

Acknowledgments

I would like to acknowledge first and foremost someone who will never see this acknowledgment. Constantine Simonides was vice president of MIT when I became its associate provost for educational programs and policy. Charles M. Vest in his book *Pursuing the Endless Frontier* described him as “a remarkable MIT administrator and a spiritual force at the Institute.” For me Constantine was a Virgil to my poor man’s Dante, only the tour never made it to heaven. I wish I could thank him for all the wisdom, insight, humanity, humor, pathos, bathos, cunning, and common sense that he left me with in my office around the corner. Unhappily, this will have to do.

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within MIT. I think he nailed it. I am especially grateful to him for giving me a sense of how personally he felt the loss of Scott Krueger, the freshman who died at a fraternity initiation rite in September 1997. He suggested that he might someday write a book about those days. I certainly hope he does.

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This book is replete with material that I thought had long since disappeared. I was able to find it because of the diligence and expertise of the staff at the Institute Archives and Special

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I would like to acknowledge by name all the members of Portia with whom I have worked for the past quarter of a century. But to do that would blow their cover. It will have to suffice for me to say that their collective wisdom over the years has been as much a teacher for me as a source of pleasure. I thank all of them anonymously for that. They will know who they are.

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Through no fault of my own, this book was assigned to a freelance copy editor named Anne Mark. Truth in advertising: Anne and I have worked together for forty years in producing a journal that I edit called *Linguistic Inquiry*. She has acquired the reputation of being the best copy editor in the field of linguistics. I would emend that judgment slightly by eliminating the final two words of the last sentence. I count it an extraordinary stroke of luck that Anne was able and willing to copyedit this book. It is a marriage made in writer’s heaven.

Finally, my wife, Nancy, has listened to me reading aloud from this book enough times to test any marriage. I needed her approval and she never stinted in granting it. Without her constant support, I doubt this book would ever have seen the light of day.

If I were to make a thorough list of the people who deserve recognition for making my academic life fun, interesting, and even worthwhile, that list would have had to be as long as this book, even longer. As John Donne said, “No man is an island.” Let me end by asking the forgiveness of the many people whose wisdom and good sense made it possible for me to write this remembrance of my life as a scholar and an administrator and whose names are, like ghosted notes in a melody, only felt.