

LEFTOVERS



JOHN SHELTON REED

Leftovers

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(with Dale V. Reed)

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JOHN SHELTON REED

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Books

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To the memory of
Alice Greene Reed

*"Use it up, wear it out,
Make it do or do without."*

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PREFACE

This book follows close on the heels of one called *Mixing It Up: A South-Watcher's Miscellany*, which was marketed as a collection of “essays, op-eds, speeches, statistical reports, elegies, panegyrics, feuilletons, rants, and more.” They were pieces so motley, I confessed in the preface, that they had only two things in common: they were all about the South and they were all written by me. This book is like that, except the pieces in it aren't all about the South.

All except one transcript of a conversation *were* written by me, though. What's more, some of them, and most of the headnotes, are not just by me, but *about* me. I should warn you that in places this comes near to being a memoir.

These are, quite literally, *leftovers*. I couldn't use them in previous collections, but I hate to throw them out. Some are unpublished or were published in places so obscure that they might as well have been unpublished, and I want to put them in a place—this book—where they can be found by anyone who might be interested.

Only relatives and close friends (and not all of them) will be interested in everything here. That's in the nature of compilations, but of this one even more than most. The headnotes may help you decide whether a piece is one you might enjoy or learn from.

It's hard to imagine a publisher who'd be interested in this book, but these days self-publishing is easy and inexpensive, so I'm bringing this out under my own imprint. Self-publishing also gives me more say in setting the book's price. I'll try to keep it down.

DIXIOLOGY

No, this book isn't all about the South, but this section is. The first two entries were written for reference works and they are rather. . . dry. The third is a little more colloquial, but it, too, takes the Sergeant Friday—"Just the facts, ma'am"—approach. Unless you're the kind of person who reads encyclopedias for self-improvement, you might want to skip those. You'll be interested in them only if you're interested in what they're *about*. I left them out of *Mixing It Up* on that account, but this book is called *Leftovers*, so here they are.

The last piece in this section is livelier: the prose is chatty because it transcribes an actual chat.

Incidentally, I coined the word "Dixiology" as a livelier synonym for "Southern studies" some time ago. Somehow it hasn't caught on.

Joe Flora and Cindy MacKethan commendably wanted something about sociology and the South for their Companion to Southern Literature. I was happy to oblige.

Sociology of the South

The first two books with the word "sociology" in their titles were both written by Southerners, and both to defend the South's peculiar institution of slavery. In 1854 George Fitzhugh, a Richmond newspaperman, published *Sociology for the South*, attacking free society by drawing on many of the same sources as Frederick Engels and other critics of laissez-faire capitalism. That same year, Henry Hughes, a Mississippian, published *Treatise on Sociology, Theoretical and Practical*, applying to Southern society (as he thought) the ideas of Auguste Comte, with whom he had studied in Paris. But this was a false dawn for sociology in the South. Any influence of Fitzhugh and Hughes died with the social order they were defending.

At the turn of the century, sociology returned to the region with a very different, "progressive" agenda. The Southern Sociological Congress, for instance, active in the early 1900s, comprised social-gospel clergymen and other concerned citizens devoted to addressing such social problems as child labor. (Perhaps especially in the South, the distinctions between sociology as an academic discipline, social work as a profession, and social uplift as an ideology were not as clear as they would later become.)

The most impressive academic development at this period took place at Atlanta University, and was very largely the work of W. E. B. Du Bois. A black native of Massachusetts who had studied philosophy and history at Fisk University, Harvard, and the University of Berlin, Du

Bois came to Atlanta fresh from two years of research that had produced his first book, *The Philadelphia Negro* (1896). During his thirteen years in Atlanta he organized a series of yearly conferences (with the support of northern philanthropy) that led to reports on the condition of black Americans, focusing in turn on topics like crime, health, employment, church, family, education. Du Bois also published innumerable studies of his own, a biography of John Brown, and his masterwork, *The Souls of Black Folk* (1903).

Atlanta University's early sociology program lost its momentum, however, after Du Bois left in 1910, to work for the new NAACP and to edit its magazine, *The Crisis*. The successful institutionalization of sociology in Southern colleges and universities essentially dates from 1920, when Howard W. Odum, a Georgian with a Ph.D. in sociology from Columbia University (and a Ph.D. in psychology from Clark University) came to the University of North Carolina to head the university's new sociology department and its School of Public Welfare (later the School of Social Work).

Odum, who became arguably the most important student in his time of the South's culture and social problems, developed and promoted in over thirty books and scores of articles both what he called regional sociology and "regionalism," an associated ideology of regional "balance" and cooperation. His major works include *An American Epoch* (1930), *American Regionalism* (1938), *Race and Rumors of Race* (1943), *The Way of the South* (1947), his "Black Ulysses" trilogy (based on the recollections of a semi-fictional black vagabond), and *Southern Regions of the United States* (1938), a massive statistical and cartographic compendium.

As important as Odum's own scholarship, however, was that of the students and colleagues he recruited and

nurtured. Like Du Bois, Odum used the resources of Northern philanthropists to build an academic empire. Central to his achievement were two institutions, the *Journal of Social Forces*, founded in 1922 as "a Southern medium of study and expression," and the Institute for Research in Social Science, founded in 1924 (and now renamed in his honor). Odum used the Institute's resources to attract a cadre of talented graduate students, and published much of their work in his journal. The new University of North Carolina Press also contributed to this enterprise, publishing 31 books by Institute researchers in the Institute's first decade.

Among Odum's early students were Arthur Raper, whose works include *The Tragedy of Lynching* (1933) and an important study of the sharecropping system, *A Preface to Peasantry* (1936), and T. J. Woofter, Jr., author of *Black Yeomanry* (1930), one of several works that came out of an Institute project on St. Helena Island, South Carolina, as well as studies of black migration, and cotton and tobacco agriculture. Two of the most outstanding Institute graduate assistants remained at Chapel Hill to make their careers. After publishing two important early works, *Human Factors in Cotton Culture* (1929) and *The Human Geography of the South* (1932), Rupert B. Vance went on to become a distinguished demographer, while Guy B. Johnson produced several still-useful studies of black folk music, including *The Negro and His Songs* (1925) and *Negro Workaday Songs* (1926), both co-authored with Odum, and *John Henry: Tracking Down a Negro Legend* (1929), before becoming an important scholar and activist in the field of race relations. Odum also recruited able outsiders to the North Carolina sociology faculty, notably Harriet Herring, whose studies of the textile industry include *Welfare Work in Mill Villages* (1929) and *The*

Passing of the Mill Village (1949).

Aside from Odum's students at Chapel Hill, most early academic sociologists in the South were, like Odum, Southerners who had studied in the North and returned to the South, many to study it. Edgar T. Thompson, for instance, grew up on a South Carolina plantation and went to the University of Chicago for his Ph.D. before returning to Duke University, where he became an acknowledged authority on the plantation system.

This was true of both black and white sociologists. Like the region itself, sociology in the interwar South was racially segregated, but it was by no means an exclusively white undertaking. Atlanta, Fisk, and Tuskegee had productive sociologists in their faculties, and one of the most important Southern sociologists of the period was a black Virginian who studied at the University of Chicago, Charles Spurgeon Johnson.

Johnson's first major work, *The Negro in Chicago* (1922) was a study of the Chicago race riot of 1919. He left Chicago for New York, where he founded and edited the National Urban League's magazine *Opportunity*, and thereby played a major role in the Harlem Renaissance; then, in 1928 he went to Fisk University in Nashville to chair the social science department for twenty years, before becoming that all-black institution's first black president. Johnson's dozen books on Southern black life include *The Shadow of the Plantation* (1934), *The Collapse of Cotton Tenancy* (1935), and *Growing Up in the Black Belt* (1941).

Johnson maintained cordial and cooperative relations with the regional sociologists at Chapel Hill, working with them and others to establish the Southern Sociological Society in 1935. From the outset the society adopted a policy of integrated meetings, and in its early years roughly ten

percent of its members were black (a proportion not equaled since). In 1946 Johnson defeated a white candidate to become the first black president of a majority-white Southern professional organization.

Southern sociologists contributed greatly to making the South of the interwar years probably the best documented society that has ever existed. They also contributed to diagnosing and to solving its many economic and social problems; in consequence, sociology in the South became less focused on the region and those diminishing problems. If Southern sociology therefore became of less interest to students of the region from other disciplines, that is a small price to pay for that accomplishment.

I was director of the Institute for Research in Social Science from 1988 until 2000, and this is a revised version of an entry written for William Powell's Encyclopedia of North Carolina. To mark the Institute's 75th anniversary in 1999, it was renamed the Howard W. Odum Institute for Research in Social Science ("the Odum Institute," for short) in honor of its founder.

The Institute for Research in Social Science

The Institute for Research in Social Science (IRSS) at the University of North Carolina, in Chapel Hill, is the oldest university-based interdisciplinary social-science research institute in the United States, and apparently the oldest in the world. Founded in 1924, IRSS was supported for its first eight years by grants from the Laura Spelman Rockefeller Memorial of New York, which awarded the funds "to be used in the development of [the university's] research in the social sciences." As President Harry W. Chase remarked, "It is rare that a gift is given with so few conditions"; he told the university's Board of Trustees that the Institute would operate by "putting at the disposal of the men already in our faculty increased facilities to do their work." That has always been the Institute's mission; consequently, its history has been largely determined by the research interests of the university's social-science faculty.

In its early years, that history was inseparable from the interests of its visionary founder and first director, Howard W. Odum, a Georgian who had come to Chapel Hill in 1920 as Kenan Professor of sociology to head UNC's new Department of Sociology and School of Public Welfare (later the School of Social Work). Odum's interest in the social and economic problems of the South was shared by many of his colleagues at the university (notably Eugene C. Branson,

head of the Department of Rural Social Economics), but Odum's achievement was to institutionalize that emphasis and move it to a higher level. Odum obtained the initial funding for the Institute, and under his direction it played a central role in making the University of North Carolina what it still is today: the world's leading center for the study of the American South.

At first, most of the Institute's resources went to generous stipends to recruit and to support a cadre of talented research assistants, who were assigned to work on faculty-initiated projects. Although their primary affiliation was with the Institute, most also worked for graduate degrees in various university departments and many went on to distinguished scholarly careers, often remaining in Chapel Hill, or returning to it. A short list would have to include Guy B. Johnson, T. J. Woofers, Jr., and Arthur F. Raper in the study of race relations, Lee M. Brooks in criminology, Rupert B. Vance in demography, Paul W. Wager and Edward J. Woodhouse in the study of local government, and William S. Jenkins, Guion Griffis Johnson, and Fletcher M. Green in Southern history. Two early research assistants later became directors of the Institute: sociologist Gordon Blackwell (subsequently president of Furman University), who succeeded Odum as director from 1944 to 1957, and statistician Daniel O. Price, who served from 1957 to 1966.

The Rockefeller grant also subsidized the publication of IRSS research by the new University of North Carolina Press, which built its considerable reputation largely on the work of Institute scholars. In the Institute's first decade, 31 of the 48 books by faculty and students associated with IRSS were published by the university press. (Many of the 142 papers published in the same period appeared in the *Journal*

of *Social Forces*, "a Southern medium of study and expression" established by Odum in 1922, which soon became a joint production of IRSS and the Department of Sociology. The Institute also took over the *University of North Carolina News Letter*, a monthly report of social welfare news published under Eugene Branson's supervision since 1914.)

Although Odum's IRSS is probably best remembered for its research on social and economic problems, from the start it took a broad definition of "social science": alongside surveys of the textile industry, tenant farming, and race relations were pioneering works on Southern history and literature and scholarly studies of black folklore. Whatever the subject matter, however, the vast majority of the early Institute studies dealt with aspects of North Carolina or of the American South more generally.

After Odum stepped down as director in 1944, the Institute's emphasis began to change. Ironically, the university's success in building nationally recognized social-science departments meant that the faculty's research interests were increasingly defined by the concerns of their academic disciplines rather than by the South's problems (which were, in any case, less pressing than they had been). At the same time, patterns of funding were changing: graduate research assistants began to receive support directly from grants and contracts for specific projects, and vanishing foundation support for basic administrative costs was gradually replaced by state funding.

Most importantly, the nature of social-science research was changing. Increasingly, what the faculty required in the way of "facilities to do their work" was computational hardware and support in statistical analysis, the use of computers, and data acquisition. Over the next 25 years IRSS gradually took on major responsibilities in these areas,

which remain its principal focus today. The Institute's Social Science Data Library, for example, has become the third largest repository of social-science data in the United States, providing researchers around the world with data on population, health, economics, and public opinion. Its unique holdings include the public-opinion surveys of Chapel Hill alumnus Louis D. Harris and the National Network of State Polls, for which IRSS serves as headquarters.

Today, IRSS serves a faculty whose interests are more diverse and less regionally oriented than ever, but it still bears some traces of its origins. In the 1980s and '90s there was even a modest return to the study of the American South. For some years, in cooperation with the School of Journalism and Mass Communications, IRSS twice a year conducted the Carolina Poll, a statewide public-opinion survey. Building on that experience, in 1992 the Institute began the twice-yearly Southern Focus Poll, a national telephone survey with an "oversample" of Southern respondents that allowed for closer attention to matters of regional interest than did the typical nationwide survey. In 1993, the interdisciplinary quarterly *Southern Cultures* was begun by the Institute; two years later it was handed off to the university's newly established Center for the Study of the American South. That new Center was itself initially housed and supported by the Institute, a process of organizational "incubation" similar to the one that nurtured the Center for Urban and Regional Studies in the 1960s.

In these and other ways, the Institute has continued its tradition of contributing to the understanding and betterment of its state and region. Its major achievement, however, has probably been its contribution to the emergence of the University of North Carolina as a major

national research institution, and in that respect it still plays an important role.

When the quarterly Southern Cultures celebrated its 20th anniversary in 2013 I recounted the complex story of its origins, for the record.

The Founding of *Southern Cultures*

Around 1990 I was approached by a somewhat low-rent publisher of academic journals—an outfit whose business model involved publishing journals on very specialized topics to be sold in small quantities at high prices almost entirely to university libraries—and asked if I would be interested in editing one dealing with Southern culture. (That the *Encyclopedia of Southern Culture* had been an unexpected bestseller in 1989 may have had something to do with this inquiry.)

I liked the idea. I pictured a sort of interdisciplinary salon, edited not for academics but for general readers, with contributions from historians, social scientists, students of literature, highbrow journalists—basically anyone with something interesting to say about the South. This was not the first time I'd thought of something like this. A decade earlier, Merle Black and I had edited two volumes called *Perspectives on the American South: An Annual Review of Politics, Culture, and Society*. That the two volumes of this "annual" appeared in 1981 and 1984 will illustrate the limited nature of our success. We were producing these books without any sort of institutional support and we simply couldn't keep it going on that basis. (We handed it off to Charles Wilson and Jim Cobb at Ole Miss's Center for the Study of Southern Culture and they squeezed out a couple more numbers before letting the series expire.) Anyway, I wasn't going to make that mistake again. I told the publishing house that I wanted to line up two things

before I said yes. I wanted some support for the enterprise from UNC, and I wanted a coeditor from a discipline other than my own.

The coeditor was important, not just to share the workload but to help insure that the journal would be broadly appealing. I'm a sociologist, so we didn't need another social scientist. A Southern historian or someone who studied Southern literature would be ideal, I thought, and it would be nice to have someone younger than I was, not just because I hoped I could bully him or her in a pinch, but because I wanted someone who might outlast me and provide some continuity. (I was already planning ahead for my retirement, which came in 2000.) I approached a promising young historian named Harry Watson, and he signed on as my co-editor. I haven't once regretted that. Every time I read one of Harry's "Front Porch" introductions to an issue of the journal I congratulate myself on my wisdom.

I also approached Bill Little, who was interim provost of UNC, and explained our vision for the journal. I was director of the Institute for Research in Social Science (now the Howard W. Odum Institute), and I said that IRSS was prepared to serve as a sort of incubator and house the journal for a while. Moreover, Harry and I were willing to edit it without compensation. But if we were to proceed, we really had to have a full time managing editor to handle administration and paperwork. One of several remarkable chemists who have served UNC over the years, Bill was a visionary himself, and he got the point immediately. Of course, he said; he would give IRSS a line for a new state employee to be the journal's managing editor. Bill should probably have a spot on the journal's masthead, because that made all the difference. Without that position, I doubt that

Southern Cultures would have survived beyond two or three issues.

I'm embarrassed that I don't remember the name of the bucket-shop publisher who had approached me in the first place because we're in their debt for the idea. Somewhere along the line, however, we decided that we might be able to get a more respectable publisher, one who would publish the journal at a price that ordinary readers might be willing to pay. UNC Press had a number of journals in its stable, but they said, essentially, go raise a couple of hundred thousand dollars and we'll talk. But Larry Malley, director of the Duke University Press, got gratifyingly excited about the idea and took us on. (Larry, later director of the University of Arkansas Press, deserves equal billing with Bill Little as an early angel for the journal.)

So we were in business. We hired a bright and hard-working recent UNC grad named Alecia Holland to be our managing editor, installed her in a basement office at IRSS, and began to discuss in earnest what the journal was to be. At that point I fought and lost three battles.

First is one I still regret losing. Duke's "house style" calls for lowercasing "Southern" and "Southerner," which strikes me as stupid, if not offensive. Writing "southern" is like writing "italian": each is the name of a group attached to an upper-case place, the South and Italy, respectively. And "southern" is a direction; something pertaining to the group or the place is "Southern." But Duke felt strongly about this and Harry didn't care, so I let it pass. I shouldn't have.

The second lost cause I also regret, although I've come to realize that losing it was probably inevitable. I really wanted to publish articles without citations. One of my models was *American Heritage*, which managed to publish serious work without all the clunky apparatus of scholarship. But Harry

was convinced (and I reluctantly concluded that he was right) that the only way scholars would let us publish their work without paying for it was to give them something they could use for things like tenure decisions, and tenure committees would not be impressed by articles without citations. I did win a partial victory, though: the endnotes (not footnotes) in *Southern Cultures* are only bibliographic, not textual.

The third battle I'm glad to have lost, in retrospect. I'd been assuming that the journal would be called *Southern Culture*, like the encyclopedia. I believed, and still do, that there is such a thing, albeit with racial, social-class, and subregional variations. But Duke insisted, and Watson agreed, that it should be called *Southern Cultures* (plural). I thought this was a chickenshit concession to fashionable multiculturalism, and said so. But I was outvoted, and conceded with an ill grace. (Gene Genovese later called me a wuss—actually, he called me something even less polite—for conceding at all, but I was tired.) Some of the articles we've published over the years, however, show that there's a lot that is Southern and cultural I wouldn't want to claim for Southern culture, so I'm happy that I didn't prevail.

On all the really major issues, though, Harry and I agreed from the get-go, and to a remarkable extent we were able to publish pretty much the journal we had in mind. One example of this comity is that we both liked the idea of sending each submission to two reviewers, one from the author's field to tell us whether the piece was sound, and one not from the author's field, to tell us whether it was interesting. Maybe we haven't always done that, but that's the kind of thing we had in mind.

At the beginning, we struggled to fill each issue. Nothing was coming over the transom, of course, since

nobody knew we existed. We wrote friends to ask about lectures we'd heard them give, papers we'd heard them read, books we knew they were writing. David Moltke-Hansen, director of the Southern Historical Collection, wrote some stuff for us about Southern archives. One way or another, we managed to put together some issues that still look pretty good to me. But we weren't always able to do it in a timely fashion. Despite Alecia's best efforts we kept running up against Duke Press's deadlines, and missed one or two. Things really spun out of control when Alecia got married and left us to move with her husband to Nashville. Finding a satisfactory replacement was harder than we'd expected, and while we were about it we missed another deadline or two.

Eventually we hired the estimable Lisa Eveleigh, and we were in good hands from then on—first hers, then for many years Dave Shaw's. But meanwhile Duke Press had had its fill of us, and it's hard to blame them, given what a headache we'd been. Not only that, our champion at the press, Larry Malley, had been the victim of some devious academic politics, knifed by none other than Professor Stanley Fish, of Duke's hyper-trendy English department, who took Larry's job for himself and started publishing "cultural studies" of a sort quite different from what was found in *Southern Cultures*. (His journal *Social Text* also unwittingly published a splendid hoax by physicist Alan Sokal. Google it.) We were not exactly surprised when Duke cut us loose, citing a clause in our contract that plainly required us to meet deadlines (although throwing out all of their back issues was a bit much: Moltke-Hansen and I went dumpster-diving to retrieve them).

David wasn't just being a friend. *Southern Cultures* became partly his responsibility when he moved from the

Southern Historical Collection to be the first director of the Center for the Study of the American South. After the Center was founded in 1992 I was briefly its interim director—it, too, was being “incubated” in the Manning Hall basement of the Institute for Research in Social Science—and I transferred the managing editor’s budget line from IRSS to the new Center. (It obviously belonged there, but future historians should note that the journal predated the Center.)

The fact that the journal had become a publication of a UNC center had already made it peculiar that it was being published by Duke, and I think (in fact, I know) that some influential UNC figures had been giving UNC Press a hard time about that. So after Duke dumped us and we approached UNC about taking us on we didn’t hear anything more about raising money and coming back. This time the answer was yes, and I believe the relationship has been a mutually gratifying and beneficial one from that point on. Of course, it helped that we didn’t miss any more deadlines. (We published a special “double issue” to get back on schedule.)

By this time, word of our existence had spread (thanks to Duke for that, too), and we were beginning to get unsolicited articles. Some very strange stuff came from people who had evidently only read the journal’s name, but more and more we were getting articles we could use, many of them even from people we didn’t know. By the time I left Chapel Hill for a year in 1996-97 the journal was running so smoothly I’m not sure I was even missed.

When the American Enterprise Institute sent Bill Kauffman to interview me for their magazine in 2006, I was pleased. I'd admired Bill's writing since the days when we both wrote for the conservative magazine Chronicles, and I thought I really should have been interviewing him. A few of the things I said that day I hadn't said in print before.

Studying the South

A Chat with Bill Kauffman

KAUFFMAN: What is the South: Is it the states of the old Confederacy? A state of mind? A set of attitudes and traits?

REED: It's all of those things. Geographically, it's the 11 former Confederate states plus Kentucky and Oklahoma. But I'm less interested in the South than I am in Southerners, which is a different proposition. That's a group of folks who self-identify with the region. A good first approximation is to let people be Southerners if they say they are.

KAUFFMAN: How many residents of today's South do?

REED: We've done survey research on that. In all 13 states I just mentioned, a majority of people say they are Southerners, though in Florida the majority was just 51 percent.

KAUFFMAN: How are Southerners different from non-Southerners?

REED: Religiosity and religious affiliation [for example]. The South is the one part of the world where most people identify with evangelical Protestant churches. You've [also] got differences in attitudes toward violence and use of force: Southern households are half again as likely as households

in most other parts of the country to have weapons. And the South is more conservative in political attitudes and values. In most cases it is true what they say about Dixie.

KAUFFMAN: You've written that the South exhibits a "culture of violence" and that's not necessarily a bad thing. What do you mean?

REED: The South has historically had a homicide rate higher than the rest of the country. The kinds of homicides we've got more of are culturally understood, excused, and in some cases approved. They have to do with private redress of grievances. We have more homicides involving romantic triangles, more homicides that grow out of arguments and disputes. If you listen to country music, this is the kind of violence that is sometimes celebrated or at least presented sympathetically. Someone's got a grievance and is working it out. We don't have more felony homicides: people killing strangers.

I'm not saying that high homicide rates are a good thing. But I am saying this is an extreme instance of the individualism and self-reliance that used to be American traits, and still are [common] in some parts of the country, including the South.

KAUFFMAN: Are Southern accents disappearing?

REED: They're changing. They're less distinctive than they used to be. I heard a taped interview from the 1940s with a Confederate veteran: nobody talks like that anymore. Strom Thurmond was probably the last one.

The two big accent groups in the South are the lowland—Strom Thurmond—and the upland—Andy Griffith. A modulated form of the upland accent is

expanding at the expense of the lowland: the accent you hear in Tennessee and Texas is the future of the Southern accent. It may be the future of the American accent: if you go in the military or listen to truck drivers on CB radio you hear more speech that sounds like it's coming out of Texas or Tennessee. So accents don't flow in just one direction.

Word usage is another thing. "Y'all" has been a Southern marker for a long time: it's what people always say when they're making fun of Southern speech. But younger non-Southerners are starting to say it.

KAUFFMAN: Where did they pick it up?

REED: Probably rap music and athletes. It's a useful thing. We need a second-person plural. Give it another 50 years and it may be an Americanism. (I don't see the British saying it.) Speech is a complicated subject, but I'm confident that 50 years from now you'll still be able to tell where someone comes from by listening to him talk.

KAUFFMAN: You mentioned Andy Griffith. Have Southerners been ill served by television?

REED: Southerners certainly *think* we've been ill served by television. If you ask people what their grievances are as Southerners, you used to hear complaints about economic conditions and political power—that Southerners never got elected President. These days hardly anybody else does. But what people still complain about is that television and movies look down on Southerners. The thing is, *Deliverance* was written by a Southerner. *Tobacco Road* was written by a Southerner.

Television representations of Southerners have mostly been either amusing hillbillies or vicious rednecks. The *Gone*

with the Wind strain of elegant aristocrats has run out of steam. But not all media representations of Southerners have been unflattering. "Designing Women" put classic Southern social types in a New South Atlanta setting. And there's a great movie called "Mississippi Masala" about an East Indian family that runs a motel in the Mississippi Delta. All over the South there are Patels running motels, you know. This is a Romeo and Juliet story with the Indian girl and Denzel Washington falling in love. That's not your father's South.

KAUFFMAN: Is "The Dukes of Hazzard" on your screen?

REED: "The Dukes of Hazzard" was set in Georgia, filmed in California, and showed a pan-Southern South that doesn't exist anywhere. One week Bo and Luke are wrestling gators in the Hazzard County swamp, and the next week they're running moonshine through the Hazzard County mountains. There's no county in the South that has both alligators and mountains. But that's people's image of the South, so they put it all in one Georgia county and let these two Yankee actors work it out.

KAUFFMAN: What about "Hee Haw"?

REED: I'm fond of "Hee Haw," but of course Ray Charles liked "Amos 'n' Andy." "Hee Haw" was basically a white-face minstrel show.

KAUFFMAN: The Burt Reynolds drive-in movies of the '70s: were they as good as I remember, or do I idealize them through the haze of memory?

REED: That's where "The Dukes of Hazzard" comes from. The early '70s were a brief shining moment in the history of

representations of the South. The Civil Rights movement was over. Southern schools were suddenly more integrated than non-Southern schools. You had all these New South governors like Reubin Askew and Dale Bumpers. Sam Ervin was on television grilling Watergate sleazebags and standing up for traditional values. Jimmy Carter was getting ready to run for President. It was an unreal moment, and Burt Reynolds was part of it. Ten years earlier, he would have been in "Easy Rider" getting ready to kill Captain America, but here he was, a role model—laid back, self-deprecating, the good side of the working-class white Southerner, which hadn't been seen for some time.

I enjoyed the early and mid 70s. I didn't vote for Jimmy Carter but that was a good moment for the South.

KAUFFMAN: How do you explain NASCAR's appeal? Is any of it racial, since auto racing is the one major sport other than hockey in which whites dominate?

REED: I have a hard time understanding NASCAR's appeal, despite the fact that I grew up 20 miles from the Bristol International Speedway. I've only been to one NASCAR race in my life. It was a spectacle and vastly entertaining, but I don't feel the need to go again. In time it may develop a biracial appeal, but you're quite right for the time being. It's like country music: a predominantly white enterprise. I don't think that's part of its appeal except in a roundabout way: working-class white NASCAR fans have an easier time identifying with the drivers because these are for the most part working-class white guys like themselves. I don't think that's racism.

KAUFFMAN: You were born in Manhattan. Is that acutely embarrassing for a Southern patriot?

REED: Yes, deeply embarrassing. My father was a surgeon interning in New York City and I arrived there. It's on my passport. There's nothing I can do about it. He grew up in East Tennessee and we got back as soon as we could after World War II.

KAUFFMAN: You've quoted Lord Acton that exile is the nursery of nationalism. You were educated at MIT and Columbia. Did they serve as a nursery of nationalism for you?

REED: Yes. I got interested in the South when I left it. I was in Cambridge and New York City in the '60s, the era of the Civil Rights movement, which I missed altogether down here. But I was constantly being called on to explain things or apologize for things. People kept asking questions about "you people." So I started reading about the South to figure out where I was from and what "we people" thought about things and why.

KAUFFMAN: The percentage of Southerners telling pollsters that they favored integrated schools went from basically zero to 100 in three decades. Was it just the brute force of the state that caused that change?

REED: Part of it is that people are lying. They were lying in the '40s because the socially acceptable answer was to say you were in favor of segregation, and since the '80s the socially acceptable answer has been to say you were not in favor of it. But even so, that's the most dramatic turnaround I've ever seen in public opinion data. Two things were going on. First, people actually changed their minds. You could see it happening in the survey data in the early '60s. It's hard to believe this, but before the Civil Rights movement a great

many Southern whites had persuaded themselves that black folks didn't object to segregation. The Civil Rights movement told people you're wrong about that, so if you're in favor of segregation after 1964 you're in favor of imposing it on people who don't want it, which is a different matter from endorsing a polite biracial consensus.

Another reason is that after it happened it wasn't as bad as people thought it was going to be. I was in a segregated school in Tennessee in 1954 when the Supreme Court ruled against school segregation. It was shocking: Out of the blue you get this court decision that says you've got to change the way you've been doing things. Another researcher and I found that Southern white birth rates decreased nine months to a year after *Brown v. Board of Education*. People were shocked and stunned.

KAUFFMAN: Into impotency?

REED: They may have just decided to wait and see what happens before they had any children. And when desegregation did happen, it wasn't as bad as they'd thought it was going to be. And there were compensations: You got a better basketball team.

After desegregation had taken place, this temperamental conservatism says it's working okay, don't wrench things around and go back to it. There's also a generational component: younger Southerners were more accepting of desegregation than older ones. This is what survey researchers call "cohort succession": people dying off are different from the people entering in.

KAUFFMAN: Do most blacks in the South regard themselves as Southerners?

REED: They do now. If you asked what "Southerner" meant a hundred years ago, it meant an ex-Confederate who stood up for "Dixie" and venerated Robert E. Lee. That means a lot of people living in the South, especially black folks, weren't Southerners. Years ago "Southerner" almost invariably meant a white Southerner. (One exception was Booker T. Washington, who made a point of talking about himself as a Southerner.)

That changed in the '60s. The University of Michigan does something called a "feeling thermometer" which measures how warmly people feel toward politically significant groups. In 1964, blacks in both North and South were much cooler toward Southerners than whites in the same regions. By 1976 there was no racial difference. Blacks in the South were, if anything, warmer than white Southerners toward "Southerners." What happened in those 12 years? The Civil Rights movement made fundamental changes. White Southerners' image had changed: the most prominent white Southern politician in '64 was George Wallace. In '76 it was Jimmy Carter. The meaning of "Southerner" changed so that by 1976 blacks understood that it included them. You had more and more Southern black politicians—Andy Young, Harvey Gantt, Doug Wilder—referring to "we Southerners."

KAUFFMAN: Are black-white relations in the South better than elsewhere in the country?

REED: I think Americans are understandably tired of hearing white Southerners talk about how good race relations are in the South. But by any measures I can lay hands on, they're at least as good in the South as in other parts of the country with substantial minority populations.

They may be better in Vermont or Montana, but who cares? No blacks want to live there. Something like two thirds of the black office holders in the country are in the South, and Mississippi has more than any other state.

KAUFFMAN: You've said the Confederate flag should be retired from public places. Why?

REED: I've got absolutely no problem with folks who want to fly the flag, put it on their license plates, tattoo it on their foreheads. They're entitled to under the First Amendment. But when it comes to putting it on the state flag as they did in Georgia and Mississippi and flying it over the state house as they did in South Carolina and Alabama, that's a recipe for conflict. The state flag ought to be a symbol of unity, and the Confederate flag does not evoke warm feelings on the part of a substantial fraction of the population.

KAUFFMAN: You've suggested the dancing pig for a new Southern flag.

REED: Barbecue joints are one of the few places in the South where you get all kinds of people: black and white, bikers and lawyers, Christians and cowboys—all appreciate good smoked pork. So dancing pigs, which you see on barbecue joint signs, would make a great flag.

KAUFFMAN: The South was long regarded as a conquered province, but has it turned the tables on the North, what with NASCAR, Walmart, and the ACC's poaching in the Big East?

REED: People keep talking about how the South has taken over the country. Certainly we're starting to pull our weight, but we've got a way to go before we take over. The South

had a third of the nation's population but half the new jobs in the '90s. Per capita income is not up to the national average, but it's gaining.

KAUFFMAN: What's your favorite city in the South?

REED: For eating, New Orleans. For music, Nashville. For hanging out, probably some place on the Gulf Coast. Charleston and Savannah are great cities. I like some of the odd ones like Pensacola.

KAUFFMAN: What is your least favorite?

REED: Places that are ashamed of being Southern annoy the hell out of me. I usually have a good time in Atlanta, but from time to time Atlanta is that way. The 1996 Olympics were an opportunity to show the world what the South had become, but Atlanta wanted to pretend it's not in the South! I know a guy who was in charge of hiring the caterer. He was going to have barbecue and Southern food, but the folks who ran it said no, we can't do that. They hired some outfit from Buffalo that served hot dogs. It was a missed opportunity in many ways.

KAUFFMAN: Is the term "redneck" a slur?

REED: It didn't used to be. Originally it was an affectionate term for the Southern rural common man who worked in the sun and got a red neck. Governor Robert Taylor of Tennessee used to talk about "my beloved rednecks" and he relied on their votes to get elected. But it's become an epithet. It's best to avoid it unless you're using it fondly to describe somebody you know very well.

KAUFFMAN: Rural Southern whites are the one social

group that can be mocked with impunity, aren't they?

REED: They may not be the only one, but yeah. Remember back in the '92 election talk about the "Bubba Vote"? You didn't hear about the "Tyrone Vote." There's a license to mock working-class Southern whites. But Brother Dave Gardner had the right response: he wanted to start something called the National Association for the Advancement of White Trash. Just make fun of it. We don't need an anti-defamation league.

SOCIAL RESEARCH

In 1969 I was hired by the University of North Carolina as a research methodologist, trained by one of the greats (see the tribute to Paul F. Lazarsfeld, starting on page 109), and for several years I taught a methods course required for sociology majors. That experience was good practice for lecturing a skeptical public about how surveys work (the first of these pieces) and for giving unsolicited, unwelcome, and ignored advice to the Episcopal Church and university administrators (the second and third). Four examples of actual research round out this section.

I hang out a lot with humanists and conservatives, both groups that tend to be suspicious of social science research. I wrote this for Chronicles in 1986, to explain what I do and why it's worth doing.

Let Me Count the Ways

"Things and actions are what they are, and the consequences of them will be what they will be: why then should we desire to be deceived?"

—Joseph Butler, *Fifteen Sermons*

No doubt many of us could actually think of an answer or two to the good bishop's rhetorical question, but the case for social science—any science, for that matter—rests on what it can contribute to understanding things and actions and their consequences. Since the 1930s, an increasingly common method of research in the social sciences has been survey research. Demonstrably, it generates a great many "facts." Is there any good reason to ignore them?

"Don't confuse me with the facts" is an understandable and thoroughly human response. Often we just know what we know: if facts support us—well, of course they do; if they don't, we don't want to hear about it. Perhaps we can argue that we hold our beliefs in disregard of the available evidence because there are other sorts of truth, higher ones, beyond the merely empirical. (John Crowe Ransom's unorthodox defense of fundamentalism in *God without Thunder* comes to mind.) But in the real world, so-called, where social and political controversy takes place, many will find that argument unconvincing.

There's no reason for conservatives to be fainthearted about the kinds of facts that survey research generates these

days. Particularly as it is used in public-opinion polling, it is telling us some heartening things, things that you'd never learn from the op-ed pages. Without survey research, would we ever have known that young voters liked Ronald Reagan better than old ones, or learned that Reagan's support has been increasing among black voters? Whether it is the Gallup Poll that repeatedly demonstrates that Episcopalians want their old Prayer Book back, or the recent surveys that show the common sense of common black folk on the subject of racial quotas, survey research again and again reveals the gulf between ordinary citizens and the "leaders" who pretend to speak for them. If nothing else, these results make it clear exactly who is guilty of "elitism," and they have made some very deserving people squirm.

Facts very much like these persuaded a good many of the most intelligent and honest liberals to abandon liberalism: we know them now, of course, as neo-conservatives, whose complaint about liberalism is not that it's wrong, but that it doesn't work. Things and actions have consequences, all right, and often not the ones we had in mind. Survey research is one of the routine social-science methods for finding out just what's going on. Not incidentally, one of the best and most effective neo-conservative publications is the American Enterprise Institute's *Public Opinion* magazine, largely a compendium of survey results. The facts never entirely speak for themselves, but *Public Opinion* is a fine ventriloquist.

Some of us who were in places like Columbia University in the '60s loved survey research precisely because it could be used to introduce a much-needed note of realism to the interminable political discussions of those days. It is no accident that the student radicals in the social sciences detested empirical social research in general and survey

research in particular. It constantly told them things they didn't want to hear.

But conservative humanists, like radical social scientists, have also often been suspicious of the frankly empirical varieties of social science that, like survey research, do not at all resemble social philosophy. There are good reasons for this suspicion, even aside from the temperamental aversion to mathematics and statistics common in the softer of C.P. Snow's "two cultures." There is indeed something presumptuous, and perhaps even corrosive, about weighing and counting and averaging happiness and loyalties, affections and prejudices. Once upon a time, each survey respondent wound up, quite literally, as a punch card, subject to counting and sorting, if not to folding, spindling, and mutilating. (Now technology has replaced the cards with magnetic "images"—not much better, aesthetically.) It is right that somebody should view with distrust the process of reducing individual men and women to equally weighted "cases," forcing considered opinions and the variety of human characteristics into Procrustean "response categories."

Whatever the objectors might think, though, these are not objections to survey research in principle. Without exception, in my experience, they can be translated into technical terms, and they turn out to be valid criticisms only of *bad* survey research, thoughtless and incompetent work. Every teacher who has ever given and graded an examination has done something similar to survey research. Measuring attitudes is not a great deal more difficult than measuring knowledge, and does no more violence to what is being measured. Measuring behavior or demographic characteristics is usually easier.

This is not to say that measurement in survey research

(or in the classroom) is always well done, only that it can be. There are legitimate objections to much of what passes for survey research. But some of the most common complaints are not among them: for instance, "How can they talk about all Americans when they only interviewed 1,600?" Believe me, they can. There are many fields where the gap between professional and amateur work is enormous, but probably few others where the difference is harder for consumers to detect. And any well-trained, unscrupulous survey jockey can fudge his research to produce—well, not *any* result, but close enough. The kind of work that gives survey research a bad name is usually conducted either by incompetents or by parties with an interest in, say, a large percentage rather than an accurate one. The very active committee on professional standards of the American Association for Public Opinion Research tries hard to cope with this sort of thing, with only limited success.

Just as it is foolish to believe survey research uncritically, however, it is a mistake to dismiss it out of hand. Reputable, established survey organizations, academic or commercial, can usually be assumed to be technically competent, and smart enough not to load their results. After all, their continued success depends on their usually being pretty close to right, and sometimes (as in election polls and sales projections) a criterion will come along sooner or later to show whether they are. Like classroom teachers giving exams—maybe more so—professional survey researchers are not flying blind. They have an armory of field-tested techniques, backed up by an ever-growing body of research *on* research. If they are well-trained, they also have an acute understanding of the limitations of their techniques, and the conscientious ones try to make sure that others understand those limitations, too. (Obviously, I'm not talking about the

occasional broadcasts by National Public Radio of the meditations of Lou Harris on his latest poll.)

In the interests of greater survey literacy, here is a mini-lesson on the subject. The first step on the road to wisdom in these matters is keeping very straight the distinction between fact and inference. Survey results are often presented in greatly abbreviated, summary form. A useful exercise is to translate them back into what has actually been observed. Suppose you hear that "65 percent of Americans say the President is doing a good job." What this actually means is something like this:

1,635 adult, non-institutionalized, telephone-owning residents of the U.S. were chosen by a complicated scheme that makes it very likely that they bear an acceptable resemblance to all such adults. Our interviewers reported that 1,503 were located and were willing to answer questions. Of these, according to our interviewers, 977 said "a good job," when asked: "Do you think the President is doing a good job, only a fair job, or a poor job?" This question followed a series of questions on foreign relations.

The translation, read carefully, mentions the most important things you'd have to know to make sense of the figure "65 percent." Each clause, each phrase, could be the subject of a lecture in a class on survey methods. How many American adults "really" approve of the President's performance is only an inference—some would even say it is a meaningless one and that attitudes only exist as they are expressed in behavior in given situations (like saying "a good job" to a survey interviewer). The *fact* is what a sample of respondents said to interviewers in a particular, somewhat artificial setting, in response to a particular question embedded in a context defined by previous questions. (Actually, it's not even what respondents said—it's what

interviewers have said respondents said, as filtered through a process of recording and coding responses.)

But that is a fact. And if 65 percent is higher than last month, or if a higher proportion of young people than of old said "a good job," those are facts, too. Oddly enough, survey research is generally more reliable when it is asking what kinds of people are more likely to do something, or whether the proportion is increasing or decreasing, than when it is trying to estimate *how many* do it. That would seem to be a relatively simple task, but it is actually one of the toughest. Sampling biases, question-wording, interviewer characteristics, the nature of previous questions—all of these factors can mess up an estimate. But so long as they are constant, they matter less for comparisons between groups, or over time.

Here's a pop quiz, to see if you've been paying attention. In 1942, only two percent of Southern whites said that black and white children ought to attend the same schools; in 1980, only five percent of white Southern parents said that they did not want their kids in school with even "a few" black children. Have attitudes really changed from virtually unanimous support to virtual unanimity in the other direction? What do you need to know to answer that question?

I hope it is obvious that we would have to know much more about the studies that produced those numbers before we could even begin to take them seriously. (In fact, the two studies used different sampling techniques, the questions they asked were somewhat different, the later one asked its question only of parents, and the two studies even defined "the South" differently.) Moreover, it is impossible to say how the responses at either time were related to what people would have said in private to close friends. But one thing is

certain: what white Southerners tell strangers on their doorsteps has changed. Start with that.

I have only touched on a few of the issues involved in evaluating survey research, but, to repeat, it is important to recognize that no one is more aware of these issues, or has done more to deal with them, than professional survey researchers. After all, usually no one has a greater interest in getting it right. Caution is appropriate in dealing with survey data, but it should be an informed caution, not knee-jerk obscurantism. The results of survey research, interpreted with that informed caution, can tell us at least one kind of truth—a truth, moreover, as often comforting as alarming these days. Whether for Bishop Butler's reason or for motives less serenely disinterested, why then should we desire to be deceived?

In 1974 the Episcopal Church was ham-handedly revising its historic Prayer Book. This article for the Living Church magazine was rather disingenuous because, in fact, I was certain that an honest assessment of lay opinion would reveal overwhelming opposition to the proposed changes. The revisers probably recognized that, so the changes were enacted without any assessment. That's not the only reason the church has lost nearly half its members, but it surely didn't help.

Of Happiness and Despair We Have No Measure

In the past few years, in the course of the church's experimentation with *Services for Trial Use* (the "Green Book"), Episcopalians have responded to tens of thousands—perhaps hundreds of thousands—of questionnaires. As the time approaches for a final assessment of the experimental services, I think it is important that people understand what these questionnaires were intended to do, and even more importantly what they were not intended to do—and in fact cannot do.

One misapprehension, apparently widespread, is that these questionnaires can be used to measure the degree of support within the church for liturgical revision in general and for the *Services for Trial Use* in particular. In a letter to *The Living Church*, for instance, a supporter of the proposed revisions wrote: "The tabulation of the questionnaires from tens of thousands of Episcopalians as reflected in the report of the Standing Liturgical Commission to the recent General Convention suggests that the people want to change the words [of the Book of Common Prayer]" On the contrary, the SLC's questionnaires tell us nothing of the kind, and the commission was, properly, insistent that this was not the purpose of their surveying operation. The Rev. Leo Malania,

coordinator for Prayer Book Revision, had written, "We do not use criteria such as 'popularity'. . . . We are, therefore, not engaged in a data-gathering operation such as the various public opinion polls." And again: "It would help, I think, if the point were made again and again that the Standing Liturgical Commission is asking for advice and suggestions, and not for emotional outbursts, or for votes. We are not about to conduct a plebiscite." And still again: "We are primarily interested at this stage not with 'acceptance' in any scientific sense of the term, as [sic] with comments of a creative kind [etc.]. In all our questionnaires we have been at pains to emphasize this point: these are not surveys, or votes. . . . We are not concerned with the percentages of those replying. We do not attempt to weight the samples [to make them representative of the church as a whole]."

Father Malania was equally clear about what the questionnaires were for. They were "only means to an end. The end is communication within the church regarding the improvement of the services [i.e., the *Services for Trial Use*]." The commission viewed its mandate as one "to revise the *Book of Common Prayer* and to conduct this process through trial use," not (by implication) to assess the demand for such revision or even, initially at least, the level of satisfaction with the proposed revisions. The point of the Commission's inquiry was to solicit worthwhile ideas for change, and the worth of an idea, in principle, had nothing to do with whether it was mentioned by one person or one thousand.

This sort of polling is perfectly legitimate and useful for its purpose, but Fr. Malania was quite correct in insisting that it not be confused with "a data-gathering operation such as the various public opinion polls." These polls try to answer precisely the sorts of questions that the Commission

was not interested in: How many people prefer one alternative to another? How many are indifferent?

The plain truth is that nobody can say with any authority at all what Episcopalians prefer in the way of liturgy. On this subject, the Commission's files of letters and questionnaires—no matter how many there are—have exactly nothing to tell us. In 1936, the *Literary Digest* circulated over two million questionnaires—and predicted a Landon landslide. At the same time, George Gallup predicted the election results correctly with a sample of a few hundred voters. The difference was that Gallup's data were collected from a sample carefully chosen to resemble the American electorate, while the *Literary Digest* simply laid hands on as many voters as it could find—most of whom turned out to be Republicans. In opinion polling, the important question is not how large the sample is, but how representative it is of the population one wants to talk about. There is no reason to suppose that the Standing Liturgical Commission has in its files the views of a cross-section of the laity of the church. Indeed, there is very good reason to suppose that it does not. The Commission could hardly have expected to hear from the diffident, indifferent, or alienated, and it was clearly not interested in the “emotional outbursts” of those who were hostile to the whole enterprise.

The Commission also could ignore the problem of bias in the wording of questions: from its point of view, a poorly worded question was simply inefficient. But from a pollster's perspective, poorly worded questions are a major bugaboo. Unless great care is exercised, the wording of the question can influence the distribution of responses to it. Let me give just two examples, from diocesan questionnaires, of questions that are difficult for respondents to answer meaningfully (and in the questionnaires I've seen, such

questions are the rule, not the exception). One questionnaire informed respondents: “On page 41 [in STU], the Sermon immediately follows the reading of the Gospel. Rationale: The Sermon is part of the Proclamation of the Word of God and should be related to the Scripture readings.” The respondents were then asked whether they agreed with the rationale or not. Now, it takes a really strong-willed character to “disagree” with the rationale. It’s a good deal more likely that someone understands the rationale (at least after reading the question), but opposes the change for some other reason. If the question is used to measure what people think about the change, it is, in the jargon of opinion researchers, “loaded.” Moreover, I suspect the question is too specific. I think members of the Commission would be surprised at how many people are *indifferent* to any particular change—maybe hadn’t even noticed that a change had been made. That doesn’t mean these people have no opinions about the Trial Use services taken as a whole. (They may not know much about liturgy, that is, but they know what they like.) On this questionnaire, though, they weren’t asked for an overall judgment.

A questionnaire used in another diocese had the opposite problem: questions not specific enough. For example: “What in [the] Rite enabled (or blocked) my development of a greater sense of joy in living the ‘new life’ day by day?” The person who wrote this question obviously had an answer in mind, but it’s hard to say what. A series of questions like this can quickly become a guessing game, where the respondent tries to figure out what “a right answer” could possibly be.

A related problem, and a tricky one, arises when you don’t ask exactly the question you are interested in. It is easy to fall into the trap of believing that you know what people think about something because they’ve told you what they

think about a related topic. For instance, we did a survey in my own parish, a large church in a college town, with a congregation whose average age is about 30. People told us they approved of greater opportunity for liturgical variation from parish to parish (by a margin of 3 to 2), greater flexibility of the liturgy to suit the occasion (2 to 1), continual questioning and “updating” of the liturgy (2 to 1), the “contemporary concerns” of the Green Book (4 to 1), and greater lay participation in the liturgy (7 to 1). Only about a third agreed with the statement: “I see very little reason to revise the *Book of Common Prayer* at all.” Can we assume, then, that a majority of our respondents were enthusiastic about the Green Book? Not at all: they preferred the Prayer Book Communion service to Rite II by a margin of 3 to 1—and among those who said they felt strongly about it, the margin was 9 to 1! My point is not that the *Services for Trial Use* are unpopular (although they certainly are in this parish), rather that if you want to know what people think about something, you have to ask them about it *specifically*. And the diocesan questionnaires I’ve seen tend to skirt the question of whether people like the *Services for Trial Use* as a whole.

The questionnaires in the Commission's file were drawn up, and their samples selected, with one purpose: to stimulate thought and comment about the new liturgies. However well or poorly they served that purpose, they are clearly unsuitable for the measurement of opinion. It is sad but true that that job should be left to experts. At this point we should all stop pretending that we know what people want, in any sense even remotely precise.

Obviously other criteria—theological, liturgiological, aesthetic, even sociological—will and should guide the next General Convention in its deliberations on revision of the

Prayer Book. But surely the church should not proceed in total ignorance of its communicants' desires. Personally, I think the time has come to find out what people want. If the *Services for Trial Use* have achieved truly broad-based acceptance, it seems to me that one of the principal arguments against their adoption is obviated. On the other hand, if the Commission has labored and brought forth an Edsel, the church will find it out sooner or later—and better sooner than later.

We can find out, and easily. Any of half a dozen commercial polling agencies could conduct a perfectly sound study of the state of opinion in the church. The same data could tell us not only how many Episcopalians favor various revisions, but *which* do—young or old, urban or rural, active or inactive, informed or uninformed. At almost no extra charge, we could find out how laymen feel about other issues confronting the church today. Such a study would cost (I've checked) considerably less than another edition of *Services for Trial Use*. It might be worth it.

This 1981 article for the Chronicle of Higher Education was reprinted approvingly in a good many faculty newsletters. Understandably, it was less popular with administrators. It did nothing to arrest the increasing management of American universities.

How Not to Measure What a University Does

It is disquieting to realize how recently I first heard the expression "FTE." Lately, alas, I hear it all the time. For those not *au courant* in matters educational, an FTE, or full-time equivalent, is roughly what used to be called a student (although several fractional students can make up a whole FTE). It is also, confusingly, the number of one's students. Education administrators seem to spend a lot of time these days comparing the size of their FTEs and the other day I actually heard one refer to the FTE as "the bottom line."

Now what we have here is simply what the military calls a "body count." Obviously, for some purposes it is useful to know how many folks are on the premises, dead or alive, but the FTE is no more the bottom line of education than a body count is the bottom line of war. We *won* the body count in Vietnam.

The FTE is only the grossest of a number of indicators we college teachers have learned about at first hand in the last few years. Now, it seems, the discipline of modern American management is being applied to that medieval and essentially European institution, the university. The idea is to make us responsible, accountable, efficient, and cost-effective—and who could quarrel with that? But the trouble is that inputs and outputs have to be measured in quantitative terms.

At the risk of sounding self-serving, let me say straight out that most non-academics—and that means most legislators and trustees, most students, and most administrators without a faculty background—don't understand how the university works well enough to measure the right things, or to measure them appropriately. And when the wrong things are measured, or the right things are measured in the wrong way, the statistics that are produced are distorted.

I doubt, for example, that most people have any idea how university faculty members spend their time. I heard as truth that one college president, a retired military man, once told a delegation of faculty members who had come to ask that their building be left open so they could work evenings and weekends, "Anyone who can't do his job between nine and five on weekdays just isn't trying."

Many people outside the university don't see why that story is funny. And I find it less funny myself since I got a memo from the administration saying our building would be locked during "non-regular working hours." The implication that there is now something considered *regular* working hours is novel—and disturbing.

No academic worth a damn works or thinks in nine-to-five terms. But try to tell that to the legislator who required every state-college teacher in North Carolina to fill out a time budget. When the average work week was shown to be something over sixty hours, he simply refused to believe it. To be sure, the sixty hours included time like that one of my colleagues spent playing volleyball with his graduate students, which was entered as "non-classroom student contact." But before you conclude that he was being disingenuous, consider the fact that he doesn't *like* volleyball and played it only because as their mentor he felt he should.

The point is that anyone who knows how a university works could have told the legislator that time-budget studies would be a waste of time. For any self-respecting academic the line between on and off the job is not at all distinct. I'd have thought the same was true for legislators, but maybe not. I doubt that they speak, as professors often do, of looking forward to vacation so they can get some work done.

It seems to me that rather than ask what faculty members do and how long it takes them to do it, it would make more sense to figure out what one wants them to do and to ask how well they do it. But here again, we need to be very clear about exactly what we are measuring. Take, for example, the student course evaluations that are sometimes used as a measure of an instructor's "teaching effectiveness."

Now, these things have their place. If nothing else, they replace the unreliable student grapevine that guided my generation of students in choosing courses. If today's students don't like a course, they can't say they weren't warned. Even administrators may find them useful: Students who dislike all their courses, for instance, are unlikely to become donors to the alumni fund. But as a measure of an individual professor's teaching effectiveness they are sadly lacking. To measure *that*, why not survey the opinions and achievements of alumni a few years out of college? Or, better yet, bring in outside examiners and see whether anyone is *learning anything*.

Not all of the slipshod measurement is being done by administrators and students. Measures of "scholarly productivity" are largely our own—the faculty's—fault. The word "productivity" gives away the game. All of us would concede that quality is more important than quantity, but it's harder to measure. Most of us no longer go with just a

simple count of publications, of course; some only count publications in certain journals, others count the number of citations garnered, but it seems to me that all of these dodges are just elaborate ways to avoid having to say whether someone's work is *any good*. There's no substitute for sitting down and reading the stuff and making a judgment. And anyone not capable of making that judgment and defending it has no business as a tenured member of a university faculty.

There are similar problems in evaluating entire departments or universities. We often settle for an easy-to-gather statistic, perfectly legitimate for its own limited purposes, and then forget that we haven't measured what we want to talk about. Consider, for instance, the reputation approach to ranking graduate departments: We ask a sample of physics professors, say, which the best physics departments are, and then tabulate and report the results. The "best" departments are those our respondents say are the best. Clearly it is useful to know which are the highly regarded departments in a given field, but *prestige* (which is what we are measuring here) isn't exactly the same as *quality*.

In *Pride and Prejudice*, Caroline Bingley remarks that she would like balls better if they were carried out differently. "It would surely be so much more rational," she says, "if conversation instead of dancing made the order of the day." "Much more rational," her brother replies, "but it would not be near so much like a ball." As this seemingly inexorable process of rationalizing the university goes forward, we need to be careful that we don't wind up with something much more rational, but not nearly so much like a university.

What can academics do about it? Well, at least we can

scream bloody murder when outsiders—or insiders—show that they don't understand what the bottom line really is. We can dig in our heels and holler when people confuse teaching ability with popularity, quality with prestige, scholarship with salesmanship. If we are willing, and if we are allowed, we can use our understanding of how the university actually works to help develop ways to measure how *well* it works. If we don't, someone else will do it for us.

My first professional publication, in the journal Social Problems, was originally a term paper for a course on evaluation research taught by Herbert Hyman in 1967. I'd read about this organization in The Mind of the South, and went to the Trevor Arnett Library of Atlanta University to look at its records. Here I've removed the show-off citations, but left the often embarrassing grad-student prose.

Evaluating an Anti-Lynching Organization

In November 1930, some two dozen Southern women—most of them prominent churchwomen—met in Atlanta at the behest of Mrs. Jessie Daniel Ames, Director of Women's Work for the Commission on Inter-racial Cooperation, to discuss the problem of lynching, and what could be done about it. From this meeting emerged the Association of Southern Women for the Prevention of Lynching, with a full-fledged program and Mrs. Ames as Executive Director.

In the next few years, the Association was unquestionably effective in locating and mobilizing white Southern anti-lynching opinion. Over 40,000 women in over 1300 Southern counties signed a declaration of opposition to lynching and a pledge to act to prevent lynchings in their communities and to support prosecution of lynchers. The Association also secured the signatures of over 1200 peace officers to a similar statement.

Like most social action programs, the Association's activities had many potential consequences, intended and unintended, which would be relevant to an overall judgment of their success or failure. For example, the sheer uncovering of so much relatively liberal opinion is not to be discounted. The present paper, however, attempts to assess the Association's effectiveness solely on the basis of the actual

prevention of lynching. This seemingly stringent criterion is, I think, a just one. While Mrs. Ames and many other members would undoubtedly have been partly satisfied with, say, a more pleasant racial climate even if it failed to affect the number of lynchings, I would not be surprised to discover that many of the ladies were interested only in suppressing violence and lawlessness and had little interest in improving race relations in any other respect. In the absence of an effect on the lynch rate, then, the question of the program's success would probably have been moot as far as the membership was concerned. On the other hand, the program must be called a success if it can be shown to have reduced the number of lynchings, almost without regard for its other consequences. Here, as in most evaluation research, good intentions, hard work, and strategically located support must be considered independent or intervening variables and their relation to effectiveness taken as an empirical question.

Description of the Program

The course of action the Association undertook seems to have been exceptionally well-designed, and the founding members were singularly well-situated to put the program into effect. On the touchy subject of federal legislation (supported as it was by the NAACP and involving the sensitive issue of states' rights) the Association discreetly took no stand, although various officers, as private citizens, spoke in favor of the bill. In general, the organization avoided the broader problems of discrimination and civil rights, confining its efforts to the direct eradication of lynching.

State "councils" were set up in the eleven ex-Confederate states and Kentucky. (There seems to have been an inactive Oklahoma council for a while, unsuccessful attempts to set up councils were apparently made in Maryland, West Virginia, and Missouri, and there was some response—apparently unsolicited—from New Mexico.) The state directors attempted to recruit a network of representatives in every county in the South. This was done by staging programs at club or missionary society meetings presenting the unvarnished facts about lynching, then outlining what concrete steps those present could take to prevent lynchings in their area, and having everyone present sign a pledge to take just those steps. The Association did not attempt to establish "chapters" in any formal sense, but kept the ongoing signatory groups supplied with leaflets, signature forms, and other paraphernalia. This approach neatly fitted anti-lynching in as one part of the activities of these organizations, while allowing the Association to claim forty thousand "members."

Operating through existing church and civic groups in this fashion allowed the Association to isolate a very strategic population. The ladies reached by the Association were precisely those most likely to adhere to the conservative "law and order" value, most likely to react to the excesses of lynch mobs with revulsion, and most likely (in the Southern white population) to be generally sympathetic to the Negroes' plight. Moreover, they were utterly respectable politically, were in the habit of doing community improvement work, and had time and energy to devote to these endeavors. Perhaps most importantly, the social position of many of these churchwomen was such that they, their husbands, or their kinsmen could bring fairly powerful pressures to bear on lynchers to cease and desist

and on sheriffs to uphold the law.

Once the local cadres were established, they were to engage in actions that can be viewed as directed toward three distinct elements in the community: the general public, local law officers, and potential lynchers. The public was to be reached by an extensive "educational" campaign, through the mass media at the regional, state, and local levels, and through personal influence locally, in an attempt to create "a new public opinion in the South" as well as to strengthen existing anti-lynching opinion and make it more visible. The ladies took advertisements in local newspapers and in church magazines, and sent press releases and letters to the editors of these publications, condemning lynching in general terms. To counteract the tendency to justify particular instances, they wrote and condemned specific lynchings. They collected and distributed lynching statistics and made sure that newspapers reported lynchings elsewhere. They sponsored a contest for one-act plays with an anti-lynching theme, printed the best two, and presumably encouraged their production by church and school groups. They published and distributed innumerable pamphlets.

In all of this, they took it as their special charge to disabuse people of the notion that lynching was necessary for the protection of white women—to the considerable annoyance of some of their would-be defenders. They began puncturing this balloon by observing that most lynchings were not even *allegedly* for crimes against white women and that this accusation frequently was used to dispose of innocent but troublesome Negroes. The ladies drew the logical conclusion that Southern white women were "being used as a shield behind which our own men committed cowardly acts of violence against a helpless people." They

reiterated the simple statistics and the simple conclusion in all their publications and press releases. They argued further that *they*, at least, as Southern women, did not care to be protected in such fashion; that they felt *less* safe with lawless mobs prowling the countryside; and (a nice point) that this pretext for lynching actually encouraged attacks on white women, by exaggerating their helplessness.

Clearly, however, a “new public opinion” would not alone have been satisfactory. The name of the organization itself implies that “prevention of lynching” was the principal concern. One way to prevent lynchings was simply for law officers to protect their prisoners, so a second target group consisted of sheriffs and other peace officers. As a private citizen, the typical sheriff might, of course, have been exposed to the Association's propaganda; he might have come to agree that lynchings, all lynchings, were bad—if he did not already agree. But attitudinal agreement was neither necessary nor sufficient for behavioral compliance with the Association's demand that he enforce the law.

Many sheriffs seemed to perceive—often correctly, no doubt—that the electorate expected them to acquiesce to the demands of at least *some* mobs, and many of these sheriffs evidently did not feel like risking their jobs, not to mention their lives, to protect prisoners whose friends, if any, could not vote. The Association's program was designed to subject such sheriffs to powerful, legitimate demands that they do their jobs. In case the local sheriff missed the point of the ladies' publicized opposition to lynching, he might be visited by a delegation of local ladies, whose husbands were respectable local citizens and like as not influential in local affairs. These ladies would remind him of his oath to uphold the law without fear or favor, emphasize their position and promise their support for his compliance, and request his

signature to a statement that lynchings were never justified, that he would spare no effort to prevent them, and that lynchings should be prosecuted. He might be told that hundreds of other sheriffs had already signed.

If a lynching was in the offing (and, it seems, if one was, it was generally common knowledge), these demands might be made salient by a telephone call from a local church-woman sweetly but firmly urging him to do his duty—followed by calls from her husband, her friends, and her friends' husbands. If he failed to act, he could expect to be denounced in the local newspaper (and other papers as well), snubbed on the street, perhaps denied campaign funds—in short, negatively sanctioned.

A second way to prevent lynchings was to keep potential lynchings from acting. These potential lynchings—generally, but not always, that element known in the South as “poor white trash,” uneducated, propertyless, frequently jobless—composed the third “target group.” If the Association's arguments led them to see the error of their ways, so much the better, but, failing that, the ladies were left with three ways to reach them. First, the ladies' husbands were likely to be creditors, landlords, or employers, and thus have economic power over this group. Second, insofar as the ladies were successful with the sheriff (since, if they were, they were to publicize the fact), fear of failure or of punishment might deter lynching attempts. Finally, if a climate of disapproval was generated, a would-be lyncher could no longer expect to be treated by the general public as a heroic defender of white womanhood, as—in W. J. Cash's words—“a gorgeous beau sabreur.”

This program was intended to hasten the eradication of lynching in the South. I should emphasize that I have sketched out the consequences of the program as it was

intended to be put into effect. Obviously, it did not follow this pattern in each county involved. The program was quite sophisticated in design, particularly in its skillful use of Southern institutions and folkways that would have been obstacles to many other approaches. The question remains, however, whether it had any effect on lynching.

Measurement of the "Treatment Variable"

Those Southern counties in which lynchings occurred between 1919 and 1942 were classified according to the amount of "treatment" they received from the Association. The classification was done on the basis of state summary sheets or maps in the Association files; when more than one were available, the one dated nearest to 1935 was employed. For all states except Kentucky, Arkansas, Virginia, and Tennessee, a county was considered to have met its quota if signatures had been obtained from more than ten women or from women both in and outside the county seat. This information was not available for those four states, so any signatures at all were sufficient to constitute "treatment."

Counties were said to have received "major treatment" if a quota of signatures had been obtained and the sheriff had signed the pledge. "Minor treatment" counties were those in which the quota had been obtained but the sheriff had not signed. "No treatment" counties were those in which no signatures, or fewer than the quota, had been obtained.

Although lynching was primarily a Southern problem in these years, there were 59 lynchings in other parts of the United States. The "non-South counties" in which these occurred may be viewed as the limiting case of "no treatment" counties in the tables below.

There are two principal sources of "noise" in this

classification which could have operated to attenuate differences between these categories and so work against the hypothesis of effect. First, I suspect there were large differences in the accuracy of reports from the different state councils. For example, it seems unlikely that no Arkansas sheriff signed the pledge, but there is no indication that any ever did. Second, all counties have been handled as if they were "treated" simultaneously. This is, of course, not the case. In fact, a county classed as "no treatment" might have received "major treatment" in, say, 1934, immediately after its state council reported, while a county classed as having received "major treatment" might have been untreated as late as 1937, immediately before *its* state council reported.

Evaluation of the Program

The hypothesis of effect was taken to be: During the period of the Association's activities, there were fewer lynchings in the counties where it was active than would otherwise have been expected. To establish what "would otherwise have been expected," these counties will be compared to counties where the Association was not active, i.e., to "no treatment" Southern counties and to non-Southern counties."

Obviously, counties were not assigned randomly to treatment conditions, and problems of comparability arise which are by no means entirely overcome by this design. But an examination of the top half of Table 1, which shows the 1919 to 1930 distribution of lynchings for the three groups of Southern counties and for the non-South, reveals that, for the Southern counties at least, the frequency of lynching had been declining at about the same rate for all treatment categories during the decade prior to the Association's formation.

Table 1: Lynchings from 1919 to 1942 as Percentage of Total from 1919 to 1930, for Four Groups of Counties

Years	Southern Counties			Non-South Counties
	Major Treatment	Minor Treatment	No Treatment	
1919-21	44%	48%	49%	56%
1922-24	29	25	23	20
1925-27	17	17	18	12
1928-30	11	10	10	12
Total, 1919-30	100%	100%	100%	100%
(N, 1919-30)	(121)	(250)	(71)	(41)
1931-33	7%	10%	15%	27%
1934-36	10	11	17	12
1937-39	7	4	1	—
1940-42	2	4	1	5
Total, 1931-42	26%	29%	35%**	44%
(N, 1931-42)	(32)	(72)	(25)	(18)

* Data from lists of lynchings kept by the Department of Records and Research, Tuskegee Institute, Tuskegee, Alabama, and yearly "Supplements" to the NAACP's *Thirty Years of Lynching*, New York: NAACP, 1919. An incident mentioned by either source was included; discrepancies were resolved in favor of the NAACP listing. Lynchings for which county could not be determined were omitted from the analysis.

** Deviation from sum of figures above due to rounding.

(Three year rates were used to minimize the effects of random variation. Since the number of counties in these classes is different, absolute numbers are of little interest, and differences in population, among other reasons, make a "per county" figure of uncertain significance.) This fortuitous ex post facto matching allows us to rule out a few possible sources of misinterpretation. It seems unlikely, for instance, that the lynch rates for the three groups of Southern counties are differentially sensitive to economic fluctuations, or that the "climate of opinion" was changing at a different rate in treated counties than in untreated ones.

The bottom half of Table 1 bears directly on the hypothesis of effect. For each group of counties, the frequency of lynching by three year periods between 1931

and 1942 is expressed as a percentage of the 1919-1930 total. Thus, in the three years 1931-1933, the "no treatment" Southern counties had 15 percent as many lynchings as they had had in the period 1919-1930, while the "minor treatment" counties had roughly the same number of lynchings in 1931-1933 as in the preceding three years, ten percent of the 1919- 1930 total in each case.

In general, the data support the hypothesis of effect, at least in the period 1931-1936. In 1931-1933, only the "major treatment" counties continued to show a decline in the number of lynchings; the "minor treatment" counties held to about the same frequency as for the preceding three years; while the rate for the "no treatment" counties increased from ten percent of its base frequency to 15 percent. In 1934-36, the rates for all three groups increased somewhat, but the differences remain, in the predicted directions. The rate for the non-South is not as comparable, as can be seen for the period 1919-1930. To the extent that it is, however, the fact that it more than doubled in 1931-1933 supports the hypothesis, although the 1934-1936 rate is, proportionally, about the same as those for the treated Southern counties.

For the period 1937-1942, the differences are not in the expected direction. It is possible that the Association had no effect in this period, but there are a number of other possible explanations. Among them, of course, is that of chance variation (since the numbers involved are even smaller than those for the preceding period). Quite possible is the "diffusion" of effects across county lines, including the treatment of counties classed as untreated.

Realistically, it would be unwise to over-interpret these data. The differences are quite small, and the small numbers involved and the innumerable sources of error in the definition and recording of the variables suggest extreme

caution, at this point in the analysis. However, to give some meaning to the table, we may observe that there were 104 lynchings in “treated” counties between 1931 and 1942. If the number of lynchings in these counties had changed at the same rate as that in the “untreated” Southern counties (i.e., if there had been 35 percent as many as in 1919-1930), there would have been 130. If the non-South is taken as a baseline, the number that “would otherwise have been expected” is 163.

Table 2: Lynchings from 1931 to 1942, as Percentage of Total from 1919 to 1930, for Six Groups of Southern Counties

Years	Urban Counties**			Rural Counties		
	Major Treatment	Minor Treatment	No Treatment	Major Treatment	Minor Treatment	No Treatment
(N, 1919-30)	(53)	(93)	(17)	(67)	(158)	(54)
1931-36	13%	26%	29%	16%	19%	33%
1937-42	6	14	6	13	3	6
Total, 1931-42	19%	40%	35%	30%***	22%	39%

* Data from Tuskegee Institute and NAACP.

** “Urban” counties were wholly or partly in a Standard Metropolitan Statistical Area or contained at least one town with population greater than 10,000 as of the 1950 census.

*** Deviation from sum of figures above due to rounding.

A conclusion that the Association made a difference would be buttressed by Table 2, which shows the relative frequencies for rural and “urban” counties. Assuming, for the moment, that the differences are due to treatment, Table 2 shows that (between 1931 and 1936) in rural counties, “minor treatment” (i.e., the mere existence of ladies who had signed the pledge) was quite effective, almost as effective, in fact, as “major treatment” (i.e., the sheriff's pledge to oppose lynching). In more urban counties, on the other hand, the organized opinion of churchwomen per se had very little impact. However, the expressed opposition of the sheriff

seems to have been quite as effective in these counties as in the rural ones, a finding which ceases to be surprising when we consider the greater resources at the disposal of an urban sheriff with which to stop mob action. This specification of the effect is consistent with expectations, given the plausible assumptions that a homogeneous oligarchy is more likely to exist in small towns than in cities, and that the relatively informal means of social control described are more effective in small towns.

Table 2 also locates more precisely the sources of the unexpected findings for the period 1937-1942. They are due to an unexpectedly high incidence of lynching in the urban counties which received "minor treatment" and in the rural counties which received "major treatment." (Both anomalies are sufficiently large to throw off the rank ordering of treatment categories for the entire period 1931-1942.) Although there are a number of reasons consistent with the hypothesis of effect why the differences between categories might *decrease* after 1936, these *reversals* are quite perplexing.

Table 3: Percent of Lynchings from 1924 to 1942 in Which Victims Were Taken from Custody of the Law, by Treatment

Years	Southern Counties			Non-South Counties
	Major Treatment	Minor Treatment	No Treatment	
1924-30 (N)	58% (36)	47% (68)	53% (19)	58% (12)
1931-36 (N)	50% (20)	40% (50)	55% (20)	69% (16)
1937-42 (N)	45% (11)	44% (18)	75% (4)	50% (2)
Total, 1931-42	48%	41%	58%	67%

* Data from NAACP Only. Tuskegee did not record this information. This information is not available for years before 1924.

One byproduct of Table 3 is that it suggests a possible explanation for one of the anomalies in the earlier tables.

Recalling that the lynch rate for "major treatment" counties was unexpectedly high in the period 1936-1942, the observation that a smaller proportion of lynch victims in this period was taken from the hands of the law may indicate that lynchers "learned" to make sure that their victims never reached the sheriff. The numbers involved are so small, however, that the four variable tables necessary to investigate this guess further would be pointless.

The case for the hypothesis of effect rests on the totality of Tables 1, 2, and 3. In all three, the more reliable differences, those from the early part of the period, are in directions consistent with expectations derived from an analysis of the Association's activities. That chance could have produced the predicted differences in Table 1 is quite possible; that these differences should hold up under elaboration and be specified in the expected manner is far less likely.

The effects of one other stratifying variable—the alleged offense of the lynch victim—were examined, but no differences which could be ascribed to the treatment variable were observed. In this case, unlike those above, it is difficult to say what the expected effects of the variable would be. To the extent that the ladies were successful in undermining the belief that lynching was necessary for the safety of white women, we might predict that the felt need to make didactic examples of rapists would decrease. On the other hand, to the extent that the Association was successful in generating a climate of disapproval of *all* lynching, we might be led to expect that lynchings for minor offenses would be eradicated more rapidly than those for capital crimes, particularly *this* capital crime. (To further complicate matters, there is the obvious relation of the victim's crime to whether he was in the hands of the law.) In short, the failure

to find any systematic differences in the effects of treatment on lynchings for different offenses does not bear on the hypothesis of effect, and the numbers involved are too small to pursue this question further.

Summary

The following conclusions seem reasonable, within the limitations of the design:

1. The program of the Association of Southern Women for the Prevention of Lynching was effective in reducing the number of lynchings within the counties of its operation. (This assertion holds for the period 1931-1942 as a whole, and particularly for the period 1931-1936.
2. It is quite possible that the program had no effect in the period 1937-1942; no conclusion is justified. (I have indicated a number of factors—which would not reflect adversely on the program—which could have operated to increase the number of lynchings in treated counties, or decrease the number in untreated counties; and, in any event, the numbers are so small as to make chance variation an important possibility. However, the possibility of a loss of fervor or breakdown of organization in this later period must not be overlooked.)
3. "Minor treatment" (ladies' signatures only) seems to have been as effective as "major treatment" (i.e., obtaining the sheriff's signature as well) in small town and rural counties.
4. Only "major treatment" seems to have been effective in urban counties (as defined); however, it seems to have been at least as effective in urban counties as in small town and rural counties.

5. The Association was effective in reducing the proportion of lynchings in which prisoners were taken from the custody of the law (although this may have come about in part because the Association's program inflated the number of "private" lynchings over what it would have been otherwise).

The data are consistent with these conclusions and, since the design—while by no means airtight—rules out some of the obvious alternative explanations, it seems to me not unwarranted to attribute the differences shown to the activities of the Association.

Over the years I taught some great undergraduates. Here, two of their term papers plus a fragment of one of my early books add up to a whole that is more than the sum of its parts, published in Southern Cultures.

Birds of a Feather

Robert K. Merton called the tendency to form friendships with those who are like oneself “homophily.” Do Southerners prefer one another’s company, other things equal? Do non-Southerners seek each other out? Some anecdotes suggest that, in this respect, regional origin is one of the differences that makes a difference, but it would be good to have more solid evidence than that.

In *Southerners: The Social Psychology of Sectionalism* I looked at the role of region in friendship choices, based on a survey of undergraduate students at the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill in 1976. Respondents were asked to list their three best friends at the university and to say how many of the three were “from the South.” Then as now, approximately 90 percent of Chapel Hill students came from Southern states (the precise figure depends both on how “the South” is defined and on what it means to be “from” somewhere), so if students chose friends without regard to regional origin, only a fraction of one percent would have had no Southerners among their three best friends; about four percent would have had only one; about 28 percent two; and the majority—over two-thirds—would have had no non-Southern “best friends” at all. (See the left-most column of Table 1.) This would reflect neither homophily or discrimination against non-Southerners, simply the composition of the pool from which friends *could* be chosen.

Defining “the South” as the eleven former Confederate

states plus Kentucky and Oklahoma, Table 1 shows that students who said they were from *non-Southern* states displayed a high degree of homophily: They were much less likely than chance would predict to have all three of their best friends from the South and much more likely to have no Southern best friends or only one. Overall, about a third of non-Southern students' best friends were also non-Southern, roughly three times what random selection would produce. *Southern* students, on the other hand, had best friends whose origins basically reflected the population distribution: They were, if anything, as likely to have "too few" Southern friends (given the composition of the pool) as "too many."

Table 1. Number of "Three Best Friends" from the South, for Southern and Non-Southern Students at the University of North Carolina, 1976.

Number of Friends from South	Expected percentage (assuming random choice of friends)	Students from Southern States*	Students from Non-Southern States
None	—%*	3%	9%
One	4	5	19
Two	28	21	33
Three	68	71	39
	100%	100%	100%
(Number of respondents)		(545)	(64)

* Less than one-half of one percent.

Over twenty years later, in 1998, sociology students Christy Roberson and Chris Holland repeated the study. Once again, the sample was of undergraduate students at the University of North Carolina, but this time it was restricted to out-of-state students to eliminate any possible effect of the fact that most Southern students are in fact from North Carolina and many friendships may predate Chapel

Hill. Although the sample was quite small, the results are essentially the same: Southern students' friendships simply reflected the geographical distribution of the student body, but non-Southern students "over-chose" other non-Southerners. Their regional homophily was even more marked than in the previous study; over half—53 percent—of their best friends were also non-Southerners.

Table 2. Number of "Three Best Friends" from the South, for Southern and Non-Southern Out-of-State Students at the University of North Carolina, 1998.

Number of Friends from South	Expected percentage (assuming random choice of friends)	Students from Southern States*	Students from Non-Southern States
None	—% *	0%	12%
One	4	8	38
Two	28	28	46
Three	68	64	4
	100%	100%	100%
(Number of respondents)		(25)	(24)

* Less than one-half of one percent.

These results are open to several interpretations. One possibility is that non-Southerners in general have a tendency to avoid Southerners when choosing friends, while Southerners are indifferent to (or ambivalent about) the regional origins of their friends. Although Southerners are the numerical majority in this setting, they have been a cultural minority in the United States, and studies of ethnic group relations often find that majority groups maintain more "social distance" from minorities than the minorities maintain from them.

But a similar study in an institution where non-Southerners greatly outnumber Southerners lets us rule out

this interpretation. In 1992 UNC sociology student Earle A. Koontz conducted a small survey at Princeton University, where only 24 percent of undergraduates were from the thirteen Southern states. At Princeton random choice of friends would have produced a distribution very different from that at Chapel Hill. (See the left-hand column of Table 3.) What Koontz found was a reversal of the North Carolina pattern: At Princeton the *non-Southern* students had friendships that simply reflected the population distribution, while the Southern students appeared to have sought each other out. Only a quarter of Southern students had no Southern friends, roughly half the figure that would be expected if region had nothing to do with friendship formation. Put another way: although fewer than a quarter of Princeton students were from the South, about 42 percent of Southern students' best friends were also Southerners.

Table 3. Number of "Three Best Friends" from the South, for Southern and Non-Southern Students at Princeton University.

Number of Friends from South	Expected percentage (assuming random choice of friends)	Students from Southern States*	Students from Non-Southern States
None	46%	26%	52%
One	41	31	38
Two	12	34	8
Three	1	9	2
	100%	100%	100%
(Number of respondents)		(58)	(50)

It appears that the effects of region on friendship formation are context-specific. The smaller group *in the*

particular setting (non-Southerners at the University of North Carolina, Southerners at Princeton) displays more homophily than the larger group. (This is a frequent finding with respect to black-white relations.) This might be because members' group identity is heightened by the experience of being in a minority, or simply because there are so few that chance contacts would effectively leave most with no in-group friends at all.

There is yet another possibility. It could be that regional background plays little or no role in the actual selection of friends but merely influences activities that lead to friendship. Thus, Lynn Smith-Lovin tells me that Canadian students at the University of Arizona meet each other by playing hockey. Do they play in order to meet other Canadians, or just because they like hockey? If the latter, we are observing not "choice" homophily but rather "induced" homophily (created by social structure). Are there similar activities that bring together non-Southerners in Southern universities, and Southerners in northern ones?

In short, the nature of the linkage between regional background and friendship formation is still not clear. What is clear, however, is that where one's regional origins—like one's ethnicity, social class, race, and religion—can make a difference in this respect.

This is from the "South Polls" section of Southern Cultures, an occasional back-of-the-book feature that presented brief summaries of quantitative data that we hoped would interest our readers.

Seniors and the Sunbelt

The Southern comedian Brother Dave Gardner once cracked that "the only reason people live in the North is because they have jobs there." He added, "You never heard of nobody *retiring* to the North, have you?" That was funnier in the early 1960s, before the South began to attract people who only live in it because they have jobs there. And maybe it shouldn't have been so funny even then: One way to hear it is as a comment on the absence of jobs in the South. But the second half of Brother Dave's observation still has the ring of truth: You *don't* think of retirees as flocking to the Northeast and the Midwest. And, as a matter of fact, they don't.

Charles F. Longino, Jr., ranked the fifty states and the District of Columbia by the net number of migrants (in-migrants minus out-migrants) sixty years old and older between 1995 and 2000. (See the numbers in parentheses in the table below.) Eight of the top ten destinations were in the South: Florida, North Carolina, South Carolina, Texas, Georgia, Tennessee, Alabama, and Arkansas, in that order. The only non-Southern states in the top ten were Arizona (number two) and Nevada (number four). In general, Longino's analysis shows that most of the South and parts of the West were net gainers of senior citizens; in the South only Louisiana and Kentucky showed net losses.

RATIO OF IN-MIGRANTS TO OUT-MIGRANTS (net in-migration in parentheses; Southern states bold caps)

Big Gainers

2.56	Arizona (81,780))
2.34	FLORIDA (229,752)
2.28	Nevada (34,912)

Gainers

1.89	SOUTH CAROLINA (22,469)
1.81	NORTH CAROLINA (34,989)
1.57	TENNESSEE (18,183)
1.56	Delaware (4354)
1.50	GEORGIA (21,135)

Slight Gainers

1.35	New Mexico (6390)
1.35	Montana (2848)
1.34	ALABAMA (7848)
1.30	MISSISSIPPI (4482)
1.29	ARKANSAS (6738)
1.27	TEXAS (21,508)
1.22	Idaho (2760)
1.16	Utah (2087)
1.16	Maine (1775)
1.15	OKLAHOMA (3411)
1.14	Oregon (4873)
1.10	Missouri (3712)
1.05	VIRGINIA (2320)
1.05	Colorado (1774)
1.05	New Hampshire (742)
1.04	Vermont (246)
1.03	Washington (1168)

Big Losers

-4.13	New York (-155,186)
-2.61	Illinois (-65,409)
-2.47	District of Columbia (-6654)

Losers

-1.95	Michigan (-34,149)
-1.85	Alaska (-3241)
-1.79	New Jersey (-42,891)
-1.75	Connecticut (-15,855)
-1.64	Massachusetts (-19,432)
-1.63	Ohio (-28,047)
-1.58	Minnesota (-11,177)
-1.55	Iowa (-8027)
-1.52	California (-66,392)
-1.51	North Dakota (-1724)

Slight Losers

-1.38	Pennsylvania (-22,973)
-1.35	Maryland (-12,049)
-1.33	Indiana (-10,910)
-1.24	Wisconsin (-6382)
-1.22	LOUISIANA (-3873)
-1.20	Nebraska (-1998)
-1.18	Rhode Island (-1356)
-1.14	Kansas (-2537)
-1.10	West Virginia (-192)
-1.08	Hawaii (-658)
-1.05	South Dakota (-281)
-1.03	KENTUCKY (-734)
-1.02	Wyoming (-129)

The difference in the absolute numbers of in- and out-migrants is obviously important for purposes of planning and analysis, but even more revealing in some ways is the number of in-migrants per out-migrant, in other words the *ratio* of in-migrants to out-migrants, which can be seen as a measure of attractiveness independent of the size of a state's population. (Given a large state and a small one with the

same ratio, the large state will have greater net migration, other things equal.) A state that attracts two retirees for every one it loses obviously has something to offer that a state that is only breaking even does not.

As the table shows, some states are more—and others less—attractive than the net migration figures indicate. Delaware, for example, was only fourteenth among the fifty states and the District of Columbia in net in-migration, but the three retirees it attracted for every two it lost moves it up to number seven in attractiveness—similar to Georgia and Tennessee. Alaska, on the other hand, was thirty-fifth in net migration, but it lost nearly two golden-agers for every one who moved there, a ratio that moves it down even further, to forty-seventh, (It may be, in fact, be true for Alaska that the only reason many people live there is because they have jobs there.) By contrast, when ranked by net migration California was fiftieth, its net out-migration second only to New York's; but it managed to attract two oldsters for every three who left, which moves it up to fortieth—not quite so bad.

Whatever measure is used, however, the picture is clear. In the 1970s a great deal was heard about the “Sunbelt,” and that simplistic idea received much well-deserved criticism at the time. But to say that the Sunbelt is more attractive to retirees than the Frost Belt is a good first approximation. Americans who live in (mostly Southern or Western) states with warm weather and/or low living costs are less likely to leave when they retire than those in (mostly Northeastern or Midwestern) states that are colder and/or more expensive—and the combination of cold and expense is killing New York.

Hoffman Research Associates (HRA) conducted the research that produced this article. Carl Hoffman was HRA's president and I was a consultant in the later stages of data analysis. We wrote the report together. It was published in 1981 in the late, lamented Public Interest, and was widely reprinted. It provides a bit more than ten percent of this book's volume, if maybe not quite that much of its interest.

Sex Discrimination?

The XYZ Affair

(with Carl Hoffman)

Group differences in occupational success are a stubborn fact of American life. The legislative attack on discrimination which culminated in the federal civil rights legislation of the 1960's was intended to remove that component of these differences brought about by systematic discrimination against individuals on the grounds of race, sex, religion, and other group memberships. But it remains the case that, in many situations, members of some groups are still more often hired, retained, and promoted than others. The resulting shift of emphasis from equality of opportunity to equality of result, adumbrated in Lyndon Johnson's Howard University speech of 1965, has led to the emergence of two distinct schools of thought regarding the remaining differences between what have come to be called "protected groups" and everyone else. Nowhere has the contrast between these two views been sharper, or the debate more heated, than with regard to the occupational status of women.

On the one hand, some argue that the persisting imbalances result from continuing bias and discrimination on the part of employers, more subtle than the simple

refusal to reward qualified women, to be sure; it may even be unintended. Such less-than-rational ways of doing business as seniority systems, or fixed lines of progression with no opportunity for transfer between lines, or irrelevant requirements of education or prior experience may well put unjustifiable barriers to advancement in the way of groups of employees or would-be employees, groups which may be disproportionately female. Proponents of this view argue that we cannot know to what extent parity would result from market processes until, in fact, parity is established. Differences in the attitudes and behaviors of men and women are seen as reflecting women's perceptions that the opportunity structure is closed to them. Affirmative action, "goals," and quotas are necessary to undo the "effects of past discrimination" and start things over on an equal footing. The implicit assumption is that, thereafter, equality of result should follow.

Another view, however, has it that even after all discrimination, blatant and subtle, is eliminated, "imbalances" will persist as a result of the tendency of men and women to make different choices, even when given the same range of alternatives to choose from. Women, in other words, are likely to seek out and to remain voluntarily in different sorts of jobs than men. Those who argue this position point to one or more of three factors (though seldom to all three) to support their conclusion.

In the first place, although it has become impolite to say so, there are at least some biological differences between men and women. Such differences explain why no women play for the Pittsburgh Steelers and none ever will (except perhaps as a place-kicker) unless the Steelers are subjected to involuntary "guidelines." It is at least possible that other occupations are wholly or partially closed to women for

similar reasons, although the burden of proof should no doubt rest with someone who wants to assert that there is a performance-related, innate difference between men and women. (It is considerably easier to demonstrate—or to assume without challenge—that the social fact of gender is job-related than to demonstrate that the biological fact of sex is. One thinks, for example, of washroom attendants.)

A second factor sometimes adduced is that the early socialization of men and women tends to prepare them for different sorts of occupations. This fact may be deplored, but few would deny that it is at present and has always been a fact. For the time being, at least, sex-role socialization includes a strong occupational component. Men and women consequently enter the labor market with different abilities and aspirations (although this may be changing).

Finally, some point to the effects of traditional family roles on the job-related attitudes and behavior of husbands and wives (or those who expect to become husbands and wives). The traditional division of labor in the home will handicap even highly motivated and well-trained women, while it gives their husbands the freedom—indeed, the obligation—to seek occupational success. Particularly in a home where the husband is the only breadwinner, he is expected to win bread. And his wife is expected to support his efforts to acquire training and advancement.

These differences are especially acute when children are present. Rearing children is a compelling social function for women, one which competes with the demands of a job. Although this role is available to men, they are less likely (whether for biological or social reasons) to accept primary responsibility for it, and are more likely to be regarded as deviant if they do. Their responsibility to their children is likely to be seen and felt as one of providing material well-

being, a responsibility quite consistent with striving for occupational success.

Whatever the basis for this view—whether it emphasizes biology, socialization, or current family roles—its implications are quite different from those of the view that sees most imbalance as resulting from discrimination of some sort. It implies that it is unreasonable to expect occupational parity between men and women soon, if ever, and that we should strive for equal treatment of individuals rather than equal results for men and for women. In particular, goals and timetables and all the rest will be and remain unwise and, in fact, illiberal. They will not have the desired effects, even in the very long run; they will undermine the economic organization of enterprise, by rewarding ascription rather than achievement; they will force employers to disregard not only their own interests but the desires of individual employees—desires the employer did nothing to produce.

Unlike the view of quotas as requiring, at most, a temporary sacrifice of economic rationality and fairness to individuals, this view has it that the sacrifice is permanent, for all practical purposes. The law should open opportunities and expand the range of choices for individuals—not interfere with rational business practice, individual decisions, or the fundamental institutions of society.

The Policy Debate

Clearly, in one view, employers are responsible for existing imbalances, ought to do something about them, and can do something without more than temporary and limited ill effects. In the other view, the situation results from factors

outside employers' control, and (remediation aside) there is little employers can do that does not involve considerable and lasting cost to them, and injustice both to them and to individual employees. Obviously, it is important to know which view is more nearly, and more often, correct.

The Equal Employment Opportunity Commission and the Office of Federal Contract Compliance Programs, the two federal agencies principally responsible for enforcing the law, have in effect assumed an answer. Their original and continuing interpretation of the law has been to require parity of results in hiring, promotion, pay, and so forth—even when no wrongful action has been demonstrated. If, for instance, the proportion of women among a company's supervisors is significantly lower than the proportion among those from whom they are drawing, a *prima facie* case for discrimination exists, and the employer can be obliged to demonstrate either that the statistics are inaccurate or that the imbalance results from differences in other factors, such as education or prior experience. This last demonstration has sometimes been challenged successfully on the grounds that these "other factors" are not actually related to job performance.

In general, the courts have upheld the legality of this procedure and, both through approving the application of affirmative action procedures and through giving massive injunctive relief to aggrieved employees—requiring organizational and procedural changes on the part of employers—have appeared to agree with the view that parity is the "normal" outcome of a fair process. (On the other hand, the courts have recently upheld in some cases segmented labor forces, seniority systems, and the loose and amorphous standard of "business necessity"—decisions rightly seen as setbacks in the struggle for parity,

if not for justice.)

Whatever the position of the federal agencies and the courts, however, it is not at all clear what measure of imbalance can reasonably be expected once all vestiges of illegal discrimination are removed. Will it be negligible, as their implementation of the law implies? Or will it be substantial, as several other lines of thought suggest?

It is difficult to answer the question empirically in even a single case, since the advocates of affirmative action are quite correct in their assertion that most companies have organizational features and practices that allow at least the possibility of discrimination against women. Few companies have internal labor markets with complete freedom of lateral movement: Most put employees into operative, clerical, professional, or management tracks and expect them to stay there; others have union agreements to the same effect. Even fewer companies feel obliged to inform all employees of all openings within the company. Fewer still hire on the grounds of basic skills and potential ability, without regard to formal education or previous experience. And very, very few hire only at the bottom and fill all management positions from below with people who began in clerical or operative positions.

If such a company could be found, then the contentions of the two schools could be put to the test. If men and women advance in the company at different rates, if they are found in different proportions at different levels, then it must be the case that this results from differences they bring to their employment, not from discrimination. As it happens, we have just such a company, and have conducted just such a test.

In August 1978, the XYZ Corporation, a Fortune 500 company, approached Hoffmann Research Associates, a

North Carolina consulting firm, to conduct a study of its personnel practices. (The company has asked that it not be identified. Otherwise, no restrictions have been placed on our analysis or our reporting on it.) The company's motive was not altruistic: A sex discrimination suit had been filed in one of its divisions, and it stood to lose a lot of money. The division of XYZ in question was one with considerable sales and clerical responsibility. It employed roughly 6,000 persons, of whom 5,500 were in entry-level clerical positions, and 500 in supervisory and management positions, ranging from assistant supervisor to senior vice-president.

The charges of discrimination had been filed by several female clerks who pointed to the fact that, while 82 percent of the entry-level jobs were filled by women between 1971 and 1978, female clerks were only 74 percent of those promoted in 1978 and only 61 percent of those promoted in earlier years. Promotion at XYZ was always from one level to the next. Men were obviously much more likely than women to be promoted at this first level (although at higher levels in the company there was no difference in the promotion rates of men and women).

XYZ made no attempt to dispute these figures, but its management could not explain them. Discrimination was forbidden; an entire district supervisory staff had once been dismissed for such practices; XYZ's management was sure employees were treated fairly. There were no differences in education, training, or experience that could explain the differences, and seniority was not a factor. Management insisted that only knowledge of the job, performance, and leadership played a part in promotion, but never asserted that there were differences between men and women in these respects. The president of the company had begun in an entry-level job in this particular division. The

management of XYZ was genuinely puzzled.

Their choice of Hoffmann Research Associates (HRA) to conduct the study may speak to their belief in their own innocence. The research firm came to the attention of XYZ because of its work for plaintiffs—in support of cases very much like the one against XYZ.

The research task was to determine the reasons for the lower rate of promotion for female than for male clerks, and to study another pattern that management had noticed, that of women being less likely than men to apply for lateral transfer within the company.

Trained interviewers conducted private, personal interviews, on company time, with independent samples of 363 female clerks, 283 male clerks, and 204 supervisors (102 male and 102 female). The samples were drawn randomly and proportionately from some 20 offices in all parts of the continental United States. The questions of particular interest to HRA were embedded in a lengthy “job satisfaction” questionnaire.

Promotion-seeking Behavior

Somewhat to the researchers’ surprise, data analysis quickly made it clear that male and female clerks at XYZ were promoted in almost exactly the same proportions as they expressed interest in promotion. On the face of it, the difference in promotion rates for men and for women did not result from practices and policies that discriminated against women, but from a pattern of behaviors and attitudes that led male clerks more often than female clerks to seek and to accept promotion.

In the year prior to the survey, twice as many men as women (28 percent compared to 14 percent) had asked to

be promoted, and the company's response was, if anything, more positive toward the women who asked than toward the men. (Possible sampling error of plus or minus five percent should be allowed for the samples of clerks, and somewhat more for the samples of supervisors.)

TABLE I. Self-reported promotion-seeking behavior, 1978 and before

	MEN		WOMEN	
Percent who requested promotion	28%	14%	30%	11%
Of those, percent reporting positive response	55	70	51	55
Percent asked whether interested in promotion	36	34	41	33
Of those, percent who expressed interest	74	43	39	35
Percent who indicated interest either way	39	21	45	19
(N)	(283)	(363)	(213)	(225)

*Asked only of respondents employed before 1978.

Similarly, equal proportions of men and women had been asked if they were interested in promotion, but among those asked, men were nearly twice as likely as women to have indicated that they were interested. Altogether, 39 percent of the male clerks had indicated, in one way or another, that they would like to be promoted; only 21 percent of the female clerks had done so. (In earlier years, the difference had been even greater: Among those who had been with XYZ in 1977 and before, 46 percent of the men and 19 percent of the women said they had indicated their interest between 1971 and 1977.)

These ratios predict almost perfectly the relative rates of promotion for men and for women. Thirty-five percent of the clerks who expressed interest in promotion before 1978

were male, compared to 39 percent of those who were promoted; in 1978, 29 percent of those who expressed interest in promotion, and 26 percent of those who were promoted, were men. For both periods, the differences are small, and well within expected sampling error.

It seems reasonable to suppose that promotions will be offered more often to those who have indicated their availability, or at least not indicated that they are not interested. In fact, those who reported that they had sought promotion were twice as likely as the others to report that they had actually been offered promotion at some point.

We have one other indication of the behavior patterns that led to the observed differences in promotion. Ambitious clerks might stay well-informed about opportunities for lateral transfers, some of which offer more pay, responsibility, or opportunity. At XYZ, notices of openings are posted, and employees encouraged to "bid" on those that interested them. Twenty-five percent of the male clerks, compared to ten percent of the female clerks, indicated that they followed the posted openings closely. If actual bidding practices reflected this ratio of interest, we would expect roughly 35 percent of all bids to have been from males. In fact, between 1973 and 1978, according to company records, 36 percent of the 5,708 bids by clerks were from men.

It appears, then, that male clerks at XYZ were promoted more often than female clerks to the same extent that they more often exhibited interest in promotion and engaged in promotion-seeking behavior.

Perceptions of discrimination can, of course, vary independently of actual practices. It would not be unprecedented to find a situation where some category of workers was subjected to systematic discrimination without being aware of it. Nor, in the present case, would it be

surprising to find a widespread belief that female clerks were being discriminated against, particularly given the undeniable and striking differences in promotion rates and the present litigious climate.

TABLE II. Ratings of XYZ promotion policies and perceived reasons for not being offered promotion

	MEN	WOMEN
Percent saying "good" or "excellent" -		
Transfer policy	72%	80%
Policy of promoting from within	68	70
"An individual's" promotion chances	43	42
Own promotion chances	34	29
(N)	(281)	(360)
Reasons for not being offered promotion -		
Discrimination	3%	1%
Known not to be interested	27	41
Personality, personal history	19	10
Not qualified	14	25
(N)*	(230)	(300)

*Asked only of those not offered promotion in 1978.

But, as Table II shows, although a good many respondents of both sexes were dissatisfied with various aspects of their jobs, only a negligible proportion complained about discrimination of any sort—sex, race, religious, or age—and males were more likely than females to complain. Female clerks were less likely than males to indicate that their own individual chances for promotion were "excellent" or "good," but when asked why they had not in fact been offered promotion, they were much more likely than males to indicate that they were known to be uninterested or that they were not qualified.

These data do not in themselves establish the absence of discrimination—any more than would widespread perceptions of discrimination establish its existence. But

they do reinforce the evidence in the earlier analysis of even-handed treatment.

Aspirations and Motivation

If, as we believe we have demonstrated, the difference in promotion rates between male and female clerks was not due to company policy or practice, the differences in behavior which did produce it remain to be explained. The explanation appears to lie in the fact that female clerks were likely to have lower aspirations than male clerks, less likely to have had the time or to have felt they had the ability for higher-level positions, more likely to have seen their employment as a "job" rather than as a stage in a career, and more likely to have sought better working conditions rather than advancement.

Table III presents some of the evidence on aspirations. Female clerks, it appears, were more likely than male clerks to have sought a clerical job specifically. Men were more likely to report that they were ready to accept any position that was open, evidently viewing their first position as simply an entree to the company. Men were also more likely to indicate an initial interest in a marketing job, while those women who did not seek to be clerks were more often looking for positions as secretaries or service workers. Men were somewhat more likely to desire to move from their present positions, and they thought of such moves in terms of promotion, while more than half of those women who wanted a change preferred to move laterally, to a position as a clerk of some other sort.

When we asked what these clerks' ultimate ambitions were, we found that women were twice as likely as men to be content with their present positions, and those who did

aspire to higher positions set their sights lower than men: Only 14 percent sought positions above the level of supervisor, compared to nearly half the men.

TABLE III: Past and present aspirations of male and female clerks

	MEN	WOMEN
Originally sought present position	45%	66%
Would like different position	67	57
Other clerical position	10	24
Supervisor, assistant supervisor, market representative	42	22
Ultimate aspirations		
Present position	21	39
Supervisor, assistant supervisor	12	27
Chief supervisor, manager	25	9
Executive	21	5
Other, don't know	20	20

In short, the women's ambitions, both for immediate advancement and long-term success, were more limited than the men's. This difference was present when they were hired; it was not something the company created.

Resource Commitment and Career

For most clerks, the first step up is promotion to assistant supervisor, a position which carries a modest increase in salary (\$65.00 a month at the time of the survey), longer hours, rotating shifts, and a considerable increase in responsibility. Male and female clerks agreed (see Table IV) that such a promotion would impose a number of burdens that they did not have to carry in their present positions.

TABLE IV. What promotion to supervisor would mean

	MEN	WOMEN
Would have to work more hours	63%	62%
Flexibility of hours would decrease	53	54
Harder to find someone to cover hours	73	70
Less access to desired shifts	47	44

Unless one sees it as a step toward higher, and substantially more rewarding, positions—or unless one has few other commitments—there would seem to be little incentive to accept such a promotion if it were offered. We have seen already that men are more likely to see promotion in this light; it appears also they are likely to view other commitments as less inhibiting.

TABLE V. Trade-offs against promotion, for male and female clerks

	MEN	WOMEN
Would prefer optimal shift assignment to promotion	33%	45%
Would not accept transfer to obtain promotion	12	28
Would prefer to have part-time job, if possible	18	44
Do not have time needed for chief supervisor's position	12	30
Expect to leave labor force for significant time before retirement	4	10
Worked less than 10 hours overtime per month last year	71	83
Voluntarily out of labor market for significant time in past	5	13
Do not have ability for chief supervisor's position	8	26
Composite index of motivation (see text) - "highly motivated"	61	31
(N, range)	(279-283)	(354-363)

Table V shows a number of attitudes and behaviors that bear on this question. Male clerks were willing or able to give up more, in general, to obtain promotion. They would have been more likely to accept a transfer, more likely to give up an optimal shift assignment. They were more likely to indicate that they had the time to devote to the job. While nearly half of the women said they would prefer to work

only part-time, if that were possible, only 18 percent of the men shared that view; male agents were more likely to have worked substantial amounts of overtime.

For many more female than male clerks, the question of promotion was of little importance, because they did not intend to remain employed. Although the great majority of both male and female clerks planned to remain in the labor force, and had been in it without interruption, female clerks were significantly more likely than male clerks to plan to drop out, at least for a while, and more likely actually to have done so in the past. The most frequent reason given by men who had dropped out or planned to do so was to obtain additional education or training; a majority of the women indicated that their past or anticipated withdrawal from the labor force was for "family reasons."

Women, more than men, were unwilling or unable to make a number of sacrifices which, they recognized, career advancement requires. Moreover, a pattern of discontinuous employment, reflecting commitments other than to one's career, was more common among women than among men. Finally, women were substantially more likely than men to believe they lacked the ability to fill higher-level positions (see Table V). While the perceptions of female clerks—or, for that matter, those of male clerks—may be inaccurate, they can have the same effects as a real difference in abilities.

Table V also shows a composite index of motivation: Those who reported that they aspire to higher-level management, that they would give up a preferred shift schedule for promotion, and that they have the time and ability to be a chief supervisor are labeled "highly motivated." Men fell in this category twice as often as women; 61 percent compared to 31 percent. This difference

in motivation goes a long way toward explaining the observed difference in promotion-seeking behavior. As Table VI shows, there was no difference between men and women with low motivation: Neither group was likely to have sought promotion. Those with high motivation were much likely to have done so—twice as likely if they were women, three times as likely if they were men.

Effects of Marriage and Parenthood

But why were women who were apparently motivated to seek promotion less likely than men actually to have done so?

The breakdowns by marital status in Table VI suggest an answer. The differences between unmotivated men and women were relatively small, as were those between highly-motivated, unmarried men and women.

The largest difference between men and women in the table is that between highly-motivated married men and highly-motivated married women. Marriage appears to increase promotion-seeking among highly-motivated men and to decrease it among highly-motivated women.

The male and female respondents were about equally likely to be 'married: 47 percent and 48 percent respectively. But while 21 percent of the males were married men with dependent children, only ten percent of the women were married, with children at home.

Evidently, female clerks were more likely either to have deferred child-bearing or to have dropped out of the labor force while they had dependent children. It may well be that the effects of marriage and parenthood on women would be even more pronounced than they appear to be if the sample

of mothers were not self-selected to comprise those most committed to their jobs or most able to cope with conflicting demands of job and family.

TABLE VI. Promotion-seeking behavior by motivation, for male and female clerks, married and unmarried

	PERCENT SEEKING PROMOTION (N)	
	MEN	WOMEN
Low motivation	16% (114)	16% (249)
Unmarried	14% (65)	20% (127)
Married	20% (46)	12% (122)
High motivation	53% (172)	33% (111)
Unmarried	47% (88)	36% (61)
Married	60% (84)	30% (53)

For nearly all of our measures of motivation, commitment, promotion-seeking, and perceived ability to meet the demands of a new position, the effect of marriage—marriage per se, without the added complications of child-rearing—was to reduce the likelihood of promotion for women, on the average, and to increase that for men. Nevertheless, the company appears to have inquired about interest in promotion with an even hand: Among the unmarried, 32 percent of both male and female clerks reported that they were asked whether they were interested; among the married, who tended to be older and more experienced, 40 percent of the men and 36 percent of the women reported inquiries.

One implication of this analysis is that married male

clerks were more likely than married female clerks to come from households where their job was seen as the principal career within the family. Table VII confirms this. The demands of male clerks' jobs were usually seen as determining; female clerks had more often to compromise between the demands of their jobs, on the one hand, and those of their husbands' jobs and their own household responsibilities, on the other. These women were most often economic equals with their husbands, while their male colleagues usually had the economically important jobs in their families.

Thus, though practically none of the male clerks would have given up his job with XYZ if his spouse's career required a move, roughly half of the female clerks would have done so (but not all, by any means). Similarly, nearly all of the male clerks would expect their wives to follow them, if their XYZ jobs required a move; about half of the female clerks would expect their husbands to move with them. While nine out of ten male clerks said that their job was the most important in the family, female clerks were more evenly divided, and frequently volunteered that their jobs and their husband's jobs were equally important.

These impressionistic data are confirmed by a look at income figures. Female clerks, on the average, earned only slightly less than their husbands (about \$400 a year) and 45 percent earned more. But 92 percent of the male clerks earned more than their wives, and the average income difference was substantial—especially, of course, for the 34 percent whose wives were not in the paid labor force at all. (Less than one percent of the married female clerks had husbands who were not in the paid labor force.)

Marriage means different things for male and female clerks. Most often, a married male clerk finds himself with a

household primarily or even completely dependent on his present and future earnings. He usually expects that his family will adjust to the demands of his career. Those demands are in a strong position in the competition for his time and attention, and he faces no choice between his family role and his job: To a large extent, his family role *is* his job. But female clerks showed no consistent pattern of either primacy or subordination in the economic lives of their families. Their career decisions often required compromises, which need not go against their career interests, but would not necessarily favor them either.

TABLE VII. Indicators of occupational primacy within family, by sex (Married respondents only)

	MEN	WOMEN
Would give up XYZ job if spouse's job required a move	4%	53%
Spouse would give up job if respondent's job required a move	92	55
Respondent's job more important to family than spouse's	90	34
Spouse's job more important to family than respondent's	4	50

The effects of parenthood were like those of marriage, only more so. It increased men's desire for promotion and their efforts to achieve it, and decreased both among women. The male and female clerks in our sample did not differ in their desire for additional children: 43 percent of the women and 42 percent of the men intended to have them. But the effects would be quite different: 17 percent of the

women who planned to have children did not intend to remain in the labor force until retirement; only four percent of the men who planned to have children expressed an intention to leave, a figure virtually identical to those for male and female clerks who did not plan to have more children. Similarly, 28 percent of the female clerks who had children had been out of the labor force in the past, compared to three percent of the fathers in our sample. Childless female clerks, and male clerks with and without children were likely to have worked overtime and reported that they were available for any shift assignment; but mothers of children under 18 years, not surprisingly, reported less flexibility.

While parenthood, like marriage, means added responsibilities for both men and women, the responsibilities of wives and mothers conflict with their on-the-job behavior in ways that those of husbands and fathers do not. In this case, it limited women's ability to devote extra time, perhaps at unusual hours, to their jobs—an ability which these clerks recognized is required of supervisors.

Female Supervisors

Many female clerks resolve the conflict between their household responsibilities and their husbands' careers, on the one hand, and their own careers, on the other, by lowering their levels of aspiration and by avoiding the added responsibilities that would accompany promotion. Another possibility, of course, would be to remain single, or childless, as had many female supervisors who sought, were offered, and accepted promotion. Although they were roughly the same age as male supervisors, only 46 percent were married, compared to 81 percent of the men, and only

nine percent had children under five years old, compared to 34 percent of the men.

Married female supervisors were much more likely than married female clerks to report that their job was the more important one in their household. Although only 22 percent of the female clerks consistently reported that their jobs were more important than their spouses', 42 percent of the female supervisors did so (compared to 78 percent and 77 percent of male clerks and supervisors, respectively). Sixty percent of the female supervisors earned more than their spouses, compared to 45 percent of the female clerks (and 92 percent and 94 percent of male clerks and supervisors, respectively). Six percent reported that their husbands are full-time homemakers, a response given by only one of 175 married female clerks.

In these respects, male clerks, in general, already "looked like" male supervisors: Nearly all of both groups came from households where their economic responsibility was, both psychologically and in fact, the principal one. Female clerks, as we have seen, were much less likely to be in that situation. Female supervisors, though, fell somewhere in between.

The pattern is repeated when we look at Table VIII. In nearly every respect, supervisors differed from clerks of the same sex in those characteristics that we have identified as important for promotion—characteristics that male clerks were more likely than female clerks to display. But notice two things about the table: In the first place, male clerks by and large thought and behaved more like supervisors than did female clerks (an implication of our earlier analysis). In the second place, and importantly, female supervisors differed relatively little from male supervisors. They displayed comparable levels of motivation, similar attitudes,

and similar behaviors—and they had been rewarded for that with promotion.

Some, as we have noted, did this by avoiding marriage and parenthood, others by entering into marriages where the principal economic responsibility was theirs. In general, our data showed that the effects of marriage on the attitudes and behaviors of female supervisors were usually negligible, and as often in the direction of increasing motivation and promotion-seeking behavior as of decreasing it—a striking contrast to the situation for female clerks.

TABLE VIII. Promotion-related Characteristics, by sex, among agents and supervisors

	AGENTS		SUPERVISORS	
	MEN	WOMEN	MEN	WOMEN
Prefer promotion to desired shift	67%	54%	88%	86%
Aspire to higher management	79	60	88	82
Summary index of motivation "high"	61	31	75	<u>75</u>
Would not prefer part-time job	82	56	75	78
Household responsibilities do not restrict hours available	96	92	95	98
Worked overtime in past year	91	86	91	93
Have expressed interest in promotion	39	21	63	61
Follow postings of transfers	25	10	21	6
Would accept promotion to assistant supervisor	66	52	*	*

*Not applicable, since supervisors have already accepted promotion.

In short, those women who sought and accepted promotion at XYZ were disproportionately women who, whether willingly or through force of circumstances, had avoided the pattern of aspirations, values, and behavior which led many of their female coworkers to choose not to compete for promotion. They displayed characteristics which resembled those of male clerks and supervisors, and which set them off from many female clerks. In part, this is

because many had remained unmarried, and few of the married women had small children. But even those who had married showed high levels of the promotion-related characteristics we have been examining: Marriage simply appears to have had less of an inhibiting effect on their aspirations and behaviors than on those of female clerks generally. The reason seems to be that they were more likely to have a household division of labor like that of their male co-workers, in which their occupational success played an important, even a primary, part.

Discrimination?

Did the relatively low proportion of women among those promoted reflect discrimination? Clearly the answer is no. It reflected differences in the behaviors and attitudes of male and female clerks—differences the company and its policies had no part in producing. These differences decrease as one moves up the organizational ladder, reflecting self-selection at each step: Those women who are prepared to seek and to accept responsibility are as likely to be promoted as men who do so.

Even at the supervisory level, though, some of the differences persisted, as we have seen. It should come as no surprise to learn, then, that XYZ's records show a much higher rate of voluntary self-demotion among female supervisors than among their male colleagues, and that the reasons given by women usually involve family demands or moves to a new locale required by their husbands' jobs.

If this survey had not been conducted, XYZ would almost certainly have lost the lawsuit, paid million-dollar damages, and been subjected to injunctive procedures setting up goals and timetables for the elimination of

discrimination. If that had happened, it would have had unfortunate consequences for nearly everyone concerned.

In the first place, and obviously, male clerks who otherwise would have been promoted would have been passed over. Perhaps less obviously, female clerks who neither sought nor desired promotion might have faced pressure to accept it, resulting either in inadequate performance in higher-level positions or in stresses and forced changes in their family lives.

From the company's point of view, perhaps the worst feature of such an outcome would be the resulting deformation of its present structure of opportunity and rewards. XYZ Corporation has been the most successful company in its industry for years despite—or because of—the fact that it does not have a "management track." The excellence of its management depends on a screening process at all levels of the organization that identifies talented people, committed to the company, and rewards them for initiative, leadership, knowledge of the job, and competitive spirit. Promoting people on the basis of group membership would be as alien to the company's way (and, management believes, as damaging to morale) as promotion on the basis of seniority or some other arbitrary standard.

If, as a result of the suit, XYZ were obliged to promote women less qualified or less committed than those employees who are now promoted, it might be necessary either to lower performance standards for all supervisors or for female supervisors separately—inviting either an overall deterioration of performances or difficulties when promoting out of the ranks of supervisors. If it maintained its present standards for supervisors, it would find either much higher rates of voluntary demotion among women (aggravating a pattern that already exists) or it would be

necessary to invite another lawsuit by demoting more women involuntarily. A sorry mess all around.

Whatever happened, the consumers of XYZ's services would face higher prices to pay for the settlement, and would pay for the injunctive relief through the deterioration of service, if not through higher prices.

In short, equality of opportunity and equality of result appear to be antithetical at the XYZ Corporation. Those who argue for the latter rather than the former are eager to tamper with a complex, competitive system, and their search for simple solutions to complex problems may upset the engine of our prosperity—which relies on individual initiative and competition for rewards. In the long run, family structure, sex-role socialization, and child-rearing practices may change to accommodate women's participation as equals in the paid labor force. If so, they may attain equality of position, power, and reward in the economy. But while the family, socialization, and child-rearing may change, scarcity and competition and the need for economic growth and increased productivity will not.

We are not arguing against the application of the Civil Rights Act where discrimination truly exists. We argue here against the criteria for discrimination applied by the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission and the Office of Federal Contract Compliance Programs, the agencies charged with enforcing the act. A criterion of parity, the insistence that a category of individuals is entitled to rewards proportionate to its numbers and not to its members' performances, does not serve the common good. It is, in fact, antithetical to the social contract, implicit in the American tradition: An individual is entitled to the fruits of his labor, and group membership—whether in a hereditary nobility or a “protected group”—does not entitle him to

benefits. This argument against the ideology of quotas is not new; it has been put better by others before, but it does not seem to be prevailing. It should.

What is a company's obligation to its female employees? It is obliged to offer them the same opportunities as men, and to reward them in proportion to their productivity. No more. It cannot, indeed *should* not, compensate women—or anyone else—for effort expended in the service of other commitments. The inequities (if such they are) of early socialization or of the division of labor in the American household are not the responsibility nor the business, in any sense of that word, of an employer.

If a company is so moved, however, it might reasonably seek to rationalize both its internal labor market and its relations to the external market—examining its seniority systems, lines of progression, training programs, and so forth. In these areas, employers may find that they can serve the interests of their employees from “protected groups” while serving their own as well, by expanding the range of opportunities for *individuals*, and rewarding those who seize them.

Non-Southerners I Have Known

These are portraits of five men. One is a priest, one is a sociologist, and one is both; the other two are classicists. One I knew when I was a graduate student; two I knew when *they* were. Four of the five could be described as conservative, in one way or another, but the fifth was a socialist revolutionary as a young man. (No prize for guessing which one.)

*I didn't actually know Frederick Oakeley—he died in 1880—but I certainly know his type, and he played a minor role in my book **Glorious Battle**, an account of the “Tractarian” or “Oxford” movement in the Church of England. This review was commissioned by *Reviews in Religion & Theology* in 2008.*

A Sub-Tractarian

The Oxford Movement's second generation may have lacked the intellectual stature of its early leaders, John Henry Newman, Edward Pusey, and John Keble, but its members are the ones who began to translate Tractarian theology into parochial practice, a process that would long disturb and eventually transform the entire Anglican communion. No less an authority than Newman said that “the most prominent person” among these pioneers was Frederick Oakeley, which makes it odd that Oakeley is remembered today, if at all, only as the translator of *Adeste fideles*, and odder still that he should have had to wait so long for his biographer. But thanks to Peter Galloway's *A Passionate Humility* we finally have a thorough and informative account of Oakeley's life and career. It tells a marvelous story, by turns touching and amusing.

The youngest of the ten children of a former governor of Madras, Oakeley suffered a childhood injury that left him with a permanent limp and cemented a close relationship with his frequently invalid mother. He was an undistinguished and unhappy undergraduate at Oxford, but as a postgraduate he won prizes, was elected Fellow of Balliol, and became close friends with the flamboyant W. G. Ward, whose Romanizing views he increasingly shared. In 1839 he left Oxford for the ministry of the Margaret Street Chapel in London. There he promptly offended the long-time parish

clerk and many in the congregation by removing the three-decker pulpit and pews, substituting collection bags for the customary plates, preaching in a surplice, putting candles and seasonally appropriate flowers on what he called the "altar," condemning the Glorious Revolution in a sermon, criticizing the litany for putting the sovereign before the clergy, introducing a boys' choir to chant the daily offices, and setting up a semi-monastic arrangement in the clergy house with two friends (both of whom later became Jesuits). In both theory and practice Oakeley foreshadowed the full-blown Ritualism of the 1860s, observing that the Church's ritual "is no mere accident of religion, it is of its substance; no adscititious ornament but a spontaneous and native development. Forms are the expression of the mind of the Spirit; rites are breathing words; ceremonies, the signs of momentous truths."

Oakeley took over Newman's project of editing the *Lives of the English Saints*, fully enjoying the license granted by Newman's position ("very shifty," in Galloway's view) that "If the alleged facts did not occur, they ought to have occurred." In his own contribution on St. Augustine of Canterbury (which, Galloway observes dryly, no one would read unless he wished to be edified) Oakeley urged his readers to accept the legends of the visits to England of Saint Peter, Saint Paul, and Joseph of Arimathea.

Oakeley's increasing tenderness toward the Church of Rome and impatience with the Church of England's shortcomings paralleled what was going on with Newman, with his friend Ward, and with many others who had been touched by Tractarianism. Oakeley stood by Ward when he was censured by Oxford for his book *The Ideal of a Christian Church*, and challenged the bishop of London in two public letters. His license was revoked and he was tried in the

ecclesiastical Court of Arches. Like Newman, he clung to the Church of England long after his ultimate destination was perfectly clear to his friends, but finally, three weeks after Newman, he made his submission to Rome.

Galloway's last chapter recounts Oakeley's years in the Roman communion, where he found spiritual peace, though not temporal. While he was still in seminary, an anonymous novel called *From Oxford to Rome* accused him of abusing the confessional while an Anglican. The facts of the matter are now beyond recovering, but Galloway plainly suspects that Miss Harris, the author, had aspired to be a vicar's wife. Soon after that Oakeley again found himself in conflict with a bishop (this time a Roman one) over his involvement with the *Rambler*, a journal largely written by Oxford converts, which the bishop thought too eager to offer criticism and advice to their new church.

Appointed to a parish in Islington, Oakeley encountered conflicts and trials eerily reminiscent of Margaret Street. A curate who thought he should have been made rector refused to vacate the rectory. There was an immediate need to raise building funds for the unfinished church. And the church's choir included women, whom Oakeley immediately replaced with a choir of boys, making the church a center of musical excellence—to the delight of the congregation, he reported, "excepting only the old choir who were not unnaturally, nor as I must say, unreasonably, annoyed." He also annoyed the church's neighbors, by ringing the angelus at 6:00 a.m. instead of 9:00.

But, all in all, things were better for Oakeley as a Roman priest than as an Anglican. Cardinal Wiseman was fond of him, appointing him a canon of the archdiocese's new chapter, and his largely Irish congregation fondly called him "our Father O'Kelly." He continued to write on his favorite

topics of ceremonial, martyrology, and horticulture, publishing in 1851 *The Catholic Florist: A Guide to the Cultivation of Flowers for the Altar*. He kept up correspondence and friendship with a number of his Anglican friends, among them Pusey, Bishop Sumner (his old schoolmaster), Gladstone (one of his lay supporters at Margaret Street), and Archbishop Tait (whose tutor he had been at Oxford). When Oakeley died in 1880, Tait wrote in his diary, "He was a man of God, and sacrificed all that the world holds dear to conscience. Sad that it should have led him astray."

Chapel Hill is widely known as a nursery of liberalism. It is less often remarked that it has also produced some twentieth-century conservatives of note, not just Robert Welch (founder of the John Birch Society), but serious right-wing intellectuals like Thomas Fleming, Samuel Francis, Clyde Wilson, and Christian Kopff. I call on Chris for help with translations from the Latin and Greek, and when the Intercollegiate Review asked me to review his essays I was happy to do it.

A Classical Mind

When Father Ronald Knox, long-time Roman Catholic chaplain at Oxford, was asked to baptize a child using the vernacular, he refused, commenting dryly that "The baby does not understand English and the Devil knows Latin." That puts Satan in a dwindling minority these days and, in his book entitled *The Devil Knows Latin*, Christian Kopff, a Chapel Hill Ph.D. who teaches classics at the University of Colorado, traces a good many of our contemporary ills to that decline. But only a few of the essays collected in this volume actually discuss explicitly "why America needs the classical tradition" (as the book's subtitle has it); most make the case indirectly, by illustrating what a classical education can do for one's temperament and perception.

Collections of topically diverse essays are notoriously difficult to review. The temptation is to comment on each piece seriatim, providing a sort of annotated table of contents, which can be tedious for both reviewer and reader. But if what's missing in the way of topical unity is made up for, as it is here, by a unity of approach or perspective, the task of saying something about the ensemble is easier. These essays deal with topics ranging from the postmodern blight in the humanities to the decline of American federalism,

from how to teach oneself Greek and Latin to the "spaghetti Westerns" of Sergio Leone, but each gives us an opportunity to watch Professor Kopff's mind at work, or play.

And it's worth watching. One of Kopff's heroes (and mine) is Albert J. Nock, of whom Edmund Optiz has said that his "ideas were perhaps not so original as he was, but he had made them his very own; his thinking ran along lines quite at variance with the familiar channels scooped out by . . . popular pundits." The same could be said of Kopff. Certainly a self-identified conservative whose enemies list includes not just Crèvecoeur, FDR, and Michel Foucault but Adam Smith and the New Critics is not one easily mapped onto the terrain of contemporary politics. Moreover, whether discussing American teachers' need for a strong dose of the classics (and not in translation either) or the need to repeal the Fourteenth Amendment, Kopff displays a fine indifference to what less imaginative folks might call practicality. On that score he quotes John Henry Newman: "I cannot help that; I never said I could. I am not a politician; I am proposing no measures, but exposing a fallacy, and resisting a pretense."

This book deserves to be widely read if only because its author singlehandedly expands the biodiversity of our intellectual ecosystem. More importantly, though, he has things to say that cannot be said too often. In particular, he calls for "the recognition that tradition is a fruitful thing, not a lifeless, dry assortment of historical detritus." And he means by tradition not only "the Great Tradition with which we must never lose touch" but also "the little traditions we love and are meant to love, though in the end we shall see them disappear, like the old Episcopalian Prayer Book, celebrating Washington's birthday, or wishing one another a 'Merry Christmas.'"

The book is divided into three parts (yes, like Gaul) and this theme is most explicit in the first, "Civilization as Narrative," which addresses such topics as the influence of Latin on English, the traditional liberal arts curriculum, and the consequences of letting economists think for us. These essays offer not only fascinating snippets of knowledge (e.g., that each of the United States has two Senators "out of deference to the Amphictyonic Council of Ancient Delphi") but provocative observations like this one:

It is hard for Americans today to accept the idea that having a creative and progressive culture means participating in demanding traditions thousands of years old. We want to believe that we did it our way. Just as we walk through our supermarkets, filing past aisle after aisle of breakfast cereals and toothpastes and choose what catches our fancy, so we want to select off the shelf our life-styles, our families, our religions, our value systems, etc. Getting cultured in America today is, for many, essentially another form of promiscuity.

"The Good, the Bad, and the Postmodern," the book's middle section, includes among other things a tribute to J. R. R. Tolkien, withering criticism of Paul de Man and the British philosopher Bernard Williams, and balanced assessments of Kopff's fellow classicists A. E. Housman, James G. Frazer, and Gilbert Murray. To my mind, the most interesting of these pieces is the least predictable: a sympathetic treatment of the nineteenth-century Boston bluestocking Margaret Fuller. What I thought I knew of Fuller I didn't like, but Kopff's essay sent me to the library to learn more about this remarkable woman.

The last section, "Contemporary Chronicles: Role Models and Popular Culture," begins with appreciations of Russell Kirk and of Kopff's teacher, the classicist and Scottish

nationalist Douglas Young (which could as easily have gone in the previous section), but it ends with several examples of Kopff's film criticism. These are perhaps the book's most unexpected delight—surely no author has ever before begun with a story from G. K. Chesterton and wound up quoting Woody Allen—and they are full of startling, dead-on insight, like the observation that "no other people has taken policemen for their heroes, as we have and still do," or that Leone's "later, critically acclaimed movies . . . resemble nothing so much as expensive imitations of Leone by someone who has studied Sergio Leone movies but cannot understand what made them work," or that, "like Aeneas, [Clint Eastwood's heroes] have been stripped of family and city in order to lead others to a new home and a new community." "Still in Saigon in My Mind," an essay on Viet Nam movies, is one of Kopff's best: I came away from it and the others here with a list of enough movies to watch (or to rewatch with a new perspective) to keep me busy for a very long time. I may start with *The Lion King* to see if any good thing can come out of Disney, or maybe *Dirty Harry*, which Kopff calls "a film masterpiece, the most influential work of popular art since *Uncle Tom's Cabin*."

Speaking of self-improvement projects, *The Devil Knows Latin* ends with an appendix, "Doing It On Your Own," for those who would like to acquire this Satanic skill for themselves. The way things are going in the Old Republic, I'd been thinking about learning Spanish, but Kopff persuades me that teaching myself Greek and brushing up my old high-school Latin would be a better idea, and he almost persuades me that it's possible.

Some 65 years ago, the journalist Gerald W. Johnson asked in *Harper's*, "Who dares say positively that the State universities may not ere long be ejecting men caught

teaching the doctrines of the Republican party?" That would be unfortunate, he said, if only because "no man who has been honored by the acquaintance of a really fine specimen can doubt that the influence of these barnacled old crustaceans may be very good for ebullient youth." Kopff is not exactly a Republican (or a "barnacled old crustacean," for that matter) and although he has probably paid a price for his unfashionable opinions, he has kept his job. We can be grateful for that, because he is undoubtedly a good influence on the young. And not just on them: anyone who reads this original thinker's thoughtful essays will be the better for it.

Bob Hickson, another Chapel Hill conservative, came to UNC with experience as a Green Beret in Vietnam and a devout, preconciliar Roman Catholicism. This was written for A Catholic Witness in Our Time, a volume celebrating his 70th birthday.

An Old Soldier

I started to say that thinking of my friend Bob Hickson as a greybeard makes me feel old, but in fact what makes me feel old is *being* old. It was long ago, in 1970 or so, that Bob was a graduate student at the University of North Carolina, I was a new assistant professor (about ten months older than he, I now realize), and we found ourselves together on the unpopular side of the barricades in the campus culture wars. As a refugee from Columbia University, I was one of the very few “out” right-wingers on the UNC faculty, and Bob was among the seven or eight students who made up the Carolina Conservative Society. The university required every student organization to have a faculty advisor, so I was recruited—not that its members ever sought or listened to my advice. The student members took ideas seriously (by no means the case for most UNC students even then) and they were a tough, ornery, inner-directed bunch, a refreshing contrast to the “herd of independent minds” that made up the campus left.

No one fit this description more than Bob. I remember especially one conversation. He told me that while backpacking in Spain he had been taken, blindfolded, to meet with the Carlists, who offered him a job as a military advisor. I asked why he hadn’t accepted, since it certainly seemed his kind of thing. He said, “They weren’t serious.” I’ve never been sure whether he meant that they weren’t serious about the offer or that they weren’t serious about

overthrowing the Spanish government.

For the Society's meetings we read and discussed a variety of conservative classics—James Burnham, Frank Meyer, Whittaker Chambers, Russell Kirk . . . the usual—and I remember that Bob, older and more worldly than most of the others, brought an element of sobriety to what always threatened to give way to intellectual horseplay and frivolity. His wife, Maike, tells me that Bob is grateful to me for introducing him to Hilaire Belloc's social thought. If I did that, I must observe that using a lackadaisical Anglican like me to introduce Hickson and Belloc is among the most mysterious of the Lord's mysterious ways, but I'm glad to have done both men that service.

The Carolina Conservative Society had to change its name when its members refused to sign a non-discrimination pledge. I remember an earnest discussion about reserving the right to discriminate on religious grounds against a hypothetical Satanist who wanted to join. Keeping Satanists at bay meant that we lost our official recognition and our right to use "Carolina" in our name. When we reorganized as the "Orange County Anti-Jacobin League" Ken Cribb at the Intercollegiate Studies Institute remarked that the only student conservative organization with a better name was the Indiana Iron Guard.

In fact, of course, there were no Satanists at the gate—or much of anyone else. We were so satisfied with each other's company that we barely recruited. Eventually everyone but me left Chapel Hill, and the Anti-Jacobin League passed into history. Over the years I lost track of Bob and many other stalwarts who once stood shoulder to shoulder with me, not just against Jacobinism and Satanism, but against all the other abominable isms of the late twentieth century. It is good to hear that he is still fighting the good fight.

Paul Felix Lazarsfeld was one of the leading figures of twentieth-century American sociology. In 2001 the centenary of his birth was celebrated at Columbia University, and I was honored to contribute this remembrance of my old teacher.

A Research Assistant's Recollections

When I came to Columbia in 1964 to study social research methods I'd never taken a sociology course. In the political science department at MIT, however, we had read works by Paul Lazarsfeld and Herbert Hyman, and I knew that was the kind of empirical social research I wanted to do. I had a pretty good math background from MIT (largely acquired against my will), which probably explains why I caught Lazarsfeld's attention early on. In my second year he hired me as his "research assistant"—but I put that in quotes, because it doesn't begin to describe my duties. Altogether I spent the better part of three years as Lazarsfeld's assistant, fitting into a long line of assistants that includes some pretty impressive names. Some of them will have their own recollections, but these are mine, for whatever they may be worth.

I came along rather late in the game. By the mid-1960s Lazarsfeld had completed most of the empirical work for which he is well known—*The Academic Mind*, his last major study, had been published in 1958—and (as Allen Barton has pointed out) his attention had turned to "codifying research methods, . . . writing articles and sponsoring dissertations on the history of social research, and studying the problems of the utilization of social research by those who commissioned it"—to what might be called, without derogation, "armchair sociology." In addition, by then he had taken on the well-earned role of sociological dignitary, which involved a

number of essentially ceremonial duties. The kind of research he had done so much to develop—the kind I came to Columbia with the intention of doing—was by then being done by his former students, and often elsewhere.

The upshot is that what I was actually assisting him with was less *research* than a more diffuse sort of scholarship, which for me meant in practice a succession of intellectual odd jobs, some of them tedious grunt work, but others remarkably interesting (sometimes surprisingly so). And, as it turned out, a broader and better education for me than the technical training I thought I wanted—most of which I managed to pick up anyway.

I was not only content but pleased and proud to work as Lazarsfeld's factotum and dogsbody. Unlike many of my generation, I've never had much problem with being on either end of a hierarchical relationship. And that is what we had. Even now I'm not quite sure what to call the man. I'm within rounding error of the age he was when I worked for him, but calling him "Paul" still seems presumptuous, and "PFL" seems a little too chummy as well. It never occurred to me to address him as anything other than "Professor Lazarsfeld," but that seems a little formal for this occasion. So I guess I'll just call him "Lazarsfeld." Brusque as that seems, it's how we graduate students referred to him when we were speaking *of* him, rather than *to* him.

For me, working for Lazarsfeld meant laboring under a series of impossible demands on his part, each conveying an implicit compliment—the assumption that I could do it. I always found that so flattering that somehow I rose to the occasion. I think this was a characteristic Lazarsfeldian mode: he made even more impossible demands on Helen Houdoskova, his secretary when I knew him (and as far as I know, forever). I have no idea what sort of secretary she

was, or how Lazarsfeld viewed her—I know that when she spoke of him it was usually with a sort of motherly exasperation—but I do recall being in her office about 4:30 one afternoon when she was busily calling piano tuners to find one who could tune Lazarsfeld’s piano before 7:30 the next morning. She was grumbling, but she was calling. And she found one, too.

One of the jobs I best remember doing (grumbling, but doing) was a hurry-up assembling of Lazarsfeld’s own bibliography for some occasion (the only copy he had was not at all complete). I had then no German and very little French, which made for some tough going, and this was before the age of computerized catalogues, electronic searches, and the Internet, but I got the job done—or anyway *a* job done—in three or four days of intensive library work. Listing his books was easy enough, even with all their various editions and translations, but the articles and reviews and occasional pieces were another matter. Lazarsfeld had published several a year for forty years or so, so there were literally *hundreds* of them, in a half-dozen languages.

By the way, I think it was while doing this that I learned about the “Elias Smith” business. In his Office of Radio Research days Lazarsfeld used that pseudonym when he was putting together an issue of the *Journal of Applied Psychology* and didn’t want *all* the articles to be by Paul F. Lazarsfeld, and doing so earned him an interview with a federal agent during the McCarthy era, after he filled out a passport application and answered “no” when asked if he’d ever used an alias.

Anyway, I put all the publications I found on file cards and finally typed up what I recall as an interminable document. I wish I’d kept a copy, but I didn’t. I don’t know

what became of the original—I'm afraid it may have vanished into the pile of paper that was always threatening to fall off his desk. (Incidentally, I have undeniably emulated Lazarsfeld in the disorganization of my desk-top. In that respect, as in others, his example has been a constant inspiration, reminding me that apparent chaos is no impediment to great achievement. I have the chaos part down pat.)

A great deal has been said and no doubt still more will be said in years to come about Lazarsfeld's contributions to empirical social research. All I can add is something of his own assessment of his career. When I handed in that bibliography I said something—half compliment, half complaint—about how much he had written. He startled me by replying that he'd had only four original ideas in his life. When I asked what they were, he listed the elaboration scheme, panel analysis, latent structure analysis, and I believe the fourth was contextual analysis—although I think a good case could be made for reason analysis, what he called the “accounting scheme” for analyzing decisions. Anyway, Lazarsfeld said that everything he had done had been a matter of working out the implications of those four ideas. No false modesty, though: after saying that, he added: “But that's four more than most people, and three more than it takes to make a reputation.” I've often thought of that conversation, and wondered whether, by that standard, I've had any ideas at all.

Another challenging assignment came my way when Lazarsfeld was invited to a UNESCO conference in Paris, where he was going to be on a panel with T. H. Marshall. He called me in and unblushingly admitted that he'd never read anything of Marshall's, and that he didn't have time to do it before the conference. Had I read him? No, I hadn't. Could I

read Marshall's major works and write a summary that he could read on the plane? He was leaving the day after tomorrow, and the morning of the flight would be soon enough. In fact, at that point I'd never *heard* of Marshall, but (no doubt grumbling again) I hotfooted it over to Salter's Bookstore and bought a paperback copy of *Citizenship and Social Class*, stayed up half the night reading it, and produced a handwritten, 10-page precis. (I did keep a copy this time, and I just re-read it: it's not bad.)

My point is not that I was a great graduate assistant—although in fact I was. But so were those before and after me. I suspect that all of us surprised ourselves by what we could do—and what we were *willing* to do—when Lazarsfeld asked us to. He had an amazing ability to get work out of us, and I learned a great deal from doing it. I think I even recognized that at the time. I can't think why else I would have done it.

At a department Christmas party a few months after I had begun working for him, I introduced him to my wife, who had by then heard a great deal about him, of course. He twinkled (there's no other word for it): "Oh," he said to me, "are you still married? I work most of my graduate students so hard they get divorced." (I think he was joking.) Then he turned that thousand-watt Viennese charm on Dale and regaled her with stories of his student days in Berlin, explaining why being exploited was good for graduate students. (I was struck that "exploited" was his own word for it.) At the time I even found his explanation persuasive, although I've never been able to sell it to my own students.

When I proposed to write a dissertation using secondary analysis of old Gallup Polls to look at regional cultural differences in America, Lazarsfeld liked the fact that I'd be doing secondary analysis: he and Herb Hyman had long

been saying that more use should be made of archived survey data. But I think that, like many Europeans, he found the idea that there *are* American regional differences rather amusing. He liked to tell the story—especially, I think, in my presence—of a visit that his son Robbie had paid to his grandparents in Texas. When Robbie got back, Lazarsfeld asked him how Texas was different from New York, and Robbie said that the license plates were a different color.

I learned a great deal from Paul Lazarsfeld, and not just about research methods. I particularly admired his attention to the narrative side of our craft: how to “tell the story” of our research. Lazarsfeld wrote well. I gather that he wrote well in three languages, but all I can judge is his English. He wasn’t an elegant writer, like his friend Robert Merton, but his prose did the job: it was sturdy, workmanlike, and jargon-free. I don’t know how much that owed to Merton’s editing, but I do know he worked at it, and thought about it. Sometimes we discussed it: he would ask me (flattery again) about an American idiom. Once, to my eternal shame, I used the word “interrelationship.” When he asked me what the difference is between “interrelationship” and “relationship” I couldn’t say. I still can’t. “About two syllables, isn’t it?” he suggested.

I’ve never used “interrelationship” again, and I routinely change it in other people’s prose when I’m editing.

Lazarsfeld took pains to be understood, and not just by a small coterie of his peers. Maybe it was his background in market and media research that made him want to put the slop down where the hogs can get it (as we say down South). I know that one of his reservations about regression analysis and related techniques was that they were harder for lay readers to follow than percentage tables, and often added nothing except unnecessary precision. In 1980, as a conscious

act of homage, I included in a *Social Forces* article what will probably be the last bar graph ever published in that journal.

My experience working for Lazarsfeld—and later with Herb Hyman—has a lot to do with why I look back on my Columbia days with great fondness. If more graduate students could have had that experience, or something similar, Columbia might have been spared its ordeal in the spring of 1968. During that upheaval, Lazarsfeld seemed to me to be strikingly unconcerned—although perhaps that was to be expected from someone who had his experience with a *real* revolution. Anyway, through it all, he kept giving me things to do. And I kept doing them.

I should say that I was one of a handful of sociology graduate students who opposed the student strike—a long story, and not really to the present point. But I do remember one conversation about what was going on. One of the many “demands” that my radical classmates came up with was the abolition of all graduate course requirements. I asked Lazarsfeld what he thought about that, and he said that was fine with him. I was scandalized. I asked how he could say that. Surely he thought that *methods* courses should be required, at least? “That’s all right,” he said. “If they do not take the right courses, we will see that they do not get jobs.” At the time, I thought that was unbelievably cynical. Now I see it as remarkably wise.

Speaking of jobs, in 1969 I was offered a position at the University of North Carolina, largely (a senior professor once told me) on the strength of Lazarsfeld’s recommendation. For my first several years at Chapel Hill I taught research methods as I’d been taught them, complete with the elaboration scheme—storks and babies and all. I still think it’s one of the best ways to think about statistical association, independence, and control. In 1988 I took on an additional

job, as director of the Institute for Research in Social Science, an establishment that Lazarsfeld had told me, twenty years earlier, is probably the oldest university-based social research organization in the world, predating his Vienna institute by two or three years. Although Lazarsfeld had been dead for over a decade, he helped me get that job, too. When I was interviewing for it I impressed the selection committee by talking glibly about the sociology of empirical social research, cribbing every bit of it from Lazarsfeld's 1962 *American Sociological Review* article with that title.

One of the things our Institute does is the twice-yearly Southern Focus Poll, a national telephone survey with a Southern oversample, started about 1990. When I was casting about for questions to include in the very first of these surveys, I recalled Lazarsfeld's advice from his 1949 American Association for Public Opinion Research presidential address, "The Duty of the 1950 Pollster to the 1984 Historian." Pollsters, he said, should ask questions about topics that are *not* issues but that might *become* issues, to get a baseline, track their emergence, and watch public opinion form. With that in mind, we put in a question about Southern secession. We've asked it several times now. You might be interested to know that white Southern support for an independent South is holding steady in the high single digits: not much higher than the expected percentage who misunderstand the question, but if the South ever does rise again, we're ready for it.

One of the most valuable things I learned from Lazarsfeld is what an old-fashioned, cultured, Middle European sensibility is like. That was something almost entirely new in my experience. I wasn't intimidated by his intellect—I've known other brilliant people. And his manner was always informal and engaging; he listened to what I had

to say and complimented me when I said something he hadn't thought of (admittedly, not often). But the socialism, the psychoanalysis, the viola—the whole Viennese Jewish thing—well, sometimes it made this East Tennessee boy feel like I'd just fallen off the turnip truck.

One more anecdote, to close: I remember Lazarsfeld's telling me about meeting Anna Freud on some occasion—maybe when they were both receiving honorary degrees. She asked him: "Are you the little Paulie Lazarsfeld I used to know in Vienna?" Lazarsfeld acknowledged that he was. "Well," she said—and in the telling Lazarsfeld made it sound rueful—"Well, we have come a long way, haven't we?"

He certainly had, but he brought a lot with him, and that's a large part of what made Paul Lazarsfeld one of the most impressive and memorable characters I have ever met.

When I was in England working on a study of Victorian Anglo-Catholicism, David Martin invited me to talk about it to his LSE class on the sociology of religion. Dale and I visited the Martins at their charming cottage in Woking, and they became friends we now visit regularly. This review for Society magazine was very hard to write: I never felt I was doing David's extraordinary book justice.

The Three Lives of David Martin

David Martin is a friend, and there's no denying that learning odd new things about someone I've known since 1977 added a layer of interest to this book that most other readers will not share. Nevertheless, there's plenty in Martin's memoir, *The Education of David Martin*, to interest even those who have never heard of him.

I started to say that they don't make sociologists like David Martin any more, but they never did. The man is a one-off. American readers of a certain age may recall a McCarthy-era television program called "I Led Three Lives," about a businessman who was both an underground Communist and an FBI informant. Martin could have used that title. First, of course, is his private life as a husband, father, musician and music lover; second, his career as a distinguished sociologist of religion, professor and sometime department chairman at the London School of Economics; and, third, his vocation as a priest of the Church of England, which he has served as an outstanding preacher and a leader in the defense of the 1662 Book of Common Prayer. (This book's subtitle, "The Making of an Unlikely Sociologist," could as easily have been "The Making of an Unlikely Priest," which might have sold better.)

As a memoirist Martin resembles Albert Jay Nock

(another atypical Anglican priest) whose *Memoirs of a Superfluous Man* is one of the most reticent autobiographies of all time. "Whatever a man may do or say," Nock wrote, "the most significant thing about him is what he thinks; and significant also is how he came to think it, why he continued to think it, or if he did not continue, what the influences were which caused him to change his mind." *The Education of David Martin* is not a tell-all memoir of the sort I almost always find embarrassing when written by friends and tedious otherwise. Martin has spared us most details of his personal life with no bearing on his intellectual and cultural formation (some amusing anecdotes aside).

We do learn about his father, a chauffeur, taxi-driver, and street-corner preacher, and his mother, a former "between maid." He attributes his lack of "lower-class resentment" to this background: "The service class is not resentful but respectable," he observes, "and it picks up elements of style from people my mother called 'superior'." His father's religious vocation equipped him with "the helpful problems of a revivalist childhood," which led eventually to his other two lives. In particular, when he found himself at odds with the dominant culture of the academy, as he often did, he discovered that "for that kind of scrap a Nonconformist background is a good preparation."

Martin went as a scholarship boy to an old-fashioned English grammar school. One could use his example to defend that institution and it's true that the experience served him well, but it's clear that he would have thrived in a less encouraging environment. (Witness his time in National Service which exposed him "to violation and to sheer arbitrary sadism"—dreadful to experience, but sometimes laugh-out-loud funny to read about.) A youthful

“love of hymnody, the Bible and the liturgy” led him to music and poetry. What he liked he pursued full-throttle; what he didn’t like, he ignored. On one chemistry examination he wrote, “There is no chemistry in this answer book, but if you are interested in the influence of Schopenhauer on Wagner read on.”

After National Service he muddled around for a time, and a brief and unhappy first marriage didn’t help him to focus. “Dreaminess became somnambulism.” He was denied entry to university to study English literature because he had no Latin and he was disinclined to get it. He missed out on a scholarship to study piano at the Royal Academy of Music. Eventually he enrolled in a teacher training college and became a schoolmaster. Restless in that role, he began writing book reviews for the *Times Literary Supplement*. A frequent reviewer ever since, he has let his reading be guided by what was sent to him and has come to believe that “you become an expert by reviewing rather than the other way around.”

He also enrolled in a University of London correspondence course in sociology and in short order he was established in his second life. A first-class degree by correspondence is unusual if not unique, but he received one. He also met his second wife, helpmeet, and frequent collaborator Bernice, formerly a “high-flying scholarship girl” at her local direct-grant school, later an accomplished sociologist in her own right and a musician (a singer) as well. He received his PhD five years after he was admitted to the LSE for graduate work, and seven years after that he was a professor there.

He became one of the two major figures in the late twentieth-century sociology of religion, along with his friend, the late Bryan Wilson. Martin and Wilson shared a

conviction that the study of religion was not just respectable but important and to that extent they were allies, but they differed profoundly on essential questions. Martin devotes the better part of a chapter to this odd relationship. “There was an unspoken compact between me and Bryan never openly to criticize the other, and that meant we rarely referred to each other’s published work.” Nevertheless, they were regularly trotted out in textbooks as representatives of opposing views, as in fact they were.

Wilson’s view, widely shared, holds that secularization is an inevitable and universal process, with some societies just further along than others—a sort of Whig interpretation. Martin, on the other hand, insists that secularization is historically contingent, that different societies take different paths and that the Northern European model is by no means the only one. Recent developments in the Middle East, Africa, and Latin America would seem to settle that argument. One of those developments is the efflorescence of Pentecostalism in Latin America and elsewhere in the “Global South.” Lacking preconceptions about the inexorable advance of secularization, Martin was one of the earliest scholars to notice this phenomenon, “a global revolution fully comparable to the revival of Islam.” He was also one of the first to observe that Pentecostalism is often a modernizing influence. When he found Latin American Pentecostal homes outfitted with Bible, dictionary, and encyclopedia, he recognized the configuration from his childhood.

As the head of the LSE’s sociology department when it was slammed by the student unrest of the 1960s, Martin viewed the insurrection with impatience and disdain, partly because the student radicals took for granted and abused privileges that he had earned the hard way, but also because

he did not share their views about human perfectibility. The crisis crystallized his conviction that human freedom depends on "hierarchies of predictable habit," and he thought that the assault on the traditional university (by the market model as well as by the student left) threatened another "dissolution of the monasteries," which he did his considerable best to resist.

As that analogy suggests, Martin's youthful taste for hymnody and liturgy had not diminished, and presumably that was one reason that he was confirmed in the Church of England in 1979. Unfortunately, this was just in time to encounter a concerted effort to scrap the historic Book of Common Prayer. Observing that he didn't join the Church of England to find the Prayer Book unavailable, Martin wrote an op-ed piece for the *Daily Telegraph* which, the editor told him, evoked more letters than anything except the issue of dogs fouling the pavement.

That was the start of Martin's third life. He soon found himself head of the Prayer Book Society, mobilizing the public against a clerisy whose shallow understanding of what liturgy is and does had led to proposed revisions characterized by "didacticism, typological overload, and sentimentality," produced not by writers but by scholars who "simply could not let a symbol do its work without telling you it was a sign." Thanks to Martin's indefatigable efforts, the PBS's list of supporters encompassed (as a headline in the *Guardian* put it) "Half the people you have ever heard of." Garter Knights, MPs of all parties, stars of stage and screen, composers, musicians, novelists, and poets galore signed petitions. Roman Catholics, Christian Scientists, and "devout agnostics" turned out to support their nation's liturgical heritage. Offers of help came from quarters as diverse as the editor of a gay and lesbian

magazine and a stalwart of the Campaign for Real Ale, “anxious to support a campaign for Real Prayer”.

Although the bishop of Guildford said that Martin had set himself “against the mind of the Church and the Holy Spirit,” in the middle of this campaign Martin was persuaded to offer himself for ordination, and he wound up assigned to “light liturgical duties” at that very bishop’s cathedral. There he put his learning and sensibility to the service of sermon-writing, an underappreciated art that “juxtaposes quotations and releases the charged-up energies stored in minute atoms of text and the multiple meanings of single words.” (Occasionally his sermons verged on the Chestertonian, as when he preached on the virtues of hypocrisy.)

A sermon, in fact, provides the climactic moment of Martin’s story. He politely extemporized one when a group of Chilean peasants mistook him for an evangelist and asked him to preach. It was that standard evangelical form, a conversion story—his father’s. In a sense Martin had come full circle.

The Education of David Martin is a serious book, thoughtful and sometimes moving. I must also mention, however, that it is spiced with choice little vignettes: Pope Paul VI’s receiving a delegation of sociologists and assuring Talcott Parsons that he had read his work, for example; or the Cowgirls for Christ gathering in Fort Worth, with Native Americans delivering the Lord’s Prayer in smoke signals.

Well into his eighties, Martin maintained a schedule of travel, speaking, and writing that would have exhausted a younger man. We can be grateful that he found the time to produce this account of a life well led, well recalled, and well worth reading about.

BOOKS AND BOOKSELLERS

Ah, the literary life. When you've written a few books, strangers start to ask what you're reading and want your opinions. I still feel like a pretender—not a real *Author*— but I've learned to fake it. Here are a couple of pieces written in response to questions like that. They're followed by reviews of an essay and five books (only one is even remotely Southern, which is why they're leftovers), and the section concludes with two pieces about Amazon.com. One thing I do share with the real Authors I know is an interest in book sales.

In 1998 Reason magazine asked some contributors to name (1) a book that really got the future wrong, (2) a book that mostly got it right, and (3) a book that might predict what we could expect in the year 2028. I didn't foresee Obama, but who did? Anyway, McCain and Romney continued the Republicans' streak of losers. On Ehrlich, see the review on page 130. And could I have been more right about Love in the Ruins?

Three Books

A book that got it wrong, huh? But there are so many, and they're wrong in so many different ways. . . . Not Orwell or Huxley—they're still worth reading because (1) they're smart, (2) they didn't get it *all* wrong, and (3) it may be that the returns just aren't in yet.

How about something by the Chicken Little of population studies, Paul Ehrlich? One of his more fevered imaginings is *The End of Affluence: A Blueprint for Your Future*, published in 1974, but any of a half-dozen others would do as well. Ehrlich started his doom-saying career in 1968 (a big year for doom-saying) with *The Population Bomb*, and he's been at it so long that he has become a sort of endearing figure, the Harold Stassen of environmentalism.

Speaking of Republicans, my candidate for a book that got it mostly right is *The Emerging Republican Majority*, by Kevin Phillips, published in 1969. How we laughed at Phillips's title when the Republicans got creamed in 1974! But he had the underlying demographic and cultural trends spot on, as Reagan demonstrated and the 1994 congressional elections confirmed. It's hard for the Democrats to elect a president now unless they nominate a Southerner who talks like a Republican at least long enough to get elected, and even so it takes a real doofus like Ford, Bush, or Dole to

screw it up for the Republicans. Of course, the Republicans seem to seek these guys out.

Finally, for a book that may tell us something about the next thirty years, I'm going to play a wild card: Walker Percy's *Love in the Ruins: The Adventures of a Bad Catholic at the Time Near the End of the World*. Published in 1971, this gets a few things wrong (Spiro Agnew is mentioned as a revered elder statesman), but what resident of the Sunbelt won't recognize Dr. Tom More's Louisiana hometown, which "has become a refuge for all manner of conservative folk, graduates of Bob Jones University, retired Air Force colonels, passed-over Navy commanders, ex-Washington, D.C., policemen, patriotic chiropractors, two officials of the National Rifle Association, and six conservative proctologists." The center isn't holding:

Americans have turned against each other; race against race, right against left, believer against heathen, San Francisco against Los Angeles, Chicago against Cicero. Vines sprout in sections of New York where not even Negroes will live. Wolves have been seen in downtown Cleveland, like Rome during the Black Plague.

The Republicans and Democrats have reorganized as the Knothead and Left parties, but it hardly matters: "Don't tell me the U.S.A. went down the drain because of Leftism, Knotheadism, apostasy, pornography, polarization, etcetera etcetera," Dr. Tom says. "All these things may have happened, but what finally tore it was that things stopped working and nobody wanted to be a repairman." Bracing stuff.

Marshal Zeringue edits a blog called "Writers Read," and in 2012 he asked me what I was reading. This is sort of a snapshot of the clutter that characterizes my bedside and my life these days.

What I'm Reading

On the floor next to my side of the bed stands an enormous, teetering pile of books that I once began reading, or at least intended to read. The top dozen or so are still alive. Further down are books I abandoned some time ago, but haven't wholly given up on; further down still are some remembered only faintly, if at all. At the very bottom are some that I fear may be turning to compost.

The bedside books still in play are of two kinds: either I'm in the middle of them and intend to complete them, or they're the kind you can pick up and read just a bit from. *Farnsworth's Classical English Rhetoric* by Ward Farnsworth, for instance, is a guide to rhetorical figures illustrated with examples from great writers and speakers, and it's not necessary to read it from start to finish. You can dip into it almost anywhere. Even if you don't care about formal rhetoric, the examples make for fine bedtime reading, and I rather hope that I'll absorb a few lessons from them.

Also fine for reading a bit from now and then is *Drowning in Gruel*, a collection of nineteen bizarre and delightful short stories by George Singleton, set in the imaginary town of Gruel, South Carolina. One of those stories at bedtime will set you up for some vivid dreams. I've read a couple of Singleton's other books, and wish there were more.

The half-dozen books I'm in the middle of reading are a thoroughly mixed lot, which means there's usually something I'm happy to spend some time with before

turning out the light. John Gunston's *Lift High the Cross*, for instance, is a history of the Anglo-Catholic movement in the Church of England in the years after the First World War. That sounds a little esoteric, and it is, but I once wrote a book called *Glorious Battle* about the movement's origins and its history up to the 1890s, so I'm probably one of the few who are really, really interested in this book.

My wife and I have a daughter who has married a Texan (one of the real ones, a guy who can wear a cowboy hat without looking ridiculous) and we now have a Texas granddaughter, so we spend a good deal of time in the Lone Star state, and—typical professor—I've been reading a lot about it. One of the best books I've found on the subject is an oldie by the distinguished geographer Donald Meinig: *Imperial Texas: An Interpretive Essay in Cultural Geography* (1969). I'm in the middle of it right now.

Another distinctive and amusing Southern subregion is dissected by my pal Hardy Jackson (properly Harvey H. Jackson III) in *The Rise and Decline of the Redneck Riviera: An Insider's History of the Florida-Alabama Coast*. It's almost as much fun as the annual Mullet Toss at the Florabama Lounge. Great photographs.

Hardy's not the only friend whose book I'm reading. Jason Berry is a loving critic of the Roman Catholic church whose reputation largely rests on *Lead Us Not into Temptation*, a book about clerical sexual abuse, but he has also written well about Louisiana politics and music. In *Render unto Rome: The Secret Life of Money in the Catholic Church* he looks at his church's finances in a book that ought to be ranked right up there with *Barbarians at the Gates*, *Liar's Poker*, and similar books about Wall Street.

Another friend, Curtis Wilkie, was the *Boston Globe's* Southern reporter for many eventful years before getting out

of practicing journalism (just in time) and going off to teach it. Somehow I missed his *Dixie: A Personal Odyssey through Events That Shaped the Modern South* when it came out in 2001, but I'm finally reading it and it is a corker.

Michael O'Brien, yet another friend, is a Cambridge historian who has written some seriously heavyweight books about the Old South. *Mrs. Adams in Winter: A Journey in the Last Days of Napoleon* is a departure for him: He looks at a 40-day trip taken by Louisa (Mrs. John Quincy) Adams and her young son from St. Petersburg to Paris in 1815. She is a fascinating woman, and the post-Napoleonic War Europe through which she traveled is not a landscape I knew anything about.

Daniel Woodrell is not a friend, but I wish he were. He's a remarkable writer, whose novels and short stories I'm gradually consuming. Right now I've almost finished *Woe to Live On*, a novel set in Missouri that was the basis for the best Civil War movie I've ever seen, Ang Lee's strangely neglected *Ride with the Devil*.

Finally, having just finished writing a book about New Orleans and having lived in the French Quarter for a good while to write it, I have begun to reread John Kennedy Toole's *A Confederacy of Dunces*, perhaps the first great novel ever set in that strange and wonderful city. I loved it when I read it 25 years ago, and it's even better now that I know the setting first-hand.

This review appeared in Chronicles in 1983. The \$10,000 wager it mentions was taken up by the chronic doomsayer Paul Ehrlich. By 1990 the prices of five commodity metals had decreased, so Ehrlich lost. (In fairness, if the bet had extended until 2011, he would have won.)

Hope Wanted

The cover of *The Ultimate Resource* tells the story: "Natural resources are getting *less* scarce." "Pollution in the U.S. has been decreasing." "The world's food supply is improving." "Population growth has long-term benefits." Julian Simon has written a debunking book, new-style. The conventional wisdom is wrong: the end isn't at hand. Simon's argument is easy to summarize, much harder to evaluate. His economics is a cheerful science preaching a sort of supply-side environmentalism. The ultimate resource is human ingenuity. Thanks to that, straight-line extrapolations have always been wrong and, Simon believes, will continue to be wrong. New problems bring forth new and unpredictable solutions; demand can create its own supply. An important corollary is that population growth increases the pool of ingenious human beings and hence the number and variety of solutions both to old problems and to the new problems produced, for example, by population growth.

The argument is much more closely reasoned and much more persuasive than this summary. Simon illustrates his point with examples from an amazing variety of times and places, and the book is written in a style as close to words of one syllable as its subject matter allows. Simon is a fine writer and rhetorician, and I came away persuaded. Simon has also persuaded himself: he wagers \$10,000 that a basket of raw materials will be cheaper in the future than it *is* now.

His put-up-or-shut-up challenge to the doomsayers is made only slightly less impressive by the fact that there will be no one around to collect if their worst-case predictions are realized. Of course, if past performance is any guide (to use Simon's characteristic mode of argument) those predictions *will be* wrong. Predictions of apocalypse are one commodity for which supply has surely outpaced demand of late; some prophets have been foolhardy enough to give specific dates for catastrophe: for example, in a book entitled *Famine—1975*.

Simon's argument ultimately rests on faith—or, if that's too strong a word, confidence—that we can cope in the future, as we have in the past. It's a reasonable premise. Our species' record of coping with what look like unfavorable trends or even with calamitous discontinuities is indeed heartening. But when we face known problems with solutions that are merely hypothetical and possibly unknowable, many of us react like Wall Street contemplating supply-side fiscal policy: we get nervous. How much more comforting to *know* what's in store (or at least, as Simon would doubtless insist, to believe incorrectly that we know). That comfort has a value; some might find a predictable future, or the illusion of one, preferable to one that is optimal in some other terms.

Perhaps this reflects our fallen nature. Simon's faith that the species will provide is empirically grounded, but it superficially resembles the faith that the Lord will provide. Simon's injunctions are like the biblical ones to take no thought for the morrow and to let the evil of the day be sufficient thereunto: hard sayings, with which only fools and heroes can be entirely at ease. The sort of dynamic, fluid, "open-systems" world that Simon describes may be an accurate picture of reality—it is certainly more inviting than Paul Ehrlich's view of the future—but only an economist

could *love* it.

However, even if we could know what sorts of solutions ingenuity will provide, even if those solutions could be counted on to produce a situation better in some ways than what we have now, things wouldn't be the same. Continuity is a special case of predictability, and even harder to assure. In part, the reason is that holding one element constant requires that others be manipulated: for instance, the sort of coercion necessary to arrest population growth would itself be an obnoxious innovation. (One of Simon's great services is to show how any course of action, including inaction, is rooted in values. He clarifies those that are implicit in a number of the choices we face, and it isn't necessary to share his values to appreciate his analysis.)

But another threat to continuity comes from the current prevalence of the economic mode of thought, which Simon so ably exemplifies. Once something is considered subject to cost-benefit analysis, its very existence is tacitly negotiable, and it is simply a fact that where the market prevails continuity is rare, and almost accidental when found. At best, continuity gets treated as a public good, like defense or parks, and a society can decide how much it is willing to pay for it (conservatives are those who are willing to "pay" more). Karl Polanyi, a thinker the left should not be allowed to appropriate, was outraged by that sort of calculus; he insisted that some things should be outside the market altogether—literally beyond price. It is a measure of how things have changed since his time that so few of us can enter wholeheartedly into his protest, for all that we may admire and share the impulse behind it.

Despite the appeal of the simple, static, preindustrial society described by Polanyi, Engels, and the authors of *I'll Take My Stand*, among others, we don't live in that world—

perhaps no one ever did. Doubtless, calculation of cost and return has had a corrosive effect on many institutions (think only of the family), and fewer things strike us as absolute goods "beyond price." But many empirical cases have demonstrated that simply ignoring market forces is a recipe for disaster, and, as the neoconservatives have repeatedly shown, this sort of calculation is a two-edged sword. It is refreshing to see that it can be used against the wishful thinking of those who believe we can direct change however we please, as well as those of us who prefer that nothing much change at all. Simon's adversaries include both sorts of wishful thinkers, and his book is a serious and thought-provoking (if not entirely cheering) contribution to debate on an important topic.

Chronicles used to ask me to review books about social policy. I don't know why. (I also don't know why they stopped asking.)

Can We Muddle Through?

In most policy matters there is some sober, boring, meliorative middle ground between price-is-no-object utopianism (whether of the left- or right-wing variety), on the one hand, and mindlessly going with the flow—or the jerk—of the market on the other. In the case of many raw materials, price increases demonstrably expand supply in the long run, and increasing the price of any commodity will reduce wasteful consumption. But large and abrupt price increases can play havoc with an individual household's financial planning, especially if the household is only marginally solvent. In the long run, increased oil prices may or may not prove a blessing, but only the willfully obtuse could deny that many poor families have suffered because of them. Just so, in dealing with poverty, there must be a middle ground between virtually ignoring it and attacking it wholesale in grandiose and ill-considered "wars." In *The Underclass*, Ken Auletta's major contribution—maybe his only one—is to seek that middle ground. The standard Great Society question, still heard from time to time, begins with the phrase, "If we can put a man on the moon . . ." If that, why not give everyone: a good job, free legal services, quality medical care, public transportation, decent housing, lifelong education, and the rest? Auletta doesn't answer this question so much as assume it is silly.

In the concluding chapters of *The Underclass*, Auletta rejects both the wholesale approach and the laissez-faire position (or a caricature of one) that writes off the poor as hopeless and puts its faith in bigger and better prisons. He

urges a "retail" solution: small scale, limited in its aspirations, tentative, experimental, and directed to those who both need help and will make good use of it. On the way to that conclusion, Auletta presents a motley collection of poor folks—urban (mostly black and Hispanic), Appalachian white, and rural black; welfare mothers, ex-convicts, past and present drug addicts—caught up in various programs intended to help them reenter the "mainstream." To his credit, Auletta doesn't oversimplify. Some of these people *are* hopeless, in this world at least, and a few caused me to regret the closing of workhouses. Others, however, have enough grit and determination to warm Horatio Alger's heart, and only the most doctrinaire objectivist would begrudge them a hand up from the appalling circumstances in which they find themselves—circumstances made appalling, in large part, by the depredations of the hopeless ones. Identifying the (excuse the expression) deserving poor, preferably early, would save a lot of money and wasted effort. Put another way, Auletta's way, antipoverty efforts need more precise "targeting." A social safety net shouldn't become a hammock.

The Underclass is probably on the side of reason, common sense, and the angels, but Auletta's attempt to paint a comprehensive picture (if that's what he is trying to do) ends up just rambling and poorly organized. Even what I take to be its major point—that there is, despite the book's title, no single "underclass"—is hardly new: anyone who has read Booth or Mayhew on the poor of Victorian London knows that. Moreover, Auletta doesn't address the most interesting political question about his or anyone else's "middle ground" solution: namely, whether a democratic society can find that middle ground and hold it.

The “clinical research firm” this article mentions is Family Health International (FHI). In the 1980s it was doing contraceptive and venereal-disease prevention research, mostly in the Third World. My experience on its Institutional Review Board led to this contribution to a 1989 Society magazine symposium “Risk, Safety, and Capitalism” and a co-authored article (not in this book) in the International Journal of Gynecology and Obstetrics.

Accepting Risk

In an essay entitled “The Secret of Safety Lies in Danger” Aaron Wildavsky argues that freedom and decentralization and flexibility generally make for healthy and wealthy societies, maybe even wise ones (we could find out with tuition vouchers). It may be that we’re all Benthamites now, and certainly “The greatest good for the greatest number” has a nice ring to it. But we shouldn’t forget that improved conditions for the average person are small comfort to individual men and women who are poisoned or maimed or impoverished or even just annoyed by the circumstances that brought them about. Making someone give up a clear and present risk/benefit ratio to secure distant and hypothetical improvements that will probably accrue to someone else—well, governments do it all the time, but it’s a dodgy business methodologically as well as ethically. Without getting into the arcana of welfare economics, someone should point out that the terms of Professor Wildavsky’s “criterion of net benefit—more good than bad”—are unmeasurable.

Unworkable though the Bentham–Wildavsky rule may be in theory, however, it is worth keeping in mind in practice, although getting from Wildavsky’s general

observation to specific policies is not straightforward. It conflicts with another seemingly unexceptionable principle: that people shouldn't be exposed to danger without their knowledge or, *a fortiori*, against their will. (Let's say "outside the political realm," to keep it simple.) It is the thoroughgoing application of this benign-sounding doctrine, coupled with contingency-fee lawyering and punitive damages and deep-pockets liability, that has led to grief for the marketers of asbestos and IUDs and stepladders, and to a legal and regulatory climate of "trial-without-error risk-avoidance" that irks Professor Wildavsky. To make it worse, the state is increasingly protecting Americans not just from others' malice, negligence, or incompetence, but from the consequences of their own choices, usually by forbidding them to choose. Not only can we not require others to assume risks, more and more we can't even *invite* them to (or they're forbidden to accept the invitation, which amounts to the same thing).

Where do we draw the line between protecting individuals and nurturing adaptive and innovative risk-taking? Well, there is little to be gained by being doctrinaire about it. We'll probably have to muddle through. Professor Wildavsky's argument, I think, is just that we'd be better off if the debate were taking place well to windward of where we are now, and I agree with him.

So how do we get there? We might work to extend a model from the area of medical experimentation, an enterprise that exposes thousands of individuals daily to risk. Since it is too beneficial simply to forbid, it is allowed to continue, but subject these days to the requirement of "informed consent". This means that people exposed to the risks inherent in experimentation must understand the nature of the trade-off, the risks and benefits of generally

accepted practice and also those of the experimental treatment (and sometimes they must understand that the latter are not known). Then they can choose: choose from whatever mixture of self-interest and altruism to accept the experimental treatment (or the possibility of randomized, blind assignment to the experimental treatment), or choose not to accept it—and never mind the cost or inconvenience to the experimenter.

Those of us prejudiced in favor of freedom and decentralization, whether on principle or (like Wildavsky) on grounds of efficiency, might urge that this widely accepted doctrine be extended beyond experimental situations and that it be generalized to a less passive principle, namely that of informed *choice*. Given that principle, it ought to be possible to relax the requirements for clinical trials of some new drugs, for example, as various AIDS advocacy groups have urged. Scientific standards shouldn't be compromised; it's wrong to say or imply that there is scientifically reliable information about a product when there isn't. But perhaps the authority of science should be reduced; maybe the absence of scientifically reliable information shouldn't always be determinative.

Of course we're asking for another thalidomide disaster if we're not careful. But maybe there's something to be said for case-by-case muddling through. An intelligent review committee (that isn't a contradiction in terms) could certainly require more evidence of safety and efficacy for morning-sickness remedies than for AIDS or Alzheimer's treatments. Higher standards could be required when other treatments for a malady are available, or where leaving a condition untreated isn't calamitous. Strange as it sounds, by this reasoning wart-removers ought to be held to higher standards than leukemia cures. There's a compassionate case

for giving AIDS patients any "treatment" that the rumor mill suggests might do some good, whatever the scientific merits. (In fact that's what well-heeled AIDS patients are doing anyway, with medications bootlegged from less scrupulous countries.) It's possible that the benefits of untested treatments may be worth the costs—because they're untested, we don't know, by definition. An AIDS patient may quite rationally grasp at any straw, since the risks of "generally accepted practice" apparently include certain death, at best merely later rather than sooner. In this case, the rationale for controlled experimentation is unpersuasive: we know what happens when AIDS patients are given placebos.

We could meet the requirements of informed choice with package labels like those on cigarettes: "Warning: The Surgeon-General doesn't know whether this product does any good or not, and it may even make you sicker." And why stop there? We still let people make an informed choice to smoke tobacco. If they get cancer as a result why not let them doctor themselves with laetrile? ("Warning: Controlled studies indicate this product is useless for the treatment of cancer.") Why require doctors' prescriptions for the purchase of effective and established painkillers and cough medicines? Many could be dispensed by pharmacists, or even over-the-counter, probably with a net gain for public health. While we're at it, why not let people choose not to wear seatbelts or motorcycle helmets, as we let them go sky-diving and hang-gliding? Why not let 15-year-olds legally drink wine, with parental consent? Or smoke marijuana? But that way lies libertarianism. I don't know how far down that path I want to go, or how far Professor Wildavsky would go with me, but we could certainly take a few tentative steps back the way we came.

I should note that the deceptively simple notion of informed consent gets more complicated in application. Neither informedness nor consent is entirely transparent. I once chaired the Institutional Review Board (IRB) for a clinical research firm that conducts experiments in dozens of countries around the world, and our committee confronted some of the complications in their starkest form. What does it mean, for example, to "inform" a Nigerian villager about a pharmacological experiment when he doesn't accept the germ theory of disease? Where do you start? Is it even possible to obtain informed consent in such circumstances? Even with American subjects it's easy to assume too much. You can't just put the information out there. When an article in *Public Health Reports* finds that some condom package instructions require reading ability at the college-graduate level, it shouldn't surprise us that informed-consent documents are often unintelligible. Indeed, it's surprising that they're not worse: their quasi-legal nature often means that lawyers as well as medical folk are involved in the writing.

"Consent" can be even more difficult. Does a Bangladeshi village woman have a truly free choice if she is offered \$100 to participate? Does an American medical student? Whose consent is required when subjects are retarded, or comatose, or underage? We like to have parents' consent for experiments on minors. But what if the minors are Thai massage-parlor girls or Brazilian street children who have no parents worth mentioning? What if they are homosexual prostitutes whose parents don't know that and who won't participate if you require their parents' permission? Does it make any difference if participating might save their lives? Review committees like ours aren't operating entirely in the dark. There are some federal and international regulations,

supplemented by precedents committees have established for themselves, by related decisions of other IRBs, and by a bewildering array of state and federal court decisions. Perhaps it's worth mentioning that the committee I chaired included not only researchers and health professionals but also a lawyer and a theologian.

The cumbersome and wasteful bureaucracy needed to insure and to document informed consent calls to mind Churchill's back-handed verdict on democracy. There is something of an emerging ethical review "industry" with newsletters, workshops, conventions, and all the rest. Awhile back in California (where else?) I encountered my first free-lance, proprietary Institutional Review Board. Think about that: a for-hire ethical review committee. Is this a great country, or what?

Here's another Chronicles book review, this one from 1984, when President Reagan had been in office for four years. I would have put this in the section on "Non-Southerners I Have Known," except I didn't exactly know him. (I do have a signed photo of us shaking hands, though.)

Two on Reagan

Other readers will have to draw the political lessons from Lee Edwards's *Ronald Reagan: A Political Biography*. It looks to me as if Reagan's first term as President is following pretty closely the script of his first term as governor of California—not what some of us had hoped for, but better than his predecessor by a long shot. I came to Edwards's book to see what I might learn about what sort of man Reagan is. Is he really the neo-Babbitt, country-club yahoo that Ms. Joan Didion implied he is when she revealed to *Esquire* readers that the then-new California governor's mansion contained a *wet bar*? If so, so what? Can we separate taste from intelligence from principle?

The portrait of Reagan that emerges from this book is not reassuring, but the problem may be with the portrait, not with the subject. The book is, as its subtitle indicates, a "political biography," a chronicle of events in the political life of our President—that is, just one damn thing after another. The result, surely unintended, is a picture of someone to whom things just happen. Nowhere do we get a sense of Reagan as an agent, consciously weighing alternatives, choosing one course of action rather than another. Albert Jay Nock wrote once that, "Whatever a man may do or say, the most significant thing about him is what he thinks; and significant also is how he came to think it, why he continued to think it, or if he did not continue, what the influences

were which caused him to change his mind." Biographers, in my view, should have those words framed on their walls, if not tattooed on their chests. Of course, there is no evidence in Edwards's book that his subject thinks at all, so he hasn't much to explain. Reagan appears, in this book, to proceed by reflex—good reflex, to be sure, but unconsidered. Passions are absent, too—even ambition. The result is a veritable Gerald Ford. The figures around Reagan, including his wife and children, are also strangely colorless, indeed, hardly mentioned.

This is not the type of biography Reagan deserves—indeed, no one deserves one of this caliber, although it will undoubtedly be useful to whoever writes the right biography, as the skeleton on which some flesh can be hung. This is essentially a work of hagiography: its hero makes no mistakes, or almost none. When he does, Edwards doesn't dwell on it: Jane Wyman is mentioned once and is otherwise a nonperson. On one other occasion, Edwards presents an error: when Reagan responded to a hostile question by denying angrily that he was a bigot and then walking out. It is a measure of the book's problems that it is not at all clear why this was not an appropriate and dignified response. Allen Tate once began a biography of Robert E. Lee, but gave it up in frustration and perplexity. Lee was a great man, but just too simple, too unreflective (too unlike Allen Tate). It is not clear whether Edwards had a similar subject on his hands, or if he simply did not plumb the man's depths. It will take another Reagan book to tell us where the rest of him is.

* * *

One thing that Ronald Reagan demonstrated when he was shot is that he is a man of some courage and humor, who

doesn't need a ghostwriter to come up with good one-liners. My favorite came when Lyn Nofziger told the President that he'd be happy to hear that the government was running normally. "What makes you think I'd be happy about that?" Reagan shot back. But face it: Reagan is no Rochefoucauld—not even a Kissinger—and while a book called *The Reagan Wit* is not as preposterous an idea as one called, say, *The Nader Wit*, it will have to be padded if it is not to invite snide comparisons to *Italian War Heroes* and other apocryphal short volumes. *The Reagan Wit* edited by Bill Adler with Bill Adler Jr. is a skinny book, with lots of white space and more than a dozen full-page photographs, but it has to dig pretty deep for wit, and it does the President no service. Some of this stuff wasn't meant to be funny—it's just well-phrased, in a *Reader's Digest* "Toward More Picturesque Speech" kind of way—and some of it was meant to be funny, but fails.

Surely this book is premature. After all, the man has a few more years in which to be witty, and from the look of things, he is going to need his sense of humor. Lord knows, the book could have used additional material. Why, one could reasonably ask, did Adler *pere et fils* rush this into print? Well, in the promotional material that comes with the book, we are told that the younger Adler is "a foreign policy lobbyist for Americans for Democratic Action."

The pieces start to fall into place. Subtle, these liberals.

It's embarrassing: I can't remember where this was published and I've exhausted every way I can think of to find out. Whoever published it should get in touch.

Among the Trendinistas

Michael Malone's novel *Foolscape; Or, The Stages of Love* begins on the campus of Cavendish University, an on-the-make North Carolina institution named for a dead tobacco baron. (Sound familiar?) Dean Buddy Tepper, Jr., is a former football player turned higher-education administrator. Herbert Crawford ("Herbie" to his students), a superstar Marxist historian from Oxford lured to Cavendish by a package that includes a lap pool in his basement, wears black leather and teaches the popular course "Modern Capitalism: Origins to Collapse." The two Ludd Professors of English (their chairs named for the widow of a canned-goods millionaire) are Jane Nash-Gantz and Jorvelle Wakefield, authors of *The M/other Self: Discourses of Gender de/Construction* and *Black on Black: African-American Literary Theory since Watts*, respectively. Theo Ryan, the novel's protagonist, is a pleasant sort of academic chap who just wants a quiet life. Aha, one thinks, we're in familiar territory. This is the land of David Lodge and Malcolm Bradbury, those wickedly funny English satirists of life in Anglo-American literature departments. One settles back for a nice, nasty evening watching the hapless hero get ground fine between the philistines and the trendinistas.

One is in for a surprise. Other characters wander in. We meet Joshua "Ford" Rexford, an illustrious, roistering playwright with a fine line in mock-Elizabethan invective and a fatal affinity for "hooch, cooze, and rhythm 'n blues." Theo's parents appear: his mother is the former Luster

Shampoo Girl, his father a minor 1950s teen idol, singer of "Do the Duck." Our hero acquires a girlfriend, an aspiring country-and-western singer named Rhodora Potts, and he encounters Dame Winifred Throckmorton, an eccentric, retired Oxford don who has devoted her life to the study of Elizabethan drama. A few dozen other engaging academic and show-biz types drop by as well, and all of a sudden we're in a book less like the novels of Lodge and Bradbury than like *Handling Sin*, *Time's Witness*, or *Dingley Falls*, three of Michael Malone's earlier novels.

Malone's wife is an English professor at Duke (of all places!) and he himself has taught at the University of Pennsylvania, so he knows firsthand the bizarre world he's writing about. But unlike Lodge and Bradbury, he's a Southerner (from Durham, as a matter of fact). As you might expect, he's nicer. This is not entirely a virtue. He seems actually to like his characters—all of them. Certainly he has given each at least a few redeeming qualities. His six-figure turbo-professors are just amiable opportunists. Even his no-neck administrator is merely a well-meaning booster. Despite a wealth of candidates, *Foolscape* gives us no really despicable character along the lines of David Lodge's smarmy Morris Zapp. Those who want blood on the floor will be disappointed. But if Malone's lack of malice means fewer cheap laughs, it makes for a more complex and ultimately more satisfying novel. His great gift for characterization serves him and his readers well. One reviewer of *Time's Witness* compared him to Dickens, and that really isn't much of a stretch.

Oh, the plot? Well, it hinges on a delicious literary hoax involving Sir Walter Raleigh. It wouldn't be fair to say more than that. Malone's story may raise larger questions about what it means to "own" intellectual property, but to his

credit he doesn't belabor those questions. Like his earlier books, this is a great, rambunctious, extravagant story, full of high spirits and good humor.

I wrote this for Brightleaf, a literary magazine from Raleigh that David Perkins edited with distinction at the turn of the century. The magazine is long gone but not forgotten (in some circles).

The Mighty Amazon

There was this old boy who was raising rabbits, see, and his buddy asked him how things were going, and he said he was losing money on every one he sold and if it wasn't for the volume of business he'd go broke.

That story used to illustrate bonehead stupidity, but these days it actually seems to describe a viable business plan. Certainly an operation something like that has made some impressive fortunes for traders in the stock of Amazon, one of the most conspicuous bubbles in Wall Street's recent Internet froth. As you undoubtedly know, Amazon is in the business of selling books. And it sells a lot of them. According to *Fortune* magazine, though, despite the government subsidy Amazon receives (in effect) by not having to collect sales taxes, it loses about five dollars for every book it sells. And this strategy has been so successful that the company now plans to lose money selling everything from flowers to major appliances.

Great (I hear you say), so some megalocorporation wants to subsidize my book-buying. What's the problem? Well, listen up: No one who reads or writes real books should wish Amazon well. There's nothing personal about this. I'm sure Amazon employees are nice folks, some of whom may even read books themselves. I'm sure they believe that they're providing a valuable service, and—credit where it's due—they do offer an exhaustive selection, the convenience of desktop ordering, quick delivery, and (for now) good prices. If Amazon expanded the market for

books, that would be a great thing. But the overall market for books has been flat: plainly Amazon has grown almost entirely by taking business from existing booksellers. In fact, the analysts say quite candidly that the only way selling below cost makes sense is as a strategy for building market share against the day when the company has eliminated enough competition to raise its prices and become profitable.

Now, if a foreign steel or automobile company did this it would be called "dumping" and politicians would be tripping all over themselves to protect American businesses from "predatory pricing" and "unfair competition," but since Amazon is incorporated in the U. S. of A. those American businesses it's destroying get no protection, and not even much sympathy. I'm no economist, and maybe there's a case for letting the market take the hindmost here, but I'm not a doctrinaire libertarian either, and it does seem to me that booklovers need to understand what's going on. In particular, we should at least notice that Amazon is delivering the coup de grace to a good many independent local bookstores, who were already reeling from the assault of chain "superstores" whose superior market power gets them special treatment from publishers. Scores, probably hundreds, of independents have already gone under—two in the past year in our area alone. People who care about books should care about this, because the rise of independent booksellers, especially in small towns, has been one of the most cheering developments of my lifetime (no kidding) and their demise would be a tragedy.

When I grew up in the 1940s and '50s our East Tennessee town of 25,000 didn't have even a halfway decent bookstore. You could buy the Hardy Boys at an office-supply store, and the public library did its best to get serious books to serious readers, but if you wanted to *own* books

you pretty much had to join the Book of the Month Club. By the time I was old enough to have written some books myself, however, there were (thank you, Jesus) good bookstores springing up like mushrooms in small towns from Beaufort, South Carolina, to Blytheville, Arkansas—stores that could actually assemble folks who wanted to hear authors talk about their books. Stores like these have nurtured local writers and small presses, sought out and promoted books of local and regional interest, helped persuade the kind of author whose books sell 5000 copies that maybe he wasn't just talking to himself. Their staffs and customers alike love books, love to talk about them, recommend books to each other. Their enthusiasm can even make bestsellers, as it did, notably, in the case of Charles Fraser's *Cold Mountain*.

Amazon, in contrast, is in the book business almost incidentally. What it's really selling is a marketing strategy: the product could be almost anything, and apparently soon will be. Unlike a real bookstore—unlike even some of the superstores—Amazon doesn't support local literary communities, or the institutions that make such communities possible. It doesn't sponsor readings (not even the kind of "signing" where the author sits behind a stack of books like some sort of Hare Krishna as passers-by try to avoid eye-contact). It doesn't push the works of unknown writers its staff thinks deserve an audience. It doesn't advertise in literary magazines.

For all the fatuous talk about the "on-line community," e-marketers like Amazon don't serve a real community at all. They're selling to an aggregate of atomized consumers, and the major "conversation" going on involves paid commercial messages. (True, Amazon encourages its customers to comment on individual books on-line, but what do I care

what some anonymous voice from cyberspace has to say? I trust my bookseller's recommendation, or at least I know her biases.) Combined with a pricing policy that offers the biggest discounts on the nationally best selling books, this puts Amazon in league with those odious big publishers who are conspiring to make us all read celebrity biographies, blockbuster thrillers, and cat books.

Like the river it's named for, Amazon is a mighty force, and it may be irresistible. As the great Victorian jurist James Fitzjames Stephen once observed, however, although the flood may be up, and it may sweep away all in its path, there is no reason to sing hallelujah to the river gods.

This is another Brightleaf column, on a related subject.

Gaming the Amazon Rankings

I have made known my opinion that Amazon.com is the Great Beast of the Apocalypse, and that lovers of literature should not defile themselves by dealing with it. So why do I keep Amazon among my web browser's bookmarks? Well, credit where it's due: it's a useful reference tool. If you want to know an exact title, whether a book is in print, or who published it, Amazon is an excellent place to start. But I confess that another reason I keep it there is so I can check the sales rankings of various books, including (like some pathetic day-trader checking his Internet stocks) my own. Where published bestseller lists cover only a few dozen books at most—seldom mine—Amazon gives an exact ranking for all of the million-plus books in its database. This precision is illusory, as we'll see, but it's close enough for my purposes.

One of those purposes is soothing my troubled mind. I recently encountered a truly abominable, tendentious work of evidence-free postmodern history that represents everything that has gone wrong with the academy in our time. I was fuming and sputtering and composing mental letters to the university press that published this travesty when it occurred to me to look it up on Amazon. It was calming to find it ranked number 276,307, with the only "reader review" by one of the author's graduate students. For comparison I checked out Shelby Foote's three-volume history of the Civil War: just one of its several editions was ranked some 273,000 places higher, and all 31 of its reader reviews gave it the maximum five stars. I'm not infatuated with the wisdom of the market (let's not get into what the

real bestsellers are), but this does put some of the blights that afflict my profession in perspective.

As I said, however, I also check the rankings of my own books. This is usually a less gratifying pastime. Let me tell a bit of a story.

When Michael Feldman brought his NPR program "Whad'Ya Know?" to my hometown of Chapel Hill, his producer, a graduate of our university, asked me to come talk about a book my wife and I wrote called *1001 Things Everyone Should Know about the South*. Since that book represented a shamelessly commercial attempt to write something somebody might actually want to buy, I jumped at the chance. It wasn't Oprah, but it would have to do.

This story may be sounding immodest, but here's the modest part. The night before the broadcast, the paperback edition of our book was at number 49,104 in the Amazon rankings, and the hardback at number 72,273. (We have the same publisher as John Grisham and Pat Conroy, but obviously the resemblance ends there.) My fifteen minutes of fame arrived on a summer Saturday about noon: By 5:00 the paperback was at 2911, and by mid-day Sunday it had hit 435. The hardback traced a similar trajectory: 6211 that evening, 1228 the next day. Alas, two weeks later the paperback had settled into a trading range of 12,000 to 16,000, while the hardback had sagged back to the 30-thousands, and now both editions are back where I'm afraid they belong—that is, roughly where they started. But it was great fun while it lasted. Thank you, Michael Feldman.

I was feeling pretty smug about this, in fact, and seizing every opportunity to work it into conversations with my friends, until one of them called my attention to a *New Yorker* article by Jamie Malanowski, who discovered that a mere five purchases, one a day, moved Thomas Carlyle's *French*

Revolution from 92,010 to 54,362 in the Amazon rankings; then a single purchase on Super Bowl Sunday kicked it up to 2923. (Malanowski speculated that it was a bestseller that day because everyone was watching the game instead of buying books.)

That article shut me up about our book's meteoric rise in the rankings, but it also got me thinking. To my shame and annoyance, I had noticed that another one of my books was mired at number (it pains me to type this) 1,417,102. True, it is a scholarly tome, published by a university press some years ago, but still, one million, four hundred and seventeen thousand, one damn hundred and two!

So I bought one. I don't believe people should buy books from Amazon, as I said, and I'd never done it before. I knew that the book was in stock at a couple of local independent bookstores, God bless them, and Amazon charged me full list price, plus postage, and promised delivery only in "4-6 weeks," but I bought one, just to see what happened.

The book moved up to number 933,694—half a million places for \$20. Money well spent (it's a pride thing), but you might want to keep that in mind if you look at those ratings.

BAD SPORTS

Professors have been whining about the corruption of American higher education by big-time athletics for a very long time now. Here are three of my contributions, the last two dealing with corruption close to home.

Only a few obtuse or humorless sports fans wrote angry letters about this 1997 op-ed piece in the Wall Street Journal. Twenty years later, the salary figures it mentions are almost quaint: in 2017 Alabama's head football coach made over \$11 million and at least a dozen assistant (assistant!) coaches made over \$1.5 million.

Amateur Coaches for "Amateur" Athletes

The NCAA is eternally vigilant to preserve the thin fiction that the "student-athletes" in big-time college programs are amateurs. Our players are well protected, for example, from boosters who want to give them inappropriate gifts, loaner convertibles, or no-show "summer jobs." But the players aren't really the problem. The running back who scalps his free tickets picks up a few hundred dollars, at most. That's chickenfeed. Look at what his coach is getting.

USA Today reported recently that the base salaries of top-25 football coaches ranged from \$112,970 (at Washington State) to \$500,000 (at Arizona State). But that's just the beginning. Most can get additional tens of thousands in "bonuses": bonuses for certain numbers of victories, bonuses for conference championships, bonuses for bowl appearances (bigger bonuses for bigger bowls), bonuses just for not taking another job. At Ohio State, the coach gets a 20% bonus if 60% of his players graduate.

But wait, there's more. One exceptionally enterprising coach (at Florida) has parlayed his position into nearly \$2 million in outside income this year: a cool half-million for making his team wear a particular brand of shoes, another half-million from speaking engagements and TV and radio shows, almost as much again from loans forgiven and life insurance premiums paid, more from running summer

camp, doing commercials and signing autographs. That's an extreme case, but nearly every big-time coach makes two or three times his salary outside, and *USA Today* notes that its estimates "tend to be on the low side," and don't include such things as expense allowances, courtesy cars, and country club memberships. Moreover, all this is just "athletically related" income. Grateful alumni are free to cut their pals in on lucrative business deals if that's what it takes to keep them happy and productive. Partnerships in fast-food franchises can sometimes be had for a song.

Now, please understand that I'm not some kind of communist. What's wrong with folks being rewarded at market value for their services? I actually believe we ought to pay our players what they're worth. But if we're going to pretend to have amateur athletics, let's do it right. Why not have amateur coaches as well as amateur athletes?

It shouldn't be hard to find professors—or to recruit "professors"—willing to work with the varsity teams. This would be in addition to their regular teaching loads, of course, and there'd be no extra pay—no more than for faculty members who work with other student organizations.

And there'd have to be restrictions on outside income. Just as we hold athletes to higher standards than other students, so we'd have to expect more of their coaches than of other faculty members. If we're really going to keep college athletics amateur, student-athletes should be served by "teacher-coaches." Better yet, let's not call them coaches at all. Let's call them "faculty advisers."

Only trouble is, how do you get rid of a losing coach if he has tenure?

When we at the University of North Carolina disgraced ourselves by putting athletes in phantom courses, then compounded the offense by our miserably inadequate response, our accrediting agency put us on probation and the NCAA brought charges. This article had a favorable response from many alumni, but not from the Big Rams, who eventually ponied up some \$20 million for lawyers and public relations expenses to beat the NCAA rap. Their successful argument was that it's not only athletes' UNC degrees that might be worthless.

Whatever Became of the Carolina Way?

For the last third of the twentieth century, the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill had an athletic program remarkably unsullied by scandal, a situation so rare among large Southern state universities that some people began to speak about "the Carolina Way." That phrase has always annoyed our athletic rivals, and, to be sure, the reality was less chaste than the image, but it did mean something. It referred to a tolerable arrangement, a respectable one that included only a small compromise, so small that it could almost be ignored. Not corruption like what some places had, just a pragmatic concession to reality.

So we told ourselves, and I think we were actually right. While some other flagship schools were becoming to college athletics what Chicago and Boston and New Orleans are to municipal politics, we were happy to be, say, Minneapolis. Our partisans took pride in Final Four basketball teams made up almost entirely of athletes who didn't need a great deal of character-building to stay out of trouble with the NCAA and the law. Coach Dean Smith recruited partly on that basis, and he kept a close eye on his players, off the court as well as on. Yes, there was petty sleaze around the

edges. Coach Smith observed that the NCAA's rules made it almost inevitable, and I'm told that he argued for some modest compensation for players so they didn't have to sell their complimentary tickets or accept \$100 handshakes from grateful fans in order to dress like their classmates or go home for funerals. And, yes, academic standards were fiddled, but not too badly and not too often. A championship basketball team requires only seven or eight outstanding players, so Coach Smith could assemble one by recruiting only one or two academically unqualified "special talent" athletes a year, if they stayed around to play out their eligibility, as most did. They had help from notorious slide courses like Geology for Non-Majors ("Rocks for Jocks") and Portuguese (the Swahili of yesteryear), and they learned how to make Thanksgiving turkeys out of pine cones in Arts and Crafts for Elementary School Teachers, but at least those courses actually met and the athletes more or less earned their grades. It was like Smith's famous "Four Corners" offense: Carolina basketball was simply making the most of what the rules allowed. When it came to serious infractions, our athletic program was almost clean, and our athletes mostly stayed out of the newspapers except for the sports pages.

Maybe you've noticed that I haven't mentioned football. The NCAA allows a school to have 85 scholarship football players at any one time, compared to only 13 scholarship basketball players, and fielding a top-ten football team illustrates Marx's observation that "quantitative differences beyond a certain point pass into qualitative changes." To have had such a team would have required accommodating dozens of overstretched and underprepared "special talent" athletes, in ways hard to overlook. To its credit, UNC was unwilling to do this. Our boosters had to settle for defining a

successful football season as one in which we beat Duke and N.C. State and did well in a mid-level bowl game.

This arrangement lasted so long and became so unremarkable that many of us began to think of it as normal—just the way things were at our exceptional university. And perhaps we did become a little smug, a little condescending. As a University of South Carolina fan put it, in a discussion of whether UNC should be invited to join the Southeastern Conference, “If you want to see the SEC devalued and cheapened with preppy, false academic arrogance and crap football . . . go ahead, invite away.” Academic arrogance and crap football? Worked for us.

So when the old arrangement began to crumble and then to collapse, it was a shock. For a time, every month seemed to bring new stories about flash loaner cars, unpaid parking tickets, shopping sprees in D.C., a cushy university job for an athlete’s mother, parties arranged by an ex-felon named “Fats”, term papers written by tutors, term papers plagiarized from eleven year-olds, athletes steered to easy majors, grade changes, no-show classes, non-existent classes, marijuana possession, money, guns, and lawyers. (OK, I exaggerate: just one gun—9mm, semi-automatic.) The local media got on the case, the national press started picking up their stories, the D.A. began handing out indictments, a showboating congressman threatened to hold hearings, and everything was made worse by what looked to the uninstructed eye like a cover-up. Some former UNC athletes even went on television and said they weren’t grateful for their free education. Friends and admirers of UNC were dismayed. How did things spin out of control like this? What happened to the Carolina Way?

Maybe we should get used to it. This could be the new normal.

In retrospect, it's clear that our modest little compromise was an anomaly. There was and always will be pressure for winning teams from boosters whose identity, pride, and manhood are at stake, but for a time this pressure was offset by a lucky concatenation of circumstances and personalities. We had a sort of equilibrium, a balance of forces—until some changes tipped the balance. Three are undeniable: (1) Coach Smith retired; (2) President William Friday's influence waned; and (3) the Atlantic Coast Conference was expanded. In addition, I believe that (4) there has been a change in how UNC's faculty and administration view their role.

Consider first the contribution of Dean Smith. Smith was head coach of Carolina basketball for 36 years, and the Carolina Way was largely his creation. When he took over, there was no such thing; when he retired, it seemed as if it had always existed. Smith moved up to become head coach in 1961 when his boss, Frank McGuire, was forced out amid a flurry of NCAA violations and allegations of point-shaving. Smith, a smart man and a cautious one, cleaned things up and kept them that way. He recruited those tractable players, made sure that they stayed eligible and reasonably well-behaved, and kept the program operating within the rules. But he retired in 1997, and subsequent coaches may not have been as smart. Certainly they have been less alert for signs of trouble. Smith's successors may have been less vigilant because, unlike him, they never saw close up what happens when things get out of hand. (In addition, to be fair, coaches now must deal with an environment in which most NBA-worthy players bolt for the professional ranks after a year or two, which means, obviously, that more "special talent" admissions are required to build a championship team, with all the attendant problems.)

The other major figure in this story was William Friday, president of the university system from 1957 until he retired in 1986, then an éminence grise on the Chapel Hill campus until 1999 as executive director of the Kenan Charitable Trust. Mr. Friday was co-founder of the Knight Foundation Commission on Intercollegiate Athletics, serving as its co-chairman throughout the 1990s. We don't have to speculate about what he might have thought about our scandals, because he lived long enough to tell us. "The University of North Carolina has suffered a humiliation unlike anything it ever had before," he told the Washington Post in 2012. He added, "People don't want their lifetimes to be measured by how much their football team won or lost. There is something valuable they want to have written on that intellectual tombstone when the time comes." (This good man died six days after those words were published.)

Friday consistently deplored "the power of money" and the "insatiable appetite" for athletic success. In 2007, for instance, he opposed the destruction of the historic field house at UNC's Kenan Stadium to construct an exclusive "Blue Zone" for moneyed fans. By that time, however, Friday had come to be seen as a benign elder statesman, venerated—and ignored. The demolition went ahead and the Blue Zone was built. Friday's first successor as UNC system president, C. D. Spangler, tried to follow the path Friday had charted, and, as a Forbes 400 billionaire, he easily faced down the mere millionaires who were demanding special seating in the stadium. But presidents since Spangler have been less willing to tangle with wealthy and powerful boosters. Erskine Bowles, president from 2006 until 2010, said once that serious reform of UNC athletics would only be possible in response to a really big scandal. (Hello?)

Friday identified another crucial factor in the collapse of

the Carolina Way when he pointed out that reconfiguring Kenan Stadium for big givers was the “natural evolution” of the expansion of the Atlantic Coast Conference. For many years after its founding in 1953, the ACC comprised a group of southeastern universities with roughly similar athletic programs. In 1960 it was the first conference to impose a minimum SAT score for participation in intercollegiate athletics, a requirement rumored to have denied the ACC the services of both Joe Namath and Pete Maravich (it was struck down by a federal court in 1972). The conference’s finest moment probably came in 1971 when it bid adieu to South Carolina rather than lower its standards as USC demanded. (South Carolina’s basketball coach at the time was Frank McGuire, Dean Smith’s tarnished predecessor at UNC.)

In the 1990s, however, in pursuit of expanded media markets and big-name competition, the ACC began to metastasize. The admission of perennial football power Florida State in 1991 was a sign of its new direction, and the transformation was sealed when Boston College, Miami, and Virginia Tech came on board in 2004-2005. (Syracuse, Pittsburgh, Louisville, and Notre Dame were added in 2013.) The Knight Commission had recommended that university presidents take control of athletic programs, but nobody paid much attention; negotiating the huge sums paid for broadcast rights was handed over by the member schools to the conference itself. What this means for UNC is perfectly clear: If we stay in the Atlantic Coast Conference either we resign ourselves to never winning another ACC football championship or we have to field a top-ten team, with all that implies.

Many boosters had no question about what course to take, and were delighted to take it. In 2007 they saw to the

hiring of Butch Davis, a coach from the University of Miami who promised to deliver such a team. James Moeser, UNC-Chapel Hill's chancellor at the time, had many good qualities, but skepticism about the benefits of a big-time football program was not one of them. His career had taken him from his undergraduate days at the University of Texas to Michigan, Kansas, Penn State, South Carolina, and Nebraska—none a university with any reservations about pursuing gridiron glory—and if he put up any resistance to the hiring of Coach Davis, it escaped public notice. Four years later, when a number of Davis's football players were found guilty of violating various NCAA regulations, he was fired by Moeser's successor, Holden Thorpe, in a scene recalling Frank McGuire's dismissal a half-century earlier. Moeser told the press that he wouldn't have fired Davis, but Thorpe was a local boy brought up in the Carolina Way. (Unfortunately, he was eventually driven from office by this and other athletics-related embarrassments.)

We'll be paying for Davis's tenure for decades (I'm not talking just about the \$2.7 million going-away present we gave him) and of course getting rid of him was a good idea. But we don't seem to have learned much from the experience. There hasn't been a word, for example, about leaving the present-day ACC, which might be an even better idea. True, we have more or less locked ourselves in by ceding our media rights to the conference until 2027, but we could at least talk about it. Instead, UNC's athletic director is still promising boosters that there's a top-ten football team in our future.

Why has the faculty not raised hell about this? And why has the administration been complicit in it? Old-timers like me have always and everywhere thought things were better in their day, but in this respect I believe they really were. In

the olden days of the 1970s and '80s, administrators and faculty (on the Academic Affairs side of things, at least—forget the medical and dental schools) really did keep a wary eye on the athletic program, alert for signs of a win-at-any-cost ethic. We had provosts who were less interested in defending the program than in overseeing it and we had deans of the College of Arts and Sciences who had no illusions about the frequent disparity between its interests and the ambitions of the Rams Club (our booster organization). The faculty were represented by serious scholars, men and women like the former presidents of the Faculty Council and the Chancellor's Advisory Committee who in 1989 produced a report examining "all relevant aspects of the University's intercollegiate athletics program [and] to what extent, if any, these may be at variance with the University's purposes and standards of conduct." (The "Betts Committee" report concluded with 32 recommendations. They were approved with only minor changes by the 1990 Faculty Council—then apparently disappeared down the memory hole.)

These days, however, it appears that UNC's faculty and its administration have resigned themselves to merely tinkering with the academic component of our athletic program, and they seem to do that only when abuses can't be ignored. After some initial grumbling, the faculty has been strangely silent about the recent and continuing scandals. Most have been behaving like civil servants, busily devising remedies for the symptoms, while leaving the disease not just untreated but undiagnosed; the few honorable exceptions seem to be regarded as tiresome obsessives. George Stigler won a Nobel Prize for his concept of "regulatory capture," and faculty oversight of the athletic program now seems to illustrate that phenomenon. The

Faculty Athletic Committee, for instance, which might have been expected to notice suspect patterns of athletes' enrollment and grades, was asleep at the switch, and even now it seems more disposed to defend the athletics program than to monitor it. There is a striking difference, and a sad one, between the sober realism of that 1989 report that I mentioned and the happy talk coming from today's Faculty Council.

Meanwhile, the dean of the College of Arts and Sciences also seems unconcerned, although maybe she's just timid; in any case, I'm not aware of a single public statement from her. We have heard a lot from her boss, the provost, but he seems to be permanently on the defensive, attacking just about everyone except the boosters and athletic department personnel who got us into this mess and the administrators and trustees who looked away while they did it. (He acts as if criticisms of our athletic program's excesses are somehow attacks on the university. His predecessors—at least those I've known—would not have made that mistake.) The administration has spent a couple of million dollars, more or less, to deal with the widespread perception that they're not doing anything about the Problem That Must Not Be Named, when it would almost certainly have been cheaper just to do something.

Is there any hope for UNC? Some people have always believed that we're just another big Southern state university wagged by the tail of its athletic program—more successful than most at concealing the fact, that's all. Are we determined to confirm that opinion? Does anyone care? We probably can't look to the Board of Trustees for restraint. Three trustees were instrumental in bringing Butch Davis to Chapel Hill, and the current crop seem to have bought the line that everything is being taken care of (nothing to see

here, keep moving). Incidentally, I know of no other serious university that has as close a relationship between its administrative body and a booster club. Think about what it means that the chairman of the Rams Club board and the chairman of the Board of Trustees just exchanged jobs.

William Friday put his hope in our alumni. In that last interview he said, "There are thousands of alumni who look upon what happened with serious concern, and I don't believe they're going to tolerate it." Could he be right? The best of our graduates have always taken even more pride in our academic reputation than in our NCAA championships, and many recognize that these accumulating scandals have disgraced their university and devalued their degrees. Buried deep in the website of the General Alumni Association are letters from some of them—perplexed letters, sorrowful letters, indignant letters, lots of letters. But there need to be more.

Of course, our chancellor will never say to the big-money boosters, "You've destroyed the ACC. You've deformed Kenan stadium. You brought down a good chancellor. You've damaged our university's reputation, perhaps irreparably. We're not going to turn ourselves into the Alabama of the East for your entertainment. So just back off." She's more diplomatic than I am. But she might tell them something useful, if thousands of alumni urged her to do it. How about: "We'd love to have top-ten teams in every sport, and we'll get to work on that just as soon as we've made every department in the College of Arts and Sciences one of the top-ten departments in its discipline. Would you like to help?"

The core problem is how to maintain the eligibility of “student-athletes” who can’t or won’t do university-level work, and in the end UNC did nothing at all to address it. The new “policies, procedures, and safeguards” ritually invoked by defenders of the status quo were a pathetic collection of merely cosmetic changes. A shorter version of this attempt to explain the UNC faculty’s puzzling nonchalance was published in the Raleigh News & Observer in 2015. (By the way, these days many humanities faculty members don’t “see debate and disagreement as what a university is for.” But that’s another essay.)

Two Cultures in Chapel Hill

Among the faculty at the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill there are two quite different views of the university’s recent athletic/academic scandal.

One powerful element of the faculty, apparently including the Faculty Athletics Committee, shares the view of the administration and trustees that the university has forthrightly addressed the misdeeds of those who created this mess and has ensured that nothing similar will happen again. As the then-chair of the faculty asserted in 2013, “we have implemented policies, procedures, and safeguards that [will allow] us to move forward in our unwavering commitment to excellence.” These faculty members are frustrated when what they see as trouble-making colleagues and unscrupulous journalists refuse to acknowledge what to them is an obvious truth.

Another segment of the faculty, however, including the vocal Athletic Reform Group, believes that the university’s recent problems stem from fundamental contradictions that have not even been acknowledged, much less resolved. They have less tolerance than the first group for the compromises

required to field top-ten teams in the “money sports” of football and men’s basketball, and believe that both local and national developments suggest that the situation is getting worse, not better. They see the current embarrassment as an opportunity to deal with these problems before they become irreversible.

It may seem odd that mostly smart and mostly honest people can look at the same facts and arrive at such completely incompatible conclusions. I believe, however, that the two parties may be coming from different places, both intellectually and literally.

Recently, an associate professor of chemistry circulated a statement that is a representative expression of the “move on” position. She sought signatures from active and retired faculty, and as I write it has attracted 135 of them. It is remarkable that only nine of those signers are from humanities departments. Over 60 percent are from the physical sciences and mathematics (30), medicine and other “health affairs” schools (27), and the business school (26). (Five of the others are from the Department of Exercise and Sports Science and the rest are from other professional schools, the arts, and social sciences.)

Compare those figures to the affiliations of the 32 retired faculty who signed a letter last year that criticized the administration’s response. Not one was from the business school; only five were from the hard sciences and one from the School of Public Health, while fully half were from humanities departments (literature, languages, and especially history). The composition of the university’s Athletic Reform Group, which comprises mostly working faculty, is similarly skewed toward the humanities.

True, the university has 3,600 currently employed faculty and hundreds more retired ones who remain active,

so the vast majority have remained silent. There is no school or department in which anything near a majority of faculty signed either statement. Nevertheless, the imbalance is so large that it suggests an interesting possibility.

In an influential lecture titled “The Two Cultures” the British novelist and scientist C. P. Snow emphasized differences in what scientists and humanists know, pointing out, for instance, that a humanist who doesn’t understand the Second Law of Thermodynamics is like a scientist who has never read Shakespeare. But there are also differences in how the two groups work. Advances in medicine and the hard sciences often require teamwork. The history of science is not devoid of conflict and individual genius—quite the contrary—but day-to-day progress is achieved by patient assault on the unknown, usually by a team of researchers. Cooperation is desirable and important (as in team sports). Humanists, on the other hand, believe that arguing and airing differences can be a path to understanding. They see debate and disagreement as what a university is *for*. As for the business school—well, most business enterprises reward team players and those who can organize and motivate them. It may be significant that faculty from the law and journalism schools are strikingly rare among the signers of the “move on” statement. Like scholars in the humanities, journalists and lawyers believe in examining opposing views and weighing arguments, not putting them aside in order to move forward.

My point is not that one of these approaches is superior to the other; each is useful in its place and for its purpose. But they do tend to be found in different disciplines. The “move on” statement characterizes the actions of some outspoken faculty critics of the administration as “divisive and counterproductive” and castigates them for “seek[ing]

out the media spotlight to rehash old issues as if they are ongoing problems.” Most of those critics are humanists. They might happily agree that they have been divisive, but from their point of view, what’s counterproductive is telling those you disagree with to shut up and get with the program.

I’ll end with a personal note. I was one of the retired faculty members who wrote that letter. One faculty colleague accused those of us who signed it of wanting to “wash our dirty linen in public.” That is precisely what we wanted. In retrospect it would have been very smart to have hauled it out and washed it very conspicuously because it was eventually dragged out and displayed by others.

The chemist’s statement implies that now everything has been revealed, justice has been done, and the future has been taken care of. If those three propositions were true, it might indeed be time to move on. But many, both on the campus and off, think there’s dirty linen yet to be washed. Answering their questions might be embarrassing, even painful, but it would put an end to this business. Telling them that it’s time to stop asking certainly won’t.

SPORTS IN A DIFFERENT SENSE

The pieces in this section are not about sports; they *are* sports—in the biological sense of organisms “showing some marked variation from the normal type.” They all deal with subjects I hadn’t even thought much about until I was asked to speak or write about them. In each case something—the interest of the topic, the significance of the occasion, just the flattery of having been asked—overcame my natural reluctance to do the work required not to sound like a complete idiot.

I don't know what Southern Living magazine expected when they asked me for some thoughts on Autumn for their North Carolina supplement, but I'm pretty sure it wasn't this downer.

Autumn Melancholy

Autumn sometimes makes me blue. As the falling leaves mark another year almost gone, they remind me that I've seen far more than I have yet to see. With November comes the Feast of All Souls, a time to remember the faithful departed, whose blessed company each year includes a few more friends and schoolmates. Even Halloween can make me maudlin, evoking memories of little girls who don't live here any more.

When I want to wallow in melancholy, sometimes I stroll in Chapel Hill's old town cemetery. An overcast day is best, after the red of the maples and dogwoods has passed and the big, slow oaks have turned, and the residual green of the pines and cedars only complements the dominant grey of the old stones, and the day, and my mood. For over 200 years this ground has received the remains of all sorts and conditions of Chapel Hillians. There are Confederate soldiers, of course—one dead at Bentonville and buried in his bloody uniform—alongside merchants and mayors and professional men with their wives and servants, the latter in the black section to the west. In that same area are the graves of black craftsmen, pastors, a physician who developed a treatment for pellagra and a laundress who starched and ironed thousands of student shirts. Some of those students now lie here as well, far from their homes and families. Nearby rests all that is mortal of various university grandees: presidents, deans, founders of departments and institutes, professors of national renown and others whose fame was more modest and local. Many have names I

recognize from campus buildings, named back in the innocent days before we named buildings for donors.

Vandals have toppled gravestones and stolen much of the intricate wrought-iron. The words of a great Victorian hymn come to mind:

Change and decay in all around I see.
O Thou that changeth not, abide with me.

When I look it up, I find that the author of those words, Henry Francis Lytle, died at 54.

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day,
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away

Winter is coming. We know that spring will follow—the azaleas and bluettes will bloom again—but first we must have winter.

When the Military Order of the Stars and Bars invited me to give the 1996 Lee's Birthday address in North Carolina's Old State Capitol, I knew the atmosphere would be one of reverence, so I seized the chance to deliver a sermon. Complimenting the General has since become more controversial, but I don't see much I'd change. (I have changed what I said about the "sublimest" quote, though, to reflect what I learned too late from Sean Heuston's article, "The Most Famous Thing Robert E. Lee Never Said.")

"Duty Faithfully Performed"

We are here to celebrate the life and character of General Robert E. Lee. That used to be a more common undertaking than it is today. It's certainly less common than when I was a boy in the 1950s, when even in the part of East Tennessee where I grew up—a town with white grade schools named for Abraham Lincoln and Andrew Johnson—there was a school named for him. But the high-water mark for the celebration of Lee and the Lost Cause came in the early years of the twentieth century. The practices of that era have been well documented in books like Charles Wilson's *Baptized in Blood* and Thomas Connelly's *The Marble Man*. Even the university at Chapel Hill sponsored a yearly Lee's Birthday address. (In 1906 it was given by Woodrow Wilson.) But now, as you may have heard, the proposed National History Standards that have caused so much commotion don't even include Lee as a figure every schoolboy and schoolgirl should know. And the idea of a Lee's Birthday address at Chapel Hill—well, let's just say it's not in the cards.

I do think that's a shame. Reading the man's letters and papers to prepare for this evening, I've become more than ever convinced of what we were constantly told when I was young, that General Lee is an admirable figure, worthy to be emulated

in many ways. I don't need to tell this audience that, but for many—maybe most—modern Americans it takes an effort of understanding to figure it out.

An Englishman named L. P. Hartley once observed that "The past is a foreign country; they do things differently there." Hartley was right: The past really *is* another country. It's not our native land, and we can only be tourists there—at best naturalized citizens. Even if its language resembles ours, we still have to learn to speak it. We're often surprised by what its citizens take for granted (and they may question our *own* unexamined assumptions). Properly understood, the study of history is the original multicultural education. This means that with every decade General Lee and his generation inexorably become less and less our countrymen, in every respect but the geographical. Increasingly it takes an act of the will and a good deal of work to understand their language, and it will get no easier as time goes by. We may regret this, but it is inevitable.

Understanding the Confederate generation was already difficult in the 1920s, at a time when many of Lee's soldiers were still among us. The great Southern poet and critic Allen Tate was a young man in the '20s. Tate was one of the contributors to the Southern Agrarian manifesto *I'll Take My Stand*, and he was a fervent Southern patriot. He set out to write a biography of Lee, as an act of piety as much as anything else. Louis Rubin of Chapel Hill has written about that attempt. Tate came to believe that, with Lee, what you saw was what you got: the man did what he was supposed to do; he did what he said he was doing. There were no contradictions, no ironies, no hidden depths. Tate finally gave up the biography. As he saw it, Lee wasn't complicated enough to sustain the interest of a modern young intellectual like himself. Lee was too simple, too transparent, too unlike Allen Tate, to be worth a biographer's effort.

I trust you anticipate my point. Tate was, as I said, a young man—brilliant, but rather arrogant. He condescendingly thought he understood Lee too easily, but I think he didn't really begin to understand him at all. The "generation gap" isn't something we invented in the 1960s. The 1920s spoke a different language from the 1860s. And the 1990s speak a language even more different. It's even harder for us to understand what Lee was saying than it was for Allen Tate—and not just because Tate was smarter than we are (although he almost certainly was). This is nowhere more evident than in the words of the inscription on Chapel Hill's Confederate memorial, "Silent Sam." Many of you have passed that monument—have you read it?

**TO THE SONS OF THE UNIVERSITY
WHO ENTERED THE WAR OF 1861-65
IN ANSWER TO THE CALL OF THEIR
COUNTRY AND WHOSE LIVES
TAUGHT THE LESSON OF
THEIR GREAT COMMANDER THAT
DUTY IS THE SUBLIMEST WORD
IN THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE**

That "great commander" was of course General Lee. I'd read that inscription for years before I got curious enough to seek out the context for that remark. I found it in what purports to be a letter in which Lee tells his young son Custis, "Duty, then, is the sublimest word in our language. Do your duty in all things. . . . You cannot do more, you should never wish to do less."

Now it seems that Lee didn't actually write these words. The letter is apparently a forgery, probably by a Union soldier during the wartime occupation of Lee's estate in Arlington. That's a long story, but never mind: that letter has been quoted

in popular magazines, scholarly books and articles, judicial decisions, and political addresses, as well as on innumerable Confederate monuments, because Lee certainly *could* have written it.

He spoke often about duty. He spoke of it when he chose to stand with Virginia at the outbreak of war, despite his pessimism about the likely outcome of that war. He spoke of it to his troops when invading Pennsylvania, reminding them of "the duties exacted of us by civilization and Christianity" not to abuse civilians. (One wishes General Sherman had had the same understanding of a soldier's duties.) Lee spoke of duty perhaps most movingly when he told his soldiers at Appomattox that they took with them from that place "the satisfaction that proceeds from the consciousness of duty faithfully performed."

In defeat he reminded his fellow Southerners of "the duty of every one to unite in the restoration of the country and the reestablishment of peace and harmony." When he took the presidency of Washington College, he spoke of the duty of "those charged with the instruction of the young to set them an example of submission to authority." When some of the college's students misbehaved—as students will—he shamed them by appealing to "their sense of what is due to themselves, their parents, and the institution to which they belong." General Lee obviously had a profound sense of duty, and he paid others the compliment of assuming that they did, too.

The belief that one's purpose on earth is to discern one's duty and to do it is now so old-fashioned as to be almost unintelligible. The interesting thing is that it was unusual even in Lee's own day. To be sure, his fellow soldiers also spoke of duty: after all, many were, like him, graduates of an institution whose motto is "Duty, honor, country." But most other Confederates also spoke the rhetoric of secession, and that

rhetoric was filled with rights-talk: the rights of property, the rights of states, the rights of free-born Americans, the Second Revolution, *Sic semper tyrannis*, and all that. Admirable as those sentiments may be, there was little of such talk from Robert E. Lee. He spoke less of what others owed *him* than of his duty to *them*.

To understand Lee we must remember that he was shaped by the Protestant Episcopal Church of early nineteenth-century Virginia, and we need to know what that means. That isn't easy—not least because today's Episcopal Church doesn't look much like the church of Lee's boyhood. But the documents are there, and with some effort we can work our way into the mind of Lee's old-fashioned churchmanship.

By the early nineteenth century, the Anglican piety of old Virginia was already old-fashioned. Its finest hour had been in the colonial period, when it was the church by law established. Its great men were Washington and the other Virginians who had founded the American Republic. Indeed, its language was that of the Prayer Book, essentially unchanged since Thomas Cranmer wrote it nearly three hundred years before. At its best—and Lee seems to have been its best—this was a church that nurtured a quiet, steady, Stoic faith, and a sort of piety very different from that of the Baptist and Methodist and New Light Presbyterian churches that had come to claim the allegiance of most Southerners. Indeed, those other churches had largely defined themselves in reaction to a moribund form of Anglicanism, and they prided themselves on being what it was not. Where historic Anglicanism was formal, ordered, and restrained, evangelical Protestantism was informal, spontaneous, and exuberant. The taunt that Episcopalians are "God's frozen people" isn't fair, but it reflects this observation, and the observation is true enough. The great revival that swept the Confederate army was not of Episcopalian provenance.

Episcopalians don't do revivals.

Moreover, where the dominant religions of the South were egalitarian and individualistic, Anglicanism was hierarchical and corporate—and it had as much to say about duty as West Point ever did. Duty to God, of course: It spoke of a Lord "whose service is perfect freedom," and of "our bounden duty and obligation at all times and in all places to worship" Him. But it also spoke again and again of our temporal duties. The catechism that Lee read as a candidate for confirmation asked, for instance, "What is thy duty towards thy Neighbor?", to which the candidate responded, in part, "To do my duty in that state of life unto which it shall please God to call me." My duty is. . . to do my duty. Incidentally, that response is usually read these days (if it's read at all) as instructing subordinates to behave as subordinates should—as the catechism says elsewhere, "to order myself lowly and reverently to all my betters." But that's not what it meant. All states of life have duties, and the classic, indeed the Biblical, understanding has it that the higher the state, the more extensive the duties. The young Lee surely read that sentence as reminding him that he had been given much, and that much was expected of him.

In the event, history didn't allow Lee to live his life as a simple soldier and squire. He did his duty, as he saw it, and that duty led him into the pages of history. It led him to great military achievement, which will surely stand for all time aloft and serene amidst the shifting sands of historical interpretation. It also led him eventually to defeat and to disappointment so abject that few of us, I suspect, would willingly take his place. It speaks to his greatness, to his nobility of character, that his quiet acceptance of his duty was as steadfast in defeat as in triumph.

Few if any of us will be called on to do our duty on the stage of history. But we all do have duties, and we don't have

to look far to find them. Some we have freely contracted; others are a necessary condition for civil society; some may be—like the rights we hear so much about these days—God-given. But wherever they come from, we all know we have clear duties—to our parents, our children, our husbands and wives; we have duties to our employers and our employees; duties to our churches and schools, to the poor, the sick, the friendless; to our towns and our country. Perhaps we can learn from Lee's example—and from the Anglican tradition that nurtured him—not just how to accept them, but how to rejoice in accepting them.

Let me close with a bit of verse that illustrates Lee's way of thinking. If you find its sentiment alien—well, that was the point I started with. It comes from a poem that's now in the Episcopal hymnal, one that Lee may very well have known. It was written by an English priest, John Keble, and published in 1827 in a book called *The Christian Year*, that became well-known throughout the Anglican world. When we ask, like Lee, where our duties lie, most of us will find our answer in the fifth verse of "New Every Morning is the Love":

The trivial round, the common task,
Will furnish all we ought to ask;
Room to deny ourselves—a road
To bring us daily nearer God.

And the poem concludes—

And help us, this and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray.

Robert Edward Lee would have recognized and shared that sentiment, and he would have responded with the devout Episcopalian's murmured "Amen."

The principal speaker at the 59th annual Boat Race Dinner of the Washington Oxford and Cambridge Club in 2005 was Sir Martin Rees (now Lord Rees of Ludlow), the Astronomer Royal and Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, but I got to give "The Toast to the Universities." FrontPorchRepublic.com originally published this, and it has been reprinted elsewhere.

Oxbridge and Anglophilia

My Lords, ladies and gentlemen—

It's a treat to say those words aloud for the first time. I'll say them again:

My Lords, ladies and gentlemen. It is an honor to address this group, on this occasion. And I have no doubt that the recollection of it will be a pleasure, although at the moment it's rather intimidating.

I'm intimidated in part because I am not actually a graduate of either of the Universities—thus hardly a graduate at all, by their splendidly arrogant reckoning. If it helps, I have regretted this regrettable fact ever since I learned what I missed. I did go to college in one of the nine Cambridges in the United States, the one in Massachusetts; I have taught at one of the twenty American Oxfords, the one in Mississippi; and I have visited both English Universities as a senior member, but I have never been sconed, or sported my oak. I have never ragged about, broken windows, or been chased by proctors. I was into my thirties before I knew a buttery from a battel, a dean from a senior tutor. Joseph Epstein has written of his "hopeless yearning," his "sadness" at not having gone to Cambridge or Oxford, and I know what he means. I haven't gone so far as to become what Professor Epstein calls an "English impersonator," but, like him, I've invested so much imagination in

Oxford and Cambridge that I feel entitled to a degree of some sort. Epstein suggests that “a disappointing second” would be about right.

I am, in short, an Anglophile whose condition is inseparable from his affection for both of your magnificent Universities. So I’m delighted to be addressing what a speaker at this occasion a few years ago called “Washington’s annual exercise in Anglophilia.”

It’s only natural that this evening should be such an exercise. After all, those who didn’t savor their Oxbridge experience are unlikely to be here. There are a few such soreheads. You’ve met them: Americans who spend all their time in England complaining about the food, or the weather, or the class system. It strikes me that going to England and complaining about those things is like going to California and complaining about narcissism, but I can’t deny that American Anglophobia exists. These days, however, it’s a mere shadow of what it was in the time of Colonel McCormick. Witness the fact that Prime Minister Blair is more popular in the United States than in his own country. American Anglophobes of the old school used to complain about the British dragging Americans into their wars. Now the complaint runs the other way.

No, for us Anglophiles the *real* threat these days is not Anglophobia but indifference, or nonchalance. When your secretary wrote me about this dinner he alluded to some “younger . . . members of the Universities who seem jaded.” He observed that their time in England “was not their first extended stay abroad and, indeed, for some not even their first time at Oxford or Cambridge having spent junior years or summer sessions in England.” For earlier generations, he said, the experience was “qualitatively different and more affecting.” Edwin Yoder, in his recent memoir, *Telling Others*

What to Think, makes the same point. For his 1956 class of Rhodes Scholars, “England was virgin territory and the Atlantic crossing a novelty,” Yoder writes. “In the innocent 1950s, the Atlantic remained the cultural moat it had been for three centuries. . . . The European experience had not been democratized and, if truth were told, rendered banal by tourism.”

Yoder acknowledges that “it would be quite different with a similar group today.” Ed went by ship. Those of us a bit younger missed that experience, but even for us the journey involved a change of planes in New York, if not a layover in Iceland. It was a *big deal*. Now that there’s a flight every evening from Raleigh to Gatwick, now that you can go straight to Victoria Station from Billy Graham Parkway in Charlotte—no, it isn’t the same.

And the England we went to was very different from the United States we left, in obvious ways. You’ll have your own memories; mine involve such prosaic things as pub closing hours and one-bar electric heaters and pounds, shillings, and pence. Inevitably, these days, we old-timers can’t help feeling that England has become—well, less English. Many of the changes are disquieting. In the early ‘90s my wife and I went back to England for the first time since 1978. We had missed the entire Thatcher era, which I take to have been a major turning-point. We had no sooner entered the Underground than we saw an advertising poster that showed a couple of good old Southern boys sitting on a front porch in Benson, North Carolina, drinking Budweiser. Am I the only one who finds it sad that Budweiser is available at all in the country that taught me to like bitter and brown ale?

The problem is less creeping “Americanization”—that perennial bugbear of the English left and the old Tory right—than galloping cosmopolitanism in general. In the

cafeteria at the Victoria and Albert Museum we found no British beer at all, just the Dutch and German lagers that one of my English friends calls "Euro-fizz." Just so, in a Knightsbridge delicatessen, the pleasant young Pakistani behind the counter looked puzzled at my inquiry. "Wensleydale," he said. "Doesn't ring a bell." When I went to an Oxford Street shop to buy some Harris tweed jackets (the ones I'd bought there in 1978 hadn't changed shape with me), all I found were nip-waisted Italian numbers, with wide pointy lapels. The clerk suggested haughtily that I try "someplace that caters more to the tourist trade." (I did, and found what I was after.)

The changes aren't all bad. Only someone who hates the British could begrudge them central heat and double-glazing. And thanks to Europe and the New Commonwealth and Tesco and, yes, Americanization, it's much easier to eat well in England than it was when Ed Yoder wrote home about how much he missed turnip greens and cornbread after a steady diet of Oxford's "drab" brussels sprouts and cooked cabbage, "unpalatable" soups, and "potatoes, and more potatoes, mashed, baked, boiled, etc., but always potatoes." In 1978 we had to take our children to London, to Baker Street, for the McDonald's hamburger that was their birthright as Americans. Now, of course, McDonald's is everywhere, and say what you will about Mickey D's, it beats Wimpy hands-down.

But facile generalizations about cultural convergence raise my suspicions. I've made a career of arguing that American Southerners still share a distinctive culture, despite the astonishing economic, demographic, and political changes of the past few decades. Just so, the England that most of us first knew is still there. You can still find chip butties, baked beans on toast, and deep-fried Mars

Bars. It's true that British television has become a vast wasteland of vulgarity and celebrity that sometimes makes the Fox Network look like *Masterpiece Theatre*, but there are still broadcasts of snooker tournaments, flower shows, and sheepdog trials. I can't deny that the Queen's Jubilee in 2002 was marked by a concert featuring, among others, Ricky Martin, Atomic Kitten, Ozzy Osbourne, and Tom Jones singing "Sex Bomb". But there was also a garden party at Buckingham Palace where each of the lucky guests chosen by lot received—I'm quoting from the newspaper account—"a Waitrose hamper containing 'Jubilee' chicken salad, shortbread, strawberries and cream, a rain poncho and a half-bottle of champagne." And although it's true (as the *Wall Street Journal* has observed) that about the only blood sport still legal in Britain is hunting and torturing the Royal Family, a million people gathered on the Mall to celebrate the Jubilee, *a million people*, all sorts and conditions, all colors, all ages and classes, waving Union flags and cheering their Queen. The next morning the *Guardian*, faithful to another British tradition—bloody-minded republicanism—led with a story about something else altogether.

No, there is still much for an American to love and to envy about England. Emerson wrote, in *English Traits*, that "the English shrink from a generalization" (itself of course a generalization), so I risk showing my essential American-ness here, but let me count the ways.

Every Anglophile has his own catalog of admirable English qualities. Bill Bryson, the American whose *Notes from a Small Island* spent over 60 weeks on the *Times* bestseller list, loves the classic British fortitude summed up in the expression "Mustn't grumble." I have a friend who likes the insularity of the British working class, the refusal to take foreigners seriously—even when the foreigners in

question are Americans like himself. He has clipped and saved a classic tabloid headline: "Why Don't the Froggies Like Us?" Joseph Epstein's catalog includes the sort of "English cool . . . represented by Evelyn Waugh, stepping out of a bunker during a Nazi bombing raid in Yugoslavia, looking up at a sky raining down bombs and announcing, 'Like all things German, this is vastly overdone.'"

For my part I treasure a refreshing difference between England and America that my friend Richard Blaustein once summed up nicely: "Brits think a hundred miles is a long distance," he said. "Americans think a hundred years is a long time."

American distances really can be incomprehensible to Englishfolk. A woman moving to North Carolina's Research Triangle asked me once if her daughter could study with a violin teacher in Knoxville. She'd seen that Tennessee adjoins North Carolina. When I started to explain by pointing out that North Carolina is slightly bigger than England, she was—as she might have said—gobsmacked. This attitude is catching. After a few months in England I find myself thinking things like "It's 120 miles to Southampton. I'd better plan to spend the night."

Of course it takes a long time to drive 120 miles. In that distance you'll pass through dozens of villages and towns, most with old inns, manor houses, or parish churches that are worth a look. I like that. And I like a place that has a history it can take for granted, where you run into 12th-century buildings still in use that don't even make the guidebooks, where "New College" was founded in 1379. When an American friend of mine was at Cambridge in the 1960s, an undergraduate at St. Catharine's, his rooms were in a fifteenth-century building that was finally condemned as unsound. My friend went to the dean and begged to stay,

saying that it meant a lot to him, as an American, to live in a building that predated Columbus. The dean let him stay, but only after he signed a statement waiving his right to sue if the building fell on him.

Another thing I like about England is the sense of irony that is second nature to most of my Oxford and Cambridge friends. It largely immunizes them against the orthodoxy and sentimentality that constrain and clutter so much of American academic conversation these days. True, the mawkish national weepfest of Princess Diana's funeral suggests that I haven't met a cross-section of the population, but people who think *Seinfeld* has an ironic take on life need a few evenings at High Table. My English friends' impatience with cant is reflected in the well-honed English art of putting each other down. Even if Americans had words like "twee" and "naff" we probably wouldn't use them often—not because we don't have what they describe (Lord knows we do), but because they're rooted in social-class distinctions that we're far more squeamish about than the English. When one of my friends sniffed that cell phones are "all very well for jumped-up estate agents" it spoke volumes about the Thatcherites' failure to make enterprise an English trait.

I also admire a sort of temperamental conservatism that might drive me nuts if I were English, but that as an outsider I find very agreeable. The English I like best are nearly all attached to some combination of cricket, football, dogs, real ale, Europhobia, and the Church of England. I only share their tastes in beer, Europeans, and Anglicanism (and those not always), but in general a Southerner like me understands people who like being what they are and intend to stay that way. When British Air proposed to replace the Union Jack on its airplanes with something more modern and Euro-

friendly—well, you’d have thought they were going to take the Southern Cross off the Mississippi state flag. This conservatism isn’t even usually political—Lady Thatcher, for instance, isn’t conservative in this sense—and it may not even be the majority attitude these days, but it’s widespread enough that someone who shares it doesn’t feel like an alien.

In this respect as in others, both Oxford and Cambridge are major repositories of Englishness. Although as an outsider I find the Universities’ similarities and their differences from American universities far more striking than their differences from each other, I think there’s some truth to the stereotype that Oxford, especially, resists fashionable innovations. In 1744 John Wesley preached a sermon at Oxford. William Blackstone, then a young student, described it this way:

He informed us: 1st, That there was not one Christian among all the heads of Houses. 2^{ndly}. That Pride, Gluttony, Avarice, Luxury, Sensuality and Drunkenness were the General Characteristics of all Fellows of Colleges, who were useless to a proverbial uselessness. Lastly, that the younger part of the University were a generation of triflers, all of them perjured, and not one of them of any Religion at all.

Wesley’s sermon created a stir, as you can imagine, but, as Blackstone put it., “on mature deliberation, it has been thought proper to punish him by a mortifying neglect.”

Mortifying neglect is exactly the right response, if not to Methodism, at least to a great many trendy *isms*, and Oxford has it down pat. When Max Beerbohm was asked what he thought about Freudianism, for example, he replied: “They were a tense and peculiar family; the Oedipuses, were they not?”

For an American academic—for this one, anyway—an Oxbridge College meeting can be a strange experience. At one, for example, we approved the lifetime appointments of two new Fellows in five minutes, then spent the better part of two hours discussing the dining rights of several categories of honorary and quondam Fellows. At another meeting we quickly and indignantly rejected an outside auditor's suggestion that the College stop selling wine from its cellar to Fellows for their personal use, then debated at length whether the advowson of a parish held by the college should be transferred to the Bishop of Ely.

And High Table conversations are nothing like American academic discourse. American academics usually want you to know how much they know, and talk shop incessantly, but the approved Oxbridge style is still, as Ed Yoder observed in Oxford in the 1950s, "to wear learning lightly, almost off-handedly." As Yoder learned, it is often "bad form to talk about one's own academic specialty; the trick," as he observed, is "to be witty and well informed, and if possible provocatively amateurish, about someone else's." Of many memorable High Table conversations, two in particular stick in my mind. One was with a venerable Fellow of Jesus College, Cambridge, an ancient historian—in both senses of that phrase—who affected not to have heard of Elvis Presley. The other was a discussion with a clergyman, over good wine and (yes) brussels sprouts at St Antony's, Oxford, of the relative merits of terry-cloth and fur covers for one's hot-water bottle. From time to time in Oxford or Cambridge, I confess, I feel as if I'd wandered into a scene from *Porterhouse Blue*. Scenes like these may be what Isaiah Berlin had in mind when he observed that "After Oxford, Harvard is a desert."

There are many reasons to treasure the Universities—

their contributions to knowledge; their preservation and renovation of architecture, choral music, and literature; their production of generations of leaders, not just for the United Kingdom but for our own country and much of the world—you know all this. But someone who likes England because it's *not* like America, *not* like Continental Europe, must be especially grateful that while doing all this Oxford and Cambridge remain distinctly, stubbornly, obstinately *English*.

George Orwell is always a good name to drop with Anglophiles. Many of you will know his wartime essay, "The Lion and the Unicorn." After generalizing delightfully about British traits himself, Orwell wrote:

It needs some very great disaster . . . to destroy a national culture. [In England] the Stock Exchange will be pulled down, the horse plough will give way to the tractor, the country houses will be turned into children's holiday camps, the Eton and Harrow match will be forgotten, but England will still be England, an everlasting animal stretching into the future and the past, and, like all living things, having the power to change out of recognition and yet remain the same.

The same can be said of the Universities. Change will come, as it must, as it always has; even the boat race may be forgotten, but Oxford and Cambridge will surely endure. And as long as they do, there will always be—Anglophilia.

With that proposition in mind, I ask you to rise . . . and to drink, as I do now, the health of the Universities.

Two months after 9/11, a dozen academics gathered in Philadelphia at the house of Martin Seligman, former president of the American Psychological Association. Representatives of the FBI and CIA were also there, and the meeting caused something of a scandal when it was rumored that we had talked about how to make torture work better. (An investigation by the APA eventually confirmed that we hadn't.) This was my contribution to the discussion.

Lessons for Afghanistan

I'm here, I presume, because at one of Marty's earlier meetings I asked the question, "Looking at the subset of conflicts that end with more or less decisive victory for one side, [w]hen do the beaten stay beat? When do losers accept their loss—and not just that, but come to see their defeat as a good thing, perhaps not even a defeat at all?" I used the example of white Southerners, who have been good losers (in this sense) twice: in the 1860s at the hands of Union Army and a century later at the hands of the civil-rights movement and its allies. Marty's assignment to me this time adds two more examples: Germany and Japan after World War II. Let's kick these cases around a bit and see what light they shed, if any, on the general question of what produces good losers, and thereby on our nation's particular concerns right now.

Let me say right off that this discussion is complicated by the lack of clarity about who it is exactly that we're now defeating. Who has been our enemy since September 11? We've been told repeatedly that we're not at war with the entire Islamic or Arab world—although for a while there it looked as if we might be. It now appears that we're not even at war with "Afghanistan." Those who said that the Afghan

people would rise up as one to repel the foreigner were simply wrong. We also heard that we would be fighting the entire Pashtun tribe, but apparently that's not true either. Many of them seem to be as eager as anyone else to share the spoils of victory. Indeed, it's wonderful how this war has taken on the aspect of a liberation. Almost everyone turns out to have been on our side all along! Like France in 1944. (That's a joke.)

In short, as events have progressed, the "enemy" has dwindled. It now seems that we've been fighting merely the Taliban—perhaps not even all of them—and Al Qaeda, particularly Al Qaeda's Foreign Legion, its Lincoln Brigades of Pakistanis, Arabs, and Chechens. This represents a genuine accomplishment. The administration has done a splendid job of focusing our enmity on "terrorists and those who shelter them" (as President Bush put it at the outset), and as we wrap up this bunch the continuing struggle against others may look less like war than like counter-espionage, or the suppression of organized crime—which isn't to say that it will be easy, just that lessons drawn from war may not be especially useful.

We have other enemies, too, of course, people who are not themselves terrorists, or actively engaged in sheltering terrorists, but who sympathize with Al Qaeda—the 83% of respondents to an internet survey by Al-Jazeera, for example, who say that bin Laden is a Jihad fighter, not a terrorist. These folks were a lot noisier when their dog was winning the fight, but they haven't gone away. Before we ask how to make them good losers, we need to figure out how to make them losers.

Nevertheless, let's look at those conflicts that I was asked to address. What I'll have to say isn't science. At best it's just generalization, extrapolation, and speculation. Not

even particularly informed speculation. In particular, I suspect that response to defeat may be so culturally specific that intelligent discussion of it in any particular case requires detailed knowledge of sort I certainly don't have when it comes to the Islamic world. So I'll just suggest a few things to think about. If I'm wrong, say so. It won't surprise me.

When I discussed the relatively happy outcomes of the American Civil War and the conflict over civil rights, I suggested several contributing factors, not sufficient to produce reconciliation, probably not even necessary, but factors that make that outcome more likely. Thinking about the response of Germany and Japan to defeat, I think I can make a case that they were at play in those instances, too. Three factors were largely under the victors' control: (1) leaders who deploy rhetoric that allows for conciliation, (2) decisive defeat, by overwhelming force, and (3) well-defined and limited aims, and a settlement limited to those aims. I also discussed the importance of whatever leadership survives or emerges on the losing side, but that's a good deal harder for victors to control. Let's take these factors one at a time.

The first is fairly straightforward. Reconciliation is obviously easier if the victors haven't publicly committed themselves to vengeance, if they've said that reconciliation is desirable—or at least left the possibility open. I pointed out in that earlier paper that both Abraham Lincoln and Martin Luther King spoke eloquently and often of reconciliation as an explicit aim. In World War II there was less of that talk, but in general it seems to me that the allied leaders cast the war as one to wipe out dictatorship and militarism, not to crush "the Hun" and "the Jap."

To be sure, popular culture didn't show much restraint. I've been listening lately to a collection of popular songs

from the Second World War: a typical example is titled "We're Gonna Slap the Dirty Little Jap." And many politicians obviously shared those feelings. Churchill once said he wanted to take male Germans and "castrate the lot," and later told his Cabinet that it might be a good idea to "segregate three or four million German males for some years" to keep them from breeding. (I'm reminded of General Sherman's remarks about what he called "the young bloods of the South": "War suits them. . . . They are splendid riders, first-rate shots, and utterly reckless. . . . These men must all be killed or employed by us before we can hope for peace.") But Churchill was venting his spleen in private, possibly in his cups. In public most of the official harsh words were directed at the Axis governments, not the German and Japanese nations. Compare that to the rhetoric of the First World War, and reflect on the implications for post-war reconciliation.

The second factor I discussed was the importance of decisive defeat by overwhelming force. Obviously this condition was met by Generals Grant and Sherman in the Civil War, and a hundred years later, when push came to shove, the rag-tag opponents of the civil-rights movement were suppressed by the U.S. Army and federalized National Guardsmen. Nazi Germany was eventually overwhelmed by powerful armies on two fronts, and the Japanese, of course, faced the prospect of atomic annihilation. We're apparently on the point of meeting this condition in Afghanistan.

Why does it matter? For two reasons, I think. First, in many cultures where honor is important, the only excuse for not continuing to fight is that you are decisively whipped—and it's important that you be whipped by your opponents' strength, not your own unmanly weakness, and not by traitors, dissident minorities, or stabs in the back, either.

Succumbing to overwhelming force, after what can be construed as valiant resistance, is no disgrace. And if losing is no disgrace, it doesn't have to be avenged. Duty has been served.

It's also important that defeat be decisive because it puts the loser at the victor's mercy and allows the victor to be conspicuously magnanimous. Here's the third factor. The victor *should* be magnanimous—should not exact the full measure of vengeance that unconditional victory makes possible. "Limited aims" was the phrase I used. Both the Union cause and the civil rights movement had well-defined and limited goals. When they won, the settlements imposed on the losers were largely limited to the accomplishment of those aims. In both cases after the victory was won there were attempts to expand the agenda to a more comprehensive "reconstruction" of Southern society, but neither was notably successful, and both were soon abandoned.

Post-war Germany (I speak here of West Germany) wasn't dramatically "reconstructed" either, merely "de-Nazified," required to renounce territorial expansion and to return to a democratic constitution. Not that there weren't advocates of a more drastic reordering. Most of you will no doubt be familiar with the "Morgenthau Plan": It wasn't quite Churchillian, but it would have dismembered Germany, stripped it of its industry, and "pastoralized" its population—and I'll bet it would have produced a German nation seething with resentment and hell-bent on revenge.

Japan would seem to be exception to the generalization I'm working toward here. Certainly the Japanese experienced massive cultural and social change in the wake of defeat. But most of those changes came about by the free choice of the Japanese people. What was required of Japan was pretty much limited to demilitarization and democratic

politics. One of those World War II songs I mentioned has the lyric “Hirohito along with Hitler will be riding on that rail, Mussolini’ll beg for mercy [etc.]”—but in the event Hirohito was left in place as emperor of Japan and died a peaceful death in 1989.

So what are the lessons for Afghanistan? Our stated aims have been (so far) to root out terrorists and those who shelter them, not to establish a liberal democracy, put a stop to the cultivation of opium poppies, protect Buddhist statues or Christian missionaries, or round up Afghan women and send them to college. If you buy my analysis, you should conclude that it might be a good idea to let it go at that. Certainly we can make it plain that we would welcome all those developments, but to impose them would be asking for trouble, in my view, making enemies of people who are otherwise glad to see the Taliban defeated. I think we should state clearly that any tyranny that leaves its neighbors and (especially) us alone will itself be left alone. Maybe no foreign aid, but no daisy-cutters either.

Finally, the last factor mentioned is the importance of the losers’ leadership—the old leaders, if they’re still around, or whatever new ones emerge. Leaders formulate and propagate explanations for the loss, they set examples of how to respond to defeat, and sometimes they still have enough power to determine how others respond. I talked in the earlier paper about the role played by Robert E. Lee and other Confederate military leaders in the post-Civil War story and by young Southern governors like Jimmy Carter in the 1970s. Others here will be better able than I to talk about role of Konrad Adenauer or, for that matter, Hirohito. Victors can often impose some sort of nominal “leadership” on losers, but they have far less control over who losers actually listen to and follow. Puppets can serve many

purposes, but they're not much use in this connection. If constructive, conciliatory leaders exist, perhaps they can be discreetly nurtured and supported, but that may be about the extent of it. Whether such people exist among our present adversaries someone else will have to say.

BARBECULTURE

In my dotage, I have taken up food writing, with a particular emphasis on barbecue. Aside from its intrinsic rewards, the tax deductions are great.

I've also become an activist—what NPR would probably call a “wood-smoke advocate.” A couple of these pieces mention the Campaign for Real Barbecue, which Dan Levine and I founded in 2013 to honor and to preserve the tradition of cooking with wood. I edit the Campaign’s newsletter, *True 'Cue News*. (Check us out at TrueCue.org.)

This 2016 press release from the Campaign for Real Barbecue was picked up by several North Carolina papers, including the Wilmington Star, but so far nothing has come of our proposal for a new holiday.

The Spirit of '66

This year marks an important anniversary. It was 250 years ago, in late February of 1766, that the Royal Governor of North Carolina, William Tryon, attempted to win the New Hanover militia's good will by treating them to a barbecue. He did not succeed: citizens of Wilmington threw the barbecued ox in the river and poured out the beer. This was not an early expression of North Carolinians' preference for pork: they were upset about the Stamp Act.

Every schoolchild knows about the Boston Tea Party of 1773, when some rowdy New Englanders threw boxes of tea in Boston harbor to protest a British tax. Yet how many have heard of the Wilmington Barbecue?

Not only was it seven years earlier than the Tea Party, its story is much more colorful. While the Tea Party offers only a pitiful attempt to avoid the blame by dressing up as Mohawk Indians, the Barbecue story involves a stand-off between the local militia and the British Navy, a conflict between the Governor and the courts, a duel to the death, and a suicide by disembowelment. (The earliest known printed account can be found in Francois-Xavier Martin's *History of North Carolina from the Earliest Period*, published in 1829, when the events would have been still—if just barely—within living memory.)

So why has the Tea Party had all the press? You need look no further than the title pages of American history textbooks. Until quite recently, nearly all of them were

written and published in the Northeast. And the regional disparity in public relations skill persists to this day: Boston has a Tea Party museum entirely devoted to “the event that lead [sic] to an American Revolution!” while the Barbecue has been almost entirely forgotten, even in Wilmington.

We at the Campaign for Real Barbecue believe it is time to right this injustice. We urge the North Carolina General Assembly to mark the anniversary of the historic events in Wilmington by declaring that the last Monday in February will be observed henceforth as “Wilmington Barbecue Day.”

This ran as an op-ed piece in the Raleigh News & Observer, in April 2014. As I write, the challenge still stands, unmet.

The True 'Cue Challenge

For over 300 years barbecue in North Carolina was cooked the same way: for a long time at a low temperature over hardwood coals. Those coals were what made the difference between barbecue and roast meat. But, sadly, these days wood-cooked barbecue is getting hard to find. More North Carolina barbecue restaurants cook with gas than with wood. We at the Campaign for Real Barbecue believe that putting barbecue sauce on roast pork and calling it barbecue is like putting kosher salt on it and calling it kosher. We are working to identify and applaud those barbecue places that still cook in the old-school way, to encourage new "artisanal" wood-cooking barbecue establishments, and to persuade gas-cookers to return to the True Faith.

Why would anyone choose to cook with propane instead of oak and hickory? When we ask gassers why they don't cook the traditional way, we hear stuff like this: "The city won't let us," or "The inspector made us stop," or "It's against the Clean Air regulations."

But these explanations never come with specifics. No one has ever been able to tell us exactly which regulations make it impossible. We don't have the name of a single official who ever told a barbecue place it couldn't cook with wood. In fact, the only regulations we've actually seen in print actually require that meat be cooked with wood if it is packaged for sale in grocery stores and labeled "barbecue." No one expects governments to be consistent, but why would they turn around and forbid barbecue to be wood-cooked when it's sold in restaurants? (And why would

wood-fired pizza ovens get a pass?)

Regulations and officials may make it difficult and expensive to cook barbecue the Tar Heel way, but do they make it impossible? We don't think so.

So we are issuing a challenge. We will give a handsome "No Faux 'Cue" apron to the first person to email us at truecue@gmail.com with either: (1) a citation to **any federal, state, county, or municipal statute or regulation** that makes it impossible for even one North Carolina barbecue restaurant to cook with wood or charcoal; or (2) the name and job title of **any federal, state, county, or municipal official** who has required an existing North Carolina barbecue restaurant to stop cooking with wood or charcoal, or forbidden a new one to start.

If there really are laws or regulations that make life difficult for wood-cooking barbecue restaurants, we will work to change them. If there really are bureaucrats undermining our state's barbecue heritage, the Campaign will reason with them—and, if reason does not suffice, we will denounce and vilify them.

This we promise to our fellow North Carolinians.

This piece, from Southern Cultures, treats what I think was London's only outpost of vernacular Southern barbecue at the turn of the century. Since it was written, Spitalfields Market has indeed been tarted up, Bubba has retired, and something called barbecue can now be found all over London (although it's either pretty sorry or too cheffy to suit me).

Down South in East London

Southerners don't go to London to eat barbecue. At least they shouldn't. But after you've been there awhile, it's understandable if you get a craving flung on you, as Jerry Clower used to say. When that happens, there's a solution.

As lunchtime approaches, take the tube to Liverpool Street Station. Go outside, cross busy Bishopsgate (be sure to look right), and turn to your left. You're on the edge of the City of London, so if it's a weekday you'll be surrounded by scurrying be-suited bankers and brokers. Walk a block or so, past Artillery Lane, and turn right into Brushfield Street. (If you see the ostentatious new European Bank for Reconstruction and Development across the street on your left, you've gone too far.)

Now you're entering Spitalfields, in London's East End. Ahead is Nicholas Hawksmoor's eighteenth-century Christ Church, recently restored to something like its original magnificence. (Across the street from it is the Ten Bells pub, where Jack the Ripper met his girlfriends.) In the eighteenth century this neighborhood was a haven for Huguenot refugees, who made it a center of the silk-weaving industry. Later it attracted Jewish immigrants, most of them workers and traders in fabric, leather, and furs. (They developed the Petticoat Lane street market nearby: it still operates every Sunday.) These days Spitalfields is home to the largest

concentration of Bangladeshis outside Bangladesh, and if you went on past Christ Church you'd come in another block to the center of "Bangla Town," Brick Lane, famous for its great curry houses—but we're after barbecue, remember?

So turn left before you get to the church and go into the old, covered Spitalfields Market. For over three hundred years, from 1682 until 1991, this was one of London's principal fruit and vegetable markets, and there is still an organic produce market every Sunday. Parts of Spitalfields are being gentrified, as old warehouses are converted to trendy lofts, and City slickers and (rich) artists move into Georgian terrace houses that used to be sweatshops. There are plans to do over the market as well, with stuff like a tapas bar and designer boutiques, but for the time being it remains a pleasantly seedy agglomeration of stalls selling African sculptures, old phonograph records, hand-made greeting cards, furniture, movie posters, clothing, and, well, schlock. Scattered here and there are vendors of fresh-squeezed fruit juice, homemade bread, Thai noodles, jacket potatoes, crepes, meat pies, goulash, falafel, nasi goreng, and other delights, but be strong: ignore them, and follow your nose.

You should get a whiff of hardwood smoke, and it will lead you to a purposely unprepossessing barbecue joint (next to the almost-as-shabby Café Mediterraneo). A large sign announces that this is the Arkansas Café. An equally large sign says, confusingly, that it is "The Bubba's [sic] Pit BBQ," and there are many smaller signs, among them, "We Be Ribs," "No Shoes, No Shirt, No Service," and this:

BY APPOINTMENT TO HIS EXCELLENCY
THE AMERICAN AMBASSADOR
PURVEYORS OF PULLED PORK, PIGS AND RIBS
THE ARKANSAS CAFÉ • LONDON

This is, as one restaurant reviewer put it, “a refreshingly non-minimalist environment.”

Chances are good that the proprietor, Bubba (his passport says “Kier Helberg”), will be standing outside, grilling meat and chatting with passers-by. He’s *grilling*, not barbecuing: he knows the difference. Behind him stands an enormous, reassuring smoker for the barbecue, all of it cooked over split wood and charcoal. No gas cookers here, which is more than can be said for many places down home these days.

Bubba’s customers include a few homesick Americans with jobs in the City, but most are simply English carnivores who come for the great steaks (including bison rib-eye), brisket, sausage, country British ribs, corn-fed French chicken, and British beef and lamb burgers (Bubba says that the lambs are so attractive it’s hard to get the Welsh to sell them). Most of the meat comes from the Smithfield Market, which Bubba visits every morning, but the sausages are made to his order: East Coast Polish or Italian, 100% pork. (He gleefully quotes someone’s characterization of British sausages as “little more than disgusting abattoir waste stuffed in a Durex.”) He now cooks his pulled pork only by prearrangement, for private parties or catered events. He used to have it on the menu, but didn’t sell much. Most of his patrons don’t deserve it anyway. One told him it looked like cat food. This from someone whose people like mushy peas.

The café also has fine side dishes, but the only ones to write home about are the yogurt-and-mint coleslaw and a scrumptious carrot cake. Bottled beer is available, at North American temperatures. The selections include some good American lagers, and British customers should be taught that there are such things, but Americans in England have

no excuse for ordering Anchor Steam.

So how did an American pitmaster wind up in Spitalfields? Catch him when he's not busy and Bubba will tell you, at length.

The Helbergs were originally from Syracuse, New York, but while young Kier was growing up his father worked all over. Apparently a formative period came in El Dorado, Arkansas, when he was four or five years old. He remembers seeing a man from the Church of Christ cooking a steer with some apparatus involving chicken wire, an oil-rig pipe, and a hole in the ground. He also remembers playing cowboys and Indians with a young Billy Clinton, who was visiting relatives. The little boy from Hot Springs had a fancy cowboy outfit that Bubba coveted, and Bubba was told that was because Billy didn't have a daddy. He wondered if he'd get one if *his* daddy left.

Bubba's family soon moved on to points north and east, and eventually, after some time at the University of Maryland, he went to Johns Hopkins to study Arabic. While living in Baltimore, he patronized a barbecue and rhythm-and-blues joint called Matthew's Rib Park and another place, south of the city, called (if I've got this right) "Homer Hall's Dixie Pig Church of God Gate of Heaven also Expert Shoe Shine," where the pork was cooked on a jailhouse door laid across concrete blocks, with charcoal from barrel staves and loading pallets.

In the late '60s, newly divorced, Bubba felt the call to barbecue for himself. He bought what had been a Polish stevedores' tavern (before that, it had been a Lumbee Indian bar and brothel called Buck's), built his own cooker, and started smoking. In 1987, he says proudly, his ribs won an award for the best in Baltimore. Meanwhile, he had begun a sideline importing antique furniture from England, and got

to know Lord Rendlesham, who ran a high-toned shop in the King's Road. To make Bubba's long story short, he wound up marrying Rendlesham's daughter, the Honourable Sarah Thellusson, and moved to London. (The Hon. Sarah is also very much a presence at the Arkansas Café and, oddly enough, not at all an incongruous one. The cole slaw is her recipe.)

Sometime in the late '80s Bubba and Sarah decided to throw a Fourth of July party. Bubba made a primitive smoker out of garbage cans (he has been in England long enough now to call them "dustbins") and cooked some barbecue. It was a hit, and someone asked him to do it again for a party at Lloyd's Bank. Before he knew it, Bubba had a catering business going; it did so well that he got his barbecue gear out of storage in the States, shipped it to London, and opened the Arkansas Café in 1991 in the newly vacated Market. He has been there ever since, and let's hope he doesn't get pushed out when the place gets tarted up.

By the way, the sign about "appointment to the American ambassador" is no joke—or at least not entirely a joke. It dates from the tenure of Admiral William Crowe as ambassador in the mid-'90s. Crowe, an Oklahoman, engaged Bubba to cater his Fourth of July garden parties, serving up to 4000 guests at a time. It's a shame that the present ambassador, William Farish, though a Texan, apparently hasn't discovered the best brisket east of Land's End, but Bubba doesn't have any hard feelings about that: After 9/11 he cooked some free pig for the volunteers who managed the flowers and book of condolences in Grosvenor Square.

This is a review of the latest addition to the library of books about the barbecue of individual cities and states, among them Holy Smoke: The Big Book of North Carolina Barbecue (shameless plug). It was written for the Alabama Review in 2018.

'Cue in the Heart of Dixie

In the 1820s, some citizens of Madison county, Alabama, grew concerned about the bad effects of public barbecues on manners, morals, and the quality of political candidates. A writer who called himself "Barbecuensis" claimed that they were scenes of "unbounded license" where even "slavery forgot its chain, and the tawny sons of Africa danced, sung, and balloeed [sic]." The reformers called on Alabamians to "turn at last from shote and grog" and "act the man, and not the hog."

Their efforts were unavailing. Despite an anti-barbecue petition signed by more than a thousand people, candidates continued to woo voters with "fiddling, feasting, dancing, drinking, masquing / And other things which may be had for asking" until the 1840s, when the Whigs began to encourage women to attend. Eventually the presence of ladies had a calming effect, and in time barbecues became respectable, even genteel. By 1897 the Barbour county United Daughters of the Confederacy were holding them to raise funds for a Confederate monument.

This is just one of many stories that Mark A. Johnson shares with us in his book, *An Irresistible History of Alabama Barbecue: From Wood Pit to White Sauce*. (Since no one style defines the state, perhaps one should say "barbecue in Alabama," not "Alabama barbecue," but let's not get picky.)

The first section brings the story up to the end of the nineteenth century. Until then barbecue was a matter of

cooking whole animals over live coals, outside, to feed large groups. But with the coming of the automobile came the rise of the barbecue restaurant. Johnson discusses the origins and proliferation of that institution and examines more than a dozen of the 300 or so in the state—places like Brenda’s in Montgomery, Lannie’s in Selma, Archibald’s in Northport, Whitt’s in Athens, the Golden Rule in Irondale, and the Green Top in Dora—often as interesting for their histories as for their food.

This is not a guidebook but it sounds as if all at least “*mérite un détour*,” as the Michelin guide used to say of its two-star establishments. In fact, this sometime barbecue pilgrim from out-of-state thinks two of them deserve three stars (“*vaut le voyage*”). One is Dreamland (the original in Tuscaloosa, not the anodyne branches elsewhere), where it’s all about the ribs, served with the sauce that the Lord gave to John “Big Daddy” Bishop in a dream sixty years ago, white bread that doubles as a napkin—and nothing else. The other is Big Bob Gibson’s in Decatur (the 6th Avenue location, with the dancing neon pig). In 1925 Big Bob started dunking his barbecued chicken in the mayonnaise-based “white sauce” of Johnson’s subtitle, the sauce caught on, and the Tennessee River valley is now a widely recognized barbecue micro-region.

There is much, ah, food for thought here. It’s striking, for instance, that local barbecue joints have played a role both in the effort to preserve segregation (Ollie’s in Birmingham figured in the 1964 *Katzenback v. McClung* decision) and in the effort to end it (Lannie’s in Selma fed civil-rights workers at the height of the Movement). Johnson’s examples also illustrate the importance of Greek-American restaurateurs in the world of barbecue, a connection not unique to Alabama, but perhaps more obvious there than elsewhere.

The book is copiously illustrated with marvelous photographs, historical and contemporary (many of the latter in color). The earlier ones are mostly of buildings and people, both often on the funky side, while the recent ones are mostly of food. It seems that barbecue places aren't as picturesque they once were, and there's a reason for that. Since the golden age of vernacular barbecue restaurants in the mid-twentieth century, Johnson shows, the business has moved away from locally-owned, independent barbecue places (many also beer joints) toward what one might call the International House of Barbecue model. These days, as often as not, Alabamians eat barbecue cooked on a gas or electric cooker with a smoke box, at a branch of a regional chain, which offers an extended menu including invasive species like beef brisket.

Some of these chains are old places that have opened branches—Dreamland, for instance, with ten, or Whitt's, with over thirty (in three states)—but in a chapter titled “Barbecue and Beyond—Alabama Barbecue Restaurants in the Twenty-First Century” Johnson looks at three new enterprises probably meant from the start to be chains. Saw's BBQ, a newcomer established in 2009 in Homewood, is now on its way with two other locations and a food truck, while Jim 'n Nick's Community Bar-B-Q, founded by father and son Jim and Nick Pihakis in Birmingham in 1985, and Mo's Original Bar B Que, started by three University of Alabama graduates in Vail, Colorado, in 2001, have both become major interstate players: Nick 'n Jim's now has fourteen locations in Alabama and a couple of dozen more in six other states, while Mo's has metastasized to nineteen branches in Alabama and more than forty others in fifteen other states and Mexico. (By the way, “Mo” was a Tuscaloosa pitmaster, Moses Day, from whom Mo's owners

say they learned their craft.)

Voltaire observed that man, born free, is now found everywhere in chains, and this is probably the future of barbecue (not just in Alabama). Johnson's book ends, though, with a chapter on the barbecue clubs of West Alabama, which are in many ways a throwback. Clubs that met regularly to eat barbecue were once widespread in the South and some antebellum examples still survive in South Carolina. In Alabama, however, new clubs were being started well into the twentieth century, and today there are at least seven in Sumter county alone, one of which (Timilichee) still cooks whole hogs. Gump Ozment of the Sumterville club observes, "In the country, the only time you see folks is when you go to church, go to a funeral, or go to a barbecue club," and the clubs apparently do serve the same social functions as the community barbecues of the nineteenth century. The food's pretty good, too.

The audience for this book—well, let's put it this way: Alabamians ought to read it. People anywhere who care about barbecue should read it, too. Alabamians who care about barbecue ought to own it.

RITES OF PASSAGE

It seems that most of my friends have now retired or died, or both, and I've sometimes marked those transitions with some words of tribute. Here are eight examples of the genre.

Some are for faculty colleagues at the University of North Carolina who, in different ways, have made me glad to be in Chapel Hill, but more are for people with titles like "associate director," "department secretary," and "building engineer"—the support staff who actually make institutions work (or can keep them from working if they feel like it). I may have overused the *genius loci* thing, but that's what, at their best, these characters can be.

A couple of these tributes mention Sir Humphrey Appleby of "Yes, Minister," but an even better figure to invoke might be ex-PFC Wintergreen in *Catch 22*, the mail clerk at the Twenty-seventh Air Force headquarters who seemed to be running the entire Allied offensive ("I almost cancelled Operation Overlord until Eisenhower added more armor").

As a rule, I've found these supposed number-twos to be more realistic, less self-important, and better company than their nominal bosses.

This was published in the newsletter of the Southern Sociological Society after Guy Johnson's name was added to the Society's Roll of Honor in 1986. Guy retired from the University of North Carolina's sociology department in 1969, the year I joined it, but he stayed on in Chapel Hill until his death in 1991. I often invited this charming and amusing gentleman to my classes to reminisce about Chapel Hill's racial orthodoxy and unpaved streets in the 1920s.

Chapel Hill Liberal

Guy B. Johnson was born in Caddo Mills, Texas, in 1901, graduated from Baylor University in 1921 and received his M.A. from the University of Chicago in 1922. After teaching for a year at Ohio Wesleyan and another year at Baylor, he came to the University of North Carolina, in Chapel Hill, as a research associate in Howard W. Odum's new Institute for Research in Social Science. Three years later, in 1927, he received his Ph.D. from UNC, and joined the faculty there. In 1963 he was appointed Kenan Professor of Sociology and Anthropology. He retired from UNC in 1969, and in 1975 he received the university's Distinguished Alumnus Award (concurrently with his wife, historian Guion Griffis Johnson).

Those bare biographical facts are merely the frame for a distinguished career of teaching, scholarship, and public service, appropriately recognized by the Southern Sociological Society when it inscribed Guy Johnson's name on its Roll of Honor. Johnson is best known for his work in the study, interpretation, and improvement of Southern race relations. He brought a mature scholarship and a dispassionate voice to this task at a time when facts were scarce and emotions heavily charged. Recently, Thomas Pettigrew, in a review of twentieth-century race-relations

research, praises Johnson's work, especially its "unpretentious directness."

While at Chicago, Johnson studied with Robert Park and Ellsworth Faris, and roomed with Nells Anderson. His M.A. thesis on the Ku Klux Klan became an article for Odum's newly-founded *Journal of Social Forces*, in 1923. (Johnson would later serve the journal—its name shortened to simply *Social Forces*—as editor, from 1961 until his retirement.) Pettigrew singles out for special attention Johnson's "blunt view" of the Klan, comparing it favorably to the "near-apology" that prevailed in other contemporary sociological interpretations. During the 1920s, Johnson studied various aspects of black culture, including especially folk music and dialect, serving on the staff of the Study of Negroes of St. Helena Island, South Carolina, in 1928, and taking part in special investigations for the Commission on Interracial Cooperation, the forerunner of the Southern Regional Council. According to Pettigrew, Johnson's work on black migration "demonstrates the sociological imagination at its best": Johnson predicted the future increase in black nationalism from the demographic data of the 1920s.

In 1937 and 1938, Johnson served as a Fellow of the Social Science Research Council, and in 1939 and 1940 he worked as a staff member on the Carnegie-financed study of U.S. race relations that led to Gunnar Myrdal's classic, *An American Dilemma*. In 1937, Johnson's work received the Anisfield Award for Research in Race Relations. When the Southern Regional Council was formed, during World War II, Johnson took leave of absence from UNC to become its first executive director, a position he held from 1944 until 1947. (In 1947 the Catholic Conference for the South honored him as the one person who had done the most for improved

race relations in the previous year.) He served for more than 20 years on the SRC's Board of Directors. In 1953 Johnson worked on a study of desegregation in higher education, for a project directed by Harry Ashmore. In 1959 and 1960 he traveled and did research on race relations in southern Africa.

His publications include *John Henry: A Negro Legend* (1923); *The Negro and His Songs* (with Howard Odum, 1925 and 1964); *Negro Workaday Songs* (also with Howard Odum, 1926); *Folk Culture on St. Helena Island* (1930); *Folk, Region, and Society: Selected Papers of Howard W. Odum* (co-editor and contributor, 1964); and a history of the Institute for Research in Social Science, *Research in Service to Society* (with Guion Johnson, 1980). He also published scores of journal articles and chapters in other publications. Since his retirement, he has returned to his early interest in music, as those who heard a rag of his composition performed at the SSS New Orleans meetings learned to their pleasure. His "Sea Island Suite" was recently performed for the first time, in Chapel Hill.

Johnson's extensive public service activities have been of great value to society, perhaps especially to his native region. In addition to those mentioned above, he was a founder and for many years a board member of the North Carolina Council on Human Relations, a trustee for forty years of Howard University, and a trustee for more than twenty years of the Phelps-Stokes Fund for fostering scholarly exchange between the U.S. and African nations. He was a founder of the Archaeological Society of North Carolina, and served that organization as secretary and president. Johnson served on the Council of the American Sociological Association, as well as on the Executive Committee of the SSS and as the society's president in

1953-54. Pettigrew calls his presidential address to the SSS, delivered just before the *Brown* decision in 1954, "remarkable, . . . wise and accurate in its predictions." Johnson "modestly but shrewdly" predicted the course of desegregation, drawing on his "complete mastery of the basic situation and the two interacting groups growing out of a lifetime career of studying both the black and white communities of the South."

In his years at Chapel Hill, Johnson taught literally thousands of students, and directed innumerable theses and dissertations. Before his retirement, he maintained a strenuous schedule of lectures to civic, religious, and community groups (more than twenty in some single years). His contribution to better race relations through his lecturing, his teaching, and his personal example is incalculable, but surely immense. In *The War Within*, a history of twentieth-century Southern intellectual life, Daniel Singal writes: "Having someone of [Johnson's] persuasion conspicuously stationed at Chapel Hill was crucial in convincing southerners of the legitimacy of the new attitudes." The graduate students he trained, Singal writes, "influence[d] an entire generation of undergraduates to view racial questions in a different light."

Gunnar Myrdal wrote, in *American Dilemma*, that "social science in the South has never, as in the North, lost the tradition of reasoning in terms of means and ends; the few leading scientists have not become 'purely scientific' to the same extent as in the North. The significance for human happiness of the problems under study is always a present thought in the South, and statesmanship enters more naturally into the writings of its distinguished social scientists." Myrdal undoubtedly had in mind, among others, his young but already distinguished colleague, Guy Johnson.

This piece, written for my colleague Bob Wilson's retirement in 1991, doesn't really mention his academic credentials. Perhaps I should add that, besides his appointment in sociology, he was professor of epidemiology and chairman of the department of mental health in the University of North Carolina's School of Public Health.

The Card Player

For better or for worse, cards reveal character. Even one's choice of games does. Some anal sorts want to reduce cards to something like chess, where nothing counts but skill. They prefer duplicate bridge. Then there are those who like games like the poker that Bob Wilson and I have been playing every other Thursday night, going on twenty years now. Lord Melbourne said he liked the Order of the Garter because there's no damned merit about it; well, I feel that way about our poker game. Our loose, easygoing style of play and choice of games screens pretty effectively. Anyone who'll play that game is my kind of guy: someone who values sociability as well as competition, who knows that exploiting good luck and living with bad is itself a kind of skill, who recognizes that there are more admirable qualities than skill anyway. We don't have any duplicate bridge players in our game.

This isn't to say that our group is entirely homogeneous. The game gives you plenty of opportunity to study the differences among the regular players, and rewards you, modestly, for your study. I figure I've spent upwards of fifteen hundred hours at the card table with Wilson, trying to figure out what he's holding, and I don't think I'm any better at it now than when I started. That's because Bob is unpredictable. He's not a conservative player, like me

(especially when I'm losing). He's not a prodigal, predictable bull-shitter, like some of our friends. He's just hard to figure. I might venture to say that he's stubborn, that he'll stay in a hand even when he's holding garbage, but most times I act on that conviction he turns out to have a pretty good hand. Good enough, anyway.

If I may generalize, I'll suggest that there's something about Wilson that has led me over the years consistently to underestimate him—whereupon he up and nails me. When I came to UNC, for example, I knew him only as a student of the sociology of medicine, a specialty that has always struck me as about as exciting as, oh, the sociology of accounting. It was only a couple of years later that I realized he was also an accomplished student of literature and himself a man of letters.

Gotcha.

I wasn't surprised, exactly—it made perfect sense. But I hadn't predicted it. Just so, I wouldn't have predicted Bob's retirement. But it, too, makes perfect sense. More time for writing, for reading, for the life of the mind, more time even for poker. Hard to argue with that.

Congratulations, Bob. Your deal.

Hodding Carter III was many things in his career—civil-rights activist, State Department spokesman, foundation president—but he wound up as a journalism professor at the University of North Carolina. In 2015 he was fêted at a combination birthday and retirement party. Those who know him will not be surprised to hear that the occasion became something of a roast.

A Happy Culture Warrior

Is it possible that Hodding is 80? There was a time when folks our age were still “promising.” That was “back when we were beautiful,” as Matraca Berg sings. (Hodding actually was. I’ve seen the pictures.) We used to wonder what lay in store for us—where we were headed. Now we sometimes have to be reminded where we *are*.

And he’s not much older than *I* am, which means—Well, as Miss Scarlett was wont to say, “I’ll think about it tomorrow.” If I remember.

I *do* remember that I’ve only known Hodding since the early 1990s, when we met as adversaries, pitted against one another in a sort of intellectual cage match held in a revival tent on a steamy summer night outside Little Rock. We had been hired to debate whether the South still exists. Hodding had injudiciously written an op-ed piece suggesting that it didn’t, and it was my job to set him straight. Of the outcome, I’ll say only that the humidity and the bugs and the moonlight were on my side—and so was the crowd.

It’s typical of Hodding that he was gamely supporting an unpopular position. He comes from ornery stock: not just his father (as is well known), but his grandmother, too, as I had occasion to learn when I was studying 1920s New Orleans. Elizebeth Werlein was a remarkable woman, a suffragist, preservationist, and airplane pilot who not only

smoked cigarettes but blew smoke out her nose, and banned William Faulkner from her house after he showed up barefoot one time. And the man I debated had not only a family tradition but a personal history of supporting unpopular causes and defending unpopular positions, from the desegregation of the Mississippi Democratic party to the foreign policy of the Carter administration. So I was delighted when he and Patt came to Chapel Hill because I knew he'd raise productive hell in our parts.

And, sure enough, his latest impossible dream is reform of college sports. His concern began in a general way at Knight Foundation and has been instantiated here at UNC by the dismaying events and revelations of recent years. Say this for the man: he's fearless, not afraid to head-butt immovable objects, from white racism to the UNC Rams Club. I'm happy to say that this time he and I are on the same side. Hodding, if you need a Sancho Panza, I'm available.

On second thought, though, I may have the wrong Spaniard. In this campaign Hodding reminds me less of Don Quixote than of El Cid. You'll recall how the body of the great warrior hero was strapped to his horse and sent into one last battle to strike fear in the hearts of his enemies. Unlike El Cid, though, El Carter is still kicking, thanks be to God, so we can honor him tonight for his past and salute him in the present, but also, in anticipation of the future, we can raise our glasses, as I ask you now to do, and drink to—

The man, the myth, the legend: Hodding Carter.

For some 30 years Corbett Capps was the National Humanities Center's "building engineer," and his larger-than-life presence helped make the Center what it was. He and I had similar views about Fellows of the Center who ate lettuce for lunch in their studies. I spoke at his retirement dinner.

A Retiring Pitmaster

Over the years Corbett Capps has had many responsibilities at the National Humanities Center, not all in his formal job description. Chief among them, to my mind, has been reminding Fellows that they're not in Princeton any more. Yankees have certain expectations of us Southerners and—like many of us—Corbett is too polite to disappoint them. Besides, as Roy Blount Jr. wrote once, Southerners get a charge out of being "typical." Certainly Corbett does. (Corbett, if you're still doing your taxes, be sure to take a uniform deduction for your overalls.)

Of course, this business of observation is a two-way street. While the Fellows watched and at least thought they learned from Corbett, he was watching *us*. He's the soul of discretion, but I can tell you that he has quite an archive of sardonic stories about a few . . . eccentrics, prima donnas (of all sexes), and colorful academic characters—most of whom didn't even realize that *they* were being typical.

I met Corbett when I was a Fellow, back in aught-83. I don't actually recall our first encounter, but I sure do remember many later ones. Some of you will remember welcome-to-the-Center pig-pickings marked by Corbett's joining the Bluegrass Experience onstage to give his version of "Your Cheating Heart." I'll say no more about it, except that it's good that he had a day job. Although, to be fair, I've never heard him sing sober. But that probably goes for Hank

Williams, too.

One indelible memory is of the time Dale and I put on our Western gear and went with him to the Longbranch Saloon in Raleigh. To my dying day I will remember the vision of a well-lubricated Corbett doing a vigorous two-step with two cowgirls simultaneously.

Lots of memories have to do with Corbett's second career (if it's second—maybe the Center has been that)—anyway, his *other* career as an itinerant pitmaster. He's taken the Tar Heel barbecue gospel to the heathen in some impressively far-flung places. Closer to home, one time he cooked in our backyard for the cast of *Kudzu*, some of them Yankees who were puzzled by being in a musical comedy about barbecue sauce. And he cooked a pig at *my* retirement party. When Dale and I set out to write a book about North Carolina barbecue, naturally we consulted The Man. We've got some pictures of him in there, showing how to turn a pig without dumping it on the ground. We're also using his recipe for pig-picking cake.

I have many stories about Corbett, but other people have even more. I've been on the email lately with Corbett's buddy John Agresto. John was in the Center's first class of Fellows and stayed on as associate director. That may have helped prepare him for his current job as Interim Provost at the American University of Iraq in Sulaimani. (Sounds scary, but John assures me that it's in the part of Iraq that most resembles Switzerland.) When I told John I was talking tonight, he sent me *his* tribute, which is so fine I want to share a few lines with you. I wish I could read them in a Brooklyn accent, but I won't even try. Here goes. This is Agresto speaking:

I came to the Center a 135 pound weakling. Now, thanks to Corbett's example, I have the healthy glow and plumpness of a man twice my age. It was from Corbett that I learned to say, when my doctor tells me to get in shape, "Hell, Doc, round is a shape."

Corbett has been my style and fashion guru as well. Back in 1979 [when Corbett was dating a beautician] we even got matching permanents. Corbett, as I remember, came out looking like the love child of Dom DeLuise and a brillo pad. . . .

Still, perhaps our daughter, Meghan, said it best. Corbett, she said, has the sweetest eyes and the best disposition of anyone she's ever met.

Agresto concludes with hurrahs and best wishes for Corbett and Joyce.

I'll wrap this up by observing that not every place is lucky enough to have a *genius loci*, a resident spirit, but the National Humanities Center certainly has one in Corbett Capps. Only Kent Mullikin rivals him as the physical embodiment of the soul of this institution. And it's not everyone who can haunt a place while he's still alive, but Corbett's up to the job. I'm confident that his great spirit will be lurking here long after his substantial body has departed.

All the best to you, man.

As I said above, another essential figure at the Humanities Center was Kent Mullikin, who retired in 2012 after more than 35 years as deputy director.

The End of the Mullikin Era

It's hard to imagine the National Humanities Center without the benign presence of Kent Mullikin. When I first visited the Center thirty-odd years ago (back when it provided typists' services for Fellows), he was already a veteran. Somewhere along the way he became an old-timer. Now he's an *éminence grise*, and no doubt soon he'll be a legend. To be sure, it helps that he has the good sense and institutional loyalty to be retiring at the top of his form: unlike some tenured professors I could name, he's leaving while he'll still be missed. A few of the ways he'll be missed are obvious even to an outsider like me.

I mean it as a compliment when I say that Kent has been an outstanding example of a *type*. Like Bob Scott, his counterpart at the Center for Advanced Study in Behavioral Science, or Angell Beza, my (supposedly) number-two at UNC's Odum Institute for Research in Social Science, Kent has been the sort of super-competent staff professional whose first loyalty is to the institution he serves. The type is satirized in the British television comedy "Yes, Minister" by Sir Humphrey Appleby, Permanent Secretary at the Department of Administrative Affairs, who is nominally subordinate to the Rt Hon Jim Hacker MP, the elected cabinet minister—but only nominally. I won't push the analogy, but will just observe that since 1976 Kent has seen five directors come and four go. As the Center's faithful servant, he has helped the institution to deal with the transitions, and perhaps with one or two of the directors.

But an even bigger part of his service to the Center has surely been placating, cooling out, and otherwise sorting the array of touchy egotists, prima donnas, and just plain weirdoes who have come his way as Fellows. (As a certified humanist himself, he can communicate with us in our own lingo.) Do the numbers. Kent has overseen some 1300 of us. Something between one and four percent of the general population can be classified as psychopaths and the percentage must have been at least as great among Center Fellows. Shoot, if a mere ten percent of us were even “difficult,” he’s had his hands full. So far Kent has been remarkably discreet about our foibles and escapades—an occasional raised eyebrow has been about the extent of his comment—but a recent Center press release remarked on his “ability to recall details about nearly every scholar who has come to work at the Center for the past 34 years,” and observed that “successive classes of Fellows have been impressed” by that recall. Impressed—and in some cases (I dare say) made uneasy. Some fear that he’s saving the best stories about us for his memoirs.

When our friend Corbett Capps retired, I remarked he had been the Center’s *genius loci*, adding that “only Mullikin rivals him as the physical embodiment of the soul of this institution.” And now Kent is leaving, too. Adam Smith famously remarked that “there is a lot of ruin in a nation,” and there’s a lot in institutions like the National Humanities Center. The Center will survive the retirement of its last remaining founding employee. But one reason there’s so much ruin in the Center is that Kent was here to build it, not just initially but continually, over the years. His departure leaves a great vacuum, and a great legacy.

This brief note was written to go in a scrapbook assembled to mark the retirement of another number-two, mentioned above: Bob Scott, of the Center for Advanced Study in the Behavioral Sciences. It's slight, but it continues the theme of the importance of a good executive officer.

Genius Loci

I write as someone who has had the rare privilege of two fellowships at the Center. When Dale and I returned to Palo Alto after an absence of a decade, in January 2001, we were prepared to be disappointed. Our first visit had been damn near perfect: it couldn't be that great again. But, to our surprise, the Center felt *almost exactly the same*.

How could this be? The Fellows were different, the director was different, the vegetation was different—but that didn't seem to matter. No, it seems that Fellows and directors and plants can come and go, but the staff go on forever. And *unchanged*. It was spooky: none of them had even aged. It was like a visit to Never Never Land.

Of no one was this more true than Bob Scott. Aside from a certain hesitancy and limited mobility on the volleyball court (barely noticeable) the only clue that he had become a doddering geezer ready to be pensioned off was his rather old-maidish attitude about cookies.

Bob's vast institutional memory will no doubt be missed, as will his wealth of experience in dealing with the inevitable crises and pseudo-crisis of Center life. But I suspect that what will most be missed is his personality—the good humor and common sense that have permeated the place for so long, the cheerful unflappability that has so largely set the Center's tone.

I hate to say it, but I cannot believe that next year—much less in another ten years—the Center will be the same.

Ophelia "Babe" Andrew was the long-time department secretary ("chief of staff" would have been a better title) of the University of North Carolina's sociology department. She retired in 1985 on Robert E. Lee's birthday—hence the Civil War theme of this tribute.

On Bureaucracy and War

Sociologist-like, I offer a typology: There are two kinds of bureaucrats, and the way to tell the difference is to ask for something. Many, far and away the most common type, give you seven reasons why what you want is impossible. Not, usually, because it actually *is* impossible. Nor, in most cases, because they are officious creeps who like to let you know your place. (Some are, but no doubt most are decent folks, kind to children and to animals, loved by their mothers.) Their problem is that dealing with your request would require that they deal with other bureaucrats, who would tell *them* that what they want is impossible. Besides, if they did deal with your problem, they would have nothing to look forward to but a long line of other people who want things. Small wonder that they dig in, and appear prepared to say "It's impossible" all day. These dug-in positions can usually be assaulted frontally, in force, and carried, but the defenders are counting on your deciding it's not worth it. And often it's not. To begin a metaphor that will soon get out of hand: U. S. Grant demonstrated more than once that the price of these tactics can be appalling.

The other kind of bureaucrat, Babe Andrew's kind, as rare at UNC as everywhere else, sees your request as a challenge and a problem to be solved, and takes satisfaction from figuring out how to do it. Some, like Grant, enjoy grinding down the opposition and take a cold-blooded professional view of the process. Others are more like J.E.B. Stuart, leading

his cavalry all the way around McClellan's army, not once but twice, capturing stores and taking prisoners as he went. Rarest of all is the bureaucrat who can wage both styles of war, and knows when each is necessary. As one observer said in the 1860s, Union infantry and Confederate cavalry could whip any army in the world.

When I came to Chapel Hill, a little over fifteen years ago, Babe was (I calculate) roughly the age I am now. Like me now, she was only about halfway to retirement, but to a 27-year-old instructor, she seemed infinitely wise, unfailingly calm, completely unflappable—a veteran. Now I'm an old-timer myself, but in the unlikely event that any of today's newcomers look at me with anything like the awed respect that I had for Babe in 1969, they should know that there's an important difference: They'd be wrong about me. I was right about her.

As a matter of fact, I was more right than I knew. I rather took it for granted when things ran smoother in the Carolina sociology department than in the only other one I knew (Columbia's). I chalked it up to institutional, or possibly regional, differences. It was only with time that I learned (indeed, I'm still learning) that the UNC bureaucracy can call and raise anything New York or Washington has to offer.

Looking back on some of the things I unblushingly asked Babe to do (and that she did), I only lately recognize exactly what I was asking for. Babe sheltered me—she has sheltered us all—from that knowledge, like Lee sheltered the civilians in beleaguered Richmond, with a combination of major campaigns, minor sallies, and rear-guard holding actions. Like any good field commander, she has made it look easy—but it's not. Also like Lee, Babe has had the difficult task of holding on with inadequate and dwindling resources while waiting (so to speak) for England to intervene. Grant's job was easier, one

feels: a matter of coordinating his vast war machine to roll on to inevitable victory, crushing his opponents with the sheer weight of his well-armed, well-fed numbers (although McClellan and Burnside and Pope couldn't do it—poor Pope, sent off in 1862 to fight the Sioux in Minnesota). Babe, like the Rebel generals, has had to make do with cunning, daring, and imagination.

Babe's retirement is, if not our Gettysburg, at least our Chancellorsville. As the Lord saw fit to call Stonewall, now Babe is going to cross over the river and rest in the shade of the trees. Like the Army of Northern Virginia, we must brush back our tears and fight on. She has earned her rest, and we must be thankful that it will not, like Jackson's, take her from us altogether. But without her generalship the war will be far harder, and the outcome remains in doubt. Do not ask us to rejoice.

Angell Beza was associate director of the Institute for Research in Social Science when I arrived as director in 1988, and he was still associate director after I retired 12 years later. (As I say, directors come and go.) What I said about number-twos being “more realistic, less self-important, and better company than their nominal bosses” probably goes for Angell, too. This is what I said at the memorial service after his death in 2004. The words were heartfelt.

Friend and Colleague

Today I want to talk about Angell Beza as I knew him—not as a husband, father, neighbor, but in the context of IRSS. That’s how I knew him off and on for 20 years, then nearly every working day for over a decade, and it was an important part of his life, although, to be sure, not the *most* important part.

I’m not much younger than Angell, but when I came in 1969 as a wet-behind-the-ears instructor he was an old-timer. He had already been at UNC for twelve years and IRSS for seven. He helped me with much of my early research, and he was invariably knowledgeable, accessible, and obliging—as a great many people here know first-hand

Fast-forward to 1987-88: Angell was the acting director of IRSS (the first of three times he would hold that position) and I was on a review committee set up by the provost to look at the Institute and say what it should be doing—indeed, whether it should continue to exist. There was no question in my mind that it should survive, but I had my own ideas about what role it should play and how it should go about it. And Angell certainly had his—after 25 years, he certainly had his. We agreed on just about everything, so when I became director the next year I kept Angell as senior

associate director—basically, as the Institute’s executive officer—to help me reorganize the place and implement the committee’s recommendations. Leaning on Angell was certainly the smartest thing I ever did at IRSS.

Angell brought so much to the table. He was so dedicated and hard-working. More often than not, when I left the office at 5:30 or 6:00 he was still at his desk, and (as his family can certainly attest) most nights he seemed to take work home with him, too. He coupled that hard work with sound judgment, and I quickly came to rely on his good advice. In part, this reflected his unequalled institutional memory. He knew what had been done before, what worked, and what didn’t. He also understood UNC’s Byzantine personnel and budgeting and procurement systems in a way that, thanks to him and thank God, I never had to. He knew the strengths and abilities and occasional (*very* occasional) weaknesses of the Institute’s staff. And he had an invaluable network of connections (more about this later). He knew who you really needed to call when you wanted something—which often had little to do with the university’s organizational chart.

I couldn’t have done the job without him. On the other hand, he could very easily do it without me—indeed, perhaps *more* easily without me—as he demonstrated during the two years he was acting director in my absence. A model for our relationship might be the British television comedy “Yes, Minister”—do you know it?—in which the elected minister has a permanent secretary, who of course knows a great deal more than he does about how things actually run.

I remember an IRSS staff party, where our colleagues presented a skit based on “The Wizard of Oz.” Various members of the staff were represented by Dorothy, the Scarecrow, the Cowardly Lion, and so on. At the end they

encountered the great and powerful Oz (yours truly). Then, behind the screen, was revealed the real power (Angell, of course). I had hoped they hadn't noticed.

Angell was a loyal Institute staffer, but his first loyalty was to the organization, not to me, his supposed boss. After all, he'd seen directors come and go—had seen me come and figured, correctly, that he'd see me go. I recall only two times we disagreed—twice in 12 years, not bad. Both times Angell carried out my instructions, but he made it clear he thought they were wrong-headed. In one case—well, he wasn't obviously wrong. In the other he was clearly right. He had the tact, or charity, not to say "I told you so" and I still appreciate that.

Rather late in the game, in 1998, it occurred to me that the university's Massey Award was for precisely the kind of super-competent staff professional that Angell was. Writing a nomination letter was easy. So was lining up a couple of folks to write supporting letters. No surprise there. What did surprise me (although it shouldn't have) was that, as word got around that he was being nominated, people came to me and asked to write in support of the nomination. People Angell had helped over the years.

He got the award, of course. Characteristically wry, he told the *University Gazette*: "I didn't expect I would enjoy this award as much as I do." He was a modest man, but his friends noticed that he hung the citation in his office.

I remember my last conversation with Angell, after he'd been sent home from the hospital: He was more alert and in better spirits than I'd seen him for awhile. We talked about the Institute's approaching 80th anniversary, and speculated about whether his 42 years made him the Institute's longest-serving employee of all time (I'm almost sure the answer is yes). We talked about his three years as acting director, and

we gossiped about deans and provosts and chancellors and vice-chancellors that we had known and reported to over the years, many of them now gone to glory, temporal or spiritual.

Let me say a word about gossip. Annette Wright once called Angell's office "Gossip Central"—she spoke admiringly, by the way. I sometimes thought of Angell as a sort of spider—an *amiable* spider, a lovable one—at the center of that vast web of friends and contacts and informants I mentioned before. If I wanted to know what was happening in the political science department, or South Building, or General Administration, or even, for that matter, the legislature—not to mention in the basement of Manning Hall—all I had to do was ask him. He usually knew. If he didn't, he could find out. I visited him a few times in the hospital, and he was always hungry for news of the university, of colleagues and friends.

After I retired four years ago I didn't see him every day, or even every month. A lot of things and people—even the physical layout—changed at the Institute, but until Angell's health began to fail I knew that he was still there: sitting in his office, talking on the phone or visiting with one of the many people who stopped by for advice, information, or just a sympathetic ear. In my mind, I confess, he's still there. In an important sense, indeed, he *is* still there. The Romans spoke of the *genius loci*, the spirit of a place. Angell embodied the spirit of the Institute. He not only helped to shape the organization, he not only made it run smoothly, more than anyone else since the founding generation he gave it its ethos, its soul. That's a great legacy.

I hope he knew that. I suspect he did. I wish I'd told him so, even though it would have embarrassed us both. I'm grateful for the opportunity to say it to his family.

IT'S PERSONAL

Many of the pieces in earlier sections may seem pretty damn personal, but these *really* are.

At some point in my '70s I realized that death had become not just a distantly acknowledged inevitability, but an actual coming event. Lately I find myself thinking things like: there's no point in joining Costco because I won't need that much of anything.

Here I write about two things that undoubtedly contributed to this recognition: heart surgery and the death of my parents.

After a coronary-bypass operation I found I couldn't think about much else, so I spent the time reading and writing emails about it. At some point I realized I was using the same blocks of words over and over, so I put them into this essay for circulation, even though many people had already read great chunks of it.

The Happy Ending of My Week from Hell

Sunday, March 4, 2012

Back in the '60s some members of my tedious generation used to say that paranoia was nothing but realism; at our present advanced age, though, what's hard to tell from realism is hypochondria. For the last year or so I had been assuming that some chest pains were reflux and almost forgot to mention them when I went in for my annual physical last month. The doc said that, aside from a cigarette habit I kicked twenty years ago, I had no risk factors for coronary artery disease, but that I should get that unpleasant possibility ruled out, since my odometer had just turned over three score and ten. I casually scheduled an appointment with a cardiologist, who listened to my story and sent me for a treadmill test. Then things started to happen with dizzying speed. It indicated a problem; two days later a catheterization provided details. The cardiologist said it was surprising I hadn't had a heart attack yet: one artery was completely blocked, and two others 80% occluded. Five days after that I was spatchcocked on the operating table.

There's an urban legend that has Karl Vonnegut ending a commencement address with the advice, "Wear sunscreen." My days of giving commencement addresses are probably over, but if I ever give another, my hard-earned advice will be, "Don't ignore chest pain."

When we got the catheterization results, Dale and I were just about to leave for a long-planned cross-country drive. The doctor said I could take nitroglycerin, live dangerously, and go ahead, but I wanted the damn operation that afternoon—I mean, I was a *ticking time bomb*! Well, they said, they couldn't get an operating room that quickly, and they wanted to run a bunch of tests and gather more information anyway. Well, yes, I said, let's get all the information, by all means.

Bright and early Monday morning (that's just a cliché: actually it was still dark), we reported to Durham Regional Hospital for what turned out to be a triple-bypass operation, as well as what one nurse called a "double zipper" one: they had to open me up a second time because the wound wasn't draining properly. All in all, I was on the table for about ten and a half hours (I'm told). For a couple of those hours I was on a heart-lung machine and my heart was not beating.

For the next four days I was the model patient. There are some advantages to being stubborn and impatient: I grimly did all my breathing exercises, walking, and hurting, and they let me out in what may be record time. Sometimes I amaze myself. I mean, my brother-in-law was right when he observed that you could do parts of this surgery yourself with a circular saw and a carbide rip blade. Yet here I am, showered and shaved, with life something from which normal can be seen. I'm not supposed to pull on socks and trousers or lift things or raise my arms over my head and I do have this Frankensteinian line of staples down the front of my chest, but the prohibitions are just inconveniences and the staples will come out in three days.

Incidentally, I almost photographed the staples to email to friends, but remembered just in time the derision Lyndon Johnson faced when he showed reporters the scar from his

gall bladder operation. "Thank heavens it wasn't hemorrhoids," someone said.

Any doubts I might have about religion don't include one about the meetness and rightness of giving thanks after a week like this last one, so this morning Dale and I went to an Anglican service they have here at The Home to do that. We had a fit of the giggles when we found that the psalm appointed for today was Psalm 22, verse 26 of which (KJV) includes the line "Your heart shall live forever."

Believe me: I have learned from this experience. For instance, I didn't know that nurses call someone like me a "cabbage," from the acronym for "coronary artery bypass graft." And it *is* possible to look worse naked than I did last week (bada BING!). But seriously, folks—

I've learned that the world is full of good, kind people, and that a lot of them are my friends and relatives. The list starts, of course, with Dale, who has stood and (mostly) sat by me through all of this, and our daughters who came from Texas and California on short notice, overlapped to see me in and (in the event) out of the hospital, and to keep their mother company. Through the miracle of the internet, however, word spread amazingly fast and far. Many friends wrote and called to offer help—as well as prayers from a remarkable variety of religious traditions. Some of those prayers came from professionals: a dear priest from our church who sat with Dale through much of the operation, a Presbyterian minister in Tennessee I've known since grade school, and a Southern Baptist preacher in Alabama I met years ago in his other capacity as a history professor. Lay friends from whose intercession I may have benefitted included whole platoons of Episcopalians (my tribe), but I also had the prayers of Presbyterians, Methodists, Unitarians, Lutherans, Moravians, Quakers, and Jews, the

good wishes of innumerable agnostics, and candles lit for me in Westminster Abbey, the National Shrine of the Immaculate Conception, and a Ukrainian Orthodox church in Virginia. I'm profoundly grateful. As far as I know, no chickens were killed for me in South Florida, but if any were, I'm grateful for those, too.

And it's not just friends who came through. I got a little nervous when the surgeon turned out to be a girl who looked to be about 16. A teenage girl has to be better than a teenage boy, and I certainly didn't want a sawbones *my* age, but I thought that was overdoing it. (I finally had to ask: she claimed to 39.) I now have reason to know that "Dr. Dee" is not just technically superb—I never thought I'd say "Thank God for Duke"—but remarkably patient and attentive. In fact, several doctors and literally dozens of nurses and other hospital employees took care of me this week, and *every single one* did his or her job well and with patience and respect. Although I was a demanding and cranky patient, they responded quickly and cheerfully every time I rang for help with trivia. Anyone can have a bad day, but if any of these folks were having one, they didn't let me know it.

It may be providential—at least it's remarkable—that my level of care was so high, because things happened so fast it didn't occur to me to shop around. My surgeon dad would have been on the phone for days exploring options and checking references. So would the three of my siblings and my brother-in-law who are MDs. From their point of view, I just took pot luck. But it couldn't have worked out better.

These last few paragraphs are gushy and effusive in a way I'm usually not, but right now, damn it, I *feel* gushy and effusive. And glad to be alive, with some prospect of staying that way for a while. I'm looking forward to getting the rest of the way to normal—even if the new "normal" probably

has to include some kind of regular exercise. Maybe Dale and I will just dance the night away three or four times a week. We certainly have reason to. But most likely, I'll wind up on a treadmill at the early morning meetings of the Cabbage Club.

The fact that those of us who've had coronary artery bypass grafts (CABGs) are known in the health-care trade as "cabbages" brought Lewis Carroll's Walrus to mind. The verse's fourth line is the relevant one, but as a semi-pro barbecue guy I couldn't cut the one about winged pigs. More about barbecue below.

CABG Patch Kid

"The time has come," the Walrus said,
"To talk of many things:
Of shoes—and ships—and sealing-wax—
Of cabbages—and kings—
And why the sea is boiling hot—
And whether pigs have wings."

April 26, 2012

It was a bit more than eight weeks ago that a surgical team at Durham Regional Hospital bisected my breastbone, laid me open, and turned my heart off so they could adorn it with lengths of vein taken from my leg. Although the operation sounds scary as hell, it seems to have been just another day at the office for this crowd. In fact, the lead surgeon specializes in transplants, so for her this procedure was probably just a way to pay the bills and keep her hand in (so to speak).

Within a week I was home and well on the way to normal, but this whole experience has been a dramatic reminder that people my age (I turned 70 in January) are playing with house money. (I prefer that cliché to "living on borrowed time.") Yes, I should count my blessings; the life expectancy at birth for a white American male born in 1942 was 62. Still, I'm not grossly overweight, or diabetic. My blood pressure and cholesterol have always been, if anything, low. I quit smoking 20-odd years ago. My mother

and father both lived into their nineties. So why me?

Let's get one thing straight right now. My clogged arteries had nothing—repeat: *nothing*—to do with the couple of hundred pigs I've probably eaten in the line of duty and otherwise. In a cardiac rehabilitation program at something called the "UNC Wellness Center" I'm now getting nutritional counseling, the gist of which is that I should eat my vegetables (a principle well understood when we were taught the "Basic 7" food groups in grade school). But even the nutritionist grudgingly agrees that diet is not really my problem.

I'm also getting counseling about how to relax, and that may be more to the point. My wife and daughters claim that I have a "Type-A personality," made even more stressful by my efforts to pretend I don't. If they're right (which I'll allow, *ad arguendo*), that apparently does make coronary artery disease more likely. I don't want my chest cracked again to attend to arteries that they didn't bypass this time, so every afternoon now finds me lying on the floor, listening to a ditzy female voice on a CD tell me I should imagine a "warm, golden glow" coming from my heart. All I can imagine is something like those disturbing pre-Vatican II images of the Sacred Heart (and when she says, "Empty your mind," I invariably think something like, "Easy for you to say"), but I will doggedly pursue relaxation, even if it feels like just one more damn thing I have to cross off my list each day.

Another thing I have to do is exercise, which is the real pain in the tuchas for a man of sedentary habits. After picking tobacco one summer as a teenager, I swore I'd never sweat again (one reason I went to school for 21 years), but now I'm obliged to endure what seems hours and hours with various machines designed to get my heart rate up and

keep it there. (I picture high-velocity blood flushing the plaque out of my arteries, but that's probably not how it works.) I don't expect ever to enjoy exertion except as incidental to competitive sport, but I'm what the staff call "compliant." Complaining, but compliant. I find it helps to think of exercise as punishment for my body. I thought we had this deal, it and I—I'd leave it alone and it would leave me alone. But, no, it was surreptitiously preparing an attack that would have ranked right up there in the annals of treachery with what Hitler did to Stalin.

So how do you like *that*, traitor? And *that*! Ha, ha.

I have a lot of time to think about these matters on the treadmill, and the other day I reflected that the word "rehabilitation" means restoring something or someone to a previous condition. Since I feel pretty much restored already, the prescribed exercise and relaxation will not rehabilitate me. No, if I stick with them, they should make me something altogether new and different: buff and mellow. I'll try not to be as insufferable as most people who fit that description.

Episcopalians discourage eulogies at funeral services, preferring to save them for the parties afterward, but even though my mother was a life-long churchwoman, it was clear that she wanted one. I was once a disobedient child, but I got over it.

Alice Greene Reed

(1917-2009)

“My family has always been into death.”

Some of you may recognize the first line of my sister Lisa Alther’s book, *Kinflicks*. The first chapter is entitled “The Art of Dying Well,” and it introduces us to the heroine’s mother, a woman who decorates the walls of the family home with rubbings of her ancestors’ tombstones and constantly revises her funeral ceremony.

Some people thought Lisa was writing fiction.

Our mother died what the Victorians would have called “a good death” (may we all pass so calmly, so peacefully)—she died a good death and she was determined to have a good funeral as well. She left us detailed instructions. As a former English teacher and lover of the English language she said to “INSIST”—she put that in capital letters—“INSIST” on the King James Bible and Rite One of the Book of Common Prayer. (I suspect she would really have preferred the 1928 Prayer Book, if not the 1549 one.) She asked that one of two particular clergymen conduct the service (we got both, just to be safe), and that her children say something “if they wish.”

Some of us can take a hint. So I’ll just say a very few words, on behalf of all of us. We want everyone to know that every hymn, every piece of scripture, the poems in the service leaflet, and nearly all of the prayers this afternoon are our mother’s choices. Their quality and variety reflect

her taste and her personality.

One document in Mom's funeral file was a homily that the Reverend Leicester Kent read on October 5, 1947, at the dedication of the memorial window you can see at the back of the church. In this text, St. Paul's long-time rector and her good friend wrote:

Flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God, so says St. Paul. Then death becomes a glorious entrance into a larger life. If we knew that to be true, would there be room for grief and sadness in our hearts? If we could, would we dare wish for the loved one's return to mortal life? . . . Who would be so thoughtless; so unutterably selfish as to recall those who, having finished their course in this earthly school, have returned home; into the land of Light, and Joy, and blissful Felicity?

Words to live by. Words to die by.

One thing that Mom did not anticipate—just about the only thing—is that Dad would survive her, but be too feeble to attend a church funeral. I don't think she'd mind that we had a private family service this morning in Dad's room at the nursing home, buried her ashes at mid-day in the family plot, and turned this service into a memorial—at which we pray:

Rest eternal grant unto her, O Lord:
And let light perpetual shine upon her.
AMEN.

At my father's funeral the next year I violated protocol again, on the equal-time principle. Although I don't use the suffix professionally, I'm proud to be John Shelton Reed, Jr.

John Shelton Reed, M.D.
(1915-2010)

In his 95 years, Shelton Reed was many things. Son, scholar, musician, athlete, soldier, churchman, gentleman farmer, father of five children, our mother's devoted husband. . . . I could say more about each of these—much more about some. But no one could ever talk about Dad without talking about him as a doctor, and I'm no exception. It's not just what he did, but who he *was*. Even we children think of him that way, which is why his tombstone at Oak Hill will say "John Shelton Reed, M.D."

I'm told, by people who know, that Dad was a technically brilliant surgeon. One of his colleagues told me once that he had never, ever, anywhere met a better diagnostician. And I learned only as an adult that Dad had turned down offers of academic jobs and positions at fancy clinics, to stay in general practice here in East Tennessee.

As children, we knew nothing of these abilities, but we did know that Dad worked very, very hard—long and irregular hours—often called away from our dinner table, or summoned in the middle of the night. Every morning when we got up, he was gone, already at the hospital, scrubbed and operating. He routinely worked 60, 70, 80 hour weeks. It's not widely known, but he did this despite frequent migraine headaches and excruciating back pain from a slipped disk. He never complained. He loved his work.

What really made Dad a great physician, though, was less his technical proficiency or his hard work—important

though those things were—than his concern and respect for his patients, as individuals. After his retirement, a *Kingsport Times-News* profile observed, rightly, “He knew his patients as people—even now remembering the most minute details of each person’s case, his family, his occupation, and whether or not he was able to pay. Often a bill was not sent.” That last is true. Like a lot of doctors in those pre-Medicaid days, Dad did a lot of *pro bono* work. When I asked him once, he guessed that more than a third of his patients couldn’t pay cash—but we were never short of cakes and pies, jams and jellies, country hams and home-grown tomatoes.

Certainly we children knew that the world was full of grateful people. We couldn’t go out as a family without people coming up to Dad to thank him. It made us extraordinarily proud to be his children. And it worked to our advantage, of course. I once beat a speeding ticket in Lynn Garden when the policeman saw the name on my license and told me about his mother’s gall bladder operation.

I think all of us have found Dad a hard act to follow. Certainly I have. In 31 years at the University of North Carolina I taught thousands of students. I’m pleased when one remembers my name. I cherish the dozen or so who’ve told me that I somehow changed their lives. Dad changed a dozen lives every day or two. He *saved* a good many of them. One at a time, day after day, year after year—thousands of them. Few people—certainly few of my generation—can look back on lives as meaningful as that. Healing the sick is the Lord’s work, if we are to believe Scripture, and Dad did the Lord’s work for decades. Surely the final judgment on his life must be, “Well done, thou good and faithful servant.”

May he rest in peace. AMEN.

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Chronicles

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Let Me Count the Ways: What to Make of Survey Research

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Of Happiness and Despair We Have No Measure

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Reason

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Reviews in Religion & Theology

A Sub-Tractarian

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

John Shelton Reed has written a dozen books, innumerable articles, and a country song about the South, as well as some articles and books (but no country songs) about other subjects. Most recently he has written about Southern barbecue and New Orleans in the 1920s.

He taught for some years in the sociology department of the University of North Carolina, Chapel Hill, retiring in 2000 as William Rand Kenan Jr. Professor and director of the Howard Odum Institute for Research in Social Science. He was founding co-editor of the quarterly *Southern Cultures* and helped to establish the university's Center for the Study of the American South.

He is an Honorary Fellow of St. Catharine's College, Cambridge University, and a lieutenant colonel in the Unorganized Militia of South Carolina. He was Chancellor of the Fellowship of Southern Writers in 2009-2011 and is now Éminence Grease of the Campaign for Real Barbecue (TrueCue.org).

A note from the author:

These are, quite literally, *leftovers*. I couldn't use them in previous collections, but I hate to throw them out.

This book follows close on the heels of one marketed as a collection of "essays, op-eds, speeches, statistical reports, elegies, panegyrics, feuilletons, rants, and more"—pieces so motley, I confessed in the preface, that they had only two things in common: they were all about the South and they were all written by me.

This book is like that, except the pieces in it aren't all about the South.

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