

32. OTHER FRIENDS AND ACQUAINTANCES

Enid Charles

W. Edwards Deming (1900-1993)

I first met Ed Deming when he was an employee of the U.S. Bureau of the Census. But Deming only flourished when he got into the world outside of government. There he attained a unique reputation as the guru of quality control.

What made that reputation was like all great ideas essentially simple. From the dawn of interchangeable parts in manufacturing the careful manager would assure quality in his output of some particular part by having 100 percent of it inspected.

Deming saw that that was wrong. It was expensive to have all the large number of inspectors required, and the result was not really 100 percent, because the inspectors could easily make mistakes.

What he urged was setting control limits well inside the tolerance limits. The place to put effort was on the machine tools that were used to make the part. If they were refined, so that the departure from the target was only one-third of the departure tolerated, then on some simple assumptions a process under such control would produce only one defective part in a thousand. If that wasn't good enough one could go to half of that error, and in that case the defectives would be millionths of the output.

Deming was a life-long teacher.

Robert Dorfman (1916-2002)

Yesterday (Monday July 22, 2002) Beatrice and I attended the funeral of our beloved colleague and friend, Robert Dorfman. He was a modest man, who did not allow his important discoveries to make him vain.

Bob was above all humane. His humanity showed through in all he did--in his economics, his environmental study, and outside of his profession, in his family life. And the human features could not but be an example, a model, to the rest of us. In the small local areas where he lived he made life just a little better

Wilhelm Flieger (1931-1999)

Having a student die during one's lifetime is not unlike a parent losing a child. In the natural order of things parents die before their children, and teachers before their ex-students. Of the students I had in the course of 30 years teaching, Father Flieger was the quickest to learn, and in every matter that I took up in class he went beyond his teacher.

Quite aside from scholarship, I have never met his equal for sheer energy. During the four years he was with us at the University of Chicago, he was a full-time student, following the demanding program set by the faculty, he was a full-time research assistant to myself, and he was effectively in charge of a parish some 27 miles away that he drove his little VW out to visit at least twice a week. I never heard him say of any assignment that it was too much for him; to him everything was possible. Yet he was modest--for him to say how much he was doing would have been totally out of character.

Yet these activities are not what he will be most remembered for. It will rather be for his qualities of total integrity, of human sympathy, of total unselfishness.

His qualities would have made him stand out in any age, but they were particularly conspicuous in our materialistic, grasping age,

The following is a message received from the Office of Population Studies, the institution that Father Flieger founded and led.

According to the doctors, Fr. Flieger died of a massive heart attack. His death was discovered in the early hours of Sunday morning, December 19, when he failed to show up for his 5:00 a.m. mass.

Final rites were held on the morning of Wednesday, December 22 with a requiem mass at the University of San Carlos main chapel. At the request of his family, his remains were cremated and sent to Germany.

Although we are shocked and shaken by this great loss, we at OPS will continue the good work of Father Flieger and uphold the standards that OPS has always been known for.

The Staff, Office of Population Studies, University of San Carlos, Talamban Campus, Tel # (6332) 3460102.

Stephen Jay Gould (1942-2002)

Among the matters for which Stephen Gould is remembered the idea of punctuated equilibrium is prominent. Instead of continuous change (Darwin's frequently reiterated *Natura non facit saltum*) evolution has periods of rapid change, alternating with no change at all.

Also very prominent in Gould's work is the rejection of the notion that has come to life more than once during the course of the last century or two, that people are formed by their genes. Tiresome promotion of the assertion that "Intelligence" (whatever that is) musical ability, literary creativity, all are determined by our genes. The theory is shown to be groundless and the debate is forgotten for a while, but after a time it springs to life again. Gould was diligent, persuasive and skilled in debate against what amounts to racism. Perhaps it will be heard no more, but given the history, one cannot be sure.

Gould, one of the scholars and teachers of which Harvard has been proudest. We lost him at the age of 60, and he will be badly missed.

J.B.S. Haldane, See above.

Morris H. Hansen (1910-1990)

Philip M. Hauser (1909-1994)

I first heard of Phil as a graduate of the University of Chicago, like myself a protégé of William Ogburn, who went on to become Deputy Director of the US Bureau of the Census. In that capacity he gave unfailing support to the creative people in the Bureau, to Morris Hansen and others. When for political reasons he was passed over for the Directorship he joined the University of Chicago and became Chair of its Sociology Department. In that capacity I got to know him very well indeed.

It was Phil who not only recruited me to the Department, but who gave me every assistance in the work. When a man whom he recognised as uniquely talented and devoted, Fr. Wilhelm Flieger, turned up as a graduate student, he assigned him to me as research assistant.

The last time I saw Phil was at a population meeting in Florence. His health was not good, his sight was especially bad. His beloved Zelda had passed away, and he seemed terribly alone. All the fun had gone out of him. Something of the kind happens to all of us, but usually the contrast between youth and age is not quite so great.

Peter Laslett (1915-2001)

In the early 1990s Beatrice and I visited Peter Laslett in Trinity College, Cambridge. Peter by then was widely known for his book, *The World We Have Lost*, that described the lives of ordinary people as England was emerging from the Middle Ages. Then an industrial concern--a bakery for instance--was a family enterprise with a patriarchal organization, and including children of the head, perhaps nephews and nieces, perhaps up to a dozen or more in all. That bakery was their livelihood. Any person, for instance a widow, who had no income of her own and was not attached to such a unit was in a bad way.

Trinity was Peter's life. He walked us through it, pointing out mementos of Isaac Newton and other long past fellows. He had us to lunch, seated beside him at the head table.

I seem to remember that on another visit we were lunching at Cambridge, and Norman and Leslie Lewis drove over to pick us up. Somehow Norman and Peter did not see one another as the great people that we thought they both were. Norman had little use for academics, and Peter little use for anyone who was not an academic.

Norman Lewis, (See above)

David Riesman (1909-2002)

David started work when sociology was young. His *Lonely Crowd* remains "not only the bestselling book by a professional sociologist in American history, but also arguably the one that has had the widest influence on the nation at large." As Orlando Patterson says, the thesis is that each of us city-dwellers encounters more people, has more contacts than ever his rural ancestors had, yet the contacts are superficial, secondary. The result is an existential loneliness, an anomie that dominates modern life today.

Gazette Staff:

Sociologist David Riesman, best known for his influential study of post-World War II American society, "*The Lonely Crowd*," died May 10 in Binghamton, N.Y., of natural causes. He was 92.

Born in Philadelphia in 1909, the son of a professor at the University of Pennsylvania Medical School, Riesman attended Harvard College, graduating in 1931.

He earned a degree from Harvard Law School in 1934 and embarked on a law career, which included clerking for U.S. Supreme Court Justice Louis Brandeis and teaching at the University of Buffalo Law School.

As a research fellow at Columbia Law School, Riesman had the opportunity to discuss comparative social issues with anthropologists Margaret Mead and Ruth Benedict, philosopher Hannah Arendt, and literary critic Lionel Trilling. Later he studied psychoanalysis with Erich Fromm and Harry Stack Sullivan.

In 1949, he was invited to join the social science faculty of the University of Chicago. "The Lonely Crowd" was published in 1950, and became a best seller, as well as winning the admiration of his academic peers. He co-authored the book with Nathan Glazer, professor of education and social structure emeritus, and Reuel Denney, but, according to Glazer, Riesman was the real author of the work. Riesman taught at Chicago until 1958, when he was named the Henry Ford II Professor of Social Sciences at Harvard.

For almost 20 years he taught a popular undergraduate course, "American Character and Social Structure," and, through his voluminous correspondence, continued to exert an influence on many of his students long after they had left Harvard.

Marcel-Paul Schutzenberger (1920-1996)

Beatrice and I spent the year 1952 in Jakarta, as a member of a panel that was being consulted by the Government of Indonesia. As part of the officially assigned task I studied the village of Balaerjo, in East Java, where with a team of students I lived for about 6 weeks.

After that sojourn, one of the most exciting of my life, I returned to Jakarta where Beatrice had had a certain amount of social life. Marco Schutzenberger, who subsequently became one of France's great mathematicians. He was at an intellectual level far higher than we usually encounter, so it may be worthwhile to give some indication of the way we met and became firm friends.

In my absence Beatrice took a train trip to Jogja in the middle of the island on which Jakarta is situated. There she stayed with the parents of Suljanti, (Suljanti was a devoted student of population and active in the cause of population control, whom we knew well both personally and by reputation. In her week in Djokja Beatrice encountered Haryati, a nurse who was Suljanti's local deputy. Haryati was keeping company with Marco, a medical doctor who was also staying a year as a consultant appointed by WHO. Marco was at the time of Beatrice's trip to Jokja a patient in the local hospital, and was visited by Haryati who brought along Beatrice. That was the beginning of a 40 year acquaintance between Marco and the Keyfitzes.

We saw him several times during the year and found him one of the most knowledgeable and entertaining people we had ever met, the most humane, the most intolerant of fools and poseurs.

There was as yet no presence of Marco the mathematician. He and Haryati were married soon after returning to France.

Marco was born in Lyons, of an old Alsatian family that had left Alsace after the 1870-1 War, when it was taken over by Germany.

On returning to France this medical doctor discovered that he was endowed as a mathematician. He terminated his medical practice and turned to mathematical research and publication, in the specialty called combinatorics, and within a short time had important findings, and was internationally recognized as one of France's greats in mathematics. His prominence was partly due to the numerous applications of combinatorics for which he was responsible--in the study of natural and artificial languages, in cryptography and in the construction of codes that self-correct.

Marco was involved in disputes on evolution as developed by Darwin. He showed for one thing that in the time that paleontology tells us was available, natural selection would not suffice to produce the changes that we know occurred. I suspect that part of his animus against Darwinism was the hospitality it provided to ideas of racism that offended the solidarity that Marco felt with the whole of mankind. His view of artificial intelligence was similarly negative, neglecting the indescribable subtlety of the human mind. The successes of what is called artificial intelligence are all highly specific applications, and show none of the spontaneity and originality that would make them human.

Marco's knowledge and scepticism went into many fields. He was informed by an interviewer that Stephen Hawking, a top cosmologist, had traced the universe back from its present mass to its origin in a single point, infinitely heavy and infinitely hot, and located nowhere. Marco responded with "It is just as easy to believe in Adam and Eve as in that infinitely hot and infinitely small spot that wasn't anywhere." It made me think of the succinct last sentence of Wittgenstein's famous *Tractatus*, the dictum, "Worauf es gibt nichts zu sagen, darauf sol man schweigen" (Of what nothing can be said, on that one should be silent)". Unfortunately scientists, responding to a public that expects them to know everything, accept an ideology that every question must have an answer.

During the forty or so subsequent years I passed through Paris about a dozen times on one kind of business or another, and each time I called Marco, spoke to him or to Haryati, and each time was warmly invited to dinner.

Marco liked to put spice into his conversation. On one occasion as we were holding our drinks before sitting down to dine, he asked "Don't you think it is wrong to taboo the eating of human flesh, wasting the proteins it contains?" Never having considered such a matter I had no answer.

When we did sit down to the table, and were offered a meat course I wondered just what meat that was.

In 1980 when I was in Paris to give a lecture on Malthus at a UNESCO conference, and I called Marco, Haryati answered, and barely able to contain herself, said that their son Mahar, 23 years of age, had just been killed in an automobile accident. Beatrice had to catch a plane to Nice where our daughter Barbara was teaching for a few months, but even if she missed the plane we simply had to look in at Marco's and offer what consolation we could.

To judge by externals, Marco was taking the loss more deeply than Haryati did. He sat holding her hand and couldn't say a word during the brief visit. We left, and were in such a hurry to get Beatrice on to her plane that she broke her foot on a curb.

Marco never quite recovered from that blow. He did have a daughter, Helene, from a previous marriage, and she provided much comfort. But a final blow, Haryati, on whom he depended enormously, died in 1993. He fell seriously ill and evidently didn't want to live any longer.

My last contact was again by telephone. Morris Halle, Institute Professor at M.I.T. called and introduced himself and said he had been in Paris and Marco would like to talk to me. (Morris and I have been close friends ever since.) I had three talks with Marco, each a harrowing experience. He talked continuously, I had no choice but to listen and agree. In fact I did agree, for even in his low condition his political judgment was sound. He recognized the charlatanry and total lack of principle in Mitterand, the troubles ahead for the United States as it sought world domination. But what a come-down from the cheery Marco, always fresh and ready for a joke that we had known in his prime.

The end, announced to the world in *Le Monde*, came on July 29, 1996. France's great mathematician, the greatest combinatorialist of the century, was dead at 75. There was a life of large success and large tragedy.

Soedjatmoko (1922-1989)

Soedjatmoko was born in Sawahlunto, Sumatra on 10 January 1922. He studied at Medical College in Jakarta, Indonesia and at the Littauer School of Public Administration at Harvard University.

I admired Soedjatmoko greatly, and visited him many times. (It was much easier for me to move around--my job entitled me to a car, and through much of his life he had no such perks, or perks of any kind.) On at least one of the occasions when I visited he was under house arrest. I visited him without any worry, but Indonesians would think twice about such a defiance of the

authorities. He was what would now be called a public intellectual: with no official position he expressed himself on many political and moral issues confronting the country. He had the independence that is an asset to any country, and is seldom valued at its true worth.

But in later life S. identified with authority, though always with an authority that was worthy. He accepted the post of Ambassador to the United States, and became Rector of the United Nations University in September 1980. That year he published *The Primacy of Freedom in Development*,

He was Associate Editor of the free-swinging daily newspaper *Pedoman*.

It is a measure of Soedjatmoko's positive commitment that concern for himself has not inhibited forthright expression. Nor has he allowed his membership in numerous leading international forums and organizations to divorce his concern from the realities of Indonesian village life. His question was always how to make life more decent and satisfying for the poorest 40 per cent in Southeastern and Southern Asia. In the process he is stimulating others to sharpen their perception and make government and private efforts more relevant.

Soedjatmoko was married in 1957 to the former Ratmini Gandasubrata. They have three daughters. Altogether a charming family. I remember giving a computer to one of the daughters, and trying to help Ratmini find an American publisher for Soedjatmoko's miscellaneous essays.

I was not able to attend his funeral, but Beatrice did attend, and she recalls President Suharto kneeling in prayer beside the coffin.

Richard Stone (1913-1991)

I first met Stone when he visited the Dominion Bureau of Statistics in the 1950s to advise us on setting up a system of national accounts. Stone was the member in our generation of the most distinguished line in British economics. He followed John Maynard Keynes 1883-1946, who in turn followed Alfred Marshall (1842-1924). All were associated with King's College. King's may not have the glorious history of Trinity (with Isaac Newton in its past) but the economists that it housed, especially Keynes, built up its treasury, made it very rich.

In those circumstances rich does not mean comfortable. On my first visit Stone put me up for the night in a room that was freezing cold. Such are the things one remembers.

The last time we saw Richard he came with his wife, to a meeting in Cambridge (Massachusetts) and their preoccupation was a sauce pan cover. We tried to find a store where such were sold, but not finding any gave them ours.

Richard was knighted, and won a Nobel Prize. It was interesting to be with him when his pre-occupation was not the higher economics but helping his wife find a lid for a sauce pan.