didn't the North have a navy that enabled it to blockade the South? Didn't the South feel that its cause was as morally just as that of the North and that the South's view of American civilization was just as valid (to the South) as that of the North?

This comment is not a defense of slavery, but rather a questioning of the rather simplistic explanation for the North's victory. But then again, is this a good example of the saying that history is written by the victors?

Bernard E. Ury (ΦBK, University of Wisconsin, 1950), via the Internet

Leroy Rouner responds:

Indeed, the North did have a stronger economy, etc. My only point was that it wasn't bows and arrows against rifles, and that the South might well have won. Further, I implied that morale was a key factor in the Union victory, and that that morale drew on the moral force of (a) being for the Union and (b) being against slavery. I used Sullivan Ballou as a particularly eloquent expression of how that morale worked and how his morale represented what I called American civil religion.

So, do the good guys always win? Alas, no. Are all "explanations" of why one side won always "simplistic"? Yes. Tolstoy says Napoleon had a cold, and that explains his crucial loss. More to the point, Lenin said that had the czar had "a hundred good men who were willing to die for him, the Russian revolution would never have happened." More recently, Mansour Farhang, Bani Sadir's first ambassador to the UN in the Ayatollah's initial government, in quoting Lenin's phrase, noted that "Had the Shah had fifty good men who were willing to die for him, the Iranian Revolution would not have happened." Hence my argument that Sullivan Ballou and his ilk—good men willing to die for the cause of "American civilization"—were the guys who won the war.

As to the equal validity of the causes, I think you are on the shaky ground of contemporary relativism. We all think our cause is just, and, yes, history is written by the victors. But the question remains, unless one wants to say that there is no right or wrong but only power and powerlessness, who was right?

I still remember the day William Bender, who lectured on the Civil War at Harvard in the early 1950s, jarred us out of our seats with the statement, "The Civil War was a moral issue. The North was right and the South was wrong." But I think he was right. So my point, if I had had space to expand it, would have been that the South was fighting for "a way of life" and the fight for homeland was wonderfully fierce. The North was fighting for "the Union" and against slavery. And further, that this is not simple patriotism because it was not just for America, it was for a larger principle of human rights. The irony is that Ballou took his

inspiration from the patriots of the American Revolution, whose cause was much more like that of the South than was his own. The Revolution was fought for a "way of life," which simply meant independence from a colonial power.

Bob Wolff

Thank you very much for your feature on Bob Woolf ("Life Outside Academe," Spring 1999). I had the pleasure of interviewing Mr. Woolf three years ago when I worked for WBCR, Brooklyn College's Radio Station. My interview with Mr. Woolf remains the highlight of my career in communications.

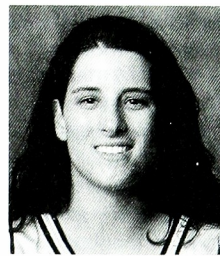
Mr. Woolf is correct when he says journalistic standards have eroded. All too often television news focuses on the negative and sensational. Factual reporting, a staple of the past, takes a back seat to entertainment. The same is true of sportscasting, where men and women of character rarely make the nightly highlights shows on networks such as ESPN.

As an avid sports fan and a member of Phi Beta Kappa, I have always enjoyed Mr. Woolf's work. He truly is a credit to the sportscasting field.

Kareem Haywood, Brooklyn, N.Y.

Basketball Star's Induction

Apropos your news item on the induction of Purdue's basketball star Stephanie White-McCarty into Phi Beta Kappa [*Key Reporter*, Spring 1999], your readers might be interested to know that the campus celebration for the team following its victory in the NCAA women's finals was postponed by one day so that White-



White-McCarty

McCarty (and Purdue's president, Steven C. Beerling, and his wife, Jane, both of whom are members of Phi Beta Kappa) could attend the previously scheduled Phi Beta Kappa initiation ceremony, at which White-McCarty received a standing ovation. Women athletes have been elected to Phi Beta Kappa before (e.g., Jane Calhoun, a member of the 1991 Big Ten Championship Purdue basketball team), but this was the first time anyone remembered such an emotional demonstration for an initiate.

Solomon Gartenhaus, West Lafayette, Ind.

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LETTERS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7

More Readers' Stories

You have in the past printed letters from people about where and when they wear their keys or insignia. A few years ago, the first woman to sit on the Texas Railroad Commission was forced to resign because she falsely claimed to have been a Society member. I now work for that agency. I wore my key every day to work until I lost it, and I keep my framed certificate on my office wall. I even bring old copies of the *Key Reporter* to work. If the Society had picture ID's, I would order one.

Karen Cox, (ΦBK, University of Texas, 1984) via the Internet

I read Julie Guttrich's story about achieving Phi Beta Kappa over five years [Winter 1998-99] with interest. I began college during the winter semester at George Washington University. Youthful and indefatigable, I was determined to finish in three and a half years, so as to be "on time." Ultimately, I did. Unlike Julie, I did know what Phi Beta Kappa was, and so I was a bit surprised *not* to be nominated as commencement drew near.

I found out that the computers had not alerted the faculty of my impending exit from GW and status as one in the running for election. My mother (ΦBK, Amherst College, 1984) intervened and my department faculty happily pressed, and I was inducted in 1994. The lesson: If you're going to try to be a speed demon and want credit, you might want to slow down enough to see who's watching.

By the way, I learned a new lesson: that taking time out has its place, too. I'm now taking almost five years to finish law school!

Jonah Paisner, Portland, Ore.

At age 23, I was a full-time newspaper reporter when I earned the key at Tulane University. Proudly I wore it on my watch chain until one day a press agent at a meeting yelled out to the assemblage, "Look at this! A Phi Beta Kappa reporter!" There were hoots and general merriment, for me hot embarrassment at being made conspicuous. Allowing a clod to dictate my behavior, I stored the key.

Later, as a college professor, writer, and lecturer, at no campus did I see anyone wearing the key, and I did not take mine from the drawer. Now that I'm retired in the back woods, there are no occasions at which wearing the key would be appropriate.

Ira Harkey Jr., Kerrville, Texas

When I first opened the letter saying I'd been elected to Phi Beta Kappa, I thought I was the object of an expensive joke. You see, the Beta was spelled with two *t*'s. It was not until the next day that I became convinced of my election, when a list of new members was published in the *Cornell Daily Sun*.

PHI BETA KAPPA, THETA OF NEW YORK
CORNELL UNIVERSITY
ITHACA, NEW YORK

May 10, 1948

Dear *M. Jenks*

I am happy to inform you that you have been

Incidentally, my mother, Dorothy Tarbell Jenks, Cornell, 1916, often claimed that she *should* have been elected to Phi Beta Kappa, but some incident held it up. Some years after she passed away, I asked my aunt, her younger sister, what the story was. She told me that when my mother's name was not among those who were elected, her father, George Schuyler Tarbell, became so infuriated that he went all the way to the governor of New York State to complain. The governor simply replied that he had no control or influence over Phi Beta Kappa.

James M. Jenks, Garden City, N.Y.

In 1942 I was a radio announcer with only an A.A. degree from Sacramento Junior College. I lived in a tarpaper shack in my parents' backyard. I helped to write and produce a series of dramatic recruiting programs for the Army Air Corps, persuaded myself to join, and became a B-24 bombardier bombing Germany out of England.

Along with many others of my generation, I owe my Phi Beta Kappa key to the GI Bill, which enabled me to attend the University of Southern California, an educational opportunity that would otherwise have been far beyond my wildest dreams. And getting my key helped give me the confidence to continue using the GI Bill to pursue a doctorate.

Now retired, I serve as a trustee of the Mensa Education and Research Foundation, which supports scholarships, research into intelligence, and programs for the gifted and talented.

Francis Cartier, Pacific Grove, Calif.

During my senior year at Tufts University, in April 1943, I was called into service by the navy (I had earlier enrolled in the V-7 program). I received a call from a friend in May while I was in training in New York, telling me that I had been

elected to Phi Beta Kappa. Naturally, I was thrilled. Since I could not attend the initiation ceremony, my fiancé (now my wife for over 55 years) went to represent me.

This past May I had the pleasure of attending the initiation ceremony of my grandson, Eric Schinfeld, at the University of Pennsylvania. As the chairman inducted the class, I also mouthed the words along with them. So after 56 years, I finally was initiated into Phi Beta Kappa.

Irving H. Gale, Delray Beach, Fla.

Although I had received many academic honors while an undergraduate at New York University, I was not invited to join Phi Beta Kappa when I graduated in 1966. I was disappointed, but assumed that although my record was good, it was not good enough for me to be asked to become a member of Phi Beta Kappa.

I was naturally elated when, a year later, I received a letter inviting me to join with the 1967 class of inductees. The delay, I learned, was the result of my having been a transfer student and thus not eligible for consideration until after I graduated.

I was eager to accept the invitation but did not have the \$25 initiation fee. Since it was the honor of membership, not the gold key, that I wanted, I told my mother that if she gave me the \$25, I would give her the key. She readily agreed. She wore it proudly on a chain around her neck every day until she died in 1991, at which time I inherited "her" Phi Beta Kappa key.

Stephen Spindler, Kendallville, Ind.

While attending George Washington University, I worked full time as a code clerk at the U.S. State Department, at first on the four-to-twelve shift, and later on the day shift. Taking as many classes as I could, going year round, and trying to participate in some college activities as well, it took me five years to earn my B.A. in sociology, 1948.

On my very first day after my initiation into Phi Beta Kappa, I wore my shiny gold key with pretended modesty but great pride until a fellow student in the dormitory where I was living approached me with, "Whose key are *you* wearing?"

Donna Hill, New York City

As a periodicals editor myself, I enjoy the *Key Reporter*. In an age when so many periodicals are sacrificing substance for style, it remains full of substance without lacking for style.

Neal Burdick, Canton, N.Y.

RECOMMENDED READING

BOOK COMMITTEE

Humanities: Svetlana Alpers, Michael Griffith, Simon McVeigh, Robert P. Sonkowsky, Eugen Weber
Social Sciences: Louis R. Harlan, Thomas McNaugher, Anna J. Schwartz, Larry J. Zimmerman
Natural Sciences: Jay M. Pasachoff, Russell B. Stevens

Russell B. Stevens

Darwin's Spectre: Evolutionary Biology in the Modern World. Michael R. Rose. Princeton, 1998. \$27.95.

At the very outset the author wisely disavows any wish to develop an encyclopedic or "final" commentary on Darwin or Darwinism, although he clearly regards the *Origin* as "perhaps the greatest original scientific book ever written." Rather, Rose singles out, successfully, I think, a variety of issues felt to be of key importance in understanding the continuing impact of Darwinism on the world of today. His book is an assembly of what are essentially three clusters of essays: Darwin and Darwinism, per se; applications to agriculture and medicine; and understanding human nature and behavior. Read diligently, the bulk of the material should be understandable to nonspecialists, keeping in mind, if need be, the author's advice in the Introduction to the effect that "the reader skip over passages that do not make sense on first reading."

Mystery of Mysteries: Is Evolution a Social Construction? Michael Ruse. Harvard, 1999. \$27.50.

Thoughtful readers will doubtless differ as to which view of science—objective reality or social construct—"wins" the debate addressed in this book. Nonetheless, by what strikes me as a clever and effective device of "pairing" a dozen or so distinguished people, Ruse gives the reader a well-written and thought-provoking analysis of opposing points of view. For each member of a given pair—for example, Richard Lewontin and Edward O. Wilson—he gives something of the personality and background of the individual and a summary of research interests and accomplishments, with emphasis on the individual's views on the issue at stake. As the subtitle suggests, most of the material bears on the question of organic evolution.

Watching, from the Edge of Extinction. Beverly Peterson Stearns and Stephen C. Stearns. Yale, 1999. \$30.

This collection of about a dozen vignettes reflecting a very diverse array of endangered species provides, in nontechnical prose, a sampling of the almost incredible complexity of efforts to protect these organisms. The key issues are all there: competing views as to the rationale for endangered species protection, financial constraints, policies that engender unwanted results, and, regrettably, what the authors refer to as "the politics of conservation biology."

Earth Story: The Shaping of Our World. Simon Lamb and David Sington. Princeton, 1998. \$29.95.

The Life of Birds. David Attenborough. Princeton, 1998. \$29.95.

Although there are several ways in which these two volumes deal with related subject matter, they are here paired as representatives of an increasingly common resource for the serious reader. Each is prepared as a lasting account of what was initially a television series. Each is lavishly illustrated and includes substantial, up-to-date, clearly written text. Flipping through the pages will not suffice—it is essential to read the text as well. Life scientists will be especially moved by finding in the bird volume a powerful demonstration of what "the unsentimental practice of natural selection" can accomplish over time.

Unweaving the Rainbow: Science, Delusion, and the Appetite for Wonder. Richard Dawkins. Houghton Mifflin, 1998. \$26.

Dawkins enthusiasts, among whom I number myself, will surely welcome this most recent of his books. In a sense, he writes from the perspective of his position, since the mid-1990s, as Simonyi Professor of Public Understanding of Science at the University of Oxford. Scattered carefully through the text are ties to the arts, especially to poetry. As he asserts in his Preface, "The dominant thrust of the book is in favor of great poetic science, by which I don't, of course, mean science written in verse, but science inspired by a poetic sense of

wonder." And "I believe that an orderly universe, one indifferent to human preoccupations, in which everything has an explanation even if we still have a long way to go before we find it, is a more beautiful, more wonderful place than a universe tricked out with capricious, ad hoc magic." The text itself lives up to these aspirations.

Cradle of Life: The Discovery of Earth's Earliest Fossils. J. William Schopf. Princeton, 1999. \$29.95.

The author is to be congratulated on having assembled an interesting and readable account of what has been learned, albeit rather recently, about life in the very ancient past. Not surprisingly, attention until now has been centered on the more complex fossils of traditional paleontology, starting with what is often referred to as the Cambrian "explosion." Pre-Cambrian fossils not only are, of course, microscopic and structurally simple but thus far have been found only rarely, and in inaccessible sites. Schopf includes useful analyses of the evolutionary aspects of these new discoveries, and of their contributions to speculations on the origin of life; he interweaves the whole with comments on the people who are or have been directly involved in the enterprise. A bit out of the ordinary is an Epilogue of some 40-plus pages, subtitled "Fossils, Foibles, and Frauds." It might be a good idea to read this section first.

Reclaiming the Commons: Community Farms & Forests in a New England Town. Brian Donabue. Yale, 1999. \$27.50.

The author offers here an informal, readable account of several years spent in Weston, Massachusetts—the "New England Town" of the subtitle—a few miles west of Boston. During that time he was enthusiastically engaged in promoting, through hands-on involvement, the establishment of a thriving market garden, patches of productive woodland, and grassland areas supporting a flock of sheep. All this was on property purchased and therefore owned by the town of Weston—a "commons," that is. To the author's considerable credit, ventures that failed, such as a proposed orchard, are described as faithfully as those that prospered. Regrettably, in my view, the author lessens the overall impact of his message by indulging too frequently in pointless ridicule of current suburban mores. Surely the key issue is to assess the relevance of the experience in Weston to the diversity of suburban localities elsewhere.

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RECOMMENDED READING

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9

Anna J. Schwartz

Political Cycles and the Macroeconomy. *Alberto Alesina and Nouriel Roubini, with Gerald D. Cohen. MIT, 1997. \$20.*

This is a report of research on the effect of elections and political parties on the business cycle. The research has produced two frameworks. The initial one, developed in the 1970s, treated politicians as opportunistic, choosing policies that maximized their chances of electoral victory. A successor, developed in the 1980s, treated politicians as partisans, choosing policies that advanced their electoral program.

In the original opportunistic model, voters are naïve, and do not recognize the pattern that they reward the incumbent government for artificially stimulating the economy before an election, although a recession follows the election. The model was later modified to replace voter naïveté with rational behavior. Rational voters limit political opportunism to influence permanently and predictably the state of the economy, so that there are no systemic effects on unemployment and inflation before elections, although electoral victory remains the goal. In the original partisan model with naïve voters, unemployment is permanently lower and inflation permanently higher under leftwing than under rightwing governments. With rational voters, partisan models predict only short-run partisan effects after elections, depending on whether the left or the right is the winner.

To test these different theories of political cycles, the authors present empirical evidence from both the United States and other OECD countries on economic outcomes. They also test for the presence of political cycles in monetary and fiscal policy instruments. They emphasize the costs and benefits of insulating monetary policy from partisan and opportunistic political pressures.

Driving Forces: The Automobile, Its Enemies, and the Politics of Mobility. *James A. Dunn Jr. Brookings, 1998. \$44.95; paper, \$18.95.*

This book defends the popularity of car ownership that provides “immense and undeniable” benefits for most Americans against environmental and resource conservation policy organizations—labeled “the vanguard” by the author—that propose to shift the dominant automo-

bile-highway system to other modes (public transit, ride-sharing, walking, and bicycling) and reverse the pattern of suburban sprawl development. Because the proposals would require intrusive regulations, high taxes, and comprehensive central planning, the author faults the vanguard’s agenda as ineffective and undemocratic.

In successive chapters the author reviews the history of highway promotion since 1956, when the highway trust fund was created; the record of gasoline tax increases and the extent to which the revenues were dedicated to the trust fund or deficit reduction; the results since the mid-1960s of regulating the automobile industry; and the dim possibility of restoring urban transit and the intercity passenger rail.

The author is critical of the vanguard’s belief that the unplanned, auto-dominated sprawl of metropolitan areas cannot be changed by market forces and

political mechanisms. He favors “The Auto, Plus” viewpoint—that potential innovations in the technology of the auto could reduce the social costs associated with it.

Kondratiev and the Dynamics of Economic Development: Long Cycles and Industrial Growth in Historical Context. *Vincent Barnett. St. Martin’s Press, 1997. \$79.95.*

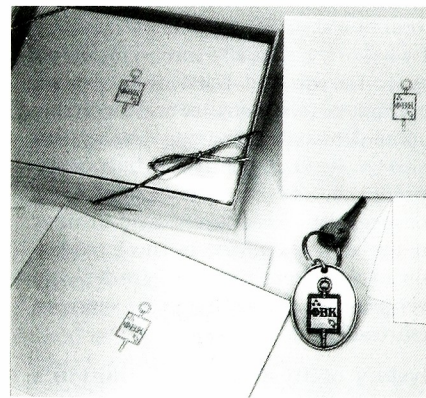
N. D. Kondratiev is well known in the history of economic thought as the author of a model of long waves in economic activity that he based on empirical evidence. This book gives an account of the work of the Moscow Conuncture Institute, which Kondratiev organized in October 1920, at a time when the creation of centers for business cycle analysis was an international phenomenon. The author believes that a group of economists associated with Kondratiev proposed, as an alternative to Stalin’s forced

Society Offers New Key Ring and Note Cards

Members can now order new items bearing the Phi Beta Kappa insignia. Included are a handsome brass key ring with the Society’s emblem on the front and the member’s name, chapter, and year of election on the reverse. Also available are sets of 20 elegant informal note cards (4.5” × 6”) embossed with the gold Phi Beta Kappa key.

Gift-boxed keys and key pins also are available. Pictured below is the medium-size key (the most popular), but other sizes as well as neck chains, tie tacks, and tie chains are available too.

To order, complete the form below and mail it with your mailing label and payment to Hand & Hammer, 2610 Morse Lane, Woodbridge, VA 22192. You may place an order or request the complete product brochure by calling (800) 745-8379 or by faxing (703) 491-2031. You may also order online at <http://www.hand-hammer.com>.



_____	Key ring, solid brass	\$10
_____	Note cards, with matching envelopes, box of 20	\$14
_____	Medium-size key, 10-karat gold	\$79
_____	Medium-size key, 24-karat gold plate	\$26
_____	Medium-size key pin, 10-karat gold	\$83
_____	Medium-size key pin, 24-karat gold plate	\$29

- Check is enclosed (Virginia residents add 4.5% sales tax)
 Charge my VISA MasterCard

Card # _____ Exp. date _____

Signature _____

Mailing address { Name _____
 Street _____
 City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Name, chapter, and date to be engraved on key: _____



industrialization policy, a market-led program. In piecing together the various components of the Kondratiev path, the author does not suggest that the alternative had much chance of being adopted. Kondratiev, however, hoped that the Conjecture Institute would demonstrate to the Soviet leadership the inadequacy of their understanding of the Soviet economy. Instead, the institute was closed permanently in 1930, when he was arrested. In September 1938 he was sentenced to death.

Foundations of Organizational Strategy. Michael C. Jensen. Harvard, 1998. \$45.

What determines the design and structure of organizations, whether for profit or nonprofit? This study develops a theory based on four building blocks: a model of human behavior, the costs of transferring knowledge, the costs of relying on agents, and the firm's right to sell or exchange alienable decision rights. Of the four concepts, the most significant in this volume is agency costs.

Jensen has expanded the model of human behavior that concentrates on rationality and self-interest to include in later work also nonrational aspects. Another building block focuses on the effective use of knowledge. Centralized decision making in large, complex organizations often fails because the center cannot know all that dispersed individuals know. Knowledge may be general (defined as inexpensive to transfer between agents, like prices and quantities) or specific (defined as costly to transfer, like idiosyncrasies of customers, machines, or processes). Because specific transfer costs are high, decision makers must allocate decision rights only to those with the requisite specific knowledge.

Depending on self-interested agents when conflicts may arise between them and the firm, however, will involve costs. Managers thus must provide systems that serve to control agency costs. Such systems include partitioning decision rights among agents to maximize their value, evaluating the performance of agents who use the decision rights, and rewarding or punishing them to improve their efficiency.

This approach accounts for the separation of ownership and control in organizations, in which decision agents do not bear a major share of the wealth effects of their decisions, as a result of the need to control agency problems. This study shows why use of the corporate form has grown despite agency costs. It also examines compensation arrange-

ments in firms, because they largely determine how individuals behave in organizations.

Money on the Move: The Revolution in International Finance since 1980. Robert Solomon. Princeton, 1999. \$29.95.

This is a mainstream account of highlights of international monetary events, beginning with the roller-coaster movements in the foreign exchange value of the dollar in the 1980s and ending with the tailspin of international capital flows to emerging markets in the 1990s. In intervening chapters Solomon reports on the debt crisis in developing countries that began in 1982, economic and monetary integration in Europe, and the tortuous shift from central planning toward market economies in eastern Europe. A final chapter reviews changes in international monetary arrangements in the past two decades. The author quotes liberally and approvingly from work of other economists. An appendix gives a chronology of important events during the period the book covers.

Thomas McNaugher

Fast Tanks and Heavy Bombers; Innovation in the U.S. Army, 1917–1945. David E. Johnson. Cornell, 1998. \$39.95.

The U.S. Army emerged victorious from World War II more from the sheer mass of people and matériel it brought to bear in the conflict than from the creative exploitation of the tank and aircraft technologies that played such a crucial role in the war. In fact, the Army's tank guns and armor were inferior to Germany's throughout the war. And if the Air Corps' bombers were technologically advanced, the emphasis on unescorted daylight bombing raids proved disastrous, and slighted the development of escort fighters and strike aircraft to support ground troops.

Army officials of the era blamed these inadequacies on tiny defense budgets, but Johnson counters persuasively that more money probably would not have overcome the powerful cultural and organizational forces that chiefly shaped the Army's approach to the new technologies. This well-documented and lucidly written book highlights the Army's consistent tendency to fund people ("stout soldiers") over machines. Although the Air Corps owed its existence to machines and thus was more comfortable with new technologies, it subordinated their development to the pursuit of independence from the Army, neglecting air roles that would later prove essential in war. While

powerful Army branch chiefs subordinated the tank's development to their own institutional and tactical goals, the Air Corps' ground support and escort advocates slowly lost legitimacy to those who saw bombers as an independent, war-winning weapon. Politicians favored the Air Corps and its machines while they largely ignored Army ground forces, yet in neither case was there the kind of healthy civil-military debate that might have overcome the military's internal workings to produce more balanced forces and more sophisticated weapons.

With the cold war over, the economy the dominant political concern, and military experience on Capitol Hill in decline, this book's sound insights into the past provide a cautionary note for the present.

Black Hawk Down: A Story of Modern War. Mark Bowden. Atlantic Monthly Press, 1999. \$24.

Over the course of 1993, the U.N.'s successful humanitarian intervention in Somalia slowly turned into a misbegotten effort to reshape the country's clan-based political structure, and above all to bring to heel warlord Mohamed Farrah Aidid and his clan. American Rangers and the vaunted "Delta Force" were brought in to attack or snatch Aidid and his lieutenants. This they did, successfully although occasionally brutally, until October 3, when American mistakes and rising Somali anger produced 18 hours of hellish city fighting in the streets of Mogadishu. In remarkably taut prose that should leave most readers sweating, Bowden brings the battle of Mogadishu to life.

Besides being a marvel of battle reportage, this book is a primer on the special agony and confusion of urban warfare, a tribute to bravery and skill on both sides, a confirmation of the complexity of even simple things in war, and a lesson on how low-tech adversaries can find chinks in America's high-tech armor. Inevitably, the story also raises the higher-level question that haunts so many of America's military operations these days, especially the recent action over Serbia: How much evil are we willing to perpetrate in the name of doing good?

Blind Man's Bluff: The Untold Story of American Submarine Espionage. Sherry Sontag and Christopher Drew, with Annette Lawrence Drew. Public Affairs, 1998. \$25.

Books about submarines surface even less frequently than the vessels themselves, and books about submarine espionage are sighted more rarely still. The

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RECOMMENDED READING

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

authors of this fascinating volume took advantage of post-cold war openness to interview Americans (and a few Russians, too) involved in cold war undersea spying. The result is a series of eye-opening episodes that will be new to all but a few readers. They begin in the early 1950s, when U.S. submarines crept into Soviet coastal waters to listen to radio communications and to witness missile tests. The effort grew more sophisticated and ambitious with each decade, as U.S. subs learned to shadow Soviet "boomers" (missile carriers) and laid wiretapping "pods" atop Soviet undersea cables. They also searched covertly for the remains of Soviet missiles, warheads, and occasionally submarines.

While capturing the frustrations and dangers of this special brand of cold war espionage, the authors raise fair questions as to just how covert or useful it remained. They devote a chapter to the notorious *Glomar Explorer* fiasco, in which a huge U.S. salvage vessel trying vainly to resurface the remains of a Soviet sub netted embarrassing publicity. The authors discuss the Whitworth/Walker spy ring, broken in the mid-1980s but not before it had supplied Moscow with priceless information about naval intelligence. And they quote former secretary of state George Shultz as saying that military intelligence may have been overrated in comparison with the unclassified information gained by "just common observation" (p. 326). Still, this is an exciting story well told, and worth knowing not just for the cold war memories it raises, but because this game surely still continues off the coasts of today's potential adversaries.

Eugen Weber

The Roots of Romanticism. *Isaiab Berlin.* Edited by Henry Hardy. Princeton, 1999. \$19.95.

Isaiab Berlin, who died in 1997, was legendary for his talk and for his talks. The Mellon Lectures that he delivered unscripted in Washington in 1965 were broadcast several times, but this is their first appearance in print, and they're a treat. You hear the waves of words swelling, crashing, only to surge once more; and they don't have to be convincing to be revealing, exciting, elemental, intense. That's just what Romanticism is about: not truth (there's no such thing, it claims), but force and power.

If you don't care about Romanticism or

don't know what it is, you're in for surprises. *Idem* if you think you know, for nothing in the Romantics' world stands still to be pinned down. They want everything and its opposite, and they want it now. Romantics wait on no one. They are postmillennarians designing their own Apocalypse, willing Armageddon, and fascinated by conflict, contradiction, disorder, in which they see the confirmation and precondition of salvation. They dismiss order, happiness, contentment, tidy peace; choose action, assertion, creation, struggle, passion. Science is sterile, structure stifling, reason a whore. Cacophony not harmony rules the world, and not cacophony either but tragedy out of a *nouvelle cuisine*: wild, spicy, feverish, convulsive, unreconciled, hence beautiful.

That is the news that Berlin brings from the Romantic front, that and much more presented with inimitable style: not theories but examples, not models but images, not a march-past but a swirling crowd, and it all makes sense all the time. Lightly and sensitively edited by Hardy, Berlin's lectures retain the freshness of a first exposure. They offer a one-sided argument, one with which many, like myself, would agree only in part and others not at all. But the argument is so manifold and rich, the music of rushing, bustling words and of ideas is so moving, that it enchants and conquers. That is Romantic too.

The Holocaust in American Life. *Peter Novick.* Houghton Mifflin, 1999. \$27.

Nary a cloud without a greenback lining. The Holocaust industry chugs on in Hollywood and Washington, memorials, museums, state legislatures, school curricula, mandated courses, and endowed chairs. Considering all the Holocaust institutions in the United States, Novick plausibly reckons "thousands of full-time professionals dedicated to keeping its memory alive."

But this is not a book about the Holocaust, let alone about those whom the author dismisses as fruitcakes of denial—usage he clearly failed to clear with the fruitcake federation. Novick is interested in placing the Holocaust in one particular—American—context. "Why now?" he asks and "Why here?" He writes about the part that the calamity has come to play in both American Jewish and general American discourse, and what one can make of that. Novick makes much of it, and all is worth reflection.

Particularly absorbing are his thoughts about "historical" or "collective" memory, which has little to do with history and much with its manufacture in partic-

ular circumstances; and about how recalling horrors past can serve political interests in the present. As the old American integrationist ethos gives way to a disintegrationist ethos, and as particularisms compete in the victimhood stakes, every group turns sufferings into entitlements to public cash and kudos, but also and more so into assertions of distinctive identity. In an increasingly crowded field, Holocaust memorialists work hard to hold their own. Evidence suggests they are not doing badly. If you find this a suggestive way of viewing the subject, read on because there's plenty more. Curious, skeptical, clear-sighted, informed, and cogent, this is a timely book.

In Plato's Cave. *Alvin Kernan.* Yale, 1999. \$25.

Here is an academic life that courses, swirls, meanders through return from service in World War II, the GI Bill, Columbia, Williams, Oxford, Yale, finally Princeton, undergraduates haunted by grades and even more by the opposite sex, faculty sporting tweed jackets and pipes and learning, drinking, New Criticism, foreign travel, London theater, poems, poets, novels, set books and teachers, *Lucky Jim*, the power of language and drama, marriage, children, orals, tuna casseroles, being hard up ("the true mark of scholarship"), notes piled in boxes, chapters piled in more boxes, driving Good Humor trucks, teaching school, teaching summer school, editing plays, faculty quarters (lousy), faculty wives (hard done by), fixing up houses, Volkswagen Beetles, novelties ("Jews were new, and they set the academic pace"), *Godot*, NEH, MLA, publish or perish, Literary Studies ("the North Ireland and Bosnia of the great culture war"), fraudulent quiz shows, fraudulent theorizing, saving inquiring minds from mindless conformity, Existentialism, Structuralism, Deconstruction, postmodernism, hermeneutics, Marcuse, McLuhan, tenure, administration, confrontation, electronic amplifiers, the affluent society, repressive tolerance, bureaucracy, phallocracy, casual sex, litigiousness, due process, adversarial collegiality, federal funds (*timeo Danaos*), empowerment, newspeak and new euphemisms, the challenge of the "challenged," illiteracy, aliteracy, grade inflation, student evaluations ("correlated with grades given"), retirement but continued activity—witness this book and many predecessors.

Too much but never too much, the flickering shadows of *Plato's Cave* cast enough light to keep us reading on. And a good job too!

Encyclopedia of Contemporary French Culture. Edited by Alex Hughes and Keith Reader. Routledge, 1999. \$140.

Nearly 100 contributors, over 700 entries ranging from agriculture to athletics, Beckett to Bocuse, *Charlie Hebdo* to Hélène Cixous, Théâtre du Soleil to the Tour de France, Yourcenar, Xenakis, *l'oncle Tom Cobby et tous*. Compendious, comprehensive (after 1945), this is a tome to delve and browse in, though a bit hefty to be read in bed even if you can afford it.

Larry Zimmerman

On the Practice of Sociology. *Pitirim A. Sorokin.* Edited, with intro., by Barry V. Johnston. Univ. of Chicago, 1998. \$55; paper, \$21.

Sorokin (1889–1968), a Russian-born sociologist who became a critical figure in the history of sociology, was considered to be both a pioneer and an outcast. His early works dealt with understanding revolution, rural sociology, and social stratification. His combative style marginalized him for a time, but his efforts to push sociology toward recognition as a science restored him and he eventually became president of the American Sociological Association.

The essays in this volume cover his career from his early Russian years to his final works of the 1960s. "On Social Time: A Methodological and Functional Analysis," written in 1937, is especially interesting, foreshadowing later studies in macrosociology. The collection of essays in the section on war and revolution provides a solid analysis of conflict in the first two-thirds of this century.

Johnston's introduction provides superb intellectual context for this controversial figure.

Photojournalism and Foreign Policy: Icons of Outrage in International Crises. David D. Perlmutter. Praeger, 1998. \$55; paper, \$17.95.

Even during a time when most of us realize that media influences permeate our thinking about contemporary issues, certain media images affect us more than others. For me, the entire Vietnam conflict might be summarized in a few images: the profoundly burned and terrified little girl running from her napalmed village; the kneeling, confused, screaming student leaning over her wounded classmate at Kent State; and the South Vietnamese police chief with his pistol at the head of a Viet Cong prisoner a split second before pulling the trigger. These are the "icons of outrage," photographs that stir controversy and reaction, which prominent people—the "discourse elites"

who are the commentators, academics, and politicians—contend can drive policy.

These "discourse elites" might falsely project personal feelings, what Perlmutter calls the first-person effect about the picture, on the viewing public. He examines several assumptions about these issues using the 1968 photo of the execution from Vietnam, the 1989 image of the lone student facing down the tanks in Tiananmen Square, and several photos of starving Somalis and beaten or killed U.S. soldiers during the Somalia intervention in 1992–93. The author's own experiments with the icons suggest that framing the icons is crucial to reactions; in the case of the execution photo, for example, accompanying statements from the police chief shift attention to the broader context of the act. As the author notes, "Pictures can be powerful tools of political argumentation, but what they show and what they connote are largely imposed on them." This is an important, fascinating book, and one that anybody concerned about media influences absolutely must read!


Producing Public Television, Producing Public Culture. Barry Dornfeld. Princeton, 1998. \$55; paper, \$17.95.

Dornfeld, an anthropologist who has produced several important ethno-

graphic films, served as a researcher for the PBS documentary series *Childhood* and has used ethnographic methods to examine the television production process in this series. The book provides an unusual behind-the-scenes glimpse of how a major TV documentary is made, and explores how media professionals deal with the cultural forces that promote entertainment at the expense of education.

Dornfeld broadly discusses public television's role in American culture before looking at documentaries as a form of popular anthropology, a kind of "imagining" in which both producers and viewers develop or construct their understandings of themselves and others. His discussion of the process of "studying up," that is, being allowed access to elites (in this case, television producers) is almost classic. As he sought to find a production that would allow him access, he thought that an independent production geared for public television would be more open and less concerned about its public image than an in-house PBS series, and thus he felt fortunate to have the *Childhood* producers grant him access. However, he found that world to be more closed and more restricted in its working practices—all of which he found ironic, given that documentary producers expect people to open up their lives to cameras.

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More Multigeneration Phi Beta Kappa Families

Editor's note: *Ever wondered who sends in these listings and how many we receive? In examining the mail over the past three quarters, we counted 134 submissions (each containing at least 3 and up to 16 names). Of this group, men accounted for 76 submissions, women for 58. The person writing is most often in the middle generation. And as at least one observant correspondent has noted, the title has become something of a misnomer,*

because we now accept lists of three or more siblings and other groups that don't strictly fit the multigeneration label. But we draw the line at groups of two, because if we tried to publish them, there would be room for nothing else in the newsletter. In addition, because there is such a backlog of listings awaiting publication, we are unable to republish a family listing when a new member is inducted into the Society.

Helen Marjorie Cates Evans, University of Minnesota, 1913; her daughter, Marilyn Evans Howe, Wellesley College, 1940; Marilyn's husband, John Perry Howe, Hobart College, 1933; Marilyn and John's son, Roger Evans Howe, Harvard University, 1966; and Roger's daughter, Katherine Joanna Howe, Columbia University, 1997.

George Soule and his wife, Carolyn Richards Soule, Carleton College, 1951 and 1958; and their daughter, Katherine Richards Soule, Amherst College, 1988.

Donald Walton Davis, Harvard University, 1905; his daughter, Virginia Davis Faulconer, College of William and Mary, 1947; and Virginia's great-niece, Alison Davis, Harvard, 1997.

Myron Jacob Luch, Lehigh University, 1902; his daughter, Emily Luch Thorn, Smith College, 1936; Emily's husband, Ernest W. Thorn, Lehigh University, 1936; and their grandson, Eric Thorn, Duke University, 1996.

Burton H. Chandler, Denison University, 1923; his son, Charles C. Chandler, Ohio State University 1951; and Charles's daughter, Jennifer L. Chandler, Kent State University, 1990.

Barbara Staats Dale, Cornell College, 1961; and her two children, Rebecca Susanne Dale and Gregory Stuart Dale, Macalester College, 1998 and 1990.

Charles Franklin Marsh and his wife, Chloro Nancy Thurman Marsh, Lawrence College, 1925 and 1926; their children, John Charles Marsh, College of William and Mary 1955, and Nancy Marian Marsh Stowe, Lawrence, 1961; and Nancy's husband, Richard Scribner Stowe, University of Wisconsin, 1949.

William Park Armstrong, Princeton University, 1894; his children, Jane Armstrong Schroeder, Smith College, 1938, and James I. Armstrong, Princeton, 1941; Jane's daughter, Elinor Purves Schroeder, University of Michigan, 1968; and Jane's granddaughter, Emily Bartlett Schroeder, Yale University, 1998.

Three at Wake Forest University: Olin T. Binkley, 1941, and his daughters, Pauline Binkley Cheek and Janet Binkley Erwin, 1955 and 1960; and Pauline's husband, Edwin R. Cheek, University of North Carolina, 1949.

Seymour M. Kwerel and his wife, Levia P. Kwerel, City College of New York, 1939 and 1940; and their son, Evan R. Kwerel, University of Pennsylvania, 1971.

Rebecca Abramson, Hunter College, 1931; her niece, Victoria Postal Tomasino, Brandeis University, 1964; and Victoria's daughter, Dana Elisa Tomasino, Williams College, 1994.

John C. Kingery, Dartmouth College, 1935; his son-in-law, Benjamin F. Lenhardt, University of North Carolina, 1962; and a grandson, Brian D. Lenhardt, Dartmouth, 1964.

Lillian Herlich Nerenberg, Hunter College, 1940, and her husband, Benjamin Nerenberg, University of California, Berkeley, 1941; and their children, all at University of California, Berkeley: Lewis Tim Nerenberg, 1968; Alan Victor Nerenberg, 1973; and Nancy Ruth Nerenberg, 1979.

Martha Jane Claypool Smith, Rice University, 1933, and her

two daughters, Sheryl Sue Smith, College of William and Mary, 1973, and Deborah Helen Smith, Oberlin College, 1974.

Ella Congdon Purple, Middlebury College, 1932; her two sons, Robert Purple, Colgate University, 1957, and Richard L. Purple, Hamilton College, 1958; and her grandson, Michael A. Buhl, University of North Carolina, 1991.

James H. Barnett, University of Richmond, 1943; his children, Faith H. Barnett, Harvard University, 1978, and James H. Barnett, Connecticut College, 1978; and their first cousin, Elizabeth Ellen Fuller, Goucher College, 1981.

Maurice Goldberg, University of Pennsylvania, 1952; his children: Gari Goldberg Bloom, Brown University, 1981, and Marc Andrew Goldberg, Duke University, 1984; and a daughter-in-law, Lynn Frazier Goldberg, DePauw University, 1990.

All at Brown University: Edward W. Proctor, 1942; his sister, Ruth Proctor Roseman, 1949; and his daughter, Suzanne Proctor McAndrews, 1973.

Sophia H. Chen Zen, Vassar College, 1919; her daughters: E-tu Zen Sun and E-su Zen, Vassar, 1944 and 1951; and Sophia's son, E-an Zen, Cornell University, 1951; and E-tu Zen Sun's son, Raymond C. Sun, Swarthmore College, 1982.

Martin L. Sage and his wife, Gloria W. Sage, Cornell University, 1955 and 1957; and their son, Daniel S. Sage, Harvard University, 1989.

Frances Linquist Warren, University of Illinois, 1930; her daughter, Mary F. Warren, and her former husband, G. Thomas Tissue, Beloit College, 1961; and their daughter, Kaarin A. Tissue, University of North Carolina, 1989.

Irene Dale Goldfarb, Rutgers University, 1949; her brother, Martin Albert Dale, Princeton University, 1953; and Irene's daughters: Ruth Goldfarb Kolzim, Rutgers, 1973, and Sally Fay Goldfarb, Yale University, 1978.

Henry A. Pochmann, University of North Carolina, 1928; his daughter, Virginia Pochmann, University of Wisconsin—Madison, 1959; and Virginia's daughter, Erica L. Weis, University of California, Davis, 1984.

Shirley Mason Cohen, Rutgers University, 1945, and her daughters: Carol Elyse Cohen, University of California, Berkeley, 1980, and Debra Tamara Cohen, Harvard University, 1985.

Jacob Deutch, City College of New York, 1948, and his daughters: Beth M. Deutch, Brown University, 1982, and Charisse Deutch Lilchman, Wesleyan University, 1984.

S. Mason Ladd, Grinnell College, 1920; his daughters, Carolyn Ladd Hogg and Mary Ladd Loots, University of Iowa, 1949 and 1953; Carolyn's children: Barbara Hogg, Allen Hogg, and Robert Hogg, all at the University of Iowa, 1981, 1984, and 1988; and Mary's daughters, Margaret Loots Collier and Catherine Loots Karcher, both at Miami University, 1983 and 1986.

All at Augustana College: Normal T. Moline and Janet L. Ahlstrom Moline, husband and wife, 1964 and 1966; their son, David A. Moline, and his wife, Sarah Tobler Moline, 1994.



Phi Beta Kappa in the Popular Culture



In the movie *Desk Set*, Katharine Hepburn's TV-network researcher demonstrates that she's done her research on Spencer Tracy's efficiency expert: "You're a Phi Beta Kappa, but you don't wear your key, which means either you're modest or you've lost it."

In a more recent classic of popular culture, one *M*A*S*H* episode finds newly anointed company clerk Klinger facing invidious comparisons with his predecessor. "Radar," sneers Charles Emerson Winchester, "was no Aristotle, but compared to you he was a veritable Phi Beta Kappa."

"What's a Phi Beta Capper?" asks Klinger.

"I rest my case," Winchester replies calmly.

Contributed by Barbara L. Klein, Cheyenne, Wyo.

From *I Know This Much Is True*, by Wally Lamb:

She uncapped her pen and wrote something down. "So what you're saying is that being Thomas's brother makes you feel bifurcated."

"Bifurcated?" I looked up at her. "I couldn't tell you, Doc. I don't speak Phi Beta Kappa."

Contributed by Barbara Howes, Arlington, Va.

From the script of a 1943 Fibber McGee and Molly radio broadcast, reprinted in the September 1998 *Sigma Chi* publication Foundation Focus:

Fibber: Come in, La Trivia!

Molly: Hello, Mr. Mayor.

La Trivia: When I was over here for dinner the other evening, McGee, I lost my Phi Beta Kappa key. Did you find it, by any chance?

Molly: No, we didn't find any keys. . . . What was it a key to, Mr. Mayor?

La Trivia: It wasn't a key to anything, Mrs. McGee. It was the visible symbol of my membership in the honorary scholastic fraternity, Phi Beta Kappa.

Fibber: Ohhh, a key to the frat house. (Laughs) I didn't get it at first, La Trivia.

La Trivia: Apparently, McGee, you still don't get it. This key has no utilitarian purpose whatsoever.

Molly: Then what good is it?

La Trivia: For that matter, what good is that American Legion button your husband is wearing?

Fibber: Whaddya mean what good is it, you big linthead! It shows I belong to the Legion!

Molly: Understand, McGee?

Fibber: Sure. He means he can't get into the Phi Beta Kappa clubhouse without usin' his key. . . . [etc., etc.]

Contributed by Morris Nunes, Arlington, Va.

. . . And More

Constance Strandel Lundquist, Northwestern University, 1930; her daughter, Ann Lundquist Landers, Augustana College, 1966; and two granddaughters, Elizabeth Louise Landers and Ellen Christine Landers, Knox College, 1991 and 1996.

Marcia Goodman, Brandeis University, 1987; her father, Marvin Goodman, City College of New York, 1947; and her grandfather, Emil Post, CCONY, 1917.

Virginia Anding La Charité, College of William and Mary, 1956; her husband, Raymond C. La Charité, honorary member, Wayne State University, 1993; and their children, Claude Anding La Charité and Désirée DeRochebrune La Charité, University of Kentucky, 1989 and 1994.

Two brothers, Wilfred Louis Guerin Jr. and Roland Joseph Guerin, Tulane University, 1951 and 1954; and Roland's son, Christopher Guerin, Johns Hopkins University, 1986.

Ellen Wilcox Williams Bacigalupa, Elmira College, 1950; her daughter, Chiara Domenica Bacigalupa, and her husband, Shelly Lorne Albaum, University of California, Santa Cruz, 1987; and Shelly's father, Mel Albaum, University of California, Los Angeles, 1956.

Janet Podney, University of California, Los Angeles, 1998; her mother, Anne Siegel Podney, University of California, Berkeley, 1964; her aunt, Gail Siegel Maltun, UC, Berkeley, 1976; and her grandfather, Sidney Siegel, Columbia University, 1932.

Two sisters, Elizabeth Eldridge Bettelheim and Margaret Eldridge, University of Texas, 1928; Elizabeth's daughter, Susan Bettelheim Garfin, Stanford University, 1964; and Susan's son, Phillip Garfin, University of California, San Diego, 1997.

Kathryn Tressler Goehner, New Jersey College for Women, 1932; her daughter, Margaret Goehner Ruddy, Wellesley College, 1970; and Margaret's daughter, Kathryn Jean Ruddy, Harvard University, 1998.

Eric Whitman Smith, University of Texas, 1998; his father,

Henry L. Smith Jr., Emory University, 1964; Eric's grandfather, Allen L. Whitman, Harvard University, 1918; and Eric's great-grandparents, Edmund A. Whitman, Harvard, 1881, and Florence Lee Whitman, St. Lawrence University, 1927.

Edward John Fasold, Yale University, 1937; his daughter, Joan Ruth Fasold Horn, College of Wooster, 1968; and Joan's daughter, Karen Elizabeth Horn, Bucknell University, 1997.

Three brothers: Geoffrey Verter, Yale University, 1989; Brandford Verter, Columbia University, 1991; and Mitchell Verter, Brown University, 1996.

Solomon Barkin, City College of New York, 1928; his son, Roger Michel Barkin, Brandeis University, 1966; and Roger's son, Adam Zubrow Barkin, Williams College, 1998.

Doris Prochaska Bryan, Barnard College, 1941; and her two daughters, Carol Bryan Ballou, Oberlin College, 1970, and Patricia Bryan, Carleton College, 1973.

Elinor M. Halstead and Walter H. Halstead, sister and brother, St. Lawrence University, 1926 and 1928; and Walter's son, Walter H. Halstead Jr., Lafayette College, 1951.

Shirley S. Ulmer, Duke University, 1956; her daughter, Shirley Susan Ulmer, and her husband, David Michael Blake, University of Kentucky, 1979; and Shirley's grandson, John Michael Moye, Georgetown University, 1998.

Henry I. Norr, City College of New York, 1901; his son, Martin Norr, Haverford College, 1930; Martin's wife, Ruth B. Norr, Wellesley College, 1935; their son, David Norr, Columbia University, 1943; their grandson, Henry Norr, Harvard University, 1968; and their great-granddaughter, Katherine Norr Salter, Wellesley, 1996.

Morton Hamermesh, City College of New York, 1936, and his wife, Madeline Goldberg Hamermesh, Hunter College, 1938; their children, Daniel S. Hamermesh, University of Chicago, 1965, and Deborah Hamermesh White, Swarthmore College, 1967; and Daniel's son, Lawrence A. Hamermesh, Haverford College, 1973. ■



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Cole Elected to Complete Senator Blitzer's Term



Johnnetta B. Cole

Johnnetta B. Cole, Presidential Distinguished Professor of Anthropology, Women's Studies, and African American Studies at Emory University, has been elected by the Phi Beta Kappa Senate to complete the term of Charles Blitzer, who died earlier this year. She will serve until the next triennial Council, in October 2000. Cole (honorary member, ΦBK, Yale University, 1996) was president of Spelman College from 1987 to 1997.

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