



Still Surprised

A Memoir of a Life in Leadership

THE SUMMARY IN BRIEF

If many of our organizations have become more democratic, more resilient, more adaptable, and more transparent, it is because Warren Bennis has provided much of the intellectual and ethical fuel over the past half-century to our most influential and successful leadership experts and practitioners.

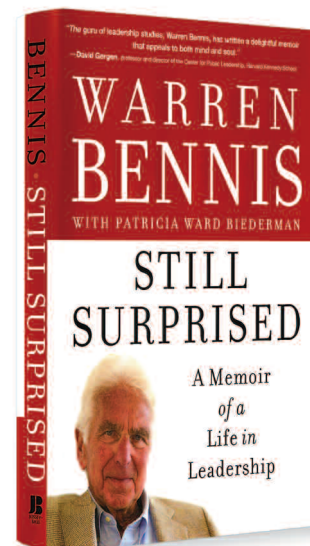
Still Surprised illuminates how the world-changing ideas of leadership guru Warren Bennis and his colleagues resulted from the personal crucibles of their own encounters, events and experiences. Bennis shares what he has learned by leading, and by mentoring and teaching future leaders. By detailing his own journey of self-discovery, Bennis shows how leaders must define and redefine themselves in the face of surprises and challenges.

Still Surprised is a memoir of our times, seen through the prism of Bennis's own development during crucial inflection points of recent decades. His own medley of insecurity, hard work, determination to invent a new life and growing capacity to engage others all came into play amidst transformations within our society.

The art of leading well is not based on quick formulas for moving people, Bennis notes; it flows from becoming an integrated person, one who is able to discover and define — and redefine — oneself in the face of surprises and challenges. The annals of modern leadership would be incomplete if our foremost authority on leadership had not detailed his own journey of self-discovery, as he finally does here — to the delight of devotees and admirers around the globe.

IN THIS SUMMARY, YOU WILL LEARN:

- The necessary qualities of leadership and how they are developed.
- How the father of leadership defined and shaped leadership theory.
- The evolution of leadership and social science.
- How self-discovery enhances leadership skills.



by Warren Bennis with
Patricia Ward Biederman

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THE COMPLETE SUMMARY: STILL SURPRISED

by Warren Bennis with Patricia Ward Biederman

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Prelude

I began writing this memoir at 85, but its roots go back to my college days. I wrote a piece for the school's literary magazine and was stunned that I could write my way into the consciousness of others. My love of stories developed later in life and allowed me to escape an uneventful existence.

As Sigmund Freud noted, many children fantasize that they are adopted. They imagine themselves the offspring of different parents, switched at birth, found in a cabbage patch — anything that allows them to distance themselves from their actual families. I realize I was one of those would-be foundlings, who dreamed from an early age of a life different from the hard, ordinary existence of my parents and brothers.

World War II started me on that journey. In 1943, I went into the Army, less frightened at the prospect of going to war than eager to see where life would take me. The war offered me the opportunity, at 19, to lead others. Leadership is a performance art and most of us become leaders only when we are cast in that role.

I survived the war and went to Antioch College, where I met Doug McGregor. He made sure I got into MIT, where I studied with economist Paul Samuelson. With Doug and others, I did work on group dynamics that ushered in today's more collegial learning organizations.

I became president of the University of Cincinnati in 1971, but realized that administration was not my calling. I wanted to think, write and teach for a living. For the last 30 years, I have been at the University of Southern California.

Until I wrote this book, I didn't appreciate how World War II changed the world. Most American soldiers came home full of hope and optimism, and the new veterans' benefits created the American middle class. ●

The Crucible of War

In 1944, I was the rawest second lieutenant in the U.S. Army. Eighteen months earlier, I had been a confused teenager with an obsession with pop music. As my 18th birthday neared, I decided to enlist in the Army Specialized Training Program. The program began with basic training, then four years in college acquiring skills the military needed.

By December 1944, I was somewhere in southern Germany, a teenage replacement officer in the U.S. Army's 63rd Infantry Division. My first moments as a leader were low-key to the point of invisibility. I arrived at my platoon and put my sleeping bag on the floor alongside my men. I had made a quiet, unobtrusive entrance. I wonder how many American officers failed to survive simply because they couldn't stop rubbing their superior rank in the faces of their men.

The first sergeant told me, "We'd like you to follow the captain around for a couple of days, just to see what he's doing." Captain Bessinger was one of the finest leaders I have ever known. One of the most important things he did was listen to his men — a good way to get valuable information, but also evidence of respect for them.



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Lessons of War

Although I didn't appreciate it at the time, I was lucky to have been trained as an officer at Fort Benning in Columbus, Ga. I learned the value of organization. I learned how to work as part of a team. I learned that one of my most important jobs was to take care of my people.

Being a leader might make you rich and famous, but it could also get you killed. Oddly enough, I was rarely afraid as a soldier. When I put on that uniform and the gold bars that went with it, I instantly became an officer in the U.S. Army. It empowered me to try on selves that nothing in my past had suggested to me.

I stayed in the Army after the war was over and ended up in Frankfurt, Germany. I participated in a project that may have planted the seeds of my later professional interests in leadership and the social sciences. I interviewed soldiers about their morale, the quality of the leaders they served under, what they wanted to do in the future and the like. I also spent a lot of time in the officers club, where I began educating myself for what I hoped lay ahead. I realized I didn't want my old life back. I wanted to invent a new one. ●

Launch

Antioch College called to me long before I went there. Antioch was progressive and its students alternated studying on campus with working at real jobs for real pay.

When I first arrived at Antioch in Yellow Springs, Ohio, I felt not fearful, but vulnerable. I was a little at sea without a uniform to announce who I was to others or help me navigate this fascinating but demanding new world. If I was going to succeed in this new role of college student, I first had to figure out how it was done. I began to closely observe the people around me who had qualities I admired.

An Electric Environment

Antioch was the least boring place I have ever been. It was electric, always abuzz. Every Antiochan had his or her opinion and passionately defended it. The sense of engagement was thrilling.

At Christmastime in 1947, my mother paid me a visit. My dad was working for his nephew, making wooden cabinets for radios and the hot new thing, televisions.

"Warren," she said, "your father really needs you. I'm worried about him. He's not getting any younger and he's working too hard. I think you should come home and give him a hand." I knew that if I left school, I

would lose everything. I loved my father, but I didn't want to *be* him. "Mother," I said quietly, but with great certainty, "I can't do that. I have to finish my education."

My First Mentor

Doug McGregor arrived on campus as president in the fall of 1948. Being Doug's protégé was the next role that would shape my life. In my junior year, I asked Doug for a tutorial on group dynamics. In these weekly meetings I really got to know him. It was his character and manner that drew people to him. He was warm but authoritative, and dependably, reflexively candid. He never flinched, no matter how unflatteringly other people spoke to or about him. He seemed energized by criticism, which he would dispassionately address, then act on the valid points and forget the rest.

Doug shared a firsthand account of the revolution then going on in the social sciences. In places like MIT, groundbreaking work was being done using rigorous scientific methods to look at behavioral issues, many raised by the war.

Doug was increasingly set on my going to MIT. I was also encouraged by a teaching assistant, Henry Broude, later a distinguished economist at Yale. Henry suggested either Harvard or MIT. I didn't think I had the math and science background to get into MIT. Doug took care of that. He wrote a three-page letter of recommendation that apparently had the power to work miracles. Not everyone was as thrilled by my acceptance as Doug was. Distinguished economist Charles Kindleberger told me, at our first meeting, "We didn't exactly throw our hats in the air when we saw your application." ●

Rites of Passage

"How could you not go to Harvard?" my mother demanded. I went to MIT largely because of Doug. But once I arrived, I had my doubts. Part of the problem was where I lived. Antioch had been supportive, nurturing and bucolic. Now [*with my first wife Lucille*] I was living in a truly dreadful apartment near Kendall Square.

Of all my demanding classes, Paul Samuelson's economics courses were the toughest. Economics was undergoing a tectonic shift in those days. Samuelson had transformed the field with his emphasis on mathematical models. By ordinary standards, I was good at math, but completely out of my league at MIT.

A City Abuzz

It took a while, but I fell in love with Cambridge, Mass. The Boston-Cambridge area was the center of the

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scientific and technological world. At MIT, I took my degree in both economics and social science, doing a third of my course work at Harvard.

A magnet for home-grown talent, Cambridge also sheltered some of the most brilliant minds Adolf Hitler had driven out of Europe. Thanks in large part to Doug, I had the most important gift any student can have: access.

The early 1950s would soon be stereotyped as an age of zombies in gray flannel suits, but it was actually a period of enormous social change and optimism, especially for the emerging middle class. As social scientists, we believed we had the tools to uncover the secrets of human behavior. The war was over, thank God, but hugely important questions still demanded answers.

I was grateful to have access to Harvard's resources, but there was an informality at MIT that suited me well. MIT didn't aspire to be Harvard. MIT was less concerned about departmental boundaries and an individual's place in the academic pecking order than about solving the problem at hand. A friend once observed that Harvard attracted brilliant people while MIT allowed brilliant people to accomplish significant things.

A Move to London

In 1952, I won a Hicks fellowship to do my second year of graduate work at the London School of Economics. The one person I already knew in London was A.T.M. "Tommy" Wilson, director of London's much talked about Tavistock Institute of Human Relations. I was invited to participate in a training group at the institute, which was doing groundbreaking work on group dynamics.

The Tavistock Institute was unusual in marrying psychoanalytic theory with group dynamics. That year I learned one of the great, simple truths of group dynamics from the Institute's Wilfred Bion, a lesson all leaders forget at their peril. The leader of a group must never get overly involved with its sickest member. The leader who is hijacked by extreme pathology pays a terrible price. The group will become polarized. Focusing on the sickest individual is the worst error a leader can make because it usurps the rightful authority of the healthier members to handle the situation.

For reasons I still can't sort out, I experienced terrible anxiety that year in London. I couldn't bear to be alone. I would lie awake, unable to sleep until four in the morning. Tommy Wilson set me up with Henry Dicks, an analyst from the Tavistock Clinic. We met once a week and he counseled me face-to-face. Dicks urged me to continue analysis when I returned to Cambridge.

My stay in London prepared me to dive back into the intellectual scrum of Cambridge. First, I moved into a pleasant duplex and, second, I found an analyst. Today, it is hard to imagine how exciting psychoanalysis once was. Analysis operated on the attractive premise that introspection and insight could improve the quality of anyone's life.

As a graduate student, I was short on money but I felt I desperately needed analysis. As part of the certification process of the American Psychoanalytic Association, each prospective practitioner had to analyze four "control patients" under supervision by an experienced analyst. I applied to become a control patient. Later, I learned that the ideal control patient was neurotic, but not so screwed up as to be incurable. Clearly, I was their guy.

I began meeting five times a week with Dr. Sidney Kligerman. For the first six months, Dr. Kligerman called me Walter and I duly corrected him. If you have ever been analyzed, you know how intimidating the process can be. Unless you choose to speak, the session can become a long, unnerving silence broken only by the ticking of the clock.

I remember feeling achingly empty in the early sessions. I soon began to speak, but I didn't sound authentic, even to myself. And then I had an epiphany. I began to formulate and answer questions that suddenly seemed relevant. It wasn't long before I looked forward to shaping my story and telling it in daily installments.

Understanding Groups

I had a deepening belief that you can't fully understand human behavior without understanding groups. Those of us studying groups practically vibrated with the sense that we were about to break through to some new transformative truth. We tried to outdo each other in designing the most creative, most elegant experiments.

This was a glorious time for social science. A new breed of social scientists were making discovery after discovery about human behavior. Social psychologist Leon Festinger wouldn't articulate his theory of cognitive dissonance (that the mind tries to reduce stress by reconciling beliefs and behavior) until the mid-1950s. But by 1950, he and his colleagues had already looked at how relationships form and established that proximity was the most important factor. In studies of college dorms, they found that the people who lived closest to the shared bathroom — the ones most likely to be encountered by the largest number of their fellow students — were the most popular.

As soon as I returned from England, I started on my dissertation. I decided to look at the impact time had on the quality of funded research. My hypothesis was that more time meant more inventiveness. I was thrilled by the stir the research caused when I read a paper based on it at the 1956 meeting of the American Sociological Association. The audience, which included leaders in the field, howled with laughter. My guess is that they thought I was satirizing the new breed of academic entrepreneurs. I am not sure they knew that the time-honored professional paradigm was shifting under their feet.

Completing my dissertation was another genuine rite of passage. My universe had both expanded and become more accessible. Doug McGregor had opened the door to this life of constant surprise and invited me in. He had given me the world and I remain grateful to this day.

My Teaching Career Begins

With my new doctorate in hand, I taught at MIT for the academic year 1955–56, then joined the faculty at Boston University. At BU, where I taught from 1956 to 1959, I worked closely with Ken Benne and Bob Chin in the Human Relations Center. Our conversations produced a book of readings, *The Planning of Change*, which the three of us edited and contributed to. My first book, it was published in 1961 and is most often remembered for popularizing the term *change agent*. ●

Great Groups

It must have been Doug McGregor who first told me about T-groups, groups that scrutinize themselves as they evolve. Early on, I was convinced that T-groups were a useful tool both for studying group dynamics and for bringing about change.

The T-group (for Training group) was the invention of Kurt Lewin and his protégés. They realized that a group that scrutinized its own process as it formed and changed was something new and valuable. To apply for grants, Lewin and the others needed an institute or similar entity. So they created the National Training Laboratories (NTL) for Group Dynamics. Lee Bradford found a home for the new organization at a private school in Bethel, Maine, that NTL rented each summer.

Even before I finished my dissertation, Herb Shepard and I led T-groups with master's candidates at MIT. In the best of these groups, participants were open, respectful of each other, candid, able to deal with the pressure of creating their own group, able to express their feelings, and also able to articulate what they observed about themselves, the others and the group itself.

The Stages of T-Groups

Every T-group passes through two stages, each with predictable subphases. The first stage has to do with shifts in power and control within the group. There are three subphases of the power stage. The first is dependence. I, as leader, would say something like, "We're here to learn about group dynamics, and we're going to do it by learning about ourselves and observing how our group develops over time." Then I'd be silent. The participants were used to an agenda and without it they seemed lost. The next phase is counterdependence. Group members would get angry and withdrawn. Somehow, participants almost always managed to discover how to be a group on their own. We called this final subphase of stage 1 interdependence.

There are also three subphases of stage 2, which deals with intimacy and openness. At first, in what we called the "faux personal" subphase, everybody would try to be nice to everyone else. In the counterpersonal subphase, a lot of anger was expressed and factions often formed. In the consensual validation subphase, members of the group interacted authentically with each other.

Summer Camp for Social Scientists

In 1955, Lee Bradford wrote to invite me to join Bethel's summer staff. On paper, Lee was the National Education Association's director of adult education, and NTL became a division of the association. Bethel's growing reputation was further enhanced by Doug's presence there, and occasional appearances by Abe Maslow and other social science luminaries.

Almost immediately, Bethel quickly became a summer camp for some of the best social scientists in the world. When we weren't leading groups at Bethel, we were talking about them. It was like taking part in the best seminar ever, one that wasn't being held any place else.

The T-group experience almost always *felt* transformative. People often emerged feeling sibling-close to at least some other participants. As a group leader, I learned an enormous amount about group dynamics and human behavior, but the most important thing I learned was how to truly listen. I feel that I am less a creative thinker than a creative listener. Paying undivided, respectful attention inevitably makes you more empathic, one of the most important and undervalued leadership skills.

Using white boards or drawing on the paper-covered walls, trainers recorded group behavior in a visual short-

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hand of circles, arrows and key words. When a group coalesced and took off, you felt as though human nature was evolving before your eyes.

I think there were two reasons NTL succeeded for so many decades. T-groups were candid but not cruel, and the staff was made up, by and large, of serious scholars. Yet T-groups never caught the public imagination in the United States as I thought they might.

The Passing of a Mentor

Doug was urging me to come back to MIT. Harvard Business School offered me a faculty position with tenure, and Doug countered by assuring me I would get tenure when I returned to MIT.

On Oct. 13, 1964, Caroline McGregor called me. “Doug has had a massive heart attack,” Caroline said. “The ambulance just took him to the hospital. Warren, they say he may not live.” His death at only 58 was a terrible intellectual loss. Caroline asked me to give the eulogy at his memorial service.

When I returned to Cambridge, I succeeded Doug as head of the organizational studies area, but I was becoming restless at MIT. Maybe it was time for me to try leading an organization, not just analyzing it. ●

Fighting the Bull

My friends were baffled by my decision, in 1967, to become provost of social sciences at the State University of New York at Buffalo. But I had long wanted to see if I could successfully lead the kind of organization I regularly analyzed. I wanted to test my theories and see if I would act on them in a crisis.

Around that time, I came across a poem by Robert Graves, who wrote so compellingly about the leaders of ancient Rome. In it he writes:

*Experts ranked in serried rows
Fill the enormous plaza full;
But only one is there who knows
And he's the man who fights the bull.*

It was time to fight the bull.

New president Martin Meyerson had a grand plan for turning western New York's not-quite-first-tier university into “the Berkeley of the East.” I admired how the plan combined a commitment to the highest academic standards with a willingness to try new ways of teaching, learning and living together. If I became provost, I would launch an innovative new doctoral program in the applied social sciences, something that I had wanted to do for years.

The reasons Martin's plan was never fully realized are many, including a tanking economy, endless campus unrest and Martin's unanticipated move to become president of the University of Pennsylvania in 1970. But those of us he recruited were also to blame. We failed to see that the zeal that united us also alienated everyone outside the inner circle. We should have courted and reassured Buffalo's many gifted veterans. Instead, we made the same mistake that doomed CEO Carly Fiorina at Hewlett-Packard. We forgot that no established organization is a blank canvas. We failed to master the culture at Buffalo before we tried to change it.

Buffalo was four years of tumult. The excitement of rebuilding the university was tempered by one crisis after another. In the fall of 1969, Martin decided to head a task force on higher education for the Ford Foundation and asked me to become acting executive vice president. For almost the entire spring semester of 1970, the campus was a battleground. Students protested and the Buffalo police responded.

The Presidency at Cincinnati

I applied for but didn't get presidencies at Northwestern, Buffalo and Boston University. A mutual friend told me Martin had said negative things about me to both the Northwestern and Boston University search committees. I was terribly hurt. After that, I asked Martin if he would send me copies of any letters he wrote about me to search committees. Cincinnati offered me the presidency anyway.

Looking back, I realize there is a sense in which I lost my innocence at Buffalo. For the first time, I felt that I had been betrayed. For decades after Buffalo, Martin and I didn't contact each other. I finally called Martin in 2002 and we arranged to meet. We sat and talked contentedly for two hours. We were not the same men we had been then and much of what happened in Buffalo was painful to recall. So we talked about other things. Nothing was resolved, but something was put behind us, something was better. ●

Going State

I was thrilled at the prospect of becoming president of the University of Cincinnati in the fall of 1971. I was still hungry to do what Doug had done at Antioch. I wanted to lead with the passion and skills of a change agent, and create a university that would reflect all that the social sciences had taught us about human dynamics since World War II. I quickly learned that before I could lead, I had to manage.

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Within my first hundred days, I faced a crisis that could have permanently damaged the university. As I walked toward the door to exit my office, my secretary buzzed me. “Senator [Edward] Kennedy’s office is on the phone,” she said. “I think you better take it.” The Kennedy staffer asked if I was aware of the problematic experiments currently being conducted by “your medical school.” He said that patients with terminal cancer were being subjected to whole body radiation at the medical school’s teaching hospital.

I learned that the study had major procedural flaws and that the university had no formal mechanism for insuring that all its research was conducted in an ethical manner. Provost Robert O’Neill explained how vulnerable both the university and its president would be in a congressional hearing.

The crisis lingered for almost a full academic year. We contacted the National Academy of Sciences, which sent a committee that studied the research and advised us to stop it immediately. We did. Early in 1972, Ohio Governor John Gilligan and I flew to Washington and sat with Kennedy, detailing how my staff and I had responded to the discovery that such disturbing research was being done on our campus. In the end, Kennedy was satisfied with the steps we had taken. There was no more talk of a congressional investigation.

As president of the university, I became a public person, a role I had never played before, but one that quickly seduced me. My becoming president of the city’s beloved university was seen by many in the Jewish community as proof of progress.

But I was too busy with university business to pay much attention to how the public viewed me. I began recruiting. We also decided to start giving honorary degrees to worthy people throughout the year, asking them to stay on campus for a week and give master classes, performances or lectures, as well as interacting with faculty and students.

Becoming a State University

By 1975, it became clear that the only way for the university to grow, even survive, was to get additional funds on an ongoing basis. Akron and Toledo had become full state universities. I realized that we had to go state or die.

I knew I would have to become a public advocate and recruit as many allies as possible. It was a tough fight that continued for more than two years. Finally, on June 8, 1976, the people of Cincinnati voted to make the city’s university a state institution.

Making the Same Movie

In 2007, the University of Cincinnati invited me to return to receive an honorary doctorate. After the awards ceremony, they held a marvelous party for me. In attendance were many of the people who worked so hard 35 years ago to save the university by taking it state. Asked to make a few remarks, I told a story that spoke to the spirit of what we, all of us working together, had done. One of the guest speakers at the leadership course that President Steve Sample and I have co-taught at the University of Southern California was filmmaker Bob Zemeckis. During the class, someone asked Zemeckis which of his films he liked the best and why. He immediately answered *Forrest Gump*. Then he explained why. He said that everyone involved in the film — the writers, the camera operators, the actors, the gaffers, the dolly grips, the sound crew, even the caterers — had worked in sync to make it a success. As Zemeckis put it, “We were all making the same movie.” That was the way the University of Cincinnati finally became financially secure and sustainable. We were all making the same movie.

Not long after, I had a life-changing realization. I was giving a lecture about my experiences as a university president. When I finished, Dean Paul Ylvisker, a towering figure in higher education, asked, “Warren, do you love being president of the University of Cincinnati?” I looked at Paul and admitted, “I don’t know.”

I realized I did not love being president of the University of Cincinnati. By 1977 I had decided to leave. I made an appointment with Governor James Rhodes so I could tell him first. I told him that I had promised the story to one of the Cincinnati papers and asked him to please keep my decision to himself until it was announced the next day. By the time I got back to Cincinnati, the story had already been leaked and reporters were at my door. ●

A Year at Sea

“I’ve always wanted to live on a houseboat,” I told my old friend Lenny Duhl. It was 1979, a tumultuous year in many ways. On Feb. 17, while in London, I had what the Apothecary to the Queen, who examined me, described as “a moderately rough-ish heart attack.”

There is nothing like nearly dying to make you wonder if the life you are living is the one you want to live. After Buffalo and Cincinnati, I was confident university administration was not for me. I was drawn to Northern

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California, lured by both its first-rate academic institutions and the liberating counterculture that had been born there in the 1960s.

I moved to Sausalito, Calif. in August 1979. My year on the houseboat was a kind of emotional sabbatical, a time to shake off the old, try on the new, relax, recharge and decide what to do next.

Enter The Founder of “est”

I moved to Sausalito without a job. Then Werner Erhard, the controversial founder of est, called and asked me if I would do some consulting for him and his organization. After his seminars were frequently parodied for bullying participants and banning bathroom breaks, Werner was convinced that the future depended on creating a more mainstream program.

Werner hired me to do an anthropological study of est culture from the inside. I took my analysis very seriously, working on it for almost a year. I feared that Werner was producing a fair number of true believers and imitators rather than followers who could develop into leaders in their own right. That was the theme of my final presentation. I began by talking about the important role transference plays in leadership development. The presentation was heavy with irony, and the staff immediately got it and began to laugh. Werner was often harsh in his seminars, but that day he showed he could take it as well as give it.

Back to Work at USC

Back when I was recuperating in London, Jim O’Toole had asked me if I would consider joining the faculty at the University of Southern California (USC). I was increasingly drawn to California. The irresistible draw was the opportunity to work with the gifted faculty and students the school was increasingly attracting. I said yes.

So by mid-August, I had packed up, reluctantly returned the keys of the houseboat and caught a flight to Los Angeles. I was about to enter one of the most satisfying periods of my life — personally and professionally. ●

Coming Home

For the last three decades I’ve taught at USC.

Not long before coming to USC, I received a \$100,000 grant from the Ralph Corbett Foundation. I decided to research and write a book on leadership. For the book that became *Leaders: Strategies for Taking Charge*, I interviewed 90 people. Most of the leaders I spoke to had sharp, nuanced insights into the skills and attributes that allow a person to engage others.

Entrepreneurs fear boredom more than chaos. They become anxious when things are too stable and often abandon the familiar for the risky.

In my bones, I knew how important leadership was and is. We are social animals and our packs need leaders. I decided to write another book on the subject. But this time I wanted to include social innovators and cultural leaders as well as business and political ones.

On Becoming a Leader was published in 1989. Soon it began showing up on best-seller lists. I realized that writing is a way to teach leadership on a much larger scale than one student at a time. Editors and reporters called me to comment on some CEO or political leader’s latest success or failure. The cringe-making word guru, never applied to me before, began to pop up. Each opportunity created more.

Mentoring, Writing and Teaching

The past 30 years have been busy ones. I have tried to give students and younger colleagues the kind of life-changing support Doug McGregor and others have given me. Book projects allowed me to immerse myself in subjects that fascinate me. Ultimately, though, the single most rewarding thing I’ve done on campus has been co-creating and co-teaching a course on leadership with Steve Sample called “The Art and Adventure of Leadership.”

It is strange the way a career develops over the years without your realizing it. You go to college. You get your diploma, go to graduate school and finish your dissertation. You get tenure, teach and do research. You write and, if you are fortunate, there is an audience for what you write. You discover something you’re passionate about and people begin leaning close to hear your thoughts. At some point, you discover that you have become a name and all you did was work hard, get lucky, and stay alive.

The actuarial tables tell me I’m nearer the end than the beginning, but nothing is certain. I can’t wait to find out what happens next. Every day I look around and I’m still surprised. ●

RECOMMENDED READING LIST

If you liked *Still Surprised*, you’ll also like:

1. ***The Definitive Drucker* by Elizabeth Haas Edersheim.** Peter Drucker spent the last 16 months of his life speaking with Edersheim. *The Definitive Drucker* provides his thoughts about the development of modern business.
2. ***It’s Your Ship* by D. Michael Abrashoff.** Learn unique insight into hands-on management from Captain D. Michael Abrashoff, who shares many of the practices and protocols he uses to make his warship more effective.
3. ***The Steve Jobs Way* by Jay Elliot with William Simon.** Elliot gives the reader the opportunity to learn what made Steve Jobs capable of creating tools so extraordinary that they remade three industries.