

imagine that anyone else in academic life will again have that kind of influence on the lives and careers of so many people.

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Good-Bye to Two Dear Friends: Warren Miller and Dwaine Marvick A Personal Memoir

They left us within the short span of four weeks—Warren in late January, Dwaine in late February. I met both of them almost half a century ago, in the early 1950s, and also within the span of four weeks. The person who brought us together was the sociologist Morris Janowitz, a friend with whom I had worked in a government agency during the early years of the war and whom I would visit from time to time in Ann Arbor. Janowitz had been working with Miller on a critique of Lazarsfeld's "Index of Political Predispositions" in the Erie County Study, and he was collaborating with Marvick on a restudy of the Survey Research Center's 1952 presidential election data that was more sociologically oriented than the original, more psychologically inspired SRC report. Miller, still working on his Ph.D. with the social psychologist Floyd Allport at Syracuse, had come to the SRC as an associate study director of the 1952 study, and Marvick, just out of Columbia with his Ph.D., was a Carnegie Fellow at the Center. A fourth person in what became a kind of unholy foursome in the eyes of Jim Pollock, chairman of Michigan's then-hide-bound department, was Sam Eldersveld, the only contemporary behavior-oriented Michigan Ph.D. who was an assistant professor. In due time, Janowitz, Eldersveld, and I would publish a reader in political behavior, Miller and Marvick having gone off to California—Warren to Berkeley from where he returned in 1956 to run that year's SRC election study; Marvick to Los Angeles where he took deep Western roots, not an easy thing for his brilliant wife, Elizabeth Wirth Marvick, who had grown up

in Chicago as the daughter of the urban sociologist Louis Wirth.

Over the years, Warren and I grew close, not so much as researchers, but as promoters and organizers of a number of professional undertakings. Dwaine and Sam Eldersveld grew close as they collaborated in a more scholarly vein on many studies of party elites in Europe and Asia. Nevertheless, the paths of this foursome crossed often in the fifties and sixties. I worked closely with Dwaine on a number of projects, including our joint editing of a volume on elites for a series of behavioral research studies published by the Free Press of Glencoe whose gutsy owner, publisher, and editor, Jerry Kaplan, had shown up in Ann Arbor during the 1954 Research Seminar on Political Behavior, precursor of what later became the summer training program of the Inter-University Consortium for Political Research (ICPSR's original name). Dwaine, Warren, and I saw each other a good deal during the early years of the ICPR. Warren was still the executive director, Dwaine chaired the organization's council in 1966–67, and I was invariably around in one role or another. During the years when our Ann Arbor visits overlapped, we invariably dined the first evening at Eldersveld's and spent the late evenings at Warren's. Janowitz had gone off to Chicago by that time and we saw little of him until years later when Dwaine, Jerry Kaplan, and I participated in a two-day conference held in Morris' honor after Parkinson's Disease compelled him to retire from the University of Chicago.

Warren and Dwaine were quite different persons, with quite different qualities, and I don't mean the obvious ones like Warren was a natural promoter, organizer, and administrator, and Dwaine much preferred playing the role of the learned and intellectually wide-ranging professor. To contrast these qualities would give an altogether false and unnecessarily gratuitous picture of either one of them. I also knew Warren as the most meticulous analyst and insightful interpreter of electoral data. My earliest image of him is swinging in his office

chair, sharpened red pencil in one hand and slide rule in the other (to figure out percentages), literally lost in the piles of hand-written analysis sheets of data taken off the counter-sorter whose counting device, permitting cross-tabs, looked like an old-fashioned telephone switchboard with four colored lines—red, green, blue, and (I think) yellow. He was totally devoted to his work as one of the country's most informed and level-headed electoral scholars. Given his collaboration with brilliant colleagues, his contribution to the Michigan "paradigm" is sometimes belittled, but his last major work, with Merrill Shanks, belies this misunderstanding of his contributions. And so does the unpublished draft of the "representation study" of which only a small part ever saw the light of day. Conversations with Warren, if not concerned with the politics and management of the organizations which, he felt, are needed to make our discipline strong and respectable, centered on electoral research. For Dwaine, on the other hand, a broad knowledge and understanding of what was going on in all of the social sciences was a major interest. We would talk about Freud and Mannheim and Durkheim and Weber and Boas and Simmel and, more often than not, his friend, the sociologist Ed Shils or the political psychologist Nathan Leites and, last but not least, our mutual friend, Harold Lasswell. His conversational style was light and fast moving, and our talks often included Liz, a learned political psychologist in her own right. Dwaine was as broad and ecumenical a scholar as Warren was a specialized and topic-tropic investigator. This is not to say that Dwaine was not an equally proficient analyst. His publications revealed the same great care in data handling and interpretation as Warren's.

Now that he is gone, I can only say "thank you, thank you" to Warren for teaching me what rigorous quantitative data analysis is all about. And in that role, he was a master and unequalled mentor, not only for me but for generations of colleagues and students. I remember so well the two or three morning

hours we spent together for many weeks in the hot summer of 1954, with Warren taking us patiently through the variables of the 1952 study, which had not yet been published. His lecturing was low-key, one might even say dull, but the very monotony of his voice—there were none of the showman lecturer's modulated ups and downs—made what he had to say sink in. And what he had to say was never irrelevant; it was always to the point—the point usually being right there in some cell of some table on the blackboard. Many years later, in the 70s, when the two of us often spoke at what we called “pony shows” around the country to explain the wonderful opportunities for research made possible by the recently NSF-funded National Election Studies, I remember him droning away either in anticipation of or in response to my own kind of more accentuated (and accented) pep-talk on behalf of the new goodies.

Dwaine was by no means an absent-minded professor, as one might infer from what I have said about him so far. He was an exemplary chair of the ICPR Council, and when the time came for me to appoint a program chair for the 1972 Annual Meeting of the American Political Science Association, I turned to Dwaine. In those trying times, being program chair involved taking almost two years out of one's life. He did an admirable job in bringing some sanity back to the meeting while at the same time taking care of all the special interests who made the most preposterous demands on him. I really had little to do with the program once we had settled the major outlines to return to the traditional fields of the discipline as the major organizing categories for the panels of the meeting. And I knew that he was a great “idea man.” Fifteen years earlier, in 1956, during Harold Lasswell's presidency, when I chaired the first set of panels exclusively given to political behavior, it was Dwaine who had come up with the titles for three panels—“Theoretical Developments in the Study of Political Behavior,” “Methodological Developments in the Study of Political Behavior,” and

“Empirical Developments in the Study of Political Behavior.” For that period, those were challenging and provocative topics. And there came a time when, once again, I turned to Dwaine for “help”—this time to interview me in depth for the APSA oral history project. That was in 1988. We spent two full days together at his home in Los Angeles filling up eight double-sided tapes. It wasn't really an “interview.” It was a conversation. Dwaine and Liz were the best conversationalist couple I have known in the profession.

We had a wonderful time. I am not about to betray a great secret in reporting that Dwaine, Warren, and a few other valued colleagues enjoyed the kind of good fellowship that comes with two or three drinks, and sometimes even more. My photo albums include a picture of Dwaine standing on a lawn somewhere holding up what is clearly discernible as an old-fashioned martini glass. I think it was on the occasion of some meeting of AAPOR, the American Association for Public Opinion Research. But I remember best the May 1974 evening Dwaine and I spent in the bar of the Lake Lawn Lodge at Lake Delevan in Wisconsin, in the company of such irrepressibles as Norman Nie and John Sprague. We had been brought together by the NSF's political science program director to consider “design and measurement standards” for research. I think we all later remembered that joyous evening more than the grim daytime sessions. The good times Warren, I, and, in earlier days, friends such as Austin Ranney or Harold Lasswell had at Evron and Jean Kirkpatrick's house in Bethesda are too many to recall in particular. The cocktail hour was prolonged because Jean played the roles of cook and conversationalist to perfection. That took time. And I remember one late-afternoon stop in an English pub during a great motor trip that took Warren, me, and our wives from London to Edinburgh, where we were booked for the 1976 meeting of the International Political Science Association. While our ladies rested from the stresses of walking endless miles through the “great

houses” that dot the English countryside, Warren and I inevitably went in search of our much-needed aperitif. Well, that day, we ended up in the provincial hotel's bar and ordered martinis. When they arrived they were *vino classico* from the best grapes made by Signor Martini in Italy but not what we had in mind. So we patiently explained to the bartender the fine art of making a martini. Being conservative, we first suggested a modest 7:1 solution (seven units of gin to 1 of dry vermouth). After sampling one and moistening our palates, we became bolder or more liberal and ordered an 8:1 concoction. At this point, the bartender caught on. We should try, he suggested, a 9:1 mixture, which would be on the house.

So we had good times, and we also had bad times that were fortunately few and far between. The worst occasion was in the late 1980s and involved some organizational and personnel problem at the ICPSR. This is not the place to write about the puddle of problems in which we found ourselves. I was by then an associate director of the Consortium, as was Warren. It was a bad situation, and we were on opposite sides. We had fought so many professional battles together that, I think, it was incomprehensible to Warren that I might not agree with him on something. He always was a man of strong opinions and iron will, and I'm not sure he knew the word “compromise”; if for no other reason than because he always positioned himself so that he could not lose. I admired his skill enormously. I was truly grateful for the help and support he had given me when I was nominated to stand for election to the APSA presidency against a formidable opponent. This ICPSR imbroglio was extraordinary. Being a student of legislatures rather than elections, I had learned that one should never surprise one's opponent in public but inform him in private of where one stood and what one planned to do. So I asked him to breakfast and explained my position. There was much anger on both sides. It did not last too long. We remained friends.

The skirmishes we fought together

usually concerned what we felt to be trespasses on the discipline's "common weal." There was the acrimonious "Top-of-the-Mark" (San Francisco) clash—I cannot characterize it otherwise—with a distinguished colleague from a major research university who refused to deposit his data with the Consortium for the benefit of the larger community. It went on and on as both sides were equally persistent and pugnacious. There was the "dressing down"—it's the most charitable word coming to mind—of a then-Michigan-based younger colleague who, counter to policy, had given a talk, reported in the press, based on data not yet formally released. (No Michigan-based person was to have earlier access to newly-mined NES data than the rest of the national research community). There was the alcoholic, at times tearful, bedroom session with a beloved colleague on the NES Board who failed to understand the need for reallocating some funds from one research category (in which he was legitimately interested) to another (in which an emerging research community had a stake). That session ended at four in the morning.

Now Warren is gone, and so is Dwaine. No longer will I hear Warren's familiar and usually cheerful voice over the telephone that I so often heard in the many years of our work together, though less in the last two or three years when, I think, he suffered a great deal but concealed it. I knew the end was coming, and the only question was when. I last saw him in Ann Arbor, in October, on the occasion of the 50th anniversary of the Institute for Social Research. He had arranged a small dinner party with the people he evidently felt closest to among those attending. His son, Jeff, was with him. So was Ann Robinson, his long-time secretary, assistant, and general factotum through the decades. And there were Phil and Jean Converse. There is a photo of the five of us that Jeff took. The next evening, late, I saw him in his hotel room, administering the "home dialysis" he insisted on doing because it would give him more freedom than being dependent on treatment in a

clinic. I was there to get his consent for a fund-raising effort for a summer seminar for young professionals at the ICPSR that would be established in his name and honor. When I left, I had a foreboding that I'd never see him again. My parting from Dwaine was different. I didn't see much of him in the last few years. There was a three-day visit, perhaps around 1990, when he and his colleagues had me down at UCLA for a conference on federalism in India. I later saw him a number of times at meetings of the Western Political Science Association, where we often had dinner with Don Matthews and whichever congenial souls we picked up en route. I sometimes inquired about him, his work in retirement, and health when I encountered some colleague of his, even as late as mid-January. "Some minor ailment," I was told, "but regularly showing up in his office." Then came the news of the stroke from which he did not recover. Perhaps a better way to go than Warren's. I'll never be able to discuss this little intellectual problem with him. It would have been a rich and stimulating conversation, full of hypotheses and, perhaps, even empirical data. That's how I will remember Warren: always full of intellectual gusto, energy, and good repartee. Farewell, old comrades and friends!

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Henry Paolucci

Henry Paolucci, professor emeritus of government and politics at St. John's University and vice chairman of the Conservative Party of New York State, died Friday, January 1, 1999, at New York Hospital Queens Medical Center from complications caused by prostate cancer. He was 77.

After graduating from the City College of New York with a B.S., he joined the Air Force as a navigator and flew numerous missions over Africa and Italy. Later, he resumed his education, earning an M.A. and Ph.D. from Columbia University.

Professor Paolucci's wide range of intellectual interests was reflected in

the variety of subjects he taught, including ancient Greek and Roman history at Iona College, Brooklyn College, and City College; a graduate course on Dante and medieval culture at Columbia University; and, since 1968, courses on U.S. foreign policy and political theory, Aristotle and Hegel, and others in the department of government and politics at St. John's University. He is especially known for his studies of the political thought of Aristotle, St. Augustine, Machiavelli, and Hegel.

A frequent contributor to the Op Ed page of *The New York Times* and magazines like *National Review* and *Il Borghese* (Rome), Dr. Paolucci wrote a number of articles for the Columbus quincentenary and helped to prepare three volumes drawn from the massive work of Justin Winsor, the great historian of early America. He translated Cesare Beccaria's *On Crimes and Punishments* and Machiavelli's *Mandragola* (in its 32nd printing) and edited Maitland's *Justice and Police*, as well as a notable collection of *The Political Writings of St. Augustine*. His books on political affairs and foreign policy analysis include *War, Peace and the Presidency* (1968), *A Brief History of Political Thought and Statecraft* (1979), *Kissinger's War* (1980), *Zionism, the Superpowers, and the PLO* (1964), and *Iran, Israel, and the United States* (1991). In 1948 Professor Paolucci was chosen Eleanor Duse Traveling Fellow in Columbia University and spent a year studying in Florence, Italy. In 1951 he revisited Italy as a Fulbright Scholar at the University of Rome.

In 1964 he was asked by William F. Buckley Jr. to accept the New York State Conservative Party nomination for the U.S. Senate and he ran against Kenneth Keating and Robert F. Kennedy. His stimulating campaign drew considerable interest and he was written up in *The New York Times* as the "Scholarly Candidate." In 1995 the party honored him with its prestigious Kieran O'Doherty Award.

Founder and president of the Walter Bagehot Research Council on National Sovereignty (a nonprofit educational foundation), Paolucci was for many years chief editor of