

wide business, only a modest portion of Wolf's scholarship went into published work. Nonetheless, his scholarly reputation was national and the profundity of his scholarship and the keenness of his mind were widely appreciated within the Washington area intellectual community, in which he was a prominent participant in various roundtables, colloquia, etc.

One more reference to Wolf's qualities. He found it easy to make friends, but more significant were the sincerity and sense of loyalty and willingness to extend himself which endowed him with a remarkable capacity for sustaining friendships among persons of his own age, junior colleagues and many of his students.

Wolfgang Herbert Kraus died in April, 1977. He had retired from George Washington at the age of 67, still possessed of the wide range of intellectual interests which had been his hallmark and intending to carry on his reading and writing. But even before his retirement there were signs of the developing illness which was to result in years of pain and frustration. He bore several extraordinary surgical operations and their debilitating aftermaths with great physical tenacity and courage, sustained by what can only be called heroic moral support and physical assistance by especially his wife but also his children. Throughout these last sad years he retained his intellectual elan so that even very close to the end it was still a pleasure to converse with him on matters of scholarly and university import and concerning society at large. Indeed, his mind continued to reach to all kinds of questions, including recent research on the brain, a subject directly pertinent to his own illness. In his last days he carried on a lively and reflective conversation with a friend on the question of whether the physiological processes of the brain sufficiently and completely account for the amazing powers and reach of the mind.

Carl Linden
Benjamin Nimer
George Washington University

David Spitz

David Spitz died quietly in his sleep on March 23, 1979, at the age of 62. He had been a member of the faculty at the City University of New York since 1970, following 22 years of service at the Ohio State University. The following remarks were delivered by Andrew Hacker at a Memorial Service held at the CUNY Graduate Center on March 30, 1979.

EDITOR

For David Spitz, life was a seminar. He was one of those rare and fortunate human beings who found a metier truly suited to his character. To speak of his "work" would be a misnomer. Teaching and scholarship, talking and reacting, thinking and guiding—these activities were not what David Spitz "did." They were what he **was** as a man.

And, let me add, he enjoyed himself immensely. The very sight of David warming to a topic

will always remain one of my fondest memories. A look would suffuse his face. You could *see* his mind working, as he prepared to discourse on some subject dear to his heart.

So David was always a teacher, always a scholar. Not in the technical sense of footnotes and sources and methodologies. Indeed, "research" is not a word I would want to associate with him. Scholarship is much more apt. For it connotes the mind itself, with a minimum of outside apparatus. So when I say David was a mind, I mean that in the broadest of senses. He was a man of feeling, of spirit, of passion and compassion. David was an intellectual *mensch*.

And if I speak of his intellectual development, I would err were I to do so by listing his bibliography. That might do for lesser men. But not for David. His was an intellect with a human history. Minds grow with and out of their times—even if against them. David was of a generation just prior to my own. An "in between" generation, that has yet to be chronicled, and perhaps never will.

The Jews of the "World of Our Fathers" were beginning to make their way. It could be called a saga of Brooklyn and the Bronx. Few became wealthy by any modern measure. But they did well enough to move to larger, airier apartments on Jerome Avenue or Ocean Parkway. And it was for the children of these immigrants that New York began to open its arms. First the high schools of the city. And then—that Parnassus on Convent Avenue—the College of the City of New York.

David was a boy from the Bronx. And some teacher in a now-forgotten grammar school urged David to apply to Townsend Harris High School. That was the first step to a larger world. It meant a 14-year-old's taking the subway down to Manhattan for his high school education. Those so selected would not drive taxi-cabs or cut cloth in the garment trades. Boys from Townsend Harris went straight to City College. They would be the first real generation of Jewish professionals.

In fact, few became professors. That was to happen with later generations, like my own, where the path was much easier. A more likely culmination would be teaching social studies at an inner-city high school. But David, as we know, caught the eye and attention of Morris Raphael Cohen. And it was Cohen who saw that this boy from the Bronx should be a professor of political theory. Cohen became David Spitz's mentor in the classical, Socratic sense. A Jewish, indeed Talmudic, temperament mingled with a nascent American liberalism. It was a disciplined quest for freedom: the commingling of philosophical principles with the press of public life. I am sure that David had always been a liberal. It was, after all, the implicit ideology of the Bronx. But with Cohen and City College, he became committed to liberalism as an explicit philosophy—to be pondered, amplified, augmented.

From City College, David moved on to graduate study at Columbia, where he apprenticed himself to Robert MacIver. From Cohen to Ma-

clever, the latter a reserved and erudite Scot, was a step to a broader intellectual world. MacIver combined the essential egalitarianism of his Scottish origins with the panoply of Oxford learning. He, too, gladly took on David Spitz. For like all responsible graduate teachers, he saw it as his obligation to prepare the next generation of scholars.

It was with MacIver that David saw that principles of equality and democracy must be interwoven with the liberal tradition. America was a vigorous, open society—not a club of London gentlemen. In short, liberalism was political as well as intellectual. With these signposts from Columbia, David Spitz's career was on its way. Yes, he had apprenticed himself to Cohen and MacIver. But now he was his own man.

I said that David's was the life of the mind. He loved to discuss even marginal events as they reflected issues of principle. He wrote endlessly, often simply to clarify his own thinking, without prospect of publication. He was a superb critic. But it was a criticism informed by a coherent philosophical position of his own—not an aimless exercise in faultfinding.

My own judgment is that what he published in his lifetime has been a splendid contribution to our intellectual understanding. He did what he was called upon to do, by those who began him on his way. He did what he himself intended to do, by whatever spirits moved him. And we are all the gainers for it.

With your indulgence, I will close with some personal comments. For me, David was one of the most enjoyable people I ever wanted to be with. He was, as I said, a seminar I never tired of attending. Just listening to him, on anything at all, would make it a grand day for me. And let me be candid on this score. With David, it was not all pure intellect. He was one of the finest intellectual gossips I have ever delighted to know.

His world was the community of political theory. And it was a community peopled with human beings: flesh-and-blood individuals, with whom David was ever in contact. I must confess I would urge him on, if only for my own pleasure. All I would have to do was murmur "Berkeley." And there would follow a complete run-down on who they had in political theory, their merits and limitations, promises never fulfilled, who was feuding with whom. If I desired an even more scintillating evening, I needed only allude to "The Straussians." And out would come a chapter-length discourse, with a complete cast of characters and rumors of recent scandals.

All this was done with seriousness, but still without malice. There were theorists and schools of thought. They were human, with vanities, passions and frailties. They were the people of David's world. If he revelled in matters of personality, they were *his* people and his community. Thus one of his greatest friends was the late Willmoore Kendall, that brilliant warrior of the right. He and David agreed on nothing. And if Kendall's vision had ever come to fruition, David's safety would have been in danger. Yet they were two minds and, because of that, brothers.

David Spitz belonged to a true community, something few of us will never know or experience. More than that, he helped to make and sustain that community. To him, it was a joy and a bounden duty.

My own life was infinitely more interesting for knowing—and loving—David Spitz. I will not merely miss him. My own life, and those of others, will be far emptier for his passing. He was taken from us too soon. He was one of those people we really needed.

1914 APSA Annual Meeting Proceedings Volume

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