

My first home at Rutgers was at 36 Union Street on the College Avenue Campus. Also known as "Williamson House", it was a creaky, drafty three story Victorian. Etched into the one window were the initials of one of the Williamson sisters who used a diamond ring to leave her mark for posterity.

My office was on the second floor. I shared it with Gordon Schochet. There were two desks and two swivel chairs. The floor sagged, so unless your feet were anchored to the floor your chair would drift to the middle of the room. Gordon and I often found ourselves sitting back to back. Keeping your feet up on the desk was the surest way to avoid wandering.

We were adjacent to the bathroom. The walls were thin. This gave us considerable data on the digestive cycles of our colleagues. Tucked under the eaves on the third floor was Joe Haberer. He was to be joined the following year by Dick Mansbach and Dick Lehne.

The department was run by a junta of senior professors led by chairman Ben Baker (Definitely no relative), Joe Silverstein ("Burma Joe" as Dick Wilson once dubbed him); Mike Curtis (nasty, British, and short according to Gordon) and Stanley Friedelbaum, the mouse that roared.

Jealousy and suspicion characterized the relationship between the Rutgers College Department and our sister Department at Douglass and, soon after I arrived, Livingston College. There was also a two-man department at University College headed by another petty tyrant, Abe Yeselson.

I was Ben Baker's fair-haired boy (perhaps it was the surname we shared); Jim Rosenau at Douglass was his nemesis. Jim was also "New Brunswick Chairman", an administrative curiosity that was supposed to signal to the outside world that we were a single department. This was what lawyers refer to as a "legal fiction". Jim and Ben Baker were at odds over everything from who got the lion's share of resources to what the political science enterprise was all about. Ben thought that Jim dabbled in black magic. It was made plain to us that excessive fraternization with the Douglass faculty was frowned upon. When Gerry Pomper left the department to inaugurate the Livingston Department, he was also on the enemies list of Rutgers College junta.

All of this fraternal bickering and factionalism was unsettling to me, coming as I did from the University of Pennsylvania which was then and for the next decade tearing itself apart over methodological issues. I feared the same for Rutgers and tried to steer a middle course by limiting my contacts to attendance at Jim Rosenau's Friday lunch held at University Commons.

Somehow, I managed to be inoffensive enough to all parties to get tenure based on what was frankly a rather sketchy vitae. I had the solid support of my department and had managed not to offend the infidels at Douglass.

My first decision as a tenured member of the department was agonizing. Gordon had come up for tenure and it was known that Gerry Pomper wanted him to join the Livingston Faculty. Ben Baker had, by this time, taken an active dislike to Gerry and never had a warm spot in his heart for Gordon. It was made clear to me that the politic thing for me to do was to vote against Gordon. I supported him at no small personal cost.

Political science at Rutgers in the early 1970s was a ramshackle arrangement held together by the graduate program and a creaky institution known as "The Combined Graduate Committee" which was charged with approving candidacy to graduate degrees. We then awarded a good number of M.A.s. Ph.D candidacy was a fraught process and such decisions that we were to make collectively such as promotions was further complicated by a legal

curiosity known as “The Section”, an annual meeting that’s took on the appearance of an annual reunion by members of an estranged family.

When Jim Rosenau left Rutgers, we needed a new “New Brunswick Chairman”. It was impossible for all of the senior faculty to agree on one of their own to take the job. I foolishly agreed to run for the post. I won and rued the day almost immediately. The clerical part of the job was handled ably by Roberta Weber and later by Mary Wilk. I shared quarters at the Arts Building on the Douglass campus with my counterpart in Sociology, Harry Bredemeier. He showed me the ropes and it made me want to take one of them and hang myself for taking the job.

The folly of a associate professor as New Brunswick chairman was made vividly clear to me on one occasion when I disagreed with on a matter favored by Union Street and was told in no uncertain terms by Joe Silverstein that my disloyalty would be noted when I came up for promotion.

In time, we were joined by some new and interesting colleagues: Ben Barber, and Lucy Behrman from Penn’s disputatious department and the Livingston Department with another Penn refugee David Schwartz, along with Dick Wilson, John Strange and Carey McWilliams. Sandy Schwartz joined the Douglass Department and along with charter members Bob Kaufman, Roy Licklider, Harvey Waterman, and Steve Salmore and the estimable Neil McDonald gave the “Seven Dwarves” on Union Street more people to distrust.