



The

KeyReporter

Phi Beta Kappa
Founded 1776

Fall 2005 Volume 70, Number 4

Snapshots *en route*: A Couper Scholar's Notes from the Field

By Robert L. Patten

A blizzard shut down I-25 all the way from Las Vegas, N.M., to Pueblo, Colo. just a few hours after I skidded my way over Raton Pass blinded by snow and ice frozen onto the windshield wipers. At Colorado State University – Pueblo, the snow continued intermittently for three days, so I never quite “saw” the campus or the community.

Pueblo is an old town with an impressive range of historic buildings and ample arts facilities. But its population has remained stable for several decades, so financing new civic initiatives is diffi-

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Robert L. Patten, Lynette S. Autry Professor in Humanities at Rice University, will visit seven schools before the end of the year as a *ΦBK* Couper Scholar. Each visit will include a lecture for undergraduates, discussions with students and faculty, and a meeting with the dean of liberal arts and sciences. A former Guggenheim Fellow and Fulbright Scholar, Patten also has been awarded fellowships by the National Endowment for the Humanities and the National Humanities Center. This article refers to visits made in the fall of 2004 and the winter and spring of 2005.

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Phi Beta Kappa Welcomes New Staff in Membership Services and Awards

The Phi Beta Kappa Society this year welcomed four new members to the national staff to coordinate several major programs and activities.

Cara Engel works with the *ΦBK* associations and will visit many of them in the months ahead. She also serves as a research assistant in advancement and handles subscriptions to *The American Scholar*. A native of Huntington, N.Y., Engel earned a

B.A. in psychology and a master's degree in elementary education at Lehigh University. She can be reached at (202) 745-3249 or at cengel@pbk.org.

Patrick Farmer is the new chapter relations coordinator. He works closely with chapter officers and will start visiting their campuses early next year. Farmer grew up in Springfield, Mass., and graduated from Fordham

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ΦBK Triennial Council • October 26-29, 2006 • Atlanta, Ga.



Why Love Learning?

By John Churchill
Secretary, The Phi Beta Kappa Society

A cultivated person, by one definition, hears the “William Tell” overture without thinking of the Lone Ranger. Another might be that a cultivated person hears of the fourth of the Seven Deadly Sins without thinking of a certain torpid mammal. I will admit that I fail this test: “sloth” conjures for me not only one of the deadlies but also that lethargic creature, creeping sleepily along upside down below a tree branch, an image of laziness.

But in the medieval classification of sins, sloth was not mere laziness. All three of the sins of excessive appetite — lust, greed and gluttony — are balanced by a single sin of deficient appetite: sloth. It has to do with not caring enough.

So “sloth” means something like “indifference,” but indifference in a profound and comprehensive sense — just not caring about *anything*.

It is interesting that the three sins of excessive appetite lose their viciousness when knowledge is their object. Lust, greed and gluttony *for* knowledge all sound a little odd but basically positive. Indifference *to* knowledge, though, retains its viciousness. Why is it a bad thing to be

indifferent to knowledge?

I may want to begin my answer by claiming that knowledge is an intrinsic good. This is the high ground of those who claim — and this is Phi Beta Kappa’s claim — that love of learning is the guide of life. Someone who is indifferent to knowledge is missing out on something that is intrinsically worth having. It is worth having for its own sake, not because it leads, instrumentally, to something else. I call this the “high ground” because it is the clear and simple claim that ends the argument... if it is right.

Surely it is, but an argument can be right and yet not persuasive. For anyone indifferent to knowledge is denying, among other things, precisely this: that knowledge is worth having for its own sake. Even Phi Beta Kappa’s slogan invokes a further aim: “the guide of life.” We seem to be claiming that knowledge — the love of learning — makes life better. Why think *that*?

The Middle Atlantic District of Phi Beta Kappa recently held its regular triennial symposium. Once every three years, preceding the Society’s Triennial Councils, the Middle Atlantic District sponsors a day of discussion and reflection on a topic

central to our purposes. This year, the topic was morality, the “forgotten star” among the three on the Phi Beta Kappa key. Dangerous terrain.

Disagreements in the realm of morality seem more difficult and less promising of resolution than in any other domain of life.

But the issues of morality are posed by the contention that love of learning makes life better.

Better? Not just more enjoyable but *better*? Here’s a way of seeing that.

Life offers choices, and some of life’s choices matter. If, when we choose, we think we’ve made a choice better than some alternative, surely we can say *why*.

When we make choices that matter, we have reasons. Reasons are just facts, trotted out in an argument or in an explanation, in answer to the always sensible question, “Why?” So the possession of facts is a *sine qua non* of being able to explain one’s choices. Thus, facts matter because choices sometimes do.

Is it not obvious, then, that the more we know, the more we understand, and the likelier it becomes that we will possess the facts fit to stand as reasons for our choices? No guarantees here, but it seems plausible to suppose that learning is a guide to a better life.

Yet, there is something very important not yet touched upon. Reasons aren’t just *any* facts trotted out. Reasons are facts that are relevant to the choice, and good reasons are facts whose relevance is strong enough to support that choice against alternatives. So

what makes a fact relevant to a choice? Here we have come to the big question.

Recall some genuine moral disagreement. Both sides argue. Each presents facts — reasons. They can even stipulate agreement as to the facts of the case. But their disagreement lies in how they *take* those facts — what relevance they think they have as reasons. When we supply reasons in a moral argument, we do so not simply in the hope of *informing* the other person, who may after all already know everything we say. Rather, the hope is that presenting the facts leads the other persons to *take* those facts as reasons in the way that we do.

So the logic of morality is much richer and more interesting than we may be inclined to think. Moral arguments are not just processions of claims about the facts. They are reviews of our moral sensibilities, reviews of the ways in which we *take* facts as reasons and justify our choices.

Moral arguments are the process in which we refine those sensibilities by holding up for reflection the patterns of relevance they give us.

Our topic was indifference. Comprehensive, thorough indifference would consist in not taking *anything*, any fact, as relevant to any choice. Such a life is barely livable. If we are not going to attempt it, then the project of trying to see what facts are relevant to what choices, and of trying to secure those facts, is surely the route to a better life. And not just for oneself. This is how “the love of learning is the guide of life.”

Moral argument — as comparative reflection on which facts to find relevant — is a search for common ground. We argue hoping that the other person will come to *take* the facts as we do. And that is a search for shared humanity. There is no use in arguing with a sloth. ■

New Editor of *The Key Reporter*

This issue of *The Key Reporter* is the first to be published under its new editor, Kelly Gerald. She is also serving as the Society’s public relations director.

Gerald comes to ΦBK from the national Registry of Interpreters for the Deaf, Inc., in Alexandria, Va., where she was managing editor of RID Press. She had major responsibility for the organization’s monthly newsletter and the annual *Journal of Interpretation*. She previously

was assistant director and publications manager for the Mississippi Humanities Council, where her diverse responsibilities included using her skills in graphic design.

Gerald earned a bachelor’s degree in English and a master’s degree in philosophy and religion from the University of Southern Mississippi, followed by a master’s in English from the University of South Alabama. She was awarded a doctorate at Auburn University in 2001.

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The summer and winter editions are mailed to every ΦBK member for whom the Membership Records office has an address, regardless of whether he or she maintains contact with the Society.

All newly initiated Society members receive all four issues for one year.

Every *Key Reporter* is posted on the Phi Beta Kappa website.



Among Our Key People

Understanding Congress: The First Branch of Government

John Brademas served as president of New York University from 1981 to 1992 and as a representative in Congress from Indiana for 22 years, from 1959 to 1981. He has earned a reputation for his leadership in education and the arts as former chairman of the President's Committee on the Arts and the Humanities. A Rhodes Scholar, Brademas earned his Ph.D. at Oxford University. A former ΦBK senator, he was elected to the Society at Harvard University in 1949.

By John Brademas

In the American separation-of-powers constitutional system, when it comes to making national policy, Congress, unlike the legislature in a parliamentary system, exercises great power. Indeed, if a senator or representative knows what he or she is doing, and if the configuration of political forces makes action possible, that senator or representative can, without picking up the telephone to call the White House, write the laws of the land.

Yet, with 100 senators and 435 representatives and, normally, no strict party discipline, Congress is not an easy institution to understand, even for informed men and women.

Despite the influence of Congress in shaping the laws and policies of the government of the United States, significantly less attention has been given by scholars to the policy-making role of Congress than to that of the president.

The National Archives and Records Administration maintains a system of presidential

libraries, often with affiliated research centers, for every president since Herbert Hoover, just as there are libraries or institutes for most of the presidents who served before. Many political science and history textbooks read as a story of American presidencies, often with relatively little reference to the work of Congress.

Several colleges and universities in the United States have established institutes named for former senators and representatives. These institutes, however, are customarily dedicated to housing legislators' papers, to studying the federal government generally or focusing on a particular subject or policy, such as issues affecting the elderly or encouraging young people to enter into public service. Few of these institutes pursue the study of Congress as a policy-making institution.

Given the great challenges confronting the American people and the responsibility of the leaders of our national government, including senators and representatives, for dealing with them, it

is imperative to encourage better understanding, among both scholars and the public, of how Congress works to create policy.

I was for 22 years, from 1959 to 1981, a member of the U.S. House of Representatives from the then Third District of Indiana, centered in South Bend, home of the "Fighting Irish" of the University of Notre Dame. In Congress, I served on three committees: Education and Labor, House Administration and the Joint (House-Senate) Committee on the Library of Congress. In my last four years, I was Majority Whip of the House of Representatives, part of the Democratic leadership.

In my campaign for a twelfth term in 1980, I was defeated in Ronald Reagan's landslide victory over Jimmy Carter. Shortly thereafter, I was invited to become president of New York University (NYU), a position in which I served until 1992, when I became president emeritus.

My principal project now is the establishment at NYU of a center for the study of Congress as a policy-making institution. The John Brademas Center for the Study of Congress located at the Robert F. Wagner Graduate School of Public Service is a place to which we shall bring presidents, senators and representatives, current and former, Democrats and Republicans. We also shall bring cabinet officers, Congressional staffers, judges, diplomats, journalists, parliamentarians from other countries, students and scholars to discuss the *processes*, the ways by which our national legislature influences

and shapes policy, as well as significant *issues* of public policy.

The purpose of the Center will be to encourage the exchange of ideas among scholars and policymakers, thereby promoting the creation and dissemination of knowledge and public understanding of what is, after all, the first branch of our government.

The Center will undertake research, teaching and public outreach activities focused on the role of Congress in making national policy. Scholars at the Center will examine not only the rules and procedures of Congress but also the methods by which the Senate and House of Representatives — through their leaders, committees, caucuses, conferences, staffs and individual members, and through the interaction of Congress with the executive and judicial branches — help determine the substance of law and policy for the government of the United States.

By working together on research and public programs, scholars and practitioners will foster a rich, ongoing exchange of ideas and knowledge between academics and Capitol Hill.

The Center will promote an interdisciplinary approach to the study of Congress by drawing on perspectives from political science, history, law and other disciplines and looking at both the politics and policy of issues.

Among the many topics the Center plans to examine through research, conferences, seminars and public lectures: the Speakership of the House of Representatives, Congressional

redistricting, legislation ensuring education for the disabled, Congress and the federal judiciary, and public policy to preserve the papers of senators and representatives.

The Center will be wholly nonpartisan, and a number of distinguished senators and representatives of both parties, current and former, have agreed to serve on the Center's advisory council, as have several of the nation's leading academic authorities on Congress.

The first event of the Center, the Bernard and Irene Schwartz Annual Lecture, was held at the Library of Congress. Two highly respected senators, Richard G. Lugar, R-Ind., Chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee, and Paul S. Sarbanes, D-Md., former Chairman of the Banking,

Housing and Urban Affairs Committee, spoke on the role of Congress in foreign and domestic policy, respectively. They were joined by the distinguished scholar Norman Ornstein of the American Enterprise Institute who gave his perspective on the current place of Congress in our political system.

The Center is now planning various programs and activities, among them a meeting in Washington, D.C., at which experts in the field will begin a dialogue on the legislative resources of Congress. This session will introduce a series of seminars, to be led by Professor Paul Light of NYU, which will consider whether Congress is adequately equipped to make

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Hon. Richard G. Lugar (left), U.S. senator from Indiana and Phi Beta Kappa member, and Hon. John Brademas meet in Senator Lugar's office. Senator Lugar, along with Senator Paul S. Sarbanes of Maryland, delivered the first Bernard and Irene Schwartz Annual Lecture at the Library of Congress, sponsored by the John Brademas Center for the Study of Congress.

Is It Possible to Be *Too Thankful?*



By Jean Rhodes

Last spring I published a research study that drew a great deal of media attention. For about a week, my quiet academic life was punctuated by a flurry of interview requests from reporters at National Public Radio, “Dateline NBC,” “ABC News,” *WebMD*, *The New York Times* and the like.

The study showed that adolescents get a steadily declining amount of sleep over the middle school years and that this decline predicts increases in depression while increased sleep predicts decreases in depression.

Although pleased that my typically-buried findings saw the light of day, I relished something else with far more excitement: the end of each interview.

As I breezed through my talking points, my mind would inevitably drift to that final exchange. The reporter would thank me, and, in response, I would utter the simple, elegant yet virtually forgotten phrase, “You’re welcome.”

I don’t know if you have noticed this, and hopefully I am not instilling a new pet peeve in

Jean Rhodes was elected to ΦBK at the University of Vermont in 1983. She is professor of psychology at the University of Massachusetts Boston and lives in Newton, Mass.

Key Reporter readers. But most guests on radio and television, indeed most social interactions, have lost the tidy closure that “you’re welcome” provides. Instead, after the expert has lavished the reporter with keen observations, rightly earning a “thank you,” they immediately lob the gratitude right back:

“Thank you for your time.”

“No, thank *yooooou*.”

Even everyday exchanges have fallen into the familiar pattern:

“Thank you for watching my cat.”

“Well, thank *you* for reclaiming her.”

More troublesome than the grammatical violations are the lost opportunities for comfortable closure.

What accounts for this epidemic of boomerang thanking? Social exchange theorists would argue that, particularly when each participant derives benefits, a “you’re welcome” implies an unbalanced exchange, instilling discomfort. If the radio guest is hawking books or running for office, the interview is, indeed,

mutually beneficial. Yet I have heard anonymous witnesses to accidents, café patrons commenting on politicians and many others who have nothing to gain from an interview merrily lob the thank-you ball right back into a reporter’s court. Similarly, in a recent unscientific study that is unlikely to arouse a media blitz, I observed that my everyday thank-you’s rarely elicit you’re-welcome’s.

Perhaps “you’re welcome” is, well, just a little too self-righteous. Is there a certain smugness to simply accepting someone’s gratitude? Indignant do-gooders may have contributed to this as they angrily snap, “you’re *welcome*,” in response to a thank-you lapse. But, according to the dictionary, “you’re welcome” literally translates to “freely granted,” meaning that any lingering debt is erased with its utterance. Perhaps it is simply old fashioned, the verbal equivalent of a horse-drawn carriage.

Even hipper versions of “you’re welcome,” such as “no problem” or “don’t mention it,” are far less reflexive than boomerang thank you’s. Maybe it’s too clunky, not as acoustically pleasing as, say, the lyrical Spanish *de nada*.

Whatever the reasons, conscious or unconscious, we must stop deflecting gratitude. I suggest that we begin to more fully soak in others’ appreciation and to then provide something that is all too rare in our complex lives — a little closure. ■

Key People

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major policy decisions for the 21st century.

Taking advantage of NYU's several campuses abroad, the Center will organize conferences at them to bring together U.S. senators and representatives with their counterparts in European Union member states and the European Parliament to examine issues of public policy and to compare legislative processes.

The Center will sponsor internships on Capitol Hill for undergraduate and graduate students from NYU.

Working with other institutions, the Center will help create a Congressional archive Internet portal to link collections of

papers of former members of Congress, papers currently scattered at libraries and universities throughout the country. The portal will enable researchers, scholars and policymakers to have a single point of access to these documents.

I believe the John Brademas Center for the Study of Congress at NYU can make a significant contribution to the worlds of both politics and academia. By developing programs that engage both scholars and policymakers, the Center will advance the academic understanding of Congress and at the same time bring new insights and perspectives to those working on Capitol Hill and to citizens in general.

I share the judgment of the eminent American historian David McCullough, who concluded his Feb. 22, 1989, address to Congress, "Time and History on the Hill," with the statement: "Two hundred years after the creation of Congress, we have only begun to tell the story of Congress — which, of course, means the opportunity for those who write and who teach could not be greater." ■

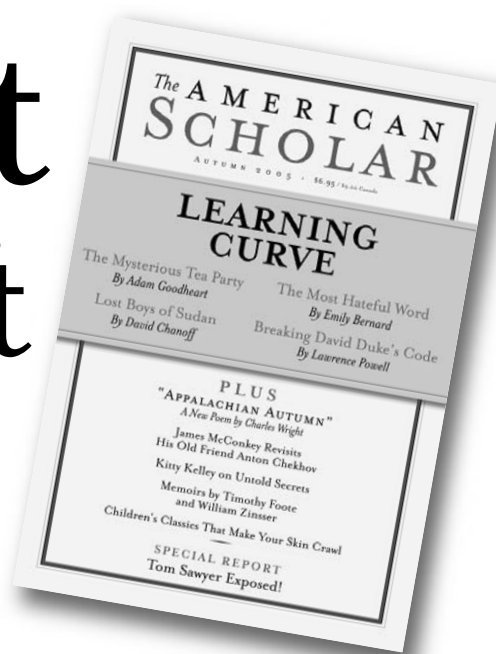
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Snapshots *en route*

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cult. CSU draws on the surrounding eastern Colorado region for students. The most impressive thing I can say is that they all came to class despite the snow, which probably wasn't nearly as significant to them as to someone, say, from Houston. The Colorado Legislature has been wrestling for some time with problems associated with higher education, particularly at the University of Colorado. Tax revenues haven't met needs, and the Colorado State University System struggles with periodic reorganizations and never having enough money.

What I could see was refreshingly dedicated, un-cynical teachers and students who seemed committed to their education. In one of the classes I attended, on the sociology of poverty, the foreman of a large ranch in the foothills of the Rockies responded intensely to the pictures I brought of Victorian wealth and poverty. In another, an introduction to theory offered for the first time by the English department and held at 5 p.m. on a very dark Tuesday afternoon as the snow tapered off, two students vigorously articulated the difference that reading theory was making to understanding their lives. One, a Hispanic, found in Marxist analysis explanations for economic and cultural phenomena she had observed all her life without putting the pieces together. The other, retired from the Army and raising show dogs, applied Michel Foucault's analy-

sis of power structures to many aspects of her past experience. In an equally lively English class on Victorian fiction, held in a room surrounded by computer stations, my remarks about authorship and authority elicited a number of smart comments from students about Charlotte Bronte's own struggle to voice her vision, as well as the problems encountered by her characters.

In short, at CSU, as at the University of St. Thomas in Houston and St. Mary's University in San Antonio, I saw students learning, conscientious and talented teachers teaching, and administrators struggling to keep the enterprise going despite challenges and setbacks of all kinds. The public image of higher education as the hotbed of spoiled radical faculty, boozy students and greedy, heartless administrators was far away from the realities I encountered. Presidents met with me to outline ambitious plans for enhancing their institutions' programs and prestige; deans were open about the challenges they faced in recruiting and retaining promising faculty and students with insufficient institutional resources; students were candid about their goals: decent jobs.

Into this mix, it was my responsibility to introduce conversations about the value of the liberal arts. I did that in three ways. The first was to talk with faculty and staff about Phi Beta Kappa. Most already knew about the organization and had eagerly responded to the invitation to host a Couper Scholar. Indeed, I

was encouraged often to "push" the liberal arts. No school yet — I'll visit seven by the end of December 2005 — has wanted me to speak about my area of expertise, 19th-century British culture. At St. Thomas, my lecture, "Liberal Arts: Education for a Lifetime," coincided with the final game of the 2004 National League pennant race, which the Astros were winning all through my presentation but eventually lost. (We arranged for the scores to be announced at the end of each inning. So much for the lifetime effect of the liberal arts!) There weren't many students in the audience, but the faculty — many of them in orders — were lively and supportive. At Pueblo, however, the lecture had a chilly reception: discouraged by the three days of snow and darkness, students bailed out. Only two attended: graduating seniors planning to go to art schools. But, again, deans and department heads came, eager to endorse a message about the importance of liberal studies in the context of curricula designed for vocational training.

A second way of witnessing the liberal arts — my Quaker education is showing — was to attend as many classes as possible, to listen and, if asked, speak out if I knew anything about the subject. If the kind of education Phi Beta Kappa champions produces trained minds capable of responding to all kinds of situations with reason, balance and empathy, that result ought to be demonstrable in real-life situations. I'm certainly not the out-

standing example of such a mind, but I had fun, and I think the students did too, exchanging views and thinking through issues.

At St. Mary's, the Dean of Humanities and Social Sciences and I "audited" a class in engineering taught jointly by a professor of philosophy and a professor of mechanical engineering. The topic of the day was an actual industrial accident that occurred near Houston a decade or so ago, when riggers installing a transmission aerial fell off the tower and were killed. The teachers divided all of us into working groups representing the company commissioning the tower, the contractor building it, the engineering firm designing it and the riggers erecting it. Which party or parties should a

fifth group, representing the dead workmen, sue? And what defense could each party muster, using the code of engineering ethics or any other set of principles? I was paired with a student who hadn't read the assignment — hey, neither of us was perfect — so we worked quickly to prepare a defense for the company that commissioned the project. Our five-fold wrangles sounded much like a legal free-for-all, with the professors interjecting occasionally to remind us of codes and principles we were willing to

override in our zeal to protect our own interests. Perhaps we all took away from class the recognition of how easy it is to become identified with a partisan cause, even one adopted on the spur of the moment. But we also participated in very complex judgments about life, property, rights, ownership, responsibility, professional conduct and fatal accidents. This was exactly the forum in which appeals to philos-

curricula proposed by reformers and that addressed knowledge valuable in its own right and responsive to the ethical and spiritual dimensions of mind. They asked many questions after the talk, especially at St. Mary's, which is concluding a multi-year, fully participatory revision of the undergraduate curriculum. Newman seemed to provide further weight to arguments in favor of these reforms.

All this high-mindedness was mixed with cordial conversations over breakfasts, lunches and dinners. Among the many pictures developed in my head though not on paper is a spontaneous encounter with a young man running for student body president of St. Mary's, who politely but firmly



Robert Patten, right, works with students in his office at Rice University.

ophy could be most powerfully joined to ultimate human experiences.

My third ploy, particularly effective for the two Catholic institutions I visited, was to track defenses of liberal learning back to 18th- and 19th-century debates in Western Europe, and especially to John Henry Cardinal Newman's classic exposition, *The Idea of a University*. A number of auditors seemed inspired by learning that Newman championed an education that went beyond the rational and utilitarian

and very articulately told the dean and me that the administration had been quite wrong to reduce the opportunities for students to study abroad. Even though money was tight, cuts should have been made elsewhere. That kind of reasoned opposition seems to me exactly what a liberal arts institution must encourage in all its constituents.

The other side of the equation, perhaps, is also represented by an encounter at St. Mary's. I went on a student-led tour of the

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ΦBK in Popular Culture

In the new edition of Lauren Bacall's autobiography, *By Myself and Then Some* (HarperEntertainment, 2005), the film legend recalls, among the many events and friendships of a rich professional and personal life, the details of her May 21, 1945, wedding to Humphrey Bogart.

They were married in the front room of "The Big House" at Louis Bromfield's Malibar Farm in Ohio. Following the vows, the tears and the flowing champagne, Bacall remembers, "The Judge got very emotional — wished us a really happy life — told us to never forget the words of the service, and with tears streaming down his face, gave me his Phi Beta Kappa key."

A digital tour of the house at Malibar Farm and video of the wedding are accessible on the web at <http://www.wosu.org/tv/bromfield/sitemap.html>. Hosted by Ohio State University public broadcasting, this is

a companion site for *The Man Who Had Everything*. The program, narrated by Bacall, is the only documentary about Bromfield, a Pulitzer Prize-winning novelist, screenwriter and one of America's most famous farmers.

*Contributed by Mary Price Lee
Flourtown, Pa.*

Au Pair, the 1999 Fox Family Channel movie, is about a young MBA (Heidi Lenhart) who mistakenly takes the job of looking after a rich executive's very spoiled children. In one scene, the bratty 11-year-old boy (Jake Dinwiddie) brags to the *au pair* that he is a black belt in Taekwondo. She stands up over him and sternly replies, "Phi Beta Kappa." The boy does not respond, but the expression on his face shows that his ego has been deflated.

At the time of its premier, *Au Pair* attracted the largest viewing audience in the Fox network's 19-year history.

*Contributed by Harriett Donnell
Ojai, Calif.*

Submissions

Have you seen ΦBK mentioned in a popular book or film, in the comics or on television? We would love to hear from you! Send your notes on ΦBK in popular culture to the editor of *The Key Reporter* at the Phi Beta Kappa Society or write to kgerald@pbk.org.

Phi Beta Kappa Membership Items



Phi Beta Kappa's distinctive gold key is the official symbol of membership in the Society. A full range of solid gold and gold-plated key jewelry, as well as other items bearing the Society's insignia, are available. Keys are made in three sizes in either 10-karat solid gold or 24-karat gold electroplate. The medium-size key is shown here actual size with matching 18-inch neck chain. The box is cherry wood, 6 x 7 inches in size with a certificate plate on the lid. The wall display combines a membership certificate and a large gold-plated key in a 12 x 16 inch walnut frame.



To order, complete the form below and mail it with your payment and a copy of your mailing label from the back cover showing your membership number to Hand & Hammer, 2610 Morse Lane, Woodbridge VA 22192. You may place an order or request the complete product brochure by calling (703) 491-4866 or by faxing (703) 491-2031. You may also order on line at www.hand-hammer.com. Virginia residents add 5% sales tax. A three dollar shipping and handling fee is added to each order.



- Medium-size key, 10-karat gold (1-3/8" high).....\$85
- Medium-size key, 24-karat gold-plated (1-3/8" high)....\$27
- 10-karat gold neck chain, 18 inches (for gold key).....\$49
- 24-karat gold-plated chain, 18 inches (for plated key)....\$6
- Wall display (key and certificate, framed 12" x 16").....\$85
- Phi Beta Kappa box (cherry wood, 6" x 7").....\$79

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Update Your Record Online

Phi Beta Kappa members are encouraged to go online to update their addresses in the Society's records at the national headquarters in Washington, D.C.

The first step is to go to <http://www.pbk.org/members/info.htm>. You will be asked for your logon name, which is the six- or seven-digit number on your *Key Reporter* address label. Then add your password, which consists of your first and last names and the last two digits of the year you were elected to ΦBK, with no spaces in between. For example, if your name is Mary Jones and you were elected in 2001, your logon name is maryjones01. If your last name is hyphenated, include the hyphen.

Society members with questions may contact Membership Records at info@pbk.org or call (202) 265-3808.



Letters

Comical Grammar

Thank you for printing the final two pages of the summer 2005 *Key Reporter* as you did. I greatly enjoyed reading the letter headed “Grammar in the Comics,” and then turning to the back cover of the newsletter to find a split infinitive in the comic printed at the top of the page. What fantastic irony.

Regardless of whether this was an intentional joke or simply a coincidence, it was very funny. My wife, another ΦBK member, and I shared a wonderful laugh about it.

Jeffrey Burchett, Charlottesville, Va.

We notice with inordinate satisfaction that the summer 2005 *Key Reporter* contains not

only an exhortation to good grammar in comic strips by Byrna Weir of Rochester, N.Y., but also (on the very next page) a cartoon with a split infinitive.

Richard Easterling, New Orleans, La.

It is acceptable to split infinitives — and actually has been for a lot longer than people realize. A great discussion of this appears on Bartleby.com, a prominent and reliable Internet reference tool for language arts, <http://www.bartleby.com/64/C001/059.html>.

Comic strips and cartoons are art and therefore have no obligation to grammar or much of anything else. The cartoon under discussion, like all my cartoons, was phrased deliberately to sound like natural speech. In

fact, it is critical to this joke that the “at least” comes where it does.

Marc Tyler Nobleman, New York, N.Y.

...And Lyrical Grammar

In the summer 2005 *Key Reporter*, I was amused by Byrna Weir’s letter on Eleanor Gould’s “pet language peeve” — that she would “always change ‘they only did five things’ to ‘they did only five things.’” Just imagine if Gould had edited lyrics for songwriters Al Dubin and Harry Warren. We’d now be listening to that great American standard, “I Have Eyes Only for You.”

Henry Martin, New York, N.Y.

Phi Beta Kappa Welcomes New Staff

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1

College at Rose Hill (N.Y.) with a B.A. in anthropology and a minor in environmental studies. He can be reached at (202) 745-3247 or at pfarmer@pbk.org.

Lucinda Morales works with the Society’s Committee on Qualifications, which evaluates applications for new chapters, conducts site visits and makes recommendations to the Senate. Recently, she accepted responsibilities as administrative

assistant in the secretary’s office and will be moving into that position soon. A native of Lamesa, Texas, Morales earned a B.A. in political science, with a minor in Spanish, at Wittenburg University. She can be contacted at (202) 265-3808 or lmorales@pbk.org.

Eugenia Sozzi is the coordinator of ΦBK awards, including the Jensen, Romanell, Sibley and Sidney Hook awards; the three book awards (Emerson, Gauss and Science); and the Distinguished Service to the Humanities Award. She grew up in the

Washington, D.C., area and graduated from Catholic University of America with a B.A. in business and a minor in music. Sozzi will complete her master’s degree in literature at George Mason University in winter 2005. She can be reached at (202) 265-3808 or esozzi@pbk.org. ■



From left: Patrick Farmer, Cara Engel, Lucinda Morales and Eugenia Sozzi.

Snapshots en route

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8

campus, accompanied by my host, the dean, and an alum with his daughter, who was hoping to enroll the following year. We actually went into our guide’s dorm room — a double so jammed with posters, electronics, clothes, shoes, pillows and blankets, books, sports equipment and souvenirs that we couldn’t all fit inside the door. Students’ lives are very rich and layered. Whatever message I might communicate as a Couper Fellow needs to find its place in that crowded room. ■

Joyce Appleby, Professor Emerita of History from the University of California — Los Angeles, is also a 2005-2006 Couper Scholar. She will visit Bennett College in Greensboro, N.C., and Coker College in Hartsville, S.C., in the spring of 2006.

New Editor

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 2

Gerald has written book reviews and essays for academic and general-interest books, journals and reference volumes. A published poet, she also has been authorized by the Trustees of the Mary Flannery O’Connor Charitable Trust to prepare a book on O’Connor’s work as a cartoonist. In addition to her position with the Society, Gerald teaches composition and literature courses on a part-time basis for the University of Maryland University College. She can be reached at (202) 745-3239 or ggerald@pbk.org. ■



From Our Book Critics

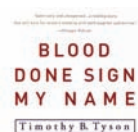
Humanities: Svetlana Alpers, Rebecca Resinski, Eugen Weber

Social Sciences: Rick Eden, Jan Ellen Lewis

Anna J. Schwartz, Larry J. Zimmerman

Natural Sciences: Germaine Cornélissen, Jay M. Pasachoff

By Jan Lewis



Blood Done Sign My Name: A True Story.

Timothy B. Tyson. Crown Publishers, 2004. \$24.00

Timothy B. Tyson begins his combination memoir and history with a shocking statement: “‘Daddy and Roger and ‘em shot ‘em a . . .’” and here Tyson uses a crude racial slur. Tim is 10, and Gerald, who has just made this announcement, is his best friend. They live in Oxford, N.C., a small town in the eastern part of the state, and they are both white. Tim’s father is the minister at the local Methodist church and a racial liberal. Gerald’s father, Robert Teel, owns a convenience store on the African-American side of town. According to Teel, Henry Marrow, a 23-year-old black man, had just insulted his daughter-in-law. Teel and two of his sons chased Marrow from the store, beat him severely, and then shot him to death. Exactly which of the men did exactly what was not clear, which may be why an all-white jury refused to convict any of them for Marrow’s death. Marrow’s friends, however, a number of whom were veterans of the Vietnam war, exacted their own kind of punishment on the town, setting portions of it literally in flames.

Among the many astonishing things about this book is the date of the events in question. Henry Marrow was killed in 1970, six years after the landmark Civil Rights Act had been passed, 15 years after the murder of Emmett Till. And in 1992, when Tim, by then a graduate student in history at Duke University, and two of his fellow students tried to enter a rural club to hear Percy Sledge, they were turned away at the door. “We don’t allow blacks in the club,” the owner explained. One of the graduate students was black. So much for the Civil Rights Act. And so much for any sense that the era of segregation and racial violence is distant, locked away in the past. Tyson wants us to understand how recent these events were and how incomplete is our victory over the racism that engendered them. In recent years, “the nation has comforted

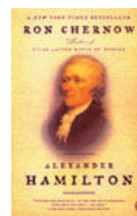
itself by sanitizing the civil rights movement, commemorating it as a civic celebration that no one ever opposed.” The “conventional narrative is soothing, moving, and politically acceptable,” Tyson says.

Tyson writes a different kind of history, one more radical in its message and anything but soothing. Expertly weaving a history of the civil rights movement with his own family history, he takes us to unexpected places. Tyson’s writing style is very much in the Southern vein. “My family was as Southern as fried okra and sweet tea,” Tyson writes. Half the whites seem to have nicknames like Boo and Bubba, and fried chicken and bourbon are mentioned so often that they might as well be protagonists in the book. One anticipates a certain amount of Southern gothic atmosphere as well as redemption in a book written in this style. One assumes, for example, that the Reverend Vernon Tyson, so much a hero in his young son’s eyes, will, like Atticus Finch, set the world right for him. But by 1970, things in the South are too far gone. Militant blacks in Oxford, who are recent veterans of the war in Vietnam, are angry and, with good reason, mistrustful of even the best-intentioned whites. Hardened whites such as the Teels — trying to make a living off of black people while still lording it over them — see no reason to surrender the privileges of their race. In Tyson’s North Carolina, there is neither justice nor peace.

And this is the world in which Timothy Tyson grew up. It took its toll. His father lost his church, and the family moved to Wilmington, a city with a long and continuing history of racial violence. There Tim attended one of the first newly-integrated schools. The black and white kids fought. Violently. Once Tim threw away a shirt stained with his own blood so that he would not have to explain it to his parents. But, one wonders, how could his parents not have known, and just what was Tim trying to protect them from anyway? Tim’s father was busy trying to “nurture interracial community” in a city so torn by conflict that the members of the local chapter of the Ku Klux Klan were the moderates. He tried unsuccessfully to build a bridge between black militants and responsible whites. By the time he was fourteen, Tim was “partying heavily,” and two years later, he dropped out of

school. He was “trying to escape from history.” Eventually, he made his way back, studying history in college and writing a master’s thesis on the events in his hometown in 1970, interviewing the surviving participants. The former assistant chief of police told him, “You can’t write about this. No good can come of it.” When Tim arrived at the library, even the microfilm of the back issues of the local newspaper had disappeared. “It’s gone,” the librarian told him. “I know we had it once upon a time.” After he got a similar story at the Oxford courthouse, he slipped into the basement where the records were kept and unearthed the case file. Two weeks later, on his next surreptitious visit, he found the folder empty. People seem to think, Tyson warns, that “obliterating the past will save them from its consequences.”

Blood Done Sign My Name is a brave book. It gives the appearance of having been written over an all-nighter, in a haze of bourbon and cigarette smoke. In fact, it’s expertly crafted. Tyson wears his learning lightly, and he never sounds like the academic he is. The story on which he hangs his narrative really isn’t much of a story. The plot is rather thin: the pointless murder of a young black man that changed nothing. Even Tyson’s encounter with Robert and Gerald Teel many years later is anticlimactic. Yet the book is completely gripping, a testament not only to Tyson’s powers as a storyteller but also to the depth of his historical understanding.



Alexander Hamilton. Ron Chernow. The Penguin Press. 2004. \$35.00

Ron Chernow frames his mammoth biography of Alexander Hamilton with two vignettes of the Founder’s

wife in her widowhood. Eliza Hamilton, who survived her husband by 50 years, dedicated the remainder of her life to the “holy quest” of rescuing his reputation “from the gross slanders that had tarnished it.” Yet Hamilton himself was responsible for the two greatest blots upon his character: first, his tawdry affair with Maria Reynolds and blackmail by her husband, and second, his fatal duel with Aaron Burr. Chernow’s frame serves to domesticate Hamilton: Surely, if his wife could forgive him for betraying her and for leaving her a widow with eight young children, then we should forgive him too.

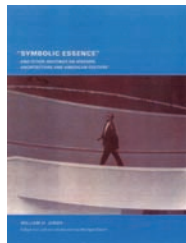
In every other way, this biography appears wholly conventional in form: It is written in a clear, if unpoetic, prose, proceeds in a chronological fashion, aims for balance and resists any temptation to plumb Hamilton’s

complicated psychology. Appearances, however, can be deceiving. Consider the way that Chernow deals with the centuries-old claim that Hamilton was aristocratic in both his sympathies and his policies, more concerned with creating a financial elite than attending to the welfare of ordinary men and women. Chernow fends off this accusation in two ways. The first is by pointing out that Hamilton himself never became wealthy (even while those around him did). The other is to make the contest over economic and political policy one of personalities, a rivalry between Hamilton and Thomas Jefferson rather than a comparison of their policies.

Chernow rigs the fight by depicting Jefferson not only as a “grantee, a gourmet, a hedonist, and a clever, ambitious politician” but as a hypocrite too, “a crafty man intent upon presenting himself as the spokesman for the common people.” This populism, however, was just a piece of political gimmickry. Jefferson and his southern planter allies “posed as the tribunes of small farmers and denounced the depravity of stocks, bonds, banks and manufacturing” just to deflect attention “from the grisly realities of southern slavery.” In contrast, Hamilton was an ardent abolitionist, “a fact that belies the historical stereotype that he cared only for the rich and privileged.”

It’s a shame. By caricaturing Jefferson as a mere hypocrite and tarring James Madison by his close association with him, Chernow deprives Hamilton of worthy rivals, men with compelling political philosophies and genuine commitments to poor whites, a segment of the population that falls out of Chernow’s picture almost completely. As Chernow explains with admirable clarity, Hamilton was an economic genius, his understanding of the modern economy all the more extraordinary because he was essentially self-taught. Chernow should have had more faith in his subject. He didn’t need to rig the fight for him. ■

By Svetlana Alpers



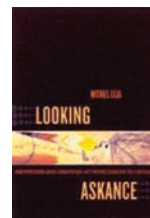
“Symbolic Essence” and Other Writings on Modern Architecture and American Culture.

William H. Jordy. Edited and with an introduction by Mardges Bacon. Yale University Press, 2005. \$35.00

Americans’ view of their own art and culture is complicated. William Jordy (1917-1997) came to writing about American architecture from an appropriately complex background: he painted a bit while an undergraduate at Bard College; studied European art history at the Institute of Fine Arts in New York with the great, newly arrived immigrant scholars such as Richard Krautheimer, Erwin Panofsky and Karl Lehmann; served in the army in a non-combatant writerly capacity in Europe; and enrolled in the new field of American Studies at Yale, working on Henry Adams, which led to a Guggenheim Fellowship year abroad getting to know European architecture. His intellectual mentors were the magisterial architectural historian Henry-Russell Hitchcock and the urban critic Lewis Mumford. His teaching years were spent as a professor in the art department at Brown University.

Jordy observed and wrote out of a complex mixture of Europe and America, and of art and culture. He combined a passionate commitment to architecture’s social purpose with an acute sense of the formal values that give sense or meaning to buildings. This book, intended as an 80th birthday tribute which the author did not live to see, is divided into three sections: “American History and Visual Culture,” “The Arc of European Modernism,” and “The Historian as Critic: Formal Perspectives on American Architecture after 1945.”

Jordy’s writing is always sharp, expressive and argumentative, whether he is discussing the aims and values of the Tennessee Valley Authority (an unpublished lecture appearing here for the first time) or of the so-called international style (he argues that in Europe its inventiveness was over before emigré architects like Marcel Breuer gave it new life in the United States), or the interest but also the problems of Louis Kahn’s Medical Research Building in Philadelphia. Social and cultural attitudes inform the mind and writing of a fine formalist critic. This is writing about architecture as it ought to be done!



Looking Askance: Skepticism and American Art from Eakins to Duchamp. Michael Leja. University of California Press, 2004. \$49.95

Unlike Jordy, the art historian Michael Leja does not see the American phenomena he is dealing with as coextensive with Europe. His interest is in American visual culture in New York around 1900. What concerns him is the cultural evidence that a rift between seeing and believing was in play. He situates skepticism about images (what he means by “looking askance”) normally associated with a postmodern view in an historically unexpected place.

Leja’s account begins with William Mumler, a photographer who claimed to have made images of spirits and whose trial for fraud was successfully won with P.T. Barnum as witness for the defense. He concludes with the Armory Show of 1913 and Marcel Duchamp’s *Nude Descending a Staircase*, which none other than Theodore Roosevelt compared to a “faked” performance by P.T. Barnum.

In between Mumler and Duchamp, Leja takes up a series of curious cases: Thomas Eakins’ paintings as the product of a conflict between truth to seeing and truth to knowing; a text on Monet by one Helen Cecilia de Silver Abbott, a precocious young plant chemist in Philadelphia who, instead of finding the paintings “real,” sees them as revelations of unbearable cosmic truths; the *trompe l’oeil* painter William Harnett who, on this account, far from fooling the eyes produced the desire to touch; and Henry Rollart, a producer of illusionary spectacles such as a famous *Creation* for the St. Louis World’s Fair, which provided simulation with the appeal of fine art.

These cases touch on something peculiar about American culture. But is it a suspicion about looking and so about the truth of what is seen? Rather, it seems to me that what Leja has put his finger on is an American worry about artifices that look real. It is the manifestation of a lack of trust in art.

Eakins was not the first painter in the tradition whose works propose a problematic mixture of seeing and knowing. A similar account could be given of the paintings of Jan Vermeer. But it seems that the American audience was not prepared for this. It was not *their* tradition. So it was that Marcel Duchamp, rejected in Paris and greeted in New York as a charlatan perpetrating a hoax, suited American expectations.



The Open Studio: Essays on Art and Aesthetics. Susan Stewart. University of Chicago Press, 2005. \$45; paper \$18.00

But, of course, that is hardly the full story of the American relationship to art. This fine book of collected writings on art by an admired American poet and writer is evidence of something completely different. Beginning with her most recent essays and continuing back to 1987, Susan Stewart addresses problems such as “What Thought is Like: the Sea and the Sky” and offers studies of artists she knows such as Tacita Dean, Anne and Patrick Poirier and Ann Hamilton.

I was drawn to the book because it contains a consideration of the South African artist William Kentridge. The hugely intelligent way in which he has dealt with the terrible events in his country makes him essential for these — and indeed for any — times. He fulfills his aim, as he memorably described it, to make an art “where optimism is kept in check and nihilism is kept at bay.” In her introduction to the book, Stewart points out that she has never had an interest in reviewing art solely for the purpose of making positive or negative judgments. Nevertheless, her address to the most distinguished artist of the lot is by far the most powerful essay in the collection. She is eloquent about the ways in which drawing is at the core of Kentridge’s practice. In his re-drawing of drawings and his filming of the process as animation, “The work of the hand is transparent; it retraces its steps and reveals its erasures to accumulate a history of layers and tangles and cross-references that are also cross-purposes.” On occasion, Stewart’s rich thoughts move out from the art to create their own space. Kentridge keeps her on target.



Giorgio Morandi: The Art of Silence. Janet Abramowicz. Yale University Press, 2005. \$65.00

This revealing book about Morandi (1890-1964), the superbly economical Italian still-life and landscape painter, is the work of an American who lived for a number of years in Italy. Abramowicz, formerly a lecturer in the Department of Fine Arts at Harvard, went to Bologna in the 1950s and was a print-making student of Morandi’s at the Accademia di Belle Arti. Her training led to friendship with the artist and his sisters and eventually included access to their

papers. Being an American in Europe, it seems, was an advantage.

There are two separate strands to this critically and historically intelligent book. The first concerns Morandi’s art and the making of it. Many previously unpublished works are illustrated and their hard-to-define pictorial interest analyzed. The second concerns the artistic and political world in which the artist lived and worked. This involves consideration of the relationship between Italian politics and art from the treaty of Versailles to the aftermath of World War II. By showing the complex weave between art and world, Abramowicz challenges the carefully cultivated myth that Morandi was a recluse, independent of other artists and not involved with fascism. It is not surprising that Morandi knew and learned from his artistic contemporaries. But it is a jolt to learn that he was, at least at first, enthusiastic about Mussolini, who in 1926 bought a Morandi landscape (now lost).

It is true that there was no way for an artist to work in Italy without accepting the support of (and so indeed supporting) the Fascist state. Procuring a teaching position depended on membership in the Fascist Party and artists’ union that Morandi belonged to in 1929 before he turned 40. But the myth of standing apart fits the look of his small, repetitive and subtly measured paintings and etchings. Indeed, some of his most concentrated and beautiful works were painted during the war years, when he closed himself off from the realities of war in his country house.

It is quite a feat to combine what amounts to a political indictment of an artist with a highly acute and sympathetic account of his art. Abramowicz does not minimize the problem. Neither does she minimize the amazing accomplishment of the art. This book gives one much to look at and much to ponder. ■

By Eugen Weber



The American Enemy: The History of French Anti-Americanism. Philippe Roger. University of Chicago Press, 2005. \$35.00

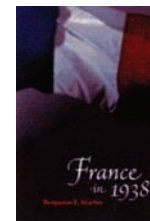
You think you know all about French anti-Americanism? Think again. Better still, read Philippe Roger’s elegant *The American Enemy*. Tortuous but relentless in the persistence of its clichés, his compendious, meticulous, witty and depressing history of catty convolutions begins in the 18th century,

whose philosophes felt free to denigrate lands they had never seen. But, hatched and sustained by intellectuals, anti-Americanism has long since metastasized as a popular stereotype.

From Buffon to Voltaire to Sartre, from “American Cancer” to “Uncle Shylock,” the negative mythology keeps being recycled and reinvented. Puny morons for some, prognathous bullies for others, their self-interest masquerading as generosity and their vulgarity as vigor, Americans are arrogant, craven, fickle, greedy, gynocratic, technocratic, violent and boring, agitated and monotonous. Ants in a homogenized anthill, uncultivated but culturally invasive, they spread the barbarities of their comfort, their maleficent machines, and their pop garbage: movies, comics, Coca-Cola... The cup keeps spilling over.

The French don’t like many people — not even the French. But their longest-lasting *bêtes noires* seem to be Americans, aversion to whom has outlasted even Anglo- and Germanophobia. Don’t take it personally, though. The “infernal machine of near-Pavlovian” French anti-Americanism is a work in progress that concerns our country less than it concerns the French, part of whose identity it has become.

Roger uncovers multiple geological strata of prejudice, some familiar, many less so. He leaves us amid the cacophony of a rancorous 20th century crowded with anti-Americans, right and left, radical or moderate, denouncing other anti-Americans for not being anti-American enough. Don’t let it stop you from ordering your french fries.



France in 1938. Benjamin F. Martin. Louisiana State University Press, 2005. \$39.95

When Benjamin Martin’s latest report from the front of French fallibility does not read like a tragedy, whose end is foreordained, it reads like a melodrama: sensational doings punctuated by catchy melodies like “L’Internationale” and “La Marseillaise.” In both cases it reads well. Martin quotes F. Scott Fitzgerald: “All life is a process of breaking down.” French life in the run-up to World War II was a gangrenous decomposition, to be followed by still worse. The country’s leaders found nary a pratfall that they could avoid. They chose a semblance of peace above honor and ended up with neither.

The 20-year lurch from victory to calamitous defeat culminated in 1938, the Munich year that Martin chronicles with discomfort-

ing effects on any reader with sympathy for France. As he stages the depressing melodrama of that cheerless stretch, his film noir gets relentlessly darker, his score-sheet of repeated failures of policy and nerve ever more roiled, the festering rancors and squabbles more fetid. In spite of a masterful prologue, successful synthesis, elegant concision and lucid presentation (or perhaps thanks to them), the reader can't help sharing in the nation's shame. A tribute to the historian's talent.

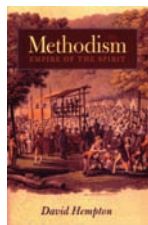


The UN Gang: A Memoir of Incompetence, Corruption, Espionage, Anti-Semitism, and Islamic Extremism at the UN Secretariat. Pedro Sanjuan. Doubleday, 2005. \$24.95

Here's a fascinating denunciation and a deeply disturbing one. Sanjuan's subtitle says it all. Rising in the middle of Manhattan, the U.N. is a law unto itself, an extraterritorial enclave, rife with fatuous ineptitude, nepotism and corruption, that thrives in a bureaucratic morass of anti-Semitism and foul mistrust of the host country whose taxpayers subsidize much of its waste and inefficiency.

Sanjuan, who has held positions in U.S. government departments, in international organizations and in the White House, was appointed to the U.N. Secretariat by then-Vice President George H.W. Bush. Looking back bilefully, he depicts that august organization as a fiscally-irresponsible hive of mismanagement, redundancy and dereliction of duty, a center of conspiracy and international intrigue, a haven for gangsterism and fraud. Most recently in the fiddle of billions from the U.N.-managed Iraqi Oil-for-Food program contrived by Kofi Annan's son, Kojo, and Kojo's associate, Leo Mugabe, offspring of the delicious dictator of Swaziland.

You have to read the book to decide how much of it you will believe. Since it is truculent, fast-paced, compelling, and full of colorful anecdotes, that will be fun. But even accepting only half of Sanjuan's testimony will leave you wondering how the bizarre institution beached on the East River's banks still endures.



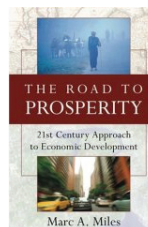
Methodism: Empire of the Spirit. David Hempton. Yale University Press, 2005. \$30.00

John Wesley died in 1791. A hundred years later, Methodists counted some 25 million souls worldwide. By the eve of the first World War, David Hempton tells us in this readable book, some 35 million worshippers spread over six continents. A dynamic missionary movement had brought into existence "a new and formidable empire of the spirit." To this, Hempton suggests that we add the explosive growth of 20th-century Pentecostalism, arguably a continuation of Wesley's holiness tradition, and of his message of fellowship, confession and ecstatic rituals. In that light, one might expect Methodism and its offshoots to surpass the billion mark before 2050.

Secular societies and rationalist historians have not paid much heed to religious enthusiasts whose ecstasies, agonies, visions, raptures, ravings and paroxysms more than matched their discipline, sobriety and educational fecundity. We admire, sing or at least hum Charles Wesley's hymns but forget the brothers' populism and their marriage of enthusiasm and enlightenment. This is reminiscent, as Hempton demonstrates, of similarly impelling meldings in a French Revolution that also gave voice to ordinary people, also depended a great deal on women, also sought to abolish slavery, also "vigorously organized dislocated people into noisy cells of perfectionist excitement," and also transformed the political and religious landscape that it touched.

Clear, concise, original and formidably learned, here is the compelling tale of a much-loved and much-decried creed that deserves the serious attention Hempton has lavished upon it in his writings. ■

By Anna J. Schwartz



The Road to Prosperity: The 21st-Century Approach to Economic Development. Edited by Marc A. Miles. Heritage Books, 2004; paper \$19.95

In 10 chapters, three staff members of the Heritage Foundation and one of the Cato Institute, two well-known public pundits and four distinguished economics professors, one each at Harvard and Carnegie Mellon and two at UCLA, provide perspectives on a path to achieve economic

development that rejects dependence on foreign aid. The central idea in all the chapters is that policies that promote economic freedom — that is, a market economy — enable countries by their own efforts to emerge from poverty and to prosper.

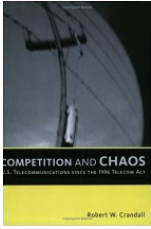
The measure of economic freedom that underlies the approach of this work is the subject of one chapter. It is an annual Index of Economic Freedom, jointly sponsored by the Heritage Foundation and the Dow Jones Company, that surveys more than 160 countries. The index, based on about 50 variables, is summarized in ten categories — trade policy, fiscal burden, government intervention, monetary policy, capital flows and foreign investment, banking and finance, wages and prices, property rights, regulation, informal market — and the relation of each to economic freedom is highlighted. The summation of the score for each category determines a country's rank with respect to economic freedom as *free*, *mostly free*, *mostly unfree* or *repressed*. The index shows that, in the countries surveyed, the more economic freedom there is, the higher per capita income is; as economic freedom improves, so does economic growth.

One telling example — and there are others — is Ghana. It has been a recipient of foreign aid for years, but Ghana is poorer today than it was in the 1960s, when aid money began arriving. Its economic freedom score is *mostly unfree*.

A chapter by Arthur Laffer contends that the distinction between developed and developing countries is meaningless. Countries should never stop developing. The same economic principles apply to all countries. Laffer's main subject is the relation of taxation to economic development. His model traces the impact on opportunities and incentives of both investors and workers in response to government expenditures that provide benefits and in response to taxes taken from them. The best tax is one that checks in a minimal way the growth of the economy's aggregate income.

Among the empirical findings that Robert Barro reports are factors contributing to economic growth and factors harmful to economic growth. The former include the rule of law, investment and economic openness; the latter include high levels of government expenditure and inflation.

All in all, the contents of this book challenge the advocates of expanded foreign aid as the solution to poverty of individuals and countries wherever it exists.



Competition and Chaos: U.S. Telecommunications since the 1996 Telecom Act. Robert W. Crandall. Brookings Institution. 2005; paper \$32.95

This study of the chaos in the U.S. telecommunications industry attributes this condition to the failures of heavily regulated competition in the past nine years. The chaos, it emphasizes, is definitely not the result of deregulation. Since 1996, local retail telephone rates, intrastate long distance rates and high-speed business rates have been highly regulated in most states. The so-called deregulation provision in the 1996 Telecom Act was accompanied by new regulation of wholesale services by incumbent local carriers to their new competitors.

Telecom liberalization is a sharp contrast to what happened in the 1970s and 1980s, when the airline, air cargo, trucking and railroad industries were opened to competition with no additional regulation. The commissions regulating those industries were soon abolished as was most rate regulation. New statutes were not enacted to require carriers in these industries to sell their services or lease their facilities to rivals at regulated rates.

Congress, however, regarded the distribution network in telecommunications as a natural monopoly, so the 1996 act directed regulators to determine which incumbent-carrier facilities were to be available to new entrants as well as the cost basis for wholesale rates for those facilities. These provisions have involved regulators and the courts in suits since their enactment.

Crandall reviews the regulatory environment before 1996. Then, the Federal Communications Commission (FCC) shared

regulatory responsibilities with state utility commissions, which supervised local connections that were confined within a state. Interstate services were the domain of the FCC, which also extended to terminal equipment that connected businesses and households to the network. States did not permit competition for intrastate services.

The aim of past regulation might have been to control monopoly pricing, instead it was used to redistribute income from businesses to households and from urban to rural areas in the name of universal service. The regulated rate structure that supports these subsidies in fact does little for the universality of telephone subscription. Crandall believes that Congress should allocate funds from general revenues to pay for these policies, not from taxes on telecom services.

The steps by which the new era in telecom competition was inaugurated began in the 1970s when the FCC allowed some competition in interstate long distance service. In 1984, the breakup of AT&T was intended to promote competition in long-distance and equipment markets. The 1996 Telecommunications Act opened all telecom markets to competition for the first time. Rather than protecting monopolies, regulators were to serve the cause of competition by managing it.

The 1996 act encouraged small new entrants into the telecom industry just as the stock market boom was under way. Investors poured billions of dollars into these ventures that contributed little in new services. Most of them folded along with the stock market bust. Small new entrants were the constituency the act was designed for. No one anticipated the big developments in telecommunications that emerged after 1996 — high-speed connections to the internet, national wireless carriers, cellular wireless

systems and broadband cable television. Three communications rivals — wireless carriers, traditional Bell telephone companies and cable television companies — are in a competitive struggle. Some forms of communication may not survive. Capital invested in them will lose value.

Crandall's conclusion is that regulation is ineffective in a market with rapidly changing technology and competitive struggles among a changing group of big players. He favors deregulation of telecommunications and full leeway for market forces to determine the best use of investment. ■

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