

Donald G. Herzberg*

There are things a man asks his wife.

On a recent evening, talking of Don I asked mine what I should say of him. He had been our friend a full quarter century: most of our adult lives, that is, and the whole of our own life together. Yet he and I were colleagues as well as friends, and much of our talk was of matters which might barely be termed professional. Certainly when I think of him I think of such matters. With Elizabeth it was different. She cares but little for the fugitive discoveries and passing sages of what is known as political science. It was the man that mattered, and she replied without the least reflection that the thing to say about Don Herzberg is that he treated everyone alike.

Presidents, and city councilmen, representatives of the League of Women Voters and election district captains of the Tamawa Club, deans and undergraduates, electors and electorate, men and women, Catholic and Jew—the American polity in all its profusion. Above all, the successful and the failed. He treated them all alike.

For he loved them all; and loved the polity they—we—had made of ourselves.

He was in this regard very like Professor Higgins who put it to Liza:

The great secret, Eliza, is not having bad manners or good manners, but having the same manner for all human souls: in short, behaving as if you were in heaven, where there are no third-class carriages, and one soul is as good as another.

This is not to suggest St. Francis. What Dean Herzberg loved in us was as much what we were capable of becoming as what we actually were, and he let this be known in degrees of asperity proportionate, I suspect, to his estimate of the likelihood of such potential being attained.

This quality of openness which was so deeply personal in Don was also the foundation of his professional life. Father Hea-

ly in his magnificent eulogy delivered at Princeton said of him:

A great gift of Don to his friends was his unbeatable, unshakeable trust in democracy as a rational activity. Of course he remembered failure and incompleteness: he knew how far government fell below men's dreams. But he also pulsed to that dream, and the power and beauty it had created.

"He pulsed to that dream. . . ." How strong an image, and how right! This openness to others was the lifeblood, the heart beat that animated the whole of his politic belief. It came easy to him as it comes with great difficulty to most of us. We range abroad to be sure, but the more we do the more narrow, somehow, our circles become. Always in the same company as nowadays travelling about the world one seems in the same hotel. When Thoreau said, "I have travelled a good deal in Concord" I dare to think he spoke of Don Herzberg's travels: to every person in a place, rather than simply to many places.

Always laughing because sometimes it hurt too much to cry. Politics, which he practiced as well as studied, is gladiatorial in the end. Few triumph, few even survive. Most of us end up broken and defeated by politics; some utterly destroyed. But would you ever know from Don's tale of life with Senator William Benton that that career in politics ended in defeat? Never!

There was one in particular.

It was 1952 and Benton was running for re-election. Not a good time for liberals, but Benton had hit upon a device to bolster appearances. Arriving in a small town prior to a rally or a meeting of some sort he would walk about the streets for a bit introducing himself to fellow citizens. "Good afternoon," he would say in his best senatorial manner, "I am your Senator, William Benton. As you may know I am running for re-election this year, and I dare to enquire if you had in mind to vote for me?"

In the face of such good manners, the citizens of Connecticut responded in kind. The most he met with was evasion, and in the main he would receive an affirmative response. Whereupon the Senator would turn to a previously inconspicuous

*The eulogy above was delivered by Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan at a memorial service on September 25, 1980 at Georgetown University.

Herzberg, standing by with pad and pencil. "Don," he would say, "record that citizen's opinion." Soon thereafter a rally would learn that an informal, scientific pool of the citizens of River City had established "*Eighty-five percent support for Benton!*"

One day the routine went slightly off. Benton approached a citizen, introduced himself, and was met with apoplectic rage. "You're Benton," came the unexpected reply. "Why if satan himself was running I wouldn't vote for you." And as the citizen stormed off Benton turned and said, "Don, put him down as doubtful."

Never to call retreat: never to abandon hope: such was Dean Herzberg's life and his lesson. The depth of his charity so disposed him: but hope went beyond disposition. It was an act of faith also, a positive rejection of despair as the deadliest of sins, political no less than spiritual. "None of the above" was never his choice. We cannot conceive him going about the campus opining that he would not be voting for any of the candidates for president this year. Given only that there was more than a single choice, one would be better than another, and he would choose the better. (Of this year—for he was careful about language—the best!)

And he would do it with a smile, for he had the playfulness of genius, and to a point the gift of prophecy, which we in the normative range of academic pursuits persist in hoping might one day prove to have been science!

His last published writing appeared on the op-ed page of *The New York Times* on April 10 of this year. (He wrote books; but posters were his preferred medium!) There was, he suggested, a new national party in the offing. Perhaps in the shell of the Republican Party: certainly with Republican leadership. Call it, he suggested, "The Party of 'Concern for America.'" Fourteen days later John Anderson announced his independent candidacy in almost precisely the terms the Dean's article had forecast. One isn't born with such skills; they are acquired only with discipline and with time.

Time, of course, ran out. This we will remember and regret so long as our own time holds. But our gratitude that he lived is so much greater than the grief of

his death. As Yeats said of another, he was "blessed and had the power to bless." We who shared that blessing live a larger life because of it, and for this we pray for him and remember him.

Daniel Patrick Moynihan
United States Senate

Daniel Lerner

Of Dan Lerner's many contributions to the social sciences in the study of communications, attitudinal research, and methodology, it was his work in the field of development that was to receive the widest acclaim. His major contribution was *The Passing of the Traditional Society: Modernizing the Middle East*, first published by the Free Press in 1958 with paperback editions beginning in 1964. His ideas on development were subsequently amplified in several papers, including a long article he wrote for the *International Encyclopedia of the Social Sciences* called "Modernization: The Social Aspects," a chapter entitled "Toward a Communication Theory of Modernization," published in the book edited by Lucian Pye, *Communication and Political Development*, and an essay he wrote in a book he edited with his friend Wilbur Schramm in 1966 entitled *Communication and Change in Developing Countries*.

The Passing of Traditional Society was among the more influential books on development published in the late fifties. It was well received, widely read, frequently cited and had considerable influence on subsequent studies of development. It was, and continues to remain, a basic book for all graduate students in the development field. It represented a particular approach, used a particular methodology, and had a particular point of view and while some have criticized these views and methodology in recent years, they continue to remain an important contribution of American social science research to the sociology of development.

Lerner's book begins with a parable concerning a grocer and a chief in the village of Balgat, eight kilometers outside of Ankara. The village was first studied by a Turkish scholar in 1950 who described it