

PHarewell to Peter

Due to some serious errors and lapses in hiring and admissions policies, the Philosophy Department over the years has been victimized by a number of individuals given over to punning and to trying to outdo one another in their craft. Previous issues of the Newsletter have recorded some of these Punic wars, and I have no desire to return to those outrageous days. However, while he has scrupulously abstained from participating, Peter Hewitt Hare has been noted cracking a smile, rolling his eyes, and stifling a groan during these exchanges. So, I thought it would be a fitting part of his send-off to devote a few remarks to the potentials of his own name and those of the rest of the department faculty and staff for punning, if for no other reason than just for the Hull of it. I hope he will leave our department feeling that he is Richard than when he first came here.

His style as a department chair was not one, surprisingly, of Hareassment. Given his New England Brahminism and his Yale training, you would expect him to be somewhat rabbit on such subjects as faculty publications, meeting one's classes, serving on committees, and the like. One might anticipate his saying to junior faculty, "Here's the department's requirement: See if you can Hewitt!" Instead, annual reviews with him were filled with praise, and one could, eavesdropping while waiting one's turn, hear one's colleagues lapin it up.

At the same time, he had his ideas about how rapidly your career should develop, and if Yu tried to buck for faster advancement or sought more doe than he as Chair thought was warren-ted, he would put his capon and turn into a regular tyro.

Despite these strong tendencies to seek his way in personnel matters, annual review conversations with Peter were typically engaging. I remember Carolyn recounting how, in her promotion case review, the Dean had raised the question of whether this aesthetics stuff was really important, and how Peter had reassured her: "Of Korsmeyer response was to assure the Dean of its value." John especially enjoyed telling Peter outrageous jokes, because Peter would inevitably slap his knee at the punch line and say, "That's a Corcor, an' I'm going to tell my wife when I get home!" Kah-Kyung remembered his own reaction when Peter suddenly proposed putting him up for a Distinguished Teaching Professorship: "I almost Cho, K. K.-ed," he said.

Peter did have his sterner side. During the campus riots of the 1970s, two faculty members were arrested during a sit-in. While Peter was publicly supportive, he privately told Jim that he personally would have taken a more Lawler approach, and the other's behavior he privately described as frankly Barber-ic. When she indicated that she might seek an appointment elsewhere, he told Daisy that he'd Radner she didn't. And during the discussions of whom to appoint to the Peirce Chair, when Peter overheard Dr. Smith sneer that Randy was too young because he looked like he was still in Diperts, he severely told him to "Barry it."

Peter ran department meetings according to a strict code of ethics, and was completely PHare to everyone. When there was a vote on some matter, he would announce: "In Casati, I'll call for further discussion." If a small group of faculty would seem to be discussing something apart from the topic on the floor, Peter would gently interrupt and say, "Talmy and the rest of us what you are talking about." (The subsequent disclosures became generally known as "Rap-aports.") On the rare occasion that Professor Lawvere attended a philosophy department meeting, Peter would greet him before the meeting started and say, "Will, I am not going to call on you unless you raise your hand."

Peter sometimes planned his trips to conventions separately from the rest of the department. Once when he saw Professor Yu in the same plane, he came up to him and said, "Jiyuan this flight too?" And when another junior faculty member of the department had difficulty getting a ticket to a convention in time to present his paper, Peter exchanged flights with him, saying, "Gasche, Pablo, I

don't want to see you have Degreiff of missing your presentation." And when he traveled with Bill and Newton to the Wittgenstein conference in Austria, and they saw a fox chasing a female squirrel in the forest and Bill wondered what was going to happen, Peter opined that the fox "would Baumer." Newton, of course, said that he would rather catch and roast the squirrel so that he could Garver at the dining table. But a game warden was seen headed their way, and Peter whispered, "We'd better Lam, bros." Shortly thereafter a dispute broke out between Garver and Baumer whether a particular geographic structure should be called "mountain" or "alp." Peter settled the dispute decisively with a succinct observation: "'Ny, berg."

I think that of all his publications Peter was most proud of his book, "A Woman's Quest for Science: Portrait of Anthropologist Elsie Clews Parsons," perhaps because it proved to be so popular. Steve Mitchell of Prometheus Books would happily report after each APA convention to Peter that he couldn't keep it in stock, it Koepselling so well. Peter would always accept these reports with Gracia.

His relations with departmental secretaries were always ones of enormous support and appreciation. When I asked him which he preferred, he said "Eileen towards neither, although it is impressive to see Judy Wagner work-study students about."

Before I Wear out your patience, let me say that this is probably my last published effort at being bunny. I anticipate that our current chair will retire someday, and I lack sufficient Kearn-al knowledge to make a proper pun with his name. So, Moira-ther quit now than be embarrassed later, Howe-ever much pun that would be for others.

So Peter, Hare's to you! Thanks for close to 40 years of service to the department, for being a staunch colleague, a defender of the discipline, and for your enormous generosity in so man ways to the department and its students, faculty, and staff. We bid you PHarewell.

Dick Hull
Clarence, NY
Friday the Thirteenth, 2001