Thanks:
Jamil, Ray, and Paul.
Judy Stroud.
Everyone at Princeton.
Most after dinner talks are brief.
Intended this one to be that way.
This talk longer than the usual – and it is all your fault and Stan’s. Too many people sent reminiscences and they were too good and too long. Still coming in. All the same impulse: not about the career but about the man

Result: The first version of this talk actually ran to more than eighty-five pages as a result. Only Fidel Castro would have more to say.

Not even Stan Katz is interesting enough to justify an eighty-five page after dinner talk! Despite my leaving some people out and radically cutting what others sent, this is still a longer than usual after dinner speech. I am always short, but rarely brief. In this case, however, you have only yourselves – and Stan – to blame. I do want to tell you, however, that I have saved your many letters and emails. Stan will get copies of them all, but I could not possibly work them all into what I am about to say. If you haven’t sent anything in, it’s not too late.
I thought I would begin not by talking about Stan, but by talking about all of you because the remarkable range of people represented in this room, to say nothing of those who were invited and could not come, is the best evidence of Stan Katz’s remarkable reach across disciplines, professions, institutions, countries, continents, and solar systems. By my very rough count from our original list (which was by no means comprehensive), we invited 31 academic lawyers, 45 people who work in the public side of the humanities or social sciences, 65 academic historians, 15 people with backgrounds in libraries and technology, 7 people from the world of philanthropy, 10 people working in the private sector, 6 people employed in government, and 45 people with academic appointments in disciplines other than history. And that is a very rough; many of you have imitated Stan and have multiple professional identities of your own. Noticeably, I counted 25 sitting or former deans, provosts, and presidents on the invitation list. The only person in the room who knows everyone else is Stan, and that is as it should be.

This remarkable diversity of professional interests among Stan’s friends and colleagues is evidence of what I used to call Greenberg’s Law. Greenberg’s law has three parts. It states: There are three and only three categories of people on planet Earth. They are:

- Stan Katz’s former teachers, classmates, and students
- Stan Katz’s closest friends
- People Stan Katz has met and whose name he remembers

Not only do all of us here fall under Greenberg’s Law. There is certainly no one in New Jersey or China or Germany or Britain or Uruguay or Cuba or Hungary or Mongolia or any
of the other places around the world where Stan’s influence has been felt who is outside its bounds. On a recent trip to Poland, for example, I was visiting with colleagues at an NGO concerned with Holocaust education in Warsaw. It turned out that the executive director considered Stan to be one of her closest friends.

As Jim Grossman of the Newberry Library put it to me, “Stan is the only person I know who carries a Blackberry but doesn’t use it as a cell phone. With his network, that’s probably a wise decision.” Of course, that’s because Stan doesn’t know that his Blackberry is a cell phone.

As Jim knows, this network is especially powerful in Chicago. Stan’s dad, Bill, was one of the few people in the world whose company I enjoyed more than I do Stan’s. He was a long time member and former president of the Chicago Mercantile Exchange, and you may not know that Stan also once had a seat on the Merc. Still, I knew I was in Never Never Land when a member of the Mercantile Exchange described Stan to me as a “real sweet kid.” And it wasn’t Stan’s father. When you think about it, though, that’s as good a description as any: Stan IS a real sweet kid.

Some of my best memories of Stan – and I have many – come from Chicago and involve, Bill, who Adria and the family called Willy, and many dinners with him and Margee (some of them without Stan) over martinis and steaks at Gibsons. One of the very best of these, however, was a dinner at which Marion, then getting her Ph.D. at U of C joined us. We had all gorged ourselves on beef and onion rings and homefries. But only Marion had the
chutzpah to order dessert, which was a piece of carrot cake the size of Wrigley Field. She finished it easily while the rest of us groaned.

Steve Wheatley has lots of memories of Stan’s ACLS years that touch on his capacity to make a close connection with almost everyone he meets. As Steve put it to me in an email, “most memories of course are not of Stan, but of other people asking you about Stan. “Where are you from?” “ACLS” “Oh, how is Stan?” Steve says: “I’m still asked this regularly and it’s a real mark of his energy that these sort of friends of his are to be found at every turn. You had the uneasy feeling that wherever you went, Stan had preceded you. You were welcomed because of him, but people were always faintly disappointed that you were not he.”

“Partly,” Steve goes on, “this is because Stan expected to be as welcomed as he was welcoming. Doug, I know you recall the story of my trip with him to Zimbabwe, when being bumped from a JFK – London flight put us on the Concorde. (“Wait ‘til Greenberg hears about this!” was Stan’s first reaction.) You may not recall that also on the flight was Archbishop Tutu, then at the height of his fame. Stan marches right up to Tutu’s seat, introduces himself, recalls a beloved mutual friend (Cassie Pyle), and then launches into a conversation so brisk and amiable that if you had overheard it you would have thought the two of them were former roommates. “

Sally Gordon, of the University of Pennsylvania, reinforced this perception of Stan as having a presence that the rest of us can’t even begin emulate when she wrote me that the best way to understand Stan is to say that he occupies non-Euclidean space. Sally
remembered that he was actually appointed temporary ambassador to Mongolia. Sally went on to remind me that technically, therefore, we should refer to Stan as “his Excellency.” Excellence being Stan’s stock in trade, I cannot imagine a better title.

Having granted Ambassador Katz the status to which he is properly entitled, however, I do want to point out that there is a very special group of us in this room who have something in common with Stan that none of the rest of you can claim. This is a distinction of such remarkable significance that we rarely speak of it, although Tom Slaughter broke the silence this afternoon. The group to which I refer, of course, is those brave few who have actually read Stan’s first book, *Newcastle’s New York, Anglo-American Politics, 1732-1753*. This volume exhibits remarkable expertise on that most formative period of American history, 1732-1753, a period before which many widely known events occurred and after which many other widely known events occurred but during which almost nothing happened about which anyone but historians knows anything at all.

The book was reviewed with remarkable enthusiasm in the scholarly journals. For example, Milton Klein, the dean of historians of colonial New York, later a friend of Stan’s and many others of us here, wrote in the *William and Mary Quarterly* of the Katz volume that he “could not grasp the import” of what the author was trying to do. He went on to describe Stan’s approach as “one-dimensional” and said that Katz’s main generalizations were “difficult to accept.” He averred that Stan was begging the question in this book and said that Professor Katz had succeeded in removing the flesh and blood from New York politics of the early eighteenth century, although some of you might ask just how much
flesh and blood there was to remove in the first place. Needless to say, Stan’s scholarly life has obviously been a continuous downhill slide from the high point of Milton Klein’s lavish review. I should add that Milton Klein was seldom wrong about the history of early New York. But he was wrong about *Newcastle’s New York*.

There is another piece of this which those of you who knew Stan in Madison will remember. Stan arrived from Harvard in the mid-sixties, joining a very distinguished department that included David Lovejoy, the fine historian early America through 1689, and Merrill Jensen, the great Progressive historian of the American Revolution. This left Katz to deal with the really important stuff: the period from 1689 to 1763; he thereby extended his chronological reach to the 43 years before 1732 and to the decade after 1753. I think it is fair to say that he rose to the challenge, both at Madison and everywhere else his career has taken him.

It is a measure of Stan Katz’s character and intellectual energy that he has never permitted himself to be confined by conventional scholarly categories -- and he is not thin-skinned either. That Milton Klein eventually became Stan’s friend is really the most important piece of this story. It is also a measure of Stan’s incredible range of interest and curiosity that so many people who know him well now are barely even aware that he was once the leading expert on politics in colonial New York between 1732 and 1753. I leave it to you to figure how he went from this distinguished perch to being an academic correspondent of the Cuban Academy of Sciences -- which he is-- and a position that you would find especially mystifying if you ever heard him speak Spanish.
The first time I came across Stan’s name was in grad school when I actually had to pretend that I had read *Newcastle’s New York*. I assumed that anyone who wrote so deeply researched and densely argued a book must be a person of great age and authority, to say nothing of austere and intimidating scholarly dignity, and Stan loomed in my imagination, therefore, long before we became friends. I believe I first met him very briefly at an ASLH meeting in the early seventies. The only thing I remember about that meeting was that I was sure this must be a different Stanley Katz than the one I knew from *Newcastle’s New York*. He seemed about 5 decades too young to be THE Stanley N. Katz. He still does.

Our friendship grew mainly, however, from teaching together here at Princeton, where we co-taught the undergraduate legal history course using materials that Stan had put together over his years at Harvard, Madison, and Chicago. One year, I think we had close to 500 students in the class and what seemed like half the history department working as preceptors, including some of you in this room. It was great fun – and hard work – for both of us. Our reward for our diligence, however, was that on the night before commencement a group of Princeton seniors covered both our cars with strawberry jam and saran wrap. Thus, was the bond between us secured. When Stan moved to the presidency of ACLS in 1986, it just seemed inevitable to both of us that I would become vice president.

Stan’s first day at ACLS was July 7, 1986. The temperature was about 300 degrees, and Stan and I boarded the train to New York from Princeton for the first time. The train we took home that night broke down; the heat and humidity were unbearable; on that
sweltering evening, as the train pulled into Princeton Junction, I think we both thought that we might have made a colossal error. We were wrong.

Steve Wheatley, now Vice President of ACLS and the third partner in Katz’s colossal conspiracy to reform the humanities and social sciences at the planetary level, can provide special witness to the pleasures of working under Stan’s benign leadership. As the designated hard-ass, I occasionally thought it was too benign, of course. Soon after we started, I tried to overturn a long ACLS tradition of closing at noon on summer Fridays. Stan agreed, but when we announced it to the staff, the storm of protest and outrage was sufficient for Stan to take the situation in hand and calmly say: “Another Greenberg reform bites the dust.” And not for the last time in my career, I should add.

This story reveals one of Stan’s infrequently noticed virtues: his capacity for gently puncturing the stupidity of others (in this case, me). Steve reminded me of a meeting when we were beginning work on the ACLS Constitutionalism Project, a project that brought the three of us, Melanie Oliviero, Rebecca Nichols and, sometimes, Margee and Adria, to the four corners of the earth. Steve and Stan and I walked over to the Ford Foundation to meet with the program officer, Shep Foreman. As Steve puts it: “It was all enthusiasm and cheerfulness, but it was still something of a negotiation and that negotiation was something us ACLSers, including Stan, were still new to. Shep asked if we would include something ridiculous in the program: “What would you think about doing such and such a thing?” he asked. “I think it would be a dumb idea,” Stan replied, but he said it in such a pitch-perfect way that it came across as “I think it would be a dumb idea and I know that you, of course, think so, too.” It was Stan at his most irenic,
simpatico, and affirming. Shep left the conversation feeling smarter than when he started it.

Stan has the gift of recognizing fools when he sees them -- or as he is more likely to say, “morons and idiots”-- without feeling that he needs to rub it in. Steve and I both remember overhearing him dictating letters at the ACLS office, as Steve puts it, “in his stockinged feet, curling a sly smile as he composes on the fly and, without skipping a beat, framing a gentle reply to an obtuse and pompous correspondent who will, after he gets Stan’s letter, agree that his original letter was full of dumb ideas.”

Stan’s ridiculously complex and far flung travel schedule was and still is the consequence of his breadth of concern, but it was also the source of a certain amount of teasing in those years and since. His father, Bill, was a bit mystified by all the travel and he once asked Stan if he weren’t really working for the CIA rather than the ACLS. Stan completely denied the CIA connection. I think he was probably telling the truth.

Although Stan knows more people than the rest of us combined, some of his relationships mean more than others. One of the most important, and not only to the two people involved, is his relationship with the other Stanley K., Kutler. When I wrote to Kutler about this partnership, this is how he responded. “The Katz-Kutler collaboration began in 1965 when we did NEW PERSPECTIVES ON THE AMERICAN PAST for Little, Brown. Not a title that arouses memory. We used the then-fashionable emphasis on social science work. Actually, we had a good reaction and we went through several
editions. Most memorably, I got a down payment on my first house. My Mother wanted to know why his name went first.”

“When I invented the idea of REVIEWS IN AMERICAN HISTORY, I thought it was a bit of chutzpah to venture out with such a bold, new idea. I knew it would not exactly be received with open arms by the existing primary history journals. So, I got instant cover and respectability from Stan, and an Associate Editor -- and hence a new alliance. This time, my Mother responded happily.”

I told Stan Kutler that this was a great story, and that I would use it. With characteristic tact, he wrote back: “Sure it's great, you PUTZ!

Stan’s most genuine professional identity is as a teacher. It is not entirely a coincidence that Kutler’s successor, Lou Masur, will chair the session tomorrow about about Stan’s influence as a teacher. The many students Stan continued to teach throughout his years at ACLS, as well as before and since, can attest to his genius in the classroom. The breadth of interests and the depth of loyalty exhibited in this room exists because of Stan’s interest in others, especially younger people.

Ray Solomon reinforced this for me with following reminiscence of a scene, many of us in this room have also witnessed: Stan Katz at the annual meeting of a learned society. Ray writes; “There was a common picture -- Stan seated at the bar or in the lobby and a "line" of people of my generation waiting one by one for an audience… Perhaps the most memorable such occasion was the 1978 ASLH meeting hosted by the U of C after Stan
had moved to Princeton. Chicago was interviewing for an American legal historian and literally people were lined up waiting for an interview with Stan to discuss their Chicago prospects. It was only a small step removed from the wedding scene in the Godfather."

Stan has been a great teacher, by all accounts, for his entire, almost half-century career. The distinguished historian, Paul Boyer, wrote me with the following positively delicious reminiscence of Stan in 1958, when Stan was 25, only three years out of college, and serving as Senior Tutor in Dunster House at Harvard:

“Stan Katz played a crucial role in my decision to become a historian and in introducing me to the excitement of critically reading and thinking about great historians of earlier eras, from Herodotus to Marc Bloch. In the fall of 1958, five or six of us newly-declared history majors met weekly for Sophomore Tutorial in Stan's rooms at Dunster House… Those were the days of sherry and cigars, and Stan indulged in both. The sherry and the cigars are long gone, but my memories of those heady discussions, and Stan's incisive comments on my fumbling writing efforts, remain vivid half a century later.”

Jeffrey Edlestein, one of Stan’s current students, writing almost fifty years later, echoed Paul’s experience, when he described Stan’s way of dealing with a group of students whose response to a serious issue in class was superficial and jocular. Stan simply asked them to consider why they were laughing and, in Jeff’s words, “they became contemplative without feeling unduly chastised or inhibited.” He goes on: “There is something stunning about Stan's candor and sometimes his candor is a form of courage.” To which the rest of us can only say: Amen!
The other thing about Stan’s teaching, of course, is that, like all good teaching, it has wonderfully unintended consequences. I asked Steve Nissenbaum about the US History Course that Stan taught entirely from documents at Wisconsin. I knew from Stan’s own recounting that Nissenbaum’s and Boyer’s terrific and teachable book, *Salem Possessed*, was closely connected to the course, but Steve wrote back with some of the details and reminded me that Stan had taught a documents only course, including the Salem material, as a Harvard freshman seminar in the early ’60s.

In addition, it also turns out, however, we also have the memory of someone who was in the original Harvard Freshman Seminar in 1961. Its title was “Original Documents in American History”, and one of the students was Howard Gardner. Howard wrote to me as follows of the experience:

“About that seminar. The first assigned paper was a shock, Doug. I thought that I had done a good job, but the marked-up version ended with the challenging question: “Isn’t this a first draft?” Through Stan’s detailed comments and apt questions, he gave me my first example of what it meant to do scholarly research and to write it up in an effective manner. He encouraged all of us in the seminar to take risks but to know and to communicate the difference between a speculation and a grounded explanation. From a mutual friend, I understand that Stan wondered at the time whether I would become a ‘summa’ or a degenerate.

Stan was a reasonably good law teacher too. Ray Solomon actually dug up a primary document about Stan the teacher from his years at the U of C Law School. This is about
as accurate a characterization as one could find: The U of C Law School student Yearbook said the following about Stan in 1973: “A recent poll of the 25 most jaded students in the law school confirmed a startling fact: everybody doesn’t like something, but nobody doesn’t like Stan Katz.” When Katz, the historian, was asked if he were uncomfortable surrounded by lawyers, his answer was precise: “No.”

That is our Stanley, always to the point! The issue of Katz’s relationship to the law has always been source of what I would call intricacy in his career. One story about his Princeton appointment, involving the President and the Dean of the Faculty I cannot tell publicly. But another comes from John Murrin as follows: “One possible anecdote for you to use involves the Princeton History Department's search for an American legal historian in the late 1970s--1977-78, I think. Dick Challener chaired the search, and he made arrangements for me, the supposed legal history expert, and him to interview Joseph H. Smith, author of Appeals to the Privy Council from the American Plantations and other page-turners. We visited him in his office at Columbia Law and asked him to suggest possible candidates. When Stan's name came up, he reminded us that Stan did not have a law degree. I replied that he had spent a year at Harvard Law, was on the Chicago Law School faculty, and even taught hard law courses there. "Which ones?" asked Smith. "I don't know," I replied, "Maybe contracts, or something like that." Smith grew quite agitated, got up, and searched through a number of catalogues on his shelves. "No," he said with great relief. "It's torts." John added that while he was sure he had said “contracts”, he was not sure that Smith had said “torts.” When I asked Stan directly about it, he said that, among other, more historically based courses, he taught Torts II and Civil
Procedure. Ray Solomon remembers the Civil Procedure course as a reputed disaster; if it was, it was surely the only pedagogical catastrophe in Stan’s career.

Of course, not all stories about Stan involve his professional commitments. Two other sorts of commitments are of a higher order in the Katzian cosmos. One, of course, is his family. I remember a crystalline morning in the Bangkok airport. Margee and I were walking to our plane with Stan. Adria had gone off to Indonesia, I think, where she subsequently broke her foot, but we were going on as new parents do about our miraculous child, then five-year old Molly, when Stan turned to us and said: “You know I still feel about Marion exactly the way you feel about Molly. She is brilliant and beautiful and (with the highest accolade Stan can award) completely terrific.” That was not the first or last time I heard Stan express pride in his kids. Another was when Derek got his first academic job at Lawrence University which, in a serendipitous coincidence, was where I began my career. Derek and Sally and Sam and Marion and Bradley and, above all, Adria, loom in Stan’s conversation and consciousness above everything and everyone else.

Except, of course, the Bears and the Cubs. And, occasionally, the Bulls. Once, when he was Vice President for Research of the AHA and I was on the AHA Council, the Council was meeting in Washington during the NBA finals, the Bulls against Utah, I think. We were, of course, mainly concerned with the many matters of great moment coming before the AHA Council, but Stan and I also wanted to know the score of the game. Coincidentally, both of us suddenly suffered from weak bladders that day and took bathroom breaks every 15 minutes or so, one of us leaving the room to check the score in the hotel bar and the other pretending to be interested in whether the AHA annual
meeting in six years would be in Seattle or San Francisco. As the game reached its final minutes, we both suddenly felt the need to use the facilities simultaneously. We went to Stan’s room, where we called Bill who was watching the game in Chicago, and the three of us watched the conclusion together. Stan called Derek as soon as the game was over, a game the Bulls won along with the series, by the way.

And the Bulls are really the least of Stan’s Chicago passions. The Bears and the Cubs loom much larger. The Super Bowl wound is too fresh to discuss, but the Cubs have been breaking Stan’s heart for most of his life. Mike Bernstein, our Princeton colleague from the 80s, now Dean of Arts and Sciences at UC-San Diego and soon-to-be Provost at Tulane tells the following story:

“When the Cubs lost to the Padres in the 1984 National League Pennant, Stan was distraught. It was a HUGE upset victory for the Padres (whom you might recall then went on to get their butts kicked by the Tigers in the World Series). At any rate, Stan had been wearing that old, beaten up Cubs hat of his throughout the Pennant series . . . so I knew he was going to be very distressed when the Padres pulled it off. I offered Stan my condolences in the corridor in Dickinson Hall the morning after the defeat. And I shared with him my own frustration that the Padres had won thanks to a homer by that jerk Steve Garvey. I shared with Stan my own view that it would have been easier to swallow had the homer been dinged by Greg Nettles, the terrific former Third Baseman of the Yankees who had gone on to San Diego to finish his career. Stan listened to that comment of mine with great reflection and then observed: “Yeah, that’s like saying it would have been better if it had been Speer instead of Goebbels!”
Only a few people here have known Stan since his grad school days. But I did receive a message from someone whose connection to Stan goes back to 1955, his mentor, Bud Bailyn. Bud’s influence on Stan was profound, as many of you know. I asked him to reminisce about this, the longest of all Stan’s professional connections.

This is, in slightly abbreviated form, is what he wrote:

“Dear Doug:

Since first hearing about the Fest for Stan I’ve been ruminating about some small contribution I might make to the celebration. After all, my acquaintance with Stan goes back fifty years, to his first year as a graduate student, as does our correspondence, which I find is about 3 inches thick. So I decided to read it all through, searching not for juicy episodes in his long and celebrated career, but for the proper question to ask at this point, and I’m happy to say that I’ve found it. The right question is: how does one get to be a statesman of scholarship and learning?

I’ve known for a long time what one has to do to be a useful historian, and I can imagine by extension how one might get to be a useful literary scholar or an anthropologist, or most other things. Those types come and go, some better, some worse. But statesmen are rare birds, and I’m happy to report I’ve found out how to do it in Stan’s career.

It’s really quite simple. Seven easy steps.

1) You have to establish yourself as a first class scholar, doing the really hard work the traditional way, and no nonsense.
2) As the main work develops you have to keep your eye open for lateral movements that seem to open up new possibilities - like Stan's movement out of political history to law, via his book on the Zenger trial ("Your Mr. Katz," Leonard Levy wrote me, "knows his Zenger").

3) Seeing rich possibilities elsewhere, you have to be willing to move to where you can be most effective, and when an important and intriguing administrative position opens up - a deanship, for example - you have to be willing and able to take it on while carrying on everything else at the same time.

4) You have to found your own journal - preferably a new kind of journal - joining with someone else to share the work, and when it's successful you have to be willing to let someone else take it over to free yourself for still other possibilities, like an entirely new subject that suddenly might appear - the history of philanthropy, for example.

5) At that point - having demonstrated scholarship, administrative skills, and creative force in several directions - you have somehow to get yourself elected to the top position in the major foundation that draws together and supervises scholarship in all fields of learning. Now not everyone can do this, and I'm sorry to say our correspondence is a little thin at this point, so I can't say quite how Stan pulled this off, but I do have all sorts of records of the results: above all statement after thoughtful statement on the status and problems of the learned professions, and testimonies before public bodies on the needs and value of humanistic scholarship.

6) Having been recognized for your thoughtful approach to such matters, you have to get yourself elected or appointed to innumerable commissions, agencies, and organizations where your experience, savvy, and sanity are needed and where your contributions can make a real difference.
7) Finally, you have to be a really nice guy, from the start onwards, enthusiastic, agreeable, with a sense of humor, and endlessly tolerant of the various clowns, all elbows, who will surround you, and the gloomy types who will tell you it's all a hopeless mess.

So you see, it's not very difficult at all. Just follow Stan's path - from establishing yourself as a distinguished scholar to managing affairs in the nation's finest universities and major foundations -

Yours,

Bud

I can't resist adding one more item here. This just came in from Linda Kerber, someone many of us know, and it captures Stan's special role perfectly:

“I don't believe that the learned societies with which I've been most deeply involved are very different from all the others, and so I assume that it is not only in the bylaws of the American Studies Association, the Organization of American Historians, and the American Historical Association that there is one essential bylaw, written in invisible ink, that is revealed only when one takes office as president, executive director, or member of governing board. It reads:

When you are confused and troubled – panicked, even –

A) try to solve your problem.
B) try harder. Consult more people. Study up.
C) try harder yet.
D) and then, after you have tried everything else and when you are still
flummoxed – call Stan."

Well...the stories go on and on and your many tributes to Stan are moving in their passion and the consistent picture they draw of the man. Just a few more: Stan is not just smart, which some people in universities are; he is also wise, which most people in universities are not. When he teaches a course, it is not only about the nominal subject of the course; it may not even be mainly about the nominal subject of the course.

Susan Craighead, a Princeton student we both knew in the 80s, said this:

“I think there is no question that he changed the course of my life in one conversation at the very beginning of my senior year. I was a very strong Woodrow Wilson School student with an interest in journalism and public service. Several of my professors urged me to apply for a Rhodes Scholarship but, as I told Stan in that fateful conversation, I wasn’t sure I wanted to go to graduate school. “Oh, Susan, he told me. You don’t go to Oxford to go to graduate school. You go there to learn to enjoy life. I spent my time there falling in love with my wife!” With that, I decided to apply. I was very fortunate to be elected a Rhodes Scholar and, as Stan predicted, it was the life lessons that were most valuable to me. I made my closest friends while I was at Oxford, learned to slow down and enjoy the life of the mind and the heart, became a life-long lover of music and theatre, and allowed myself to grow in ways I never found time for at an Ivy League university. Stan’s wise advice made my life much richer and happier and, I hope, more productive.”

Sally Gordon said something similar when she wrote:

“And then there was the time when he explained the complex topic of aging to me. We
enter middle age, he said, at 45, and it lasts until 75. And last there was the time that I had my weekly reading course meeting with Stan, and as I arrived at his office, another woman left – Stan explained that was the “other Sally Gordon, the one from Connecticut,” also one of his students from years before. “It’s lifetime service, you see,” he said. I always tell my students that story, and promise them that I have learned mentorship (and the truth about middle age) from the master.”

All of us here have felt the power of Stan’s wisdom. Jamil Zainaldin says of Stan: “Stan’s significance is in the quality of who he is. His creative imagination, his ethical and humane values, his loyalty and generosity, his awesome intellect, his tremendous sense of service, and – there is no other way to put it – his gift for friendship.”

And Howard Gardner put it just right at the end of a beautiful tribute: “Stan, you represent the best of the academic life. Good mentor, good citizen, good friend—exemplary good worker—may you long remain the youngest and freshest spirit in the neighborhood.”

As for me, I hope you will forgive me if I have the last word. In 1993, after seven years of spending almost as much – perhaps more – time with each other as with our spouses, Stan and I found ourselves separated by the thousand miles between Chicago and New York. Email became our inadequate substitute for daily conversation, gossip, and mutual psychotherapy. We began addressing each other as “D” and “S”, and signing our emails to each other “Love” as in (Stan writing to me): “D., Jeez, SO AND SO at NEH is a moron. I think a lunatic is really running the asylum down there. Did you read Jack and Jill’s review of John and Mary’s book? I knew Jack in Cambridge, Jill was my student in
Madison, Mary was my research assistant in Chicago, and I met John in the hotel bar in Kathmandu or Hanoi – I forget which. By the way, I’ve got a great student now who is interested in history museums. She’s just terrific. I want you to meet her. Here’s her email. Maybe we can help her find a job. Have you met my friend X (here you can fill in the name of anyone who lives within 50 miles of Soldier Field)? You’d really like him. Did you hear about Joe Blow? He’s going to be appointed president of State University. Hard to imagine.” And, then, inevitably: “Can you believe the Cubs blew it? Oy vey. They need one more good arm in the bullpen and a decent second baseman and they’ll have a shot at the series next year. I will be in Chicago for a board meeting next week. Let’s make a reservation at Gibsons. Love, S.”

Or, me, writing in reply: “S., You should hear what the dean at Local University is saying about liberal education in the *Tribune*. Talk about lunatics and asylums! That moron obviously hasn’t read Katz’s latest in the *Chronicle* on the subject. I can’t believe that Joe Blow got that presidency, by the way. As you have been telling me for years and as I keep learning, though, nothing succeeds like failure. As for SO AND SO at NEH, it is dignifying her to call her a moron. You know as well as I do that she is dangerous and evil, as well as stupid. At least her husband isn’t too bad. Even us Yankee fans feel sorry about the Cubs this year, by the way, but don’t worry; football season is coming and they are icing the gin for us at Gibsons. Love, D.”

I am not sure how we fell into the habit of signing our emails with love or which of us began it, but I am glad we did -- because I really do love Stan. There is a not a day that goes by that I do not remind myself how lucky I was to have him as a colleague here at
Princeton, how fortunate I was to have the sublime pleasure of riding the train and traveling the world with him when we were at ACLS, and, mostly, how fortunate I have been for the last thirty years to be able to say that he has been my model of personal integrity and intellectual independence. He has also been as dear, as kind, as loyal, and as generous a friend as anyone could ever be. So… it is an honor to ask you all to rise to toast our beloved colleague, teacher, and friend, the one and only, Stanley N. Katz.