



THE KEY REPORTER

A Brief Stroll through Arab Society and Law

By Lawrence Rosen

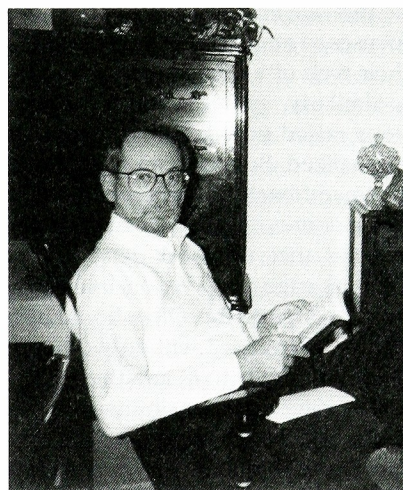
I WANT TO TAKE YOU on an imaginary walk through an Arab city. Once inside the city gate it is the marketplace that quickly catches one's attention. As a place where prices are not fixed, where hawking and haggling are rampant, and where everything seems to be open to negotiation, the bazaar might well accord with most foreigners' stereotypes of the Arab market. And yet some rather curious features may catch one's attention: Shops selling the same kinds of goods are clustered together rather than spread out to take advantage of different locations; many sellers are willing to take an inordinate amount of time—including sending out for coffee—before getting down to serious bargaining; and at the end of the day, sellers of various goods and services are not always willing to sell at any price. Features that appear to run counter to certain tenets of "rational economic behavior" clearly cry out for some explanation.

In one corner of the market, a small crowd is seen to gather around a seller of caged birds. A bird has escaped while a customer, who was holding the cage, apparently jarred the door loose. A passerby suggests that the customer would not be liable for the value of the bird because it only did what comes naturally to such creatures when it escaped. But to put the issue in terms of the basic nature of the bird itself may seem a rather peculiar way to comprehend the issue.

In the portion of the market reserved for used merchandise, a man is selling medicine. Naked to the waist and strongly built, he tells the assembled crowd that he owes his superb

health to a mixture he is selling. In the course of his pitch he says, "Even a Jew would feel better for taking this medicine." The linguistic construction is striking, and one wonders why the salesman should think this form of hyperbole is convincing.

Later in the day we visit the home of an Arab friend. I have brought with me photographs of a stranger show-



Lawrence Rosen

ing different moments in his life and ask our host what he would make of the man's life history from these pictures alone. Watching over his shoulder, one thinks that by arranging the pictures chronologically some comprehensible story could be formed. But our host does not approach the matter in this fashion. Rather, he comments on the different groups of people among whom the man in question is pictured, and proceeds to form a story about him that moves back and forth in time while concentrating instead on the man's relationships. Again, the approach is understandable but does

Phi Beta Kappa Sues Compaq Computer for Trademark Infringement

In April, Phi Beta Kappa filed suit in U.S. District Court in Alexandria, Virginia, against Compaq Computer Corporation for \$5 million in damages for infringement of the Society's trademarks. Last March the Society learned from one of its members that Compaq was promoting its products through direct-mail ads, and ads on the Compaq Web site, targeted to the academic community. The ads touted a promotional offer for clothing emblazoned with "Phi Beta Compaq."

The suit points out that Phi Beta Kappa holds registered trademarks for both the English words and the key with Greek letters, and that throughout its history the Society has refused to endorse commercial activities or permit its name or trademarks to be used for any commercial purpose.

seem odd, inasmuch as time seems largely to drop out of consideration.

During the lunch we share with a group of rural men, one of them asks me whether there is corruption in America. He dismisses my exam-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 2

KEY NOTES

Letters to the Editor

PAGE 4

Life Outside Academe

By John D. Phillips

PAGE 5

Recommended Reading

PAGE 10

More Multigeneration ΦΒΚ Families

PAGE 15

Phi Beta Kappa in the News

Members in St. Louis Invited to Form Local Association

PAGE 16

ples—kickbacks, Watergate, and nepotism—as, instead, instances of appropriate business, politics, and familial solidarity. While I try to think of an example that will pass muster, he turns to his colleagues and says, “You see why America is so strong—they have no corruption!”

By late afternoon, when we are able to sit for a few moments and collect our impressions, we comment on these and some of the other anomalies we have encountered during the day. We recall how the judge we met said that he could always tell what is in another person’s mind; how the shrine we visited on a nearby hilltop is visited by both Muslims and Jews; and how the men discussing corruption had suggested that bribery was their form of democracy because by such means lower officials could often be persuaded not to carry out the policies of the powerful. It is not that all of this is utterly foreign but that the pieces do not seem to hang together.

Interpreting the Scene

My first suggestion is that we hark back to the market itself. Just as the bazaar is characterized by the intense negotiability of all items, so, too, I suggest, are relationships themselves. Of course one is born into a particular kin group and possesses such attachments as life provides for a wide variety of functions. But even within the family, and certainly beyond it, the actual nature of the ties is expected to be highly negotiable. Indeed, the same is true for the concepts by which relationships are rendered comprehensible: Just as the poet is a crucial figure in Arab society because if one can make one’s images and terms stick, new relationships may result from them, so the power of ordinary social actors to define a relationship is the power to create reality itself.

From this perspective perhaps some of the things seen and heard during the day make greater sense. The market may not “clear” at the end of the day (that is, people will not sell for any price at all) because the process of negotiating is about more

Islamic law pays rather more attention to the person who makes assertions than to the “facts” that might be adduced.

than price: It is also a way of forming a relationship of mutual indebtedness—for the buyer who needs the seller’s expertise to know the quantity and quality of goods, and for the seller who needs a clientele relationship that might be convertible into some other form of obligation.

Sellers of the same item can be grouped in one location because competition is not really among sellers so much as it is between any one buyer and seller: The long negotiation, the sending out for coffee, the references to many other connections and life events are all part of the interpersonal tie this sale embodies in a society that focuses so intensely on individuals and their web of indebtedness.

Similarly, some of the legal questions raised now become more contextualized. Because causality should be traced back to whatever sentient being comes closest to the act, it may be said that the bird that escaped from its cage was responsible for its own freedom: The seller should have known that a bird will only do what comes naturally to it, and therefore it is the seller’s responsibility, not that of the potential buyer, to ensure that this natural course of events cannot play itself out. Indeed, throughout the day we have seen how causal connections almost always return to whoever created the situation.

Laurence Rosen is professor of anthropology at Princeton University and adjunct professor of law at Columbia University. This article is adapted from a lecture he gave as a Phi Beta Kappa Visiting Scholar on 10 campuses in 1997–98. Among his recent publications are Bargaining for Reality: The Construction of Social Relations in a Muslim Community; The Anthropology of Justice: Law as Culture in Muslim Society; and (with C. and H. Geertz) Meaning and Order in Moroccan Society.

A pattern thus begins to emerge, as individuals negotiate their relationships through expectable debts in the exercise of their God-endowed reason and the responsibilities that accompany it. For a medicine salesman to use the rhetorical form Bernard Lewis has called the *trajetio ad absurdum*—that *even* a Jew would be cured—emphasizes that reason and human nature are not immutably fixed but subject to alteration. For an ordinary man to tell another’s life story with less recourse to chronology than to the contexts of relationship is to emphasize that, for Arabs, time does not reveal the truth of persons, networks of obligation do. And for corruption to be viewed not as favoritism but as a failure to share with those with whom one has forged bonds of indebtedness whatever comes one’s way is to emphasize that one is obliged to keep sharing in the benefits of the game or be regarded as truly corrupt.

Interpreting Islamic Law

This emphasis on the person in context shows itself in a number of ways in the domain of law. Islamic law pays rather more attention to the person who makes assertions than to the “facts” that might be adduced. As in social life generally, it is persons who make things believable, not the other way around. Thus, court notaries are “reliable witnesses” who certify that they have heard what others have stated to be so; documents are assessed as if they were oral statements, the believability of the utterer rather than the form of the document being crucial; and court-attached experts determine many facts on the bases of their knowledge of the locale and the circumstances of the parties.

The overall emphasis is consonant with that of the culture at large: Knowledge is person-centered, consequences of individual acts place a person in a web of obligations, and the meaning of an act or intent is determinable from the connections that people possess. For a judge, then, to say that he can always tell another’s intent makes sense inasmuch as the judge’s concept incorporates the idea that a person situated in a given network of negotiated

ties and possessing a given level of knowledge and background customs would not engage in particular acts unless he had the requisite intent to accompany them.

Indeed, if one attends court in the Arab world with some regularity and studies the records of cases, Islamic law may seem less a system characterized mainly by its religious roots or its present utilization of codes than an example of a common law system. For what is characteristic of common law systems is that, in addition to using a form of indirect political rule, they attempt, whether by the use of juries or judges, to directly incorporate unstable cultural conceptualizations by means of what Edward Levi has called a "moving system of classifying concepts." But whereas in the

Knowledge is person-centered, consequences of individual acts place a person in a web of obligations, and the meaning of an act or intent is determinable from the connections that people possess.

West this system of classifying concepts focuses largely on the discernment and evaluation of "facts," in Islamic law the emphasis is on the assessment of persons—the set of anyone's connections, the customs used to form them, and the consequences that actions have within the interlocked webs of negotiated obligations by which any person operates.

The legitimacy of the law lies not solely in its religious attachments but in its direct employment of commonsense concepts about persons, relationships, and consequences. Even the idea of justice accords with such an emphasis, for justice is said to reside not in equality but in equivalence—in the ability to place a person in context and appraise the implications of his or her actions through conceptualizations that can be applied to anyone to yield not the same result but the same mode of appraisal.

As changes occur in a number of

Arab countries they are brought into judicial cognizance by a form of organization and reasoning that pushes fact-finding down to the level of local determination through court-appointed local experts, reliable witnesses, and a set of assumptions about human relationships that accords with—indeed is an integral part of—the commonsense assumptions about how people conduct themselves in the world. Looked at in this fashion, a detailed consideration of Islamic law and Western common law suggests some intriguing possibilities for categorizing and studying sociolegal systems.

Understanding the Taxonomy of Legal Systems

This is, in part, a question of taxonomy, itself a much misunderstood aspect of any comparative study, for as Stephen Jay Gould reminds us, classical taxonomy was essentialist in nature. It viewed the world as a series of pigeonholes defined by fundamental features separating one species from another. Variation was treated as a necessary evil, a kind of scattering out from the essential form.

Modern taxonomists appreciate that, as Gould phrases it, "variation is primary; essences are illusory," a view in which "shadings and continua" must be accepted as fundamental. Such a taxonomy focuses on the uniqueness of individual systems while noting the existence of "islands of form," "ranges of irreducible variation," that derive from no immutable essence. Obviously, one's categories are meant to reveal central features: Men and mice and insects may all have hairy legs, but having or lacking backbones or exoskeletons may be a more valuable category for sorting instances.

In the study of legal systems this reasoning suggests that we should not measure common law systems against some essential feature of precedent or case distinction but should approach these systems as a range of processes by means of which essentially variant, indeterminable, and shifting cultural concepts give substance, meaning, and legitimacy to relatively more fixed judgments, and

do so in ways that contrast with other systems of legal reasoning and institutionalization.

Western common law and Islamic law share a certain family relationship; they belong in the same taxonomic category. Both emphasize process over form, both use moving sociocultural categories, both limit the power of judges by degrees of uncertainty about the range and force of their rulings for future cases. Far from being autocratic or arbitrary ("the *qadi* under the tree dispensing justice for each case without recourse to general rules"), Islamic common law constrains by its emphasis on local person perception and local sources of knowledge; far from being a veil behind which judges can do whatever they personally think fit, American common law constrains by its style of acceptable argument.

That the one legal system should ground its ultimate legitimacy in religious precept and the other in the will of the people may matter far less than their similar emphasis on the circumstantial and their extraction of guidance from broader sociopolitical orientations. Unlike systems of law that are mere arms of the state or that

Unlike systems of law that are mere arms of the state or that focus solely on replicating existing social relations, these two systems [Western common law and Islamic law] share a focus on the distribution and limitation of power within processes that continually move between general principle and local circumstance.

focus solely on replicating existing social relations, these two systems share a focus on the distribution and limitation of power within processes that continually move between general principle and local circumstance.

Whether it is in understanding how persons are constructed in Islamic societies or how time is thought to reveal the truth of persons

CONTINUED ON PAGE 4

in the West, what unites various instances of common law reasoning may be their emphasis on letting a significant number of the categories by which the law seeks to capture an understanding of the truth—whether that be a truth of persons or a truth of events—derive from a process of including commonsense cultural categories among the very sources of

Both Islamic and Western common law systems possess a kind of legal relativity, a sense that the categories of the law must fix decisions at any given moment, while understanding that the cultural categories on which their techniques and legitimacy reside may be subject to variation.

the law. Both Islamic and Western common law systems possess a kind of legal relativity, a sense that the categories of the law must fix decisions at any given moment, while understanding that the cultural categories on which their techniques and legitimacy reside may be subject to variation.

And so, at the end of our stroll we pause for a respite. Perhaps, in doing so, we may sense that Arab law and society have striking similarities to and no less striking differences from systems with which we are familiar, and we may sense, too, that it is both what is alike and what is different that are crucial to understanding this system. In the Quran, Allah says, "Had we wished to do so we would have created all humankind alike, but such was not what we have willed." That troublesome task—of seeing how the organization of the market, the idea of time, the emphasis on negotiated reciprocity, and the creative establishment of networks of relationship are interrelated—speaks to the obligation in both the Quran and Western thought that humans must use their reason to grasp the linkages that inform each of our cultural lives. ■

Letters to the Editor

'The Talmud and the Internet'

I enjoyed Jonathan Rosen's article "The Talmud and the Internet" (Summer 1998), especially for his poignant description of his grandmother and the intriguing parallel he drew between two "webs" of human thought, one ancient, one modern. But he also—probably without intending to—showed how the Internet has tangled our thinking.

Instead of trying other Donne collections for the source of the quote he wanted, or better yet, instead of asking a librarian for some other options, he logged on to the Internet. Yes, he found what he wanted, but he could have found it just as easily, possibly more quickly, taking a less high-tech route. The Internet is a boon for research, but sometimes it's like using a table saw to cut a toothpick.

Already I can see the Internet closing as many avenues to knowledge as it opens, when using it becomes first a habit, then a mindset. How often do we (and especially our kids) just give up when the search engine says "no matches"? Already we're forgetting how to do it the "old way"—how to look up a book on the shelf, how to try another book when that's not it, how to ask someone else when we don't know.

It's losing the person-to-person connection that disturbs me most. Until now our knowledge has been held collectively. Each mind has been like a volume in a vast library. What one lacked another had. No one could be an island then, because we were all linked by our need to consult each other. Now we strengthen the links between boxes of electronics, perhaps at the risk of destroying the connections between people.

Kristin Andersen, Morrison, Colo.

In the same Talmudic spirit which Jonathan Rosen discusses so evocatively and gracefully in the Summer 1998 issue, I would like to point out some corollaries of what he has written. Mr. Rosen recounts the Talmudic story in which Yochanan ben Zakkai is conveyed out of Jerusalem to Yavneh, where he sets up a yeshiva. This journey, he writes, was "the symbolic enactment of the transformation Judaism underwent when it changed from a religion of embodiment to a religion of the

mind and of the book. Jews died as a people of the body, of the land . . . and . . . were reborn as the people of the book."

This implies that the modern state of Israel is not necessary to the preservation of Judaism; indeed, it is a negation of Jewish culture, for "the mind and the book" are universal phenomena, not tied to any particular territory. As Mr. Rosen also points out, it was "in Yavneh that Talmudic culture was saved while Temple culture [i.e., that of Jerusalem] died." Thus, there is no basis for the insistence of Israeli politicians that Jerusalem must remain a "Jewish city."

If only Mr. Rosen could persuade today's Israeli leaders of the wisdom of these propositions! They are made even more relevant to the modern situation by Mr. Rosen's observation that Yochanan fled Jerusalem not because of the Romans but because of "the Zealots—the Jewish revolutionaries . . . who were killing anyone who wasn't prepared to die with the city."

Robert A. Feldmesser, Lambertville, N.J.

For once, my tardiness in examining the *Key Reporter* has proved beneficial. I finally read the Summer 1998 issue as Judge Starr and the sun both passed new milestones in their seemingly never-ending journeys.

As I considered the enlightening essays by James Boyd White on the law and the humanities and Jonathan Rosen on the Talmud and the Internet, I came to understand why my views on the country's current constitutional crisis have been so conflicting. On the one hand, I want to see the law upheld and justice served. On the other hand, I do not want to see democracy subverted and civility destroyed. In short, I have concluded that the most just outcome might not be the most wise one. Given a choice between the two, I would sooner be guided by many millennia of Talmudic wisdom than mere centuries of constitutional law.

David Richards, Skowhegan, Maine

Book Reviews

The Recommended Reading section in the *Key Reporter* is mind-expanding for this long-ago UCLA student who earned his key in his junior year but has felt needy for more knowledge than is imparted by pre-medical and medical education.

Sidney H. Silver, Napa, Calif.



LIFE OUTSIDE ACADEME



By John D. Phillips

Editor's note: *Until three years ago, John D. Phillips (ΦΒΚ, Williams College, 1959) was a typical, successful, hard-driving Phi Bete. After earning a Ph.D. in American history from Stanford University in 1965, he was an assistant professor and vice president at Lewis and Clark College in his hometown of Portland, Oregon. The pace picked up when he left academe for a five-year tour at the U.S. Office of Education, including service as deputy commissioner for higher education in the Ford administration. The pace quickened further when he became the founding president of the National Association of Independent Colleges and Universities. The pace became frantic when he ran an executive search practice specializing in recruiting college presidents. In 1995 he had a stroke that almost took his life.*

This is the story of the stages he went through and the lessons he learned in his quest for optimum recovery and rehabilitation.

On Saturday, October 21, 1995, I did what came naturally to a 57-year-old workaholic. I finished working a brutal six-day week, and thought nothing of it. As a matter of fact, I thought I was enjoying it. I didn't notice my slurring speech as the day wore on.

An unavoidable pile-up of client committee and board meetings meant that I had been all over the country that week. Four round-trips—by train, plane, and rental car—had taken me to Philadelphia, New England, and California. When I returned home that Saturday, I enjoyed a big pasta dinner with my son Jack and some of his friends who were in town for the Marine Corps marathon that was to start early Sunday morning. I was supposed to drive him to the start of the race and to be available with resupplies of water at the halfway mark.

I never made it to the race, and neither did my son. I was in the kitchen of our McLean, Virginia, home, fixing Sunday morning breakfast with my wife, Paula, and all but one of my family members when the stroke hit.

Suddenly I sensed numbness in my right arm and quickly found I could not move the arm at all. As I tried to explain what was happening, Paula noticed I had saliva running from the right side of my mouth. She got me to a kitchen chair and had Jack hold me there while she ran upstairs to waken daughter Jenna (a medical social worker) and daughter Katy's husband, Fred (M.D., internal medicine). In the 20 seconds or so it took for Paula to describe my symptoms, Jenna was already calling for an ambulance.

The Fairfax County ambulance crew got there in just under six minutes. The oxygen tank they brought with them

saved me from far more severe effects on my brain before I reached the hospital 20 minutes later. I'm told that it was amazing what they did for me, but I couldn't even hear the siren.

Phase One

It turns out that strokes come in two main varieties: blockages and hemorrhages. A blockage can be either a blood clot or a vessel constriction (in combination with plaque that has built up on the internal walls of an artery). The oxygen can't get through to the brain, and the brain cells soon start to die for lack of fresh oxygen. A hemorrhage is an internally generated event in which blood vessels break or burst, sending blood out into and around brain cells; after a time, the blood-saturated brain cells die for lack of fresh oxygen.

My stroke was a hemorrhage, and I'm told that because my natural ability to breathe and swallow had ceased by the time I got to the Emergency Room, one of the ER doctors had to manually help me breathe. I'm also told that the pain in my right leg grew so severe that I had to be sedated. Sedation permitted other lifesaving efforts to go forward, including tests to provide a correct diagnosis.

The traditional reactive policy that most families follow—"you do what's best for him, and we'll sit by and pray"—is dangerous in this ever-more complicated world of health care. This is especially true in a life-threatening emergency, when the health care professionals diligently provide the services of their specialty (or subspecialty), but nobody is there to advocate the interests of the patient. Although the patient is not yet

dead, in terms of making decisions he might as well be.

So what does Paula—a just-retired federal executive—do when she finds herself in an ambulance with a body who used to be her husband? Of course, she gathers herself up and forms a research and management committee! It was called the "family stroke committee," and Paula ran it with the technical support of just one good cell phone, e-mail, four children, two sons-in-law, and two grandchildren.

The family stroke committee engaged doctors and surgeons, nurses and hospital staff, and insurance companies in conversations—some of them desperate—about options on my behalf, together with assessments of risks, benefits, and costs. They addressed the issue of brain surgery along with a whole host of other serious issues that came at them in those first critical days and nights. And they gradually pieced together a family strategy, first for my survival, and then for my recovery and rehabilitation.

The surgery decision actually proved simple. The neurosurgeon who was called in on that Sunday morning to read the first CAT scan observed that the bleeding was too close to the vital expressive speech-communications network in the front-left lobe of my brain to risk surgery to relieve the pressure caused by the hemorrhaging. She also bolstered the family committee's resistance to the suggestion of another physician that my brain become the subject of a funded research study—something about testing a high-tech needle inserted through the cranium to withdraw the hemorrhaged blood. The needle would have to go right through the vital speech-communications network, but he wanted to test it on me anyway. Even though we had not discussed the subject, Paula knew that I would have opposed any surgical procedure that would have run the risk of my being left alive but not able to take care of myself.

Ten years earlier my mother had suffered a hemorrhagic stroke. At the time, she was living alone in an Oregon beach community, and by the time they found her and moved her by helicopter to Portland, she was in even worse shape than I was a decade later. She had no living will or other advance directives, so the vital decisions fell on me as the oldest living relative. Paula knew how much I had wept and rued the day when, at the other end of a long-distance line to an ER doctor in Oregon, I failed to see my way

CONTINUED ON PAGE 6

LIFE OUTSIDE ACADEME

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5

with enough moral clarity to let him not feed her before she came out of the coma. Against the thinly concealed medical advice to let her die, I made the wrong decision. She lived for another nine years, never getting out of bed and having precious little relief from the mindless life to which she was committed.

Hence, when I slowly started functioning again, somehow I understood that Paula had made an affirmative judgment to keep me around a while longer. And from that day on, I wanted to prove that her decision had been the right one, and that I was going to come back to a full life.

Phase Two

It took five days of round-the-clock treatment in the intensive care unit (ICU) before the "wooze" started to wear off. I didn't exactly wake up, but Paula recalls the time when she squeezed my left hand and I squeezed back. I do remember being tied down to my bed so that I could not reach the tube in my mouth and tear it out.

Once I could breathe without it, I took stock and realized that although I was still alive, my mind and body were a shambles. My right side was paralyzed from my slack cheek and jaw down to my unfeeling toes. I had no control of my bodily functions, a fact that became clear when I discovered I could still smell. My vision, particularly on the right side, was impaired. I could hear all right, but I could barely comprehend what I was hearing. Worse still, I could not utter a syllable in response. I wanted to cry, in part to let my family know that I understood my sorry condition, but the tear ducts wouldn't work. Above all, I wanted to sleep—if I could bear the fragmented dreams about getting up and going back to work that my addled brain produced, in vivid color. But as much as I thought my body wanted it, sleep was the one thing that my family had to deny me.

Here we get into one of the most vexing characteristics of the "revolutionary" health care delivery system: the emergent role of insurance companies in prescribing patient care. It wasn't exactly that the hospital would deny me ER or ICU care without knowing who was going to pay for it, but the hospital was a lot more comfortable about letting my care proceed when Paula had come up with my medical insurance cards. There was no question that the hospital could collect its bills, but it had to follow the

guidelines provided by the insurance companies to get reimbursed.

One of the first things the family committee did was to ask my employer to send a copy of my entire primary insurance policy—not the one summarized in the employee brochure, but the whole policy, which runs more than 120 pages with amendments. It was important to know as much as possible about the types of rehabilitation the policy would cover once I was out of ICU. Both the family committee and my doctors believed that, because I was highly motivated and marginally younger and stronger than many stroke victims, my best chance to recover would lie in "aggressive rehabilitation" as an inpatient in a hospital that specializes in rehabilitation services. But this strategy was going to be expensive, and my primary insurance company would have a thing or two to say about that.

My insurance policy provided "unlimited benefits for all covered expenses" in a rehabilitation hospital, but there was a cap of 120 days each calendar year for rehabilitation through a skilled nursing facility. Representatives of my insurance carrier at first told my family and hospital care providers (e.g., social workers) to

limit our research to local skilled nursing facilities with a less aggressive (and less costly) rehabilitation program. But my family and doctors relentlessly documented why aggressive rehabilitation was appropriate for me.

Paula and Jenna had determined that the National Rehabilitation Hospital (NRH), located in northeast Washington, was one of the highest-rated hospitals for the therapies that we needed. After visiting NRH, they came away with an appointment for an NRH committee to interview me at Fairfax Hospital, in order to determine whether I had "the capacity to benefit" from the desired therapies for at least three hours a day to start.

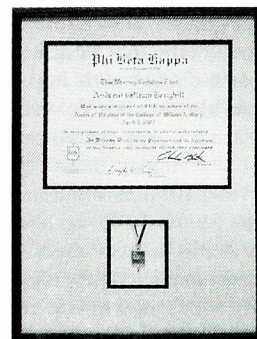
The next thing I knew, every time I would settle into what I felt was badly needed sleep, it seemed that another member (or two) of the family committee was there to awaken me, struggle to get my limp body out of bed and into a wheelchair, and run me around the hospital while talking up a blue streak to keep me awake. Well, it worked! We demonstrated to the visiting NRH committee that I could stay awake for at least three one-hour periods, and one day later, I was on my way.

Display Your Membership!

The Society offers a variety of ways for members to display the Phi Beta Kappa insignia. The popular wall display combines a membership certificate and a large gold-plated key, both engraved with the member's name and chapter. Overall size is 12 × 16 inches.

Gift-boxed keys and key pins also are available. Pictured here 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 also place your order or request a complete price list and brochure by faxing (703) 491-2031, calling (703) 491-4866, or e-mailing pbk@hand-hammer.com.



_____ Wall display (key and certificate, framed)	\$79
_____ 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)
☐ Bill me
☐ Charge my ☐ VISA ☐ MasterCard

Card # _____ Exp. date _____

Signature _____

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

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



Phase Three

Inpatient treatment at NRH is a 30-day boot camp for stroke patients. The morning after I got there, November 4, 1995, I was fed breakfast by a nurse who insisted that I would go hungry the next day unless I could use my left hand to eat. Then I was out of bed, into my wheelchair, and, just like that, wobbling but actually standing up under the physical therapist's support and watchful eye. Then I dragged my right leg through a few tentative steps before slumping to rest in my wheelchair. The regimen continued as follows:

Back to bed for instant sleep, then into my wheelchair again and downstairs to spend an hour in occupational therapy (OT), trying to figure out what to do with my right arm, which dropped like a rock when it fell off the wheelchair tray.

Lunch, bed, back into a wheelchair, sitting across from a speech therapist, trying to keep my eyes open and trying to answer her "capacity" questions by pointing at pictures so that she could find an entry point and begin building a rehab plan. I knew practically nothing, not even my name.

Bed again. Get up for dinner, with family trying to help. Trying to say words like "love" and "good night" without success because of my puzzled brain and the incessant demands of sleep. (*Beautiful* was the first polysyllabic word that I could ever hang onto, months after graduation from NRH boot camp. Very slowly, but proudly, I told Paula that she was bea-u-ti-ful, which was true. And we both cried a lot. By that time, my tear ducts were working.)

I was still pretty woozy during my first week at NRH. I didn't know whether I was comprehending anything until my stepson Brad broke through in a nice way. There were no weekend therapies, and so he drove over to NRH to break the loneliness very early Sunday morning. Saying that he wanted to resume betting on the slate of Sunday NFL games, something we'd been doing for years, he started going down the list of games and *USA Today* point spreads, alternating the assignment of his picks and mine. But when he got to the big San Francisco-Dallas game, I suddenly pointed to the 49ers. Something told me that I wanted

them to win because they were the team of "Hurryin' Hugh" McElhenny and Y. A. Tittle that I'd grown up with in Oregon 45 years ago, when San Francisco was the closest NFL team.

When Sunday visiting hours arrived, I somehow made it clear to Paula that I wanted to watch that game on television. We watched with no sound, so that she and others could talk. When the half-time score showing the 49ers ahead of the Cowboys flashed on the screen, I let out a loud "Yeah!" In that instant, Paula knew that my impaired vision had improved to the point that I could make out words and numbers, and, more important, that I could read them and they had meaning! She often says that this was a moment that she will never forget, even if it was football!

Once I began to comprehend what was happening around me, it was hard

and make my brain and voice work on one-consonant/one-vowel sounds like "ba" or "ca"; and see family and friends in visiting hours and make them feel comfortable. Sometimes I almost felt a sense of relief, because, in a curious sense, even though I was in the hospital, I was back in charge of myself.

But of course I surely didn't control my hospital life. For a man suddenly rendered almost mute, who had shown control-freakish behavior from time to time, the most frustrating thing now was the interminable waiting. Sometimes I waited an hour in my wheelchair beside my bed before a nurse could break away from other more pressing duties to get me back into bed after a therapy. Twice I became so frustrated I tried to make the wheelchair-to-bed transfer myself—whereupon, of course, I went sprawling on the floor.

After 10 days at NRH, Paula and my NRH neurologist arranged a conference call for all members of the family committee around the country. It fell to Jack to ask the really tough questions that everyone (including me) had been dancing around, which were, "What's the prognosis?" and "What should we and Dad be prepared for, long term?" To which my neurologist replied, in essence, keep your hopes up, but not too high—lest you be disappointed. Probably the mending of some of these injuries will be incomplete, and you (and he) will have to live with some sort of "condition" to be worked around as part of what otherwise can be a

very good and rich and perhaps even long life. But he (and you) will have to work at it for a long time to make certain that it's the smallest and least intrusive "condition"—far beyond what we can do here at NRH.

But I equated "condition" with death, so I persuaded myself that my injuries were transient. I learned to walk clear around the atrium with only a cane and a physical therapist or a family member beside me to protect me from falling. I practiced going up and down stairs, one stair at a time. I learned to use my arm again, reviving and building up the shoulder, arm, wrist, and finger muscles.

When I was alone, however, I fell to



Photo by John Carr

John Phillips and his wife, Paula Kuebler, on a Williams-Brown-Middlebury alumni cruise up the Po River last June.

not to become frightened by my situation. I dreamed incessantly about going back to work. (What else is new, when you have believed for 30 years that success at work is the only true source of self-esteem?) On more than one occasion I was jolted awake in the middle of the night by the thought that I was alive, yes, but really good for nothing.

By the time day broke I was all right again, because there was something so magnificently simple about my whole situation. No phone messages to return, no meeting to attend, no plane to catch, no mortgage bill to pay. Just go to physical therapy (PT) and make my leg work to stand up and to walk; go to OT and make my arm work to squeeze or lift or type something; go to speech therapy

CONTINUED ON PAGE 8

wondering whether my right side would fully function again, whether I would have trouble avoiding incontinence, and whether my organs that were now reserved exclusively for liquid elimination would work for other purposes. Most of all, I wondered whether I would be able to speak naturally again.

At the same time, I became aware that Paula was going home every night after visiting hours to wrestle with a boatload of insurance forms and household bills—and the boat was about to sink because I had neglected to make any provisions in advance for her to get to my funds. Fortunately, one night a practical-minded family friend simply handed me a pen to make my left-handed scrawl that would pass for my signature, and witnessed it—whereupon Paula could access my funds to pay our mounting bills.

On Saturday, December 2, 1995, I was released from the hospital. Of course I had to walk the minute I was outside the door. I was so happy to be alive, but just to be safe, we had a wheelchair in the back of the car.

Phase Four

It was obvious to everyone (except perhaps me) that I was going to be in for a long period of rehabilitation as an outpatient. After several hard winter months, during which Paula became exhausted from having to chauffeur me to NRH for my three outpatient therapies plus regular doctors' appointments, I gradually improved and the frequency of PT and OT slackened. We recruited two retired friends to handle the twice-weekly driving for my ongoing speech therapy, leaving Paula to do what she needed to do for her own rehab—yes, family members also need rehabilitation!

Meanwhile, it was getting increasingly difficult to pay for medical services, or any other kind, because I had used up my accrued vacation and sick leave and my short-term disability insurance benefits. It was time to face up to the grim fact that I was going to have to go on long-term disability insurance.

I had paid absolutely no attention to this part of my employee benefits, and I hadn't focused on the choice I had made to limit my long-term disability insurance to 60 percent of my base salary. Nor did I understand that the insurance company's responsibility was only to make up the difference between my Social Security Disability (SSD) entitlements and 60 percent of base salary. Because of no

provision for bonuses, the net result of these disability insurance arrangements was a reduction of my income not by 40 percent but by 75 percent!

One other point. I guess it makes sense for long-term disability insurance companies to require you to get SSD benefits and deduct the amount of those benefits from the face value of your policy, but once you opt to receive SSD benefits, then you must live by the SSD rules and regulations. Simply put, SSD precludes you from earning even one dollar of personal income, on penalty of losing all of your SSD benefits. Because of the way the system is set up, being forced to claim your SSD benefits has a strong tendency to make you forever disabled.

I continued trying to be a hero. The Saturday I got home, Jack took me over to the high school track, and I ran around it twice before slipping back to a walk. After a while Jack took a picture of me resting on a track hurdle—leaving the distinct impression that I had been running and jumping hurdles on the same



day that I was released from the hospital. I was touched when the picture came back to me as Jack's Christmas gift, with the inscription "No Hurdle Is Too High"; however, I was encouraging family members to share my belief that, sometime soon, I was going to be back to my old self. That frightened Paula particularly.

I was determined to see our grandsons in New York, and sure enough, on January 12, 1996, while walking on a snowy Manhattan street carrying two sacks of groceries, I had a seizure. Fortunately, Paula had sent son-in-law Kevin out to find me when I wasn't back from the grocery store on time. He was with me when I went down and kept me from conking my head on the pavement. He helped me into an Indian take-out restaurant ("Curry in a Hurry") and called for an ambulance. Once again, I had driven myself beyond good sense, and my penalty was to spend a long, contentious, and frustrating weekend in a New York hospital. This disastrous experience had four effects:

First, I could not get released until I submitted to that miserable magnetic

resonance imaging machine, in which my whole body was rolled horizontally into a space roughly the size of a Pringle's Potato Chip tube. I had to lie there perfectly still for an hour or so, fighting claustrophobia, while the technicians fired imaging beams into every part of the brain's affected area. Now I was sure that the cure was worse than the disease, but I survived, and fortunately, they found no further damage to my brain.

Second, I had to add a three-times-a-day antiseizure medication to my already burgeoning regimen of drugs and vitamins.

Third, and most disastrously, under the laws of Virginia, my state of residence, the privilege of being licensed to drive had to be further deferred for six months from the date of the seizure.

Fourth, and by far the most important, I had to spend three days thinking about how to work my way out of this mess—and that was a strikingly healthy development. Maybe I was going to have to stop kidding myself about going right on as though nothing serious had happened.

Aphasia/Apraxia

I had never heard of aphasia or apraxia before my stroke, but they are medical parlance for what was, and is, terribly wrong with my speech. *Aphasia* covers all kinds of brain-injury-related communications disorders that usually affect speech (expressive) and understanding of speech (receptive), although the ability to read and write may also be reduced as a result of the brain injury. *Apraxia* is the term for a motor control disorder that involves the connection between my brain and the neurons that carry the message of how to form words to my tongue, mouth, and jaw. As the June 1998 poster for Aphasia National Awareness Week put it, it's "when your brain holds your words hostage." I generally know precisely what I want to say; I just sometimes cannot say it.

My problem goes back to the hemorrhaging I had in the left-front lobe of my brain, which the hospital CAT scan showed was heaviest in the area of my expressive speech-communications network. That was where the brain cells died. I had to start learning speech almost from the beginning, "rewiring" my whole expressive speech function.

My principal speech pathologist at NRH was a real professional who kept working with me, trying various approaches, and steadily pushing me until I believed that I could never give up either. She also cured me, finally, of evading my essential condition as a recovering stroke patient. One bright spring day in 1996 I

went wheeling into her office to announce that I had been invited to the annual North American meeting of my management consulting firm, set for September. Wouldn't it be a good idea for us to speed up our efforts so that I could meet friends from the firm at the September meeting? No, she said. I was flabbergasted, and asked, Why not? Because, John, you're not going to be ready by September, maybe not even by next September, perhaps never.

I bolted from her office, onto the street, around the NRH campus, crying uncontrollably. Twenty minutes later I was back in place, and we were working on "tr" blends, as in "tree" or "train wreck," or "truth." Later we laughed about it, sort of, but we both knew that she and I had passed another milestone in the long march back from my stroke. We had finally dealt not just with my symptoms but with the workaholicism. I understood that my efforts to get back to the lifestyle that had been the underlying cause of my stroke had continually impeded my recovery and rehabilitation.

The Next Step

Soon after our spring epiphany, my speech pathologist began talking to me about undertaking the next step in a university setting. The fact is that I had become dependent on the speech pathology unit at NRH, where I could speak just as I was able to and have listeners who were eager to help communicate with me. After more than a year, it was my security blanket to ward off the outsiders who, because of my still-faltering speech, would too often conclude that I was psychologically ill or mentally retarded.

So, in the winter of 1996-97, I was transferred to the George Washington (GW) University Speech Center. Under the capable and insistent guidance of the clinical director, usually hiding behind the one-way glass of the clinical speech rooms, the graduate student-therapists teach us dozens of strategies to make us more comfortable as we go about our lives, managing our disabilities rather than having to manage our frightful isolation. For example, we practice how to put a receptionist or a store clerk at ease by somehow explaining, "I can't speak because I've had a stroke, but if you'll bear with me, we can do some business." Now try that on the telephone!

Some Lessons

If you suspect that you might be a good candidate for stroke, ask yourself these questions: Are you overscheduled more often than not, so that time becomes a

buzzsaw of hurry and worry, and time at home is just an overnight interruption of the important things you've got to do? Do you really like your work, or did something get off the track back there, and now it's a string of "gotta-do's" and "gotta-don'ts"? How many times a week do you feel stress or anxiety? I felt it every single day, and one day it just wore me out.

You know that exercise reduces stress, but can you break away from work? Exercise can also help reduce blood pressure and weight, if either of those is a problem, but do you ever take time to check your pulse, weight, and blood pressure, or have your blood drawn and checked for cholesterol? And what do you eat, drink, or smoke? When you fail to control these fundamental health factors, you become a strong candidate for stress that can put you down, maybe for the count. My weight and cholesterol were on the high side, I exercised erratically (mostly when suddenly trying to lose weight), and my blood pressure had a tendency to "spike up" for no apparent reason, except maybe the presence of work-related stress.

If your family has a history of stroke, your risk for a stroke is a given, and you'd better adjust the basic work and health factors in your favor. At least you can make certain—

- That you and your family know what to do in the event of stroke—know the symptoms, the closest hospital with good stroke treatment, and the ambulance service that you can rely on to respond within 10 minutes;

- That you and your family select the best health and medical insurance that your employer(s) can offer and you can afford and that you have reference copies of your entire medical policies, together with standing orders to send you all amendments as they are issued;

- That you and your family purchase the most comprehensive disability insurance that your employer(s) can offer and that you can afford;

- That your spouse or significant other has complete and immediate standby authority to get to (a) family financial resources, (b) your medical records, and (c) the historical medical records of your blood-relation family members; and

- That you and your family think about advance medical directives and codify them in some kind of a living will.

So what else have I learned, other than that I would rather not have had this experience?

I have learned that after a stroke, life can never be the same again, but if the injuries are not too severe, you can have a second chance to build a new life—

perhaps better than the first one that you are forced to give up.

I have learned that I was enormously fortunate. I'm told that there was a moment on that first Sunday morning, when the ER doctors and nurses had done everything they could, that less than an hour remained in my life unless somehow the bleeding stopped in my brain. Not only did the bleeding stop, but after all the recovery and rehabilitation efforts spanning three years, almost all of my receptive and expressive senses have returned. When I walk around the GW campus, nobody knows I've had a stroke—except when someone stops me to ask for directions.

And I have finally learned the importance of family. As distracted a workaholic as I was for years and years, I just didn't deserve the outpouring of love and support from my family. But I'm going to take it, with exceeding thanks, and try to live up to it in this new life.

The stroke, and everything that's happened since then, has taught me the importance and the value of patience. In the hospitals, in the therapies, and at home, it's the value that steels the courage to go on. Impatience leads to frustration, and those two emotions simply upset things. And in this new life, as the clinical director of the GW Speech Center says, "maintenance is progress."

I have learned respect for "ordinary" people. I didn't recognize it at the time, and I fought it every inch of the way, but in one blinding instant when I was stricken by stroke, I suddenly joined their ranks. All of my influence and power, and three-quarters of my earning power, were instantly drained away. And you know what? I certainly would not have chosen the route, but I kind of like being an ordinary person. There are more real people here. We make our own brand of very human respect, helping and being kind to one another. Being a power person is like a bad dream for me now.

In September I celebrated my 60th birthday with family and friends—including recovering stroke patients and therapists who have befriended me—and I went back to "speech school" at GW, beginning each week with the Monday morning stroke group. It always gives me hope. ■

Corrections

In the Life Outside Academe feature on Doris Kearns Goodwin [Summer 1998], the last name of her Colby professor, Al Mavrinac, was misspelled; also, her husband, Richard Goodwin, is a Phi Beta Kappa graduate of Tufts, not Trinity, University.

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: Ronald Geballe, Russell B. Stevens

Eugen Weber

Democracy at Dawn: Notes from Poland and Points East. Frederick Quinn. Texas A & M, 1998. \$29.95.

This is the most vividly substantial book that I have read in years. It should be required reading in college courses, Foreign Service academies, and everywhere the prevarications, equivocations, deceptions, dodges, and downright lies of international relations are still engaged in with a straight face.

A career Foreign Service officer, historian, and legal scholar, the author was seconded to one of the many international organizations where people do well by doing good, and, through the mid-1990s, traveled in most of the disaster areas of the former Soviet Empire helping to frame new constitutions and rebuild ruined judicial systems. He kept a diary of his experiences in Poland and 15 other countries, and in the jungles of Euramerican bureaucracy. The stories he tells are terrible, unedifying, depressing, but also unassuming, witty, and wise. They make one wonder at the dedication and patience of those who, like himself, venture into godforsaken places to lend a helping hand—and at the reckless arrogance of Western taxpayers and governments who tell others how to solve their insoluble problems when we can't solve our own.

Quinn sketches massive issues with a light touch, and attacks desperate situations with lucidity and humor. I would put my money on his kind to negotiate the obstacle course of international kleptocracy and help the world come out just a little bit better. But his kind are few; so, read the book.

Toward Another Shore: Russian Thinkers between Necessity and Chance. Aileen M. Kelly. Yale, 1998. \$35.

Nothing ever concludes, but it is not clear either whether anything *is*. Categories and values are functions of their time, identities and orders are localized products of contingency, and none can hope to step into the same moral order twice—certainly not parents and children who

have no shared beliefs. Worse still (or perhaps reassuring?), this situation was already being noticed a hundred years ago, when too many dropouts of enlightened transcendentalism found themselves marooned amid process (not progress), conflict (not conciliation), disintegration, and discord.

Kelly has woven a glittering web of ideas crossing and recrossing from Tolstoy to Akhmatova, from Dostoyevsky to Mayakovsky and Zamiatin, from potluck to necessity: pessimistic, optimistic, nihilistic, rationalistic, messianic, in concert or in caterwaul. One wonders at times how seriously to take influential crackpots like Solovyov, Berdiaev, and Bakunin, but others did and do. They add to the web's glitter and help certify that shortcuts to freedom cut freedom short.

Unlike her quarries, Kelly writes not about resolving quandaries but about describing them, and, in the end, like Herzen, whom she admires, she casts her vote for "that divine inventor, Chance." A wonderfully informed and intelligent book, demanding but accessible, and personal.

Historical Dictionary of World War II France: The Occupation, Vichy, and the Resistance, 1938-1946. Edited by Bertram M. Gordon. Greenwood, 1998. \$95.

This is the last of Greenwood Press's seven *Dictionaries of French History*. Like its predecessors (the series began with the French Revolution), it is a convenient source of reference, up-to-date (as attested by entries on Bousquet, Papon, and Touvier), and packed with information. The *Dictionary* comes with a serviceable chronology and a serious bibliography to supplement the bibliographical references that accompany each entry.

Inevitably, absences are as remarkable as presences. We get Abellio R. and Aymé M. but not Alibert R. (who pops up in a couple of entries), Zones (of occupation) but not Zay J., one of the collaborating Abels (Bonnard) but not his fellow-pederast (Hermant), Cocteau but neither Chanel nor Colette, fashion and Gypsies

but neither bicycles nor turnips. Some notice of homosexual networks—at Vichy and as an aspect of collaboration—would also have been welcome; contemporary urbanity has surely broadened enough to accommodate it. But the space that editors dispose of is less flexible than our morals, and Gordon should be thanked for what we have received: a valuable working tool.

Comets, Popular Culture, and the Birth of Modern Cosmology. Sara Schechner Genuth. Princeton, 1997. \$49.50.

A comet is a long-haired star. It is also a portent, perhaps the agent of physical events like the Deluge, or of moral events like personal conversion. Disturbing monstrosities in the heavens signal monstrous disturbances on earth: war, plague, rebellion, mischief, doom, death, disaster. Harbingers of significant good or evil, falling, shooting, blazing stars may, like the Star of Bethlehem, portend salvation; like Halley's comet in 1066, may forecast great changes in the fate of princes and of nations; or, as in Revelation, may threaten the world's end.

By the 17th century, science had chipped away the astrological side of astronomy and the prophetic or predictive aspects of star-lore; by the 18th century, comets, once terrors of the world, had become subject to calculation, ridicule, or both. But even after they had been demoted to mere natural phenomena, their tails, scientists speculated and journalists affirmed, might still defile the atmosphere or set the world on fire. No wonder that the book ends with a swift glance at the recent resurgence of cometary catastrophism.

Astronomer and scholar Genuth lays out this little-known aspect of the history of science, demonstrates the evolving relationships between popular and learned cultures, and negotiates their blurry confluence with elegance and learning.

Larry J. Zimmerman

Hernando de Soto among the Apalachee: The Archaeology of the First Winter Encampment. Charles R. Ewen and John H. Hann. Univ. Press of Florida, 1998. \$29.95.

Prior to 1539, three Spanish conquistadors had attempted to subdue *La Florida*, and all of them had failed. For his expedition to succeed, Hernando de Soto planned extraordinary measures, assembling one of the largest, best-equipped, and most experienced armies ever to sail for the New World. His quest was to subjugate a native society with vast min-

eral wealth and to establish a prosperous colony of Spain that he would govern. By the time the 10-state odyssey ended with de Soto's death from fever in mid-May 1542, he had lost nearly a third of his 600 men and most of his equipment. Although his expedition ended in failure, de Soto achieved a remarkable feat, for his explorations paved the way for colonization and transformation from a native-based to European-centered society.

Hann presents new translations of several narratives of the expedition, but Ewen provides the core of the work, an account of the discovery and excavation of de Soto's encampment near the Apalachee Indians. Evidence discovered in 1987, literally within sight of the state capital in Tallahassee, provides a new interpretation of the impact of Europeans on the natives. Certainly the archaeology presented in the volume is fascinating, but the reason this volume stands out is its accessibility. It is a nearly unique combination of professional archaeology, contemporary politics surrounding it, and an astute awareness of the vast public interest in the past, all presented in a popular style.

The Great Law and the Longhouse: A Political History of the Iroquois Confederacy. William N. Fenton. Univ. of Oklahoma, 1998. \$70.

Fenton, the dean of Iroquois studies, caps a remarkable career with this 750-page political ethnography of the Iroquois. He argues that the Great Law provided continuity for the Iroquois tradition in the face of dramatic cultural changes brought by European contact, especially depopulation, territorial loss, and military defeat. A living tradition, the Great Law was sustained by the celebration of a condolence ceremony for mourning the death of a chief and installing a successor who would lead for life if his behavior was good. This ancient ritual maintained the League of the Iroquois, a legendary form of government that some argue was a foundation for the U.S. Constitution. Eventually, the League became the Iroquois Confederacy.

Fenton traces the Great Law into the 20th century, distilling and analyzing earlier cultural studies of myths surrounding it. His writing is an interesting combination of Iroquois and American English, which makes for a fascinating read. The book is a welcome addition to the growing literature in the sometimes raucous debate on the contribution of the Iroquois to the development of early U.S. government.

Hollywood's Indian: The Portrayal of the Native American in Film. Edited by

Peter C. Rollins and John E. O'Connor. Univ. Press of Kentucky, 1998. \$29.95.

Given the huge number of movies and their profound influence on the creation of stereotypes about American Indians, the number of scholarly works on the Indians in film is surprisingly small. This most recent collection of papers updates earlier works and includes more recent films such as *Powwow Highway*, *Blackrobe*, and Disney's *Pocahontas*. The chapters not only form a loose history of Indians in the movies but also provide a wide range of perspectives from historical and anthropological to Ted Jojola's angry piece, "Absurd Reality II."

Especially good is Pauline Turner Strong's analysis of *Pocahontas* and *The Indian in the Cupboard* regarding the commodification of Indians. Most Americans may be surprised to know that the Finns have also produced "Westerns"; Hanu Salmi's study of the influence of Indians in American Westerns on Finnish Wild North movies is delightful. There are a few annoying errors in some papers (e.g., the Indians in *Little Big Man* are said to be Sioux instead of Cheyenne), but on the whole the book makes an excellent case for what the editors consider to be a "scholarly frontier."

Archaeology on the Great Plains. Edited by W. Raymond Wood. Univ. Press of Kansas, 1998. \$29.95.

Waldo Wedel published the last compilation of the prehistory of the Great Plains of the United States almost 40 years ago, and the many new excavations and discoveries made since then have largely rewritten Wedel's interpretations. At the same time, this new book shares essentially the same theoretical underpinnings of a cultural ecology that emphasizes human adaptation to the difficult environment of the Plains. The basic framework of cultural history in the region has not changed dramatically, but the richness of the human mosaic and the complexity of population movements, interactions, and culture changes have really emerged only since the late 1970s. Although a few chapters here are already out of date, most are solid updates of recent excavations and analyses.

An excellent chapter by Richard Krause examines the history of Plains archaeology. Remaining chapters take the reader from the time of the earliest Paleo-Indian hunters of mammoth more than 10,000 years ago, through a kind of "settling-in" to the region during the Archaic and Woodland traditions, through the Plains village traditions ancestral to the Mandan and Arikara Indians, into the adjustments of Indian peoples to

Euroamerican contact. The volume is certainly aimed at specialists, but the book is the best available on the topic. Scholars or others interested in the Plains must read it if they are to understand the depth and complexity of human adaptation to the vast interior grasslands.

Excavating Women: A History of Women in European Archaeology. Edited by Margarita Diaz-Andreu and Marie L. S. Sorensen. Routledge, 1998. \$85.

In a profession dominated by men and male-oriented interpretations of the past, recent concerns with gender when studying past societies have provided welcome new perspectives in archaeology. In this critical assessment of women in European archaeology, context is given to the sociopolitical factors that affected their lives, ranging from the impact of the world wars to an acceptability of working outside one's own country. The lives and contributions of famous archaeologists, such as Marija Gimbutas, Kathleen Kenyon, and Dorothy Garrod, as well as lesser-known scholars such as Margaret Murray and Matilde Revuelta Tubino, are scrutinized.

The book tells the story of women archaeologists in virtually every area of Europe except Russia. Sara Champion's essay on the visible and invisible women in British archaeology is especially well done, and Ruth Struwe's chapter on employment of East German women in archaeology after the Berlin Wall fell is fascinating for its political context. The book should be mandatory reading in courses on the history of archaeology, and scholars interested in the history of feminism will find the book valuable.

Anna J. Schwartz

European Monetary Unification. Barry Eichengreen. MIT, 1997. \$45.

The Economics of the European Union and the Economics of Europe. Larry Neal and Daniel Barbezat. Oxford Univ., 1998. \$29.95.

Money and European Union. Stephen F. Overture. St. Martin's, 1997. \$45.

Each of these studies provides valuable insights into the ambitious monetary project of 11 European countries when they introduce the euro as a common currency to replace marks, francs, pesos, etc., on the first day of 1999. Eichengreen uses the experience of the U.S. currency union to assess the operation of European Monetary Union (EMU). He finds that labor mobility and fiscal federalism are

CONTINUED ON PAGE 12

RECOMMENDED READING

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

more highly developed in the United States—a situation that may raise problems for EMU.

Neal and Barbezat examine the evolution since 1958 of the political and economic framework of the union as a natural economic unit. They then analyze the political economies of all of the constituent member states as well as those of the opt-out countries. They conclude that the union will expand, despite questions about when, how many, and under what terms countries from the Mediterranean to the Black Sea to the Baltic will join.

Overture offers an interdisciplinary approach, combining history, economics, and politics to explain the progress toward EMU.

The Geography of Money. *Benjamin J. Cohen. Cornell, 1998. \$25.*

The title of this book refers to the territory in which a national money holds sway. It used to be confined to the geographical area under the monopoly of a separate government. In recent decades cross-border competition among currencies has occurred. Widely used currencies are used across, not just within, political frontiers. The author considers the implications of this development for countries experiencing currency invasion as an alternative to local money, usually because of a history of inflationary excesses. (A common form of the invasion is dollarization.) He also discusses how public policy should respond to a relative decline in the dollar's international popularity.

In Praise of Commercial Culture. *Tyler Cowen. Harvard, 1998. \$27.95.*

This book is a provocative study of how markets benefit the production of culture, with special attention to three arts central to the Western tradition: visual art, literature, and music. Cowen contrasts his position as a cultural optimist with that of cultural pessimists, who view modernity and market exchange as corrupting culture. For him, market forces that influence artistic creation include material wealth that helps restrict external constraints on internal artistic creativity, artistic motivation to reach new heights, and encouragement of diversity of artistic forms and styles. To determine whether the arguments of the book apply to non-Western, tribal, and indigenous cultures, the author says that he plans to study them next.

Robert P. Sonkowsky

Creation of the Sacred: Tracks of Biology in Early Religions. *Walter Burkert. Harvard, 1998. \$15.95.*

An even more extraordinary book than his *Homo Necans*, which linked the likes of eucharistic religion to primitive human origins, this paperback edition of Burkert's 1996 volume tracks many patterns of world religions back to a wide range of nonhuman behavior. Burkert treads a careful path of analysis, drawing on his deep, polymathic learning, through exciting realms of Classical and Near Eastern philology, biology, zoology, psychology, sociobiology, and literary studies. Almost like a shaman descending to mysterious depths, but always a careful scholar, he reports intriguing analogies between human religious practices and the behavior of such creatures as the lizard (analogy between its abandonment of its tail to placate a pursuing predator and the magical sacrifice of a part of a human's body to ward off death) and the zebra (analogy between the death of one man as a ransom for the safety of many and the death of one zebra, killed by a lion, which makes the rest of the herd feel safe).

Language, storytelling, and art arise possibly later in human evolution than such religious patterns, and perhaps even later than religious rituals, but ensure the continuity of such age-old patterns. Burkert's thesis—that religions somehow follow biological preconditions—is persuasive, and he pursues it without going into great technical detail about evolution theory and sociobiology. Burkert views religion as a way “to restore the balance” by contacting the divine in response to reality that “appears dangerous or downright hostile to life.”

This book is the best attempt available to advance our understanding of the mysterious biological “tracks” of religion and is recommended not only for Classicists and historians of religion, but also for theologians and members of the clergy. It is also recommended for the general reader, whether religious or non-religious.

Homeric Rhythm: A Philosophical Study. *Paolo Vivante. Greenwood, 1997. \$49.95.*

Despite today's emphasis on “orality” and “performance” of Classical literature, especially of Homeric poetry, there is precious little Classical scholarship that is directly useful to an oral performer, that is, to one who wishes to read Classical literature aloud and thereby appreciate and enjoy it as nearly as possible to the way the ancients did. Discussions of

Homeric metrics and formulas come nowhere near helping the oral reader, qua oral reader, to experience or express the *enargeia* (vividness) and *energeia* (actuality) that have been attributed to the poems from antiquity down through the ages, even into our times of silent reading.

This book is an exception. Not only does Vivante recommend oral reading, but he delivers a profound analysis of the Homeric poems' core rhythms in such a way that today's oral interpreter can benefit. He does not mention the restored pronunciation of Greek, which, though important even for considerations of rhythm, is not his true focus. He does deal with language, of course, but only to show that the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* could not have been composed according to some artificial recipe of mixed dialectal forms fitted into metrical and formulaic patterns. Instead, he tries to penetrate the liveliness of the poems' rhythms.

His is a critical reaction to previous scholarship on formulaic and metrical structure of the poems. This scholarship became too mechanical and overlooked the inner thrust of the line of verse, for example, its rhythmic rise to a self-contained moment that comes into being concretely and passes away briefly, sometimes generating an energy that runs on rhythmically into the following line. Thus, the exquisite form of the poems can be shown to arise from the real life of those times—and, one might add, to enter into the life of *our* times. These perceptions can be inspiring to the oral reader today. In addition, the book will be useful to all students of poetry in any language. All Greek is translated into English, usually into a word order as close as possible to the original.

Louis R. Harlan

Dorothea Dix: New England Reformer. *Thomas J. Brown. Harvard, 1998. \$35.*

Dorothea Dix was perhaps the most politically active American woman of her generation—from the 1840s through the 1860s. Although as voteless as other women of her time, she became a political force, marshaling nationwide sentiment for reform in the social conditions of mental hospitals and prisons. Unlike earlier biographers, Brown stresses the larger spiritual context of Boston Unitarian perfectionism that surrounded and encompassed her particular reforms. She came late to her true calling, in her 40s, after an unsuccessful career as a teacher seeking to mold young minds and wills, and, with more success, as a writer of didactic literature for the young. For some 20 years she virtually lived on the

road as a lobbyist for reform in every state capital, in the halls of Congress, and in several western European countries.

Winning powerful allies, mostly men in high political office, and fighting heroically session after session, she persuaded both houses of Congress to pass a bill for federal land grants for mental hospitals, only to suffer a veto by President Pierce. Undeterred, she then successfully took her cause to the state governments, including those in the South, where she turned a blind eye to the evils of slavery and decried the antislavery movement. The Civil War gave her a new cause, but one less suited to her temperament. She served as superintendent of women nurses but failed miserably as an administrator through the same faults of excessive strictness that had plagued her as a teacher. A tone of sadness pervades this good biography of a lonely crusader.

Daybreak of Freedom: The Montgomery Bus Boycott. Edited by Stewart Burns. Univ. of North Carolina, 1997. \$55; paper, \$19.95.

This book, called by its editor "the first comprehensive history of the Montgomery bus boycott," originated during his five years of work on the third volume of *The Papers of Martin Luther King Jr.* He felt that "King-related" documents told only part of the boycott movement's story, hence this broader-based documentary history. Burns deftly places his selected documents in context by a substantial introduction and by a running authorial narrative that connects each documented event with the overall story and other contemporaneous events. King's leadership is fully acknowledged, but we also hear from the originators of the boycott—Jo Ann Robinson, E. D. Nixon, and Rosa Parks—and from the cooks, maids, and yardmen who were the peaceful, weary, deeply committed foot-soldiers of the year-long struggle. We hear from helpful local whites such as Virginia and Clifford Durr and Rev. Robert S. Graetz, from Montgomery officials bent on breaking the boycott, and from interested outsiders such as Myles Horton of the Highlander Folk School and Bayard Rustin, who was a key adviser on strategy and drafter of the plan for expanding the Montgomery Improvement Association into the Southern Christian Leadership Conference. I recommend this book to anyone interested in this pivotal event of our time, when the civil rights movement moved from the courts to the streets.

Trouble in Mind: Black Southerners in the Age of Jim Crow. Leon F. Litwack. Knopf, 1998. \$35.

This is the sequel to Litwack's earlier, monumental work, *Been in the Storm So Long*, about black people during Reconstruction, winner of not only the Pulitzer Prize but also the Francis Parkman Prize for historical writing of superior literary merit. Like its predecessor, it shows a prodigious appetite for archival research in contemporary letters and other first-person sources. The book is organized topically rather than chronologically, and in fact there is no clear time frame or definition of when exactly the Age of Jim Crow was. Most of the documentation comes from roughly 1890 to 1915, but the author sometimes stretches the time frame to include later events and recollections. The Spanish-American War is the only war period treated, and the epilogue describes the beginning of the Great Migration to the North and West.

But quibbles about time frame, causation, and lack of theoretical concoctions are beside the point. This is not a biography of Jim Crow. This is Litwack's unflinching view of what it was like to live for entire lifetimes under the crushing and unyielding burden of white oppression. He has searched through bottomless documentary haystacks for the stories of men and women who lived the life of a toad under the harrow. If he

sometimes repeats, it is in the effort to make us feel their pain. If we still don't get it, he throws in a blues lyric: "Ef you ever been down, you know jes' how I feel—/Lak a broken-down engine got no drivin' wheel,/Lak a po' sojer boy lef' on de battle-fiel'."

Russell B. Stevens

Naked to the Bone: Medical Imaging in the Twentieth Century. Bettyann Holtzmann Kevles. Addison-Wesley Longman, 1997. \$35.95; paper, \$18.

It was a diverse and often geographically scattered mixture of persons—particularly physicists, engineers, and physicians—who carried imaging from the initially crude exploitation of the discovery of X rays to the remarkable machines available today. The book is a meticulous history of the relevant technologies that have emerged, the personalities of those whose insights were essential to success, and the economic factors that repeatedly influenced what research would be exploited and what discoveries would be neglected. Above all, one is reminded of the daunting complexity and cost of modern technological development. For the most part this material can be read

CONTINUED ON PAGE 14

The AMERICAN SCHOLAR



"A giant among intellectual journals"

The New York Times

from the autumn issue of THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR:

"There are three ways of becoming a Jew: by birth, by conversion, or by decree. Brushed by only a breath of the first, I was forcibly enlisted in the third group after January 30, 1933, the day that Hitler came to power and gave my life an ineradicable undertone of mourning."

—Peter Gay, on his boyhood in Nazi Germany

The AMERICAN SCHOLAR

1785 Massachusetts Avenue, N.W., Fourth Floor
Washington, DC 20036
(800) 821-4567

Please enter my subscription to THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR.

☐ 1 year \$25 (\$24 payment with order) ☐ 2 years \$48 (\$46 payment with order)

☐ Check enclosed ☐ Bill my ☐ Visa ☐ MasterCard ☐ Diners Club

Account No. Exp. Date

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY STATE ZIP

Allow 6-8 weeks for delivery. Add \$3 per year for Canadian/foreign postage. Dept. KR AU984.

RECOMMENDED READING

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

comfortably and with profit without any very special knowledge in the sciences involved.

Life on the Edge: Amazing Creatures Thriving in Extreme Environments. Michael Gross. Plenum, 1998. \$25.95.

This concise study explores the extent to which a diversity of living organisms, predominantly single-celled, are to be found thriving in situations so extreme as to have been assumed, until recently, to be unable to support life. Certain implications of this new knowledge, as it bears on the origin of life on the ancient Earth and the possibility of extraterrestrial life, are explored. The text has a commendably readable style, enlivened from time to time with "profiles" of key investigators, or what the author calls "Foci" or "Sidelines" that provide additional technical detail and implications for future study. All in all, a first-rate effort.

Gaia's Body: Toward a Physiology of Earth. Tyler Volk. Springer-Verlag, 1998. \$27.

Recommended reading? Yes, but with certain cautions for prospective readers who are, like me, not trained in biochemistry, atmospheric sciences, and the like. The author deals with the cycles, the actions, and the interactions in and between atmosphere, oceans, earth, and living organisms. For many readers these matters may well prove dauntingly complex. At the very least some paragraphs must be read—and at times even reread—slowly and carefully. Yet the phenomena examined are of crucial importance and merit efforts such as this volume to widen public understanding. As the title makes clear, Volk invokes the central tenets of Lovelock's Gaia hypothesis throughout. For some readers this device is likely to prove helpful; for others Gaia rather needlessly complicates matters.

Svetlana Alpers

Depiction. Michael Podro. Yale, 1998. \$30.

Although we live in what is described as a visual age, many people feel more comfortable letting movie frames or TV images zip by than devoting the time it takes to look at painting. The success of museums as architectural monuments, shops, and hosts to blockbuster exhibits discourages people from stopping before a work of art to take a long, slow look. In addition, much writing about art is textual or contextual—emphasizing mean-

ing or circumstances rather than pictorial phenomena as such.

Art historian Podro's superbly considered and elegantly produced book—which results, in part, from his teaching university students in front of works of art in London museums—is an encouragement to stop and look. It offers ways of thinking about looking and provides examples of doing it, focusing mainly on Donatello, Rembrandt, Hogarth, and Chardin.

Podro's approach is philosophical, historical, and critical. He suggests that the human mind naturally finds satisfaction in the *recognition* of depicted subjects and engages in active *imagining* about what we recognize in the worked material (be it chalk, oil paint, or stone). Podro observes the way we simultaneously recognize movement and shape in a line drawn by Raphael; the disequilibrium of viewpoints in attending to a story Donatello presents in a shallow relief; and the curious relegation of the viewer to the role of minor onlooker by Rembrandt, as in *The Night Watch*. Hogarth is seen not as a witty moralist but as a painter encompassing a complex culture as a matter of picture-making. Responding to psychoanalytic interpretations, Podro presents Chardin as an example of the way art can persuade us to reflect on our most intimate feelings.

Inside Bruegel: The Play of Images in Children's Games. Edward Snow. North Point Press, 1997. \$40.

This book offers another remarkable account of looking at pictures. Snow, a professor of English, prize-winning translator of Rilke, and the author of a luminous book on Vermeer, concentrates on one painting, which depicts the world in all its conflicts and contrasts. It is part of the fascination of this book, and of Peter Bruegel the Elder's picture, that such long, slow attention is sustainable and leaves the reader with the sense that there is even more to see and to be said.

In the 19th century, Bruegel was viewed as a peasant painter painting peasants. Art historians of the 20th century have taken him more seriously, but concluded that he was a moral didact and that the meanings of his paintings could be deciphered through iconographic analysis: There were codes to be broken, messages to be found.

Snow's book is the most sustained critique of and alternative to this reductive account. As he puts it, Bruegel's *Children's Games* presents painting as a way of thinking, meaning something like the artist's play of mind working itself out through the myriad figures enacting their life in games—plus the viewer's play of

mind following it all. The book begins with a look at the game of tug-of-war placed toward the middle of the painting: A rope connects two pairs of boys (one riding on the back of the other) at the breaking point. Are they opposed or cooperating? How is the boy on top related to the supporter beneath him? Categories like good and evil, or innocence and wisdom, simply do not apply as Bruegel tracks the fate of individual girls and boys and the social body that they make and break.

By the end of Snow's explication, the reader is almost prepared to grant Snow's remark that Bruegel is a Renaissance artist whose range and penetration rival Shakespeare's. At the very least, you will want to look at his paintings yourself to see whether it's true.

Henry McBride: The Flow of Art: Essays and Criticisms. Edited by Daniel Catton Rich. Yale, 1997. \$35; paper, \$16.

Henry McBride (1867–1962) was the regular art reviewer for the *New York Daily Sun* from 1913 to 1950 and a monthly reviewer for *The Dial*. I must admit that until I read this book I had never heard of him, but his collected reviews make for good reading.

McBride wrote with an eye to readers rather than to the market. He had no settled principles by which to judge art. The reader is sympathetic, however, to his admission that he is weak on the story part of pictures, and to his defense of Picasso, Braque, and Duchamp as speaking to the imagination in painter's language. In another vein, he acutely assessed the *Circus* of Seurat, in which, as McBride put it, the wit struggles through the repression to a point that is almost brilliant. He celebrated Georgia O'Keeffe as a woman who made it, while pooh-poohing the overloading of her works with Freudian interpretations. In 1913 he was one of the earliest to see the greatness of Thomas Eakins, and in 1950 he welcomed Jackson Pollock.

McBride was also a sharp observer of the social scene. This book conveys a sense of the mores governing how art was exhibited, bought, and sold, and of the company in which it was discussed. He describes the advent of curious Paris dealers who masquerade as exhibition galleries, and of the fashion in New York of not exhibiting the new art but of selling it secretly to millionaires in the know.

McBride took great pleasure in looking at and writing about pictures and their world. This book shows what journalistic art criticism ought to be. It makes one wonder why we don't have more of it now. ■

More Multigeneration Phi Beta Kappa Families

Editor's note: *We continue to be inundated with submissions from persons with at least three members of Phi Beta Kappa in their families. We plan to continue to publish the listings as space permits, but please note that it generally takes about two years from receipt of information to publication.*

Robert Taylor Dunstan, Duke University, 1921; his wife, Katherine Lucille Brenke Dunstan, University of Nebraska, 1922; and their daughter, Aurelia Dunstan Wallace, University of Georgia, 1945.

Paul R. Murphy and his wife, Alice Norwood Murphy, University of Iowa, 1933 and 1934; and their children: Gordon K. Murphy and George L. Murphy, Ohio University, 1961 and 1963; and Diantha Norwood Murphy, Miami University, 1967.

Mabel Schmeiser Barnes, Cornell College (Iowa), 1926; her daughter, Lynne Barnes Small, Reed College, 1961; and Lynne's son, Jonathan D. Small, University of Chicago, 1992.

Arnold J. Zurcher, Oberlin College, 1924; his son, Arnold J. Zurcher Jr., Harvard University, 1953; and two grandchildren: Amelia Zurcher Sandy and Andrew Elder Zurcher, Yale University, 1986 and 1995.

Murray Rockowitz, City College of New York, 1938, and his wife, Anna C. Rockowitz, Hunter College, 1939; and their children, Noah Ezra Rockowitz and Eli Seth Rockowitz, Queens College, CUNY, 1968 and 1973.

Peter Richard Moody, Wofford College, alumnus member, 1969; his children, Peter R. Moody Jr., Vanderbilt University, 1964, and Judith Moody McDermott, Vassar College, 1964; and two grandsons, Robert F. McDermott III and Peter R. McDermott, Harvard University, 1993 and 1996.

All at Dartmouth College: George Holley Gilbert, 1878; his son, Wilfred Charles Gilbert, 1913; his grandson, Neal Ward Gilbert, 1948; and his great-grandson (and Neal's nephew), Geoffrey Neal Gilbert, 1969.

Margaret Fowler Hopkins, Washington State University, 1931; her daughter, Jill Hopkins Herzig, University of Oregon, 1960; and Jill's children, Rebecca Herzig, University of California, Santa Cruz, 1993, and Joel Herzig, University of Pennsylvania, 1996.

Anna Merrick Warren Dunn, Boston University, alumna member, 1918; her children, Winifred Warren Dunn, Vassar College, 1921, and John A. Dunn, Wesleyan University, 1923; and John's son, John A. Dunn Jr., Wesleyan, 1956; and John Jr.'s daughter, Emily Patricia Dunn, Wellesley College, 1984.

Donald H. Kent and his wife, Anna Higby Kent, Allegheny College, 1931; their daughter, Cynthia A. Kent King, Goucher College, 1960; and Cynthia's son, William H. King, Kenyon College, 1997.

Daniel J. Fortmann, Colgate University, 1936; his son, Thomas E. Fortmann, Stanford University, 1965; and his grandson, Daniel C. Fortmann, Wesleyan University, 1992.

Wilson E. Cline, University of Oklahoma, 1936; all at the University of California, Berkeley: Wilson's second wife, Gina Lana, 1936, and his first wife, Barbara Verne Pentecost, 1938, and Wilson and Barbara's son, Thomas W. Cline, 1968; and Wilson and Barbara's grandson, Stephen T. MacDonald, University of California, Santa Cruz, 1993.

William Burt and his son, Paul Burt, Wesleyan College, 1879 and 1912; and Paul's daughter, Barbara Burt Arnason, Radcliffe College, 1958.

Anne Salloway Lawrence, Tufts University, 1964; and her daughters, Amy L. Salloway, University of Minnesota, 1989, and Abigail R. Lawrence, Brandeis University, 1996.

Three brothers, all at Duke University: Robert Wall Sapp, James Everett Sapp, and Clarence Joseph Sapp, 1934, 1935, and 1937;

James's daughter, Janet Marilyn Sapp Kapp, Duke University, 1967; and her son, Gregory Henry Kapp, University of Richmond, 1997.

Sylvan David Freeman, City College of New York, 1929; his daughter, Patricia Jane Freeman Rosof, New York University, 1970; and her son, Jeremy Sage Rosof, University of Pennsylvania, 1997.

Theodore Hawley, Hamilton College, alumnus member, 1890; his granddaughter, Augusta Townner Reid, Grinnell College, 1928; her daughter and son-in-law, Ellen Reid Gold and Joel Gold, University of Missouri, 1955; their daughter, Jennifer Gold Thallmayer, Kansas State University, 1978; and Augusta's granddaughter, Shelley Reid, Grinnell, 1988.

Irene May Choffin McBride, Hunter College, 1917; her son, William L. McBride, Purdue University, honorary member, 1972; and his daughters, Catherine A. McBride-Chang, Oberlin College, 1989, and Kara A. McBride, University of Oregon, 1993.

Burnet Maduro David, Harvard University, 1932; his son-in-law, Robert Griggs Higbie, Amherst College, 1960; and Robert's son, James Michael Higbie, Harvard, 1998.

Robert M. Coquillette, Harvard University, 1938; his son, Daniel R. Coquillette, Williams College, 1965; and Daniel's daughter, Sophia Coquillette, Brown University, 1997.

Harold George Petering, University of Chicago, 1934, and his wife, Eva Catherine Petersen Petering, University of Wisconsin, 1937; their son, David Harold Petering, Wabash College, 1964; and David's son, Mark David Petering, Luther College, 1995.

Four at the University of Colorado: Lydia Miller Ruyle, 1957; her children: Stephen Robert Ruyle, 1980, Margaret Ruyle Rukstalis, 1983, and Robin Ruyle Struve, 1984; and Lydia's niece, Katherine Margaret Hoffner, Sweet Briar College, 1984.

Byron E. Yoder and his daughter, Mary Yoder Beck, University of Nebraska, 1908 and 1937; Mary's son, Laurence H. Beck, Amherst College, 1962; and Mary's grandchildren: Laurence H. Beck Jr., Princeton University, 1991, and Mary Sarah Baker, Haverford College, 1994.

Lester R. Ford, University of Missouri, 1911; his son-in-law, Jerry S. Olson, University of Chicago, 1948; and Jerry's daughter, Karen E. Olson, Bates College, 1975.

Dorothy Doerres Londergan, Washington University, 1937; her children: Timothy Londergan, University of Rochester, 1964; Susan Londergan Springer, University of Michigan, 1969; Mary Lou Londergan Laurenza and Betty Londergan, University of Massachusetts-Amherst, 1974 and 1975; and Timothy's son, Benjamin Londergan, Indiana University, 1997.

Cyrus John Musser, Franklin and Marshall College, 1878; and all at the University of Pennsylvania: Cyrus's sons, John Musser, 1908, and Paul, 1915, and Paul's daughter, Janet Anne Musser Hackney, 1950.

Adelaide Nyden, Northwestern University, 1926, and her husband, Robert Kermit Hill, University of Chicago, 1933; their son, Robert Nyden Hill, Carleton College, 1955; and Robert's daughter, Lauren Hill, University of Delaware, 1992.

John Joseph Furia, Columbia University, 1916; his daughter, Elena Furia Gormley, Hunter College, 1942; and her children, all at the University of Pittsburgh: William T. Gormley Jr., Ken Gormley, and Nancy Gormley, 1972, 1977, and 1978.

Lavere C. Senft, Dickinson College, 1949; his daughter, Melody S. Hardy, Smith College, 1971; Melody's husband, Timothy S. Hardy, Amherst College, 1969; and their son, James S. Hardy, New York University, 1997.

Phi Beta Kappa in the News

Pascagoula Attorney, Wife Pledge \$25 Million to Boost Liberal Arts at Ole Miss

At least a half-dozen Mississippi newspapers and the Associated Press reported on August 19 that a Pascagoula attorney, Richard Scruggs, and his wife, Diane, have pledged to give the University of Mississippi \$1 million annually for 25 years to increase faculty salaries in the College of Liberal Arts and to boost the university's endowment.

The *Tupelo Daily Journal* headlined the donation's "Boost [to] Liberal Arts Faculty, Phi Beta Kappa Bid" and quoted the interim dean of liberal arts as saying, "This will give us the margin of excellence. The college is excited about this, and it will help us in our quest for Phi Beta Kappa." The paper continued, "Phi Beta Kappa is acknowledged as the nation's most prestigious academic honorary society. Ole Miss would be the first public university in Mississippi to attract a chapter." [Millsaps, a private college, was granted a chapter in 1989.]

Scruggs was quoted in four newspapers—the *Biloxi SunHerald*, the *Columbus Dispatch*, the *Greenwood Commonwealth*, and the *Oxford Eagle*—as saying, "Enhancing the morale of people is one of the most important investments anyone can make, and salary support also is essential to the university's Phi Beta Kappa request."

The *Eagle* also noted that Chancellor Robert Khayat had outlined seven goals the university would strive for in its effort to become "one of America's best public universities." Four of these goals were specified as relating to the Phi Beta Kappa quest—including enhancing the library and providing competitive salaries to attract and keep outstanding faculty. Over the next few months Phi Beta Kappa's Com-

mittee on Qualifications is scheduled to visit Ole Miss and several other institutions whose applications for chapters are under active consideration.

According to the *Jackson Clarion-Ledger*, Scruggs said that the majority of his donation came from his share of legal fees earned through his participation in Mississippi's successful suit against the tobacco industry last year, which the industry settled for \$3.7 billion.

ΦBK Spouse Finds Welcome at Atlanta Association Meeting

On August 3, *Atlanta Journal-Constitution* journalist Michael Skube devoted his column to a facetious description of his apprehension at the prospect of accompanying his wife to a meeting of the Atlanta ΦBK association, which, as it turned out, proved to be a pleasant occasion. "More than just intelligent, [the members] were open and friendly. . . . I was the tag-along spouse, not quite up to snuff on his transcripts but well-trained and generally presentable. . . .

"And I had always thought these people grade-grubbers. I left wishing I had grubbed for one or two more A's myself. That key is rather nice."

Contributed by Elizabeth Stanfield, Atlanta, Ga.

Phi Beta Kappa in Classic Movies

In George Seaton's 1958 movie *Teacher's Pet*, there's an unhappy moment when gritty, seat-of-the-pants newspaper editor Clark Gable, twitted for the umpteenth time about his eighth-grade education and catching a sudden glint of light from a hireling's Phi Beta key, launches into a diatribe on real-world journalism and the intrusion of "eggheads":

Members in St. Louis Invited To Form Local Association

The Phi Beta Kappa chapter at Saint Louis University wishes to invite ΦBK members in the St. Louis area to participate in book discussions, lectures, or other activities, with a view to forming a local ΦBK association. If you are interested, please write Professor Annie Smart, Department of Modern Languages, Saint Louis University, St. Louis, MO 63103, or phone her at (314) 977-2449.

THE KEY REPORTER

volume 64 □ number one □ autumn 1998

Editor: Priscilla S. Taylor

Consulting Editor: Douglas W. Foard

The Key Reporter (ISSN: 0023-0804) is published quarterly by the Phi Beta Kappa Society, 1785 Massachusetts Ave. NW, Fourth Floor, Washington, DC 20036. Periodicals postage is paid at Washington, D.C., and additional offices.

This newsletter is distributed free each quarter to every member of Phi Beta Kappa for whom we have a current address. No responsibility is assumed for views expressed in articles published. Circulation: 450,000.

Letters to the editor are welcome; those selected for publication will be edited and condensed as necessary.

For nonmembers, single copies are available for \$2; one year's subscription is \$5. Printed by Cadmus Journal Services, Richmond.

Copyright © 1998 by the Phi Beta Kappa Society. All rights are reserved. The Phi Beta Kappa name and key are registered trademarks of the Phi Beta Kappa Society.

Postmaster: Send change-of-address notices to: *The Key Reporter*, Phi Beta Kappa, 1785 Massachusetts Ave. NW, Fourth Floor, Washington, DC 20036.

<http://www.pbk.org>

"I keep that Phi Beta Kappa around just for laughs."

Predictably, Doris Day sets him—and us—straight:

"Education teaches a man how to spell experience."

Contributed by Alan Farrell, Lexington, Va.

THE KEY REPORTER

PHI BETA KAPPA

1785 Massachusetts Ave. NW, Fourth Floor
Washington, DC 20036

Tel: (202) 265-3808

Fax: (202) 986-1601

Periodicals Postage
PAID

at Washington, D.C.,
and additional entries