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SULLY WATSON: FROM SLAVE TO CITIZEN
SOUTH AFRICAN JOURNAL: AN EXILE RETURNS

Wisconsin Academy Review

A JOURNAL OF WISCONSIN CULTURE

Wisconsin Academy of Sciences, Arts and Letters

Fall 1994, Volume 40, Number 4

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Artist Lee Weiss

FRONT COVER: Rock Face Fantasy *by Lee Weiss. Watercolor, 40 x 27 inches, 1994. The front cover is provided by the Trudi and Walter Scott* Review *Fund.*
BACK COVER: Ripples and Water Grass *by Lee Weiss. Watercolor, 33 1/2 x 47 inches, 1993.*

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Editor's Notes

When I was nine years old, my parents moved to a small town in western Pennsylvania. It was a wonderful place for a child to explore; there were historic references everywhere. The site of old Fort Henry was nearby; General Lafayette was reported to have stayed in the inn across the street from our house; members of the Zane family, the first permanent settlers of the Ohio River Valley, had roamed the woods and hills around our town during the eighteenth century.

Most fascinating to me, however, was the fact that the town had been part of the Underground Railroad and a regular stopping place for slaves making their way north to freedom. One day my best friend's mother took my friend and me into the basement of their home, through double doors and down narrow passageways to a part of the cellar that was divided into a honeycomb of small, cell-like rooms or, more precisely, dugouts. These were the places, she told us, where people hid and rested during the day before traveling on in the relative safety of darkness.

I still remember the earthy smell of the cellar, the claustrophobic feel of the cramped space, the eerie sense of history that crept into our consciousness. How frightened, yet at the same time how brave they must have been, I thought in nine-year-old terms. How desperate, yet how determined; how sad, yet how hopeful. It was a sobering experience for a giggly fourth-grader. No text book or event since then has brought home to me the meaning of freedom with quite the same clarity as did those impressive moments I spent in that cellar so long ago.

These old sensations came back this summer as I worked with some of the manuscripts for this issue of the *Wisconsin Academy Review*. In our modest, limited way we are touching on racial attitudes over a period of three centuries.

Life in an abandoned orchard. Photos by Thomas L. Eddy.

First, we have the remarkable story of Sully Watson and his nineteenth-century journey from slavery to citizenship and, eventually, to successful Milwaukee businessman. Looking back prior to Sully Watson's time, we consider sentiments on race in Europe during the eighteenth-century Enlightenment period through an examination of the language and ideas found in Adam Smith's famous treatise on economics, *The Wealth of Nations*.

Bringing us forward in time to the present, we are honored to publish Prof. Daniel Kunene's notes and commentary on his remarkable journey back to South Africa during the summer of 1993, after thirty years of exile in America. The trip was a moving experience for many reasons, among them the fact that Kunene's wife, Selina, was terminally ill, and they knew this would be her last visit to the country of her birth. (Selina Kunene died in October 1993, not long after they returned to Madison.) In this issue of the *Review* we offer Part I of Daniel Kunene's South African journal, and it will continue in the winter issue.

The art of Lee Weiss is presented in color through the continued generosity of the Norman Bassett Foundation and is the third in a special series of art portfolios in color. The Weiss art reproduction on the cover was provided by the Walter and Trudi Scott *Review* fund. We are grateful to both sources for enabling us to present the work of Lee Weiss in color.

Fiction, an essay about the significance of an old orchard to one Wisconsin family, poetry, reviews, and an introduction to one of our most recent Academy fellows complete this issue.

Faith B. Miracle

▶ WISCONSIN ACADEMY GALLERY SCHEDULE

September:	Sarah Aslakson, watercolors
October:	LynnWhitford art metal/sculpture
November:	Guy Church, drawings

▶ PUBLICATION ANNOUNCEMENT: The report on the integrated curriculum conference the Wisconsin Academy hosted at the Westwood Conference Center in Wausau this past May is available upon request from the Academy office. The report is titled *Creating Coherence in the Educational Experience*.

***Approaching our 125th year** . . . The Wisconsin Academy of Sciences, Arts, and Letters was chartered by the state legislature on March 16, 1870, as an incorporated society serving the people of Wisconsin by encouraging investigation and dissemination of knowledge in the sciences, arts, and humanities.*

CONTRIBUTORS

- John Bates is an educator, naturalist, and writer from Manitowish in Iron County. His articles have been published by newspapers and magazines and his poems have appeared in literary journals. He is a contributing author to *Harvest Moon: A Wisconsin Outdoor Anthology*, and his book, *Northern Discoveries: A Guide to the Flora of the Northwoods,* will be published this fall by Pfeifer- Hamilton.

- Alex Casey grew up in Brooklyn, New York, and moved to Racine where he attended high school. He received a B.S. degree in business administration and finance from a small university in eastern Tennessee, and now lives in Madison. His poetry has appeared in three American Collegiate Poets anthologies (1981–83) and he has just completed his first book of poems and essays titled *Portrait in Black*. He is currently working on a collection of short stories.

- Kay Dawson of Eau Claire paints almost exclusively in watercolor. Her work has been shown widely, including in juried exhibitions in Indiana, Pennsylvania, and Washington, D.C. In 1989 her paintings appeared in a one-person exhibition in the Wisconsin Academy Gallery. In May 1994 she received the Tributary Award for outstanding achievement in an artistic discipline given by the Eau Claire Regional Arts Council.

- Sue De Kelver received the 1990 *Byline* Literary Award for Poetry. Her work has appeared in *The Cape Rock, Northern Lights,* and other literary publications, and for nine consecutive years in the *Wisconsin Poets' Calendar*. She has been active in Theatre on the Bay at the University of Wisconsin–Marinette since 1976, playing lead roles in numerous musicals and most recently in *The Lion in Winter*. She lives in Marinette.

- Thomas L. Eddy teaches biology for the Green Lake School District and for Marian College in Fond du Lac. Each May he takes students on a canoe trip on the Mecan River in Waushara County, and this is the subject of his current writing project.

- Helen Fahrbach is a retired librarian living in Neenah. She is an active member of the Wisconsin Fellowship of Poets and edited the 1991 *Wisconsin Poets' Calendar*. She has published two books of poems, and her work has appeared in the *Christian Science Monitor* and other publications, including a recent anthology, *Some Say Tomato*.

- Gordon Hickey was born in Milwaukee and also lived in Sturgeon Bay. He has a master's degree from the University of Wisconsin–Milwaukee and is one of the founders of *Cream City Review*. He is currently a special projects reporter for the *Times-Dispatch* in Richmond, Virginia. For about five years he worked as the crime reporter for the *News-Leader* in Richmond, covering approximately 400 murders, and he wrote his short story "Identity" in an attempt to understand the occasional unexplained killing: "In those cases the victim often did everything the shooter demanded, yet the trigger was pulled."

- Corliss Karasov's science writings have appeared in books, encyclopedia, magazines, journals, and museum exhibitions. During the past ten years her interests have expanded to include science education. In addition to her free-lance work, she is currently employed by the University of Wisconsin–Madison Center for Biology Education to write *Choosing Paths to Discovery*, a book for students about the big picture of how science works.

- Daniel P. Kunene is professor of African languages and literature at the University of Wisconsin–Madison. He also has taught at the University of Cape Town, the University of California-Los Angeles, and the Johannes Gutenberg University in Mainz, Germany. He has published numerous books, articles, and poems, and in 1990 one of his poems, "Soweto," was set to music for choir and orchestra by a Dutch composer and performed throughout the Netherlands. It premiered in the United States in 1992.

- Raymond J. Larson graduated from Ripon College this past spring with degrees in history and economics. He lives in Seattle and plans to attend graduate school. He was editor-in-chief and co-author of *The Redmen Battalian: The History of the ROTC at Ripon College 1919–1994* (1994).

- Charles A. Long is a biology professor at the University of Wisconsin–Stevens Point. Author of *The Badgers of the World* and other works on natural history and mathematics, he occasionally writes poetry. He tentatively plans to retire to the end of Pedant's Lane, Washington Island, overlooking Lake Michigan.

- John B. Lundstrom is curator of American and military history at the Milwaukee Public Museum and has written three books on the Pacific Theater during World War II.

- Albert A. Muchka, a native Milwaukeean, holds an M.A. degree in American history from the University of Wisconsin–Milwaukee. He is currently an assistant curator in the history section of the Milwaukee Public Museum, where his focus is American domestic life, Wisconsin and regional history to 1850, and museum collections care.

- Bruce W. Pepich has been the director of Racine's Charles A. Wustum Museum of Fine Arts since 1981. The museum has a national reputation for its focus on twentieth-century American crafts and artworks on paper. He organizes twelve exhibitions each year in these fields, including the annual "Watercolor Wisconsin" competition and group shows of craft artists. Pepich is a graduate of Northern Illinois University and currently serves on the boards of numerous arts organizations, nationally and beyond.

- Janet Shaw recently moved from Madison to Asheville, North Carolina. Her books include *How to Walk on Water* and *Dowry* (poetry), *Taking Leave* (a novel), and six books for young readers. Her poems and stories have appeared in many magazines and journals, including *The Atlantic* and

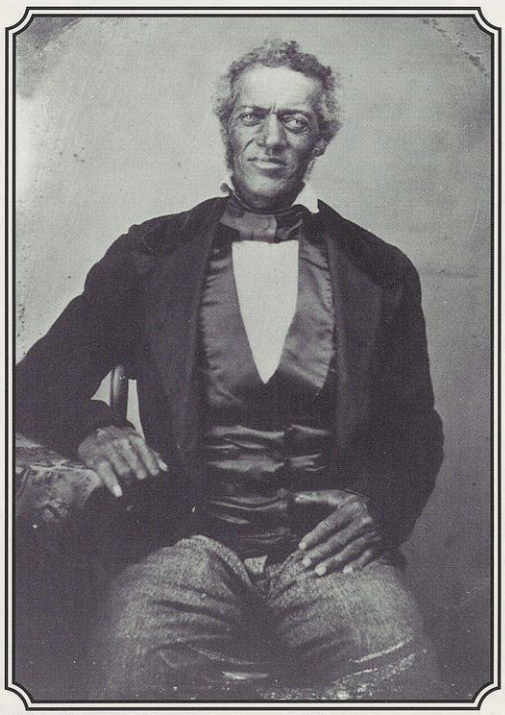
Continued on page 49

The Legacy of Sully Watson: From Slave to Citizen of Milwaukee

by John B. Lundstrom and Albert A. Muchka

The essence of history, as perceived in our modern world, centers on the impact of influential ideas, great events, and powerful people upon the changing fabric of human existence. In general only the favored or infamous have their history recorded for posterity. Rarely does the past lift its broad curtain of anonymity and reveal, exquisitely preserved, a moving vision of individual men and women who, although living their entire lives beneath the notice of an uncaring mainstream, triumphed despite great adversity.

Through a rich archive of family documents, daguerreotypes, tintypes, and photographs now held in the history section of the Milwaukee Public Museum, the present generation is privileged to make the acquaintance of one such family. In the 1840s, Sully Watson, who purchased his own freedom from slavery, his wife, Elizabeth Custelo Watson, and their children helped found Milwaukee's African-American community. Prior to the discovery of these documents, Milwaukee's pre-Civil War black population was known only through census reports and other sterile government documents. By putting faces and personalities to several of Milwaukee's black pioneers, the Watson archive offers the human side of a story that was tragically incomplete up to this time.



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Sully Watson (tintype), circa 1855.

In 1772, three years before Patrick Henry's stirring call, "Give me liberty or give me death," a Virginia woman named Molly from Powhatan County west of Richmond gave birth to a son, Sully. Unlike the eloquent patriot, her fellow Virginian, Molly and her son were slaves. According to Watson family tradition, whites had stolen Molly as a young girl from the Guinea Coast of West Africa.

Growing up during the American Revolution, Sully Watson very likely spent his youth as a field hand or heavy laborer. Any education he received came only out of practical necessity to serve the interests of his owner. He learned the trades of blacksmithing, harness making, masonry, and whitewashing, and he worked as a handy man at his master's estate or place of business. He was never taught to read or write, as such skills were considered dangerous in slaves.

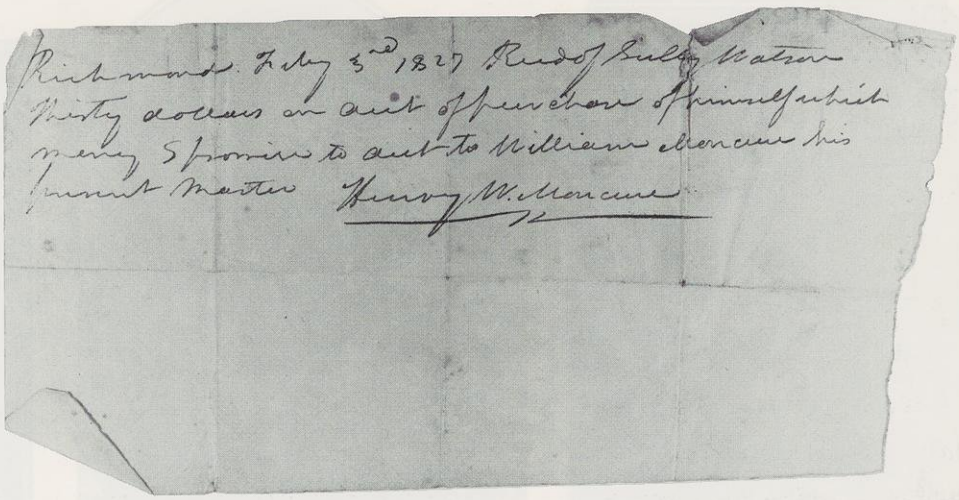
At some point in his early manhood, Sully was sold by his master and forced to leave his family behind in Powhatan County. He ultimately became the property of one William Moncure (born 1774), who farmed Windsor Forest, a 500–acre estate located in Stafford County, Virginia, not far from Washington, D.C. Young Sully proved to be intelligent, industrious, and frugal, and he earned his new master's trust. Various slave passes, permission letters, and receipts which have been preserved reveal that Moncure granted Sully special privileges to travel at large, seek outside work and keep his earnings, and to attend prayer meetings away from the estate.

Sometime prior to 1818, Sully met a young free black woman, Susanna Custelo of Richmond. Born in 1799, she was the daughter of Elizabeth Lester Custelo and James Custelo, both free persons of color. According to family tradition, James, a fisherman, died from a vicious beating. By working as a seamstress in the Richmond area, Elizabeth earned enough money after his death to keep her small family together, thus avoiding the local church welfare system, which mandated a lengthy indentured servitude for those who received benefits.

Because slaves could not legally marry, Sully and Susanna were wed in an informal ceremony. Between 1818 and 1827, they had four children: Ann Georgiana, Asena Susanna, James Francis, and William Thomas. The law required that their

births be registered in the city of Richmond as free blacks under their mother's name, and these certificates survive in the Watson collection.

Susanna educated her sons and daughters at home, as no schools, public or private, were open to black children. It is clear from a number of receipts which survive that Sully visited his family in Richmond as often as he could. When in town, he ran errands for his mother-in-law, Elizabeth, and worked in exchange for the goods his family needed.


Richmond Feby 3rd 1827 Rec'd of Sully Watson
Thirty dollars on act of purchase of himself which
money I promise to act to Williams Moncure his
present Master Henry W. Moncure

Sully Watson's first receipt for his "man price," 1827.

Throughout the history of American slavery, comparatively few African-Americans had been able to secure their freedom. By law, persons of color became free in one of three ways: by being born to a free or freed woman (Virginia law used the female line in determining status); by manumission, or freedom, through the conscious act or last will of the master; and by purchasing one's self from bondage. The third alternative required a master willing to make an honest deal.

Sully Watson knew that to ensure his family's survival he must be free. On February 3, 1827, he approached Henry Wood Moncure, William's oldest son and a Richmond merchant, and tendered $30 as down payment on the purchase of himself. The fact that the Moncure family readily agreed is understandable—now fifty-five years old, Sully was nearing the end of his useful working life. Either from a business sense, a kind heart, or a combination of the two, William Moncure allowed Sully to make payments toward his man price of $500.

In the South, free persons of color were at the top of black society. Often literate, many owned property or ran small farms or businesses and gained respect in their communities. Regardless, free blacks constantly came under the harsh scrutiny of white society, which simply considered them as slaves without masters. As the Watson/Custelo documents reveal, in order to survive economically and culturally, they had to remain in the good graces and employ of a racist power structure.

In the 1820s, state and local laws further restricted movement by blacks. Local patrols apprehended traveling slaves and sometimes re-sold them into slavery. Often the courts fined the masters who allowed their slaves to roam. Given these risks, Sully had, by 1830, received permission from William Moncure to bring his family, including his mother-in-law, to live at Windsor Forest.

By the time of William Moncure's death in 1831, Sully Watson had put $240.48 toward his purchase contract of $500. According to Sully's free papers, he was freed in William's will. However, the actual manumission did not occur until 1834. Why it took so long is not known. It is possible Sully had to keep paying the Moncures until the man price was reached. Unfortunately, the relevant Stafford County probate documents were destroyed during the Civil War.

As a free man, Sully Watson faced his first important choice— where to live. Virginia law dictated that freed slaves either leave the state within a year or petition for special permission to remain. Emigration meant separation from his mother and his sisters as well as their children in Powhatan County, with whom, despite obvious difficulties, he had faithfully kept in touch. Yet life in Virginia became increasingly harsh for free blacks, freed slaves, and slaves alike. With new restrictions and heightened white mistrust in the wake of the 1831 Nat Turner Rebellion, it was impossible for Sully to make a proper life in Virginia. He decided to move north.

In 1834 or 1835, Sully and Susanna Watson took their family across the Mason-Dixon Line into the free northern states. If racism and prejudice were constant obstacles posed by white society as a whole, at least in the North the Watsons enjoyed the freedom to live where they wished and earn their livelihood. Eventually they settled in Columbus, Ohio, where they were welcomed by a small but vigorous black community. Sully worked as a whitewasher, blacksmith, and handyman and also farmed a small plot of land.

As one precious letter reveals, Sully quite remarkably maintained ties with his family back in Powhatan County, Virginia. Communication between free blacks in the North and slaves in the South was greatly frowned upon by slave owners, who tried to prevent it. In February 1848 his nephew and namesake, Sully Watson, wrote that the elder Sully's aged mother, Molly, "is very well and joins me in much love to you. Her desire is that she will meet you in heaven for she never expects to see you here."

While in Ohio, Sully's eldest child, Ann Georgiana, married a young local black man named William H. Anderson.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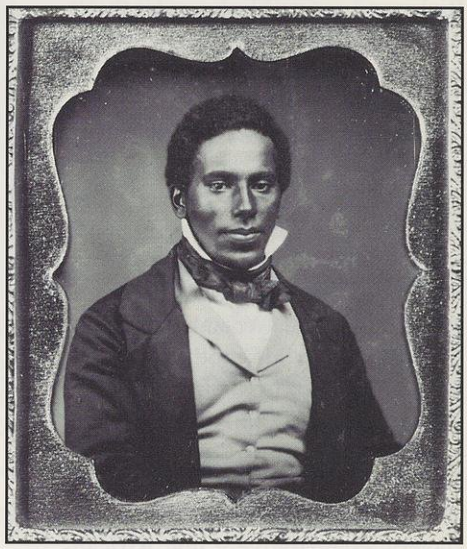
H–679–K–12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FROM LEFT: Susanna Custelo Watson, 1865; Ann Watson Anderson, the Watsons' oldest daughter, circa 1865; William Thomas Watson, the Watsons' oldest son (daguerreotype) circa 1850.

Eager for more opportunity than Ohio offered, he migrated west in 1841 to Wisconsin Territory and became the barber at the United States Hotel in the thriving frontier port of Milwaukee. Ann and her daughter Emily joined him in 1845. They are considered to be the first African-American family to settle permanently in Milwaukee. Encouraged by Ann's letters, the rest of the Watson family looked forward to moving to Wisconsin as well. Very likely in 1848, Sully's eldest son, William Thomas Watson, joined his sister in Milwaukee. Two years later, Sully, Susanna, their daughter Asena Susanna Scott, and youngest son Solomon (born 1839) traveled overland by wagon from Columbus to Milwaukee.

❦

In 1850 when Sully Watson's family pulled into Milwaukee, they discovered a bustling city of 20,000 with a black population of about 100. Milwaukee's earliest black resident had been Joe Oliver, who was Solomon Juneau's cook from 1835 to 1837. Oliver voted in the first election in Milwaukee County, a right which was then refused to other Wisconsin blacks until 1866, when Milwaukeean Ezekiel Gillespie won his celebrated court case.

Despite lacking all of the rights enjoyed by their white neighbors, Milwaukee's black residents in 1850 made the most of their limited opportunities. Hardworking and generally successful, their role in the life of the city exceeded their small numbers. Many were barbers, cooks, craftsmen, or businessmen. A good number, including Sully's son-in-law William Anderson, owned property. Over 70 percent of the black population was literate, despite the substantial numbers of fugitive or freed slaves, and most of the children attended public schools.

As a part of the Compromise of 1850, which tried in vain to defuse the virulent sectionalism that was tearing the Union apart, Congress passed the Fugitive Slave Act. This permitted slave hunters to rampage throughout the North and apprehend alleged escaped slaves without due process of law. Justifiably fearing the kidnapping of free blacks, and in order to protect escaped slaves who had risked all for freedom, northern blacks and white abolitionists called for resistance to this unjust law.

The crisis caused members of Milwaukee's black community to band together for the first time to express their political views and defend their rights. A public meeting on October 7, 1850, vigorously attacked the Fugitive Slave Law. The *Milwaukee Sentinel* published the minutes of the meeting, including the remarks of Sully's son, William Thomas Watson, who spoke of

> the danger of our situation, our liability to be arrested at most any moment, and taken we know not where, before we know not whom, and adjudged before any slavish Commissioner or Judge, whose fiat would be omnipotent in deciding us to be chattel property, belonging to any claimant who would commit perjury in swearing to men, women or persons they never saw. In all the bearings of the law, we see no hope, no ray of light, but in self-protection, which is the law of Heaven.

Despite opposition, the hated law remained in effect, and many blacks left Milwaukee for Canada or other safer locales.

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Nearly eighty years old when he arrived in Milwaukee, Sully Watson resumed his old trade as a whitewasher, while son William

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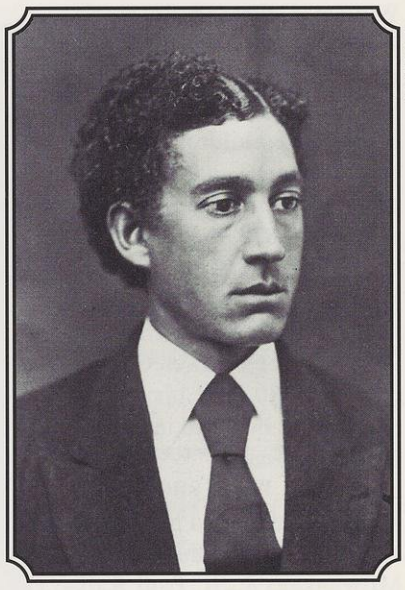
H–679–K–3



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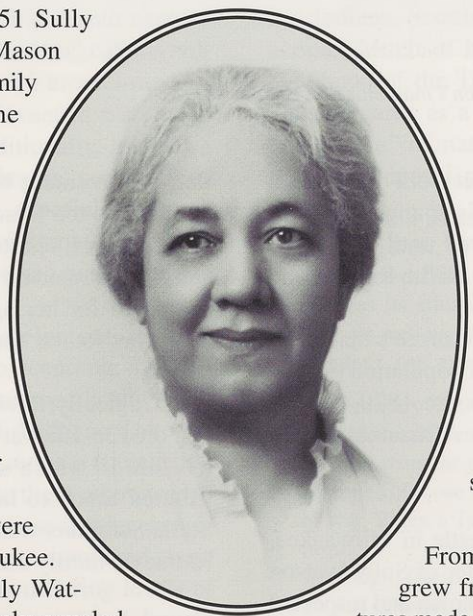
FROM LEFT: Julia A. Watson, William Watson's wife, circa 1865.; Nellie Cora Watson Raimey, daughter of Julia and William Watson, circa 1895.; Anthony Raimey, husband of Nellie Watson Raimey, circa 1895.; BELOW: Mabel Raimey, daughter of Anthony and Nellie Raimey, circa 1940. Mabel Raimey photo courtesy Eleanor Guenther.

Thomas worked as a brick mason. In 1851 Sully acquired his first property, a lot on East Mason Street (now 222 East Mason) where the family established a home. A few years later, he bought a parcel of land west of the Milwaukee River and built a new house. This land is now part of Everett Street between Third and Second streets, where Wisconsin Electric is located. Subsequently William Thomas and his wife, Julia, also built a home on Sully's lot, and family documents offer a description of the structure. Only a block away, on Third and Sycamore streets (now Michigan Avenue), his elder daughter, Ann Watson Anderson, made her home. (Her husband, William, died in 1854.)



The Watson and Anderson families were prosperous and respected citizens of Milwaukee. According to the 1860 federal census, Sully Watson owned real estate valued at $5,000, only equaled by one other member of the black community and well exceeding that of the average Milwaukeean. At the same time, Ann Watson Anderson's property was worth $3,000, and William Thomas Watson's was worth $1,000.

❦

On June 21, 1862, while the Civil War raged, Sully Watson died. His death notice appeared on the front page of the *Milwaukee Sentinel* (June 27), revealing one measure of the respect in which he was held by the community:

DIED
In this city, June 21st,
Mr. SULLY WATSON,
aged about 90 years.

He was born in Virginia some years before the commencement of the Revolutionary War. More than half of his long life was spent in slavery. He had through many years been an exemplary disciple of the Lord Jesus, and died in the enjoyment of that peaceful hope which Christianity can alone inspire.

Susanna Watson buried her husband in the family plot in Forest Home Cemetery in Milwaukee, alongside their youngest son, Solomon, who had died in 1851.

❦

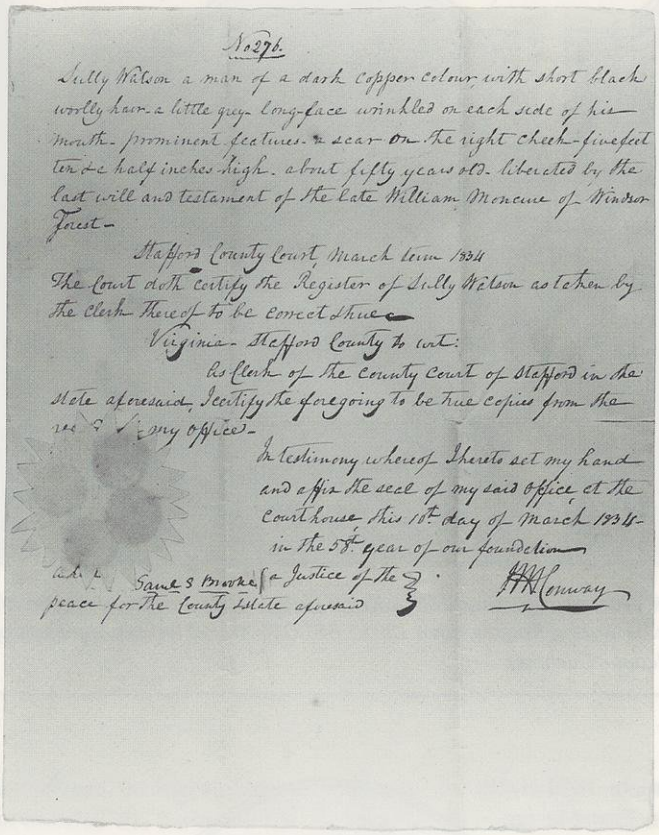
From 1850 to 1870, as Milwaukee's population grew from 21,000 to 70,000, the number of structures made from the local "cream city" bricks increased proportionally. As a skilled contracting brick mason, William Thomas Watson helped raise many public buildings, businesses, and homes. They included the famous Iron Block Building (1860), the National Soldiers Home (late 1860s), and the second court house, under construction when William Thomas unexpectedly died from illness on August 5, 1871, at the age of forty-three.

The untimely death of William Thomas Watson left his widow, Julia, to care for five young children: Nellie, Mary Ann,

William, George, and Charles, as well as her aged mother-in-law, Susanna Watson, who lived in their home at 100 Third Street. The children attended public schools, and one certificate of academic merit was preserved. In 1878, to help support the family, fifteen-year-old William Watson took up his father's trade as brick mason. His younger brother George died in 1880, and his grandmother Susanna died in 1883 at age eighty-four.

In the late 1880s, Julia Watson sold the old homestead on Third Street to the Chicago, Milwaukee, & St. Paul Railroad for their new terminal. She moved her family to a new brick house located at 62 Tenth Street (now part of Aldrich Chemical Company on West St. Paul Avenue).

Growing prejudice and pressure from European immigrants for jobs severely limited the economic opportunities open to Milwaukee's blacks. By 1885, William Watson no longer could get work as a mason, and he became a porter. Both William and his youngest brother, Charles, died before their mother; Julia lived until 1909. She was survived by her two married daughters, Nellie Raimey and Mary Ann Whitman.



No 276.

Sully Wilson a man of a dark copper colour with short black woolly hair a little grey long face wrinkled on each side of his mouth prominent features a scar on the right cheek five feet ten & a half inches high about fifty years old liberated by the last will and testament of the late William Moncure of Windsor Forest—

Stafford County Court March term 1834

The Court doth certify the Register of Sully Wilson as taken by the Clerk thereof to be correct & true—

Virginia Stafford County to wit:

As Clerk of the county court of Stafford in the State aforesaid I certify the foregoing to be true copies from the rec[illegible] of my office.

In testimony whereof I hereto set my hand and affix the seal of my said office at the Court house this 10th day of March 1834 in the 58th year of our foundation

Sam[illegible] Moncure a Justice of the peace for the County State aforesaid

J M Conway

Sully Watson's manumission certificate, 1834.

At the time of Julia Watson's death, Milwaukee's black residents numbered only 0.2 percent of the total population (980 of 373,857). That was the same percentage as in 1870 (176 of 71,616). The great increase of Milwaukee's African-American population began only after World War I.

❦

As one of the first African-Americans to settle in Milwaukee, tall, dignified Ann Watson Anderson, daughter of Sully Watson and widow of William Anderson, was well known and respected by Milwaukee's black community. For over fifty years, she and her daughter Emily lived in their two-story wooden frame home at 310 Sycamore (later Michigan Avenue, adjacent to the Boston Store). Over the years they had worked as laundresses and seamstresses. Ann died in 1901 at the age of eighty-three, and in 1924, Emily died at the age of eighty-seven.

In 1895, Nellie Cora Watson, William Thomas's oldest daughter, married Anthony V. Raimey, a young black mail clerk from Chicago. Mabel, their only child and ultimately the last known living descendant of Sully and Susanna Watson, lived a life which would have made her forebears especially proud.

Mabel Raimey was given a fine education by her parents—she attended West Division High School and the Milwaukee Normal School (later University of Wisconsin–Milwaukee). In 1918, she earned a B.A. degree in English from the University of Wisconsin at Madison, and she planned to teach. She is believed to have been the first black woman to graduate from the University of Wisconsin. Denied an opportunity to teach in Milwaukee due to racism, she found work as a legal secretary and developed an interest in the law. In 1919 she helped organize the Milwaukee chapter of the National Urban League.

After attending classes at night, Mabel Raimey became the first black woman to earn her law degree from the Marquette University Law School. In October 1927, she added to that achievement by becoming the first black woman to be admitted to the Wisconsin State Bar. Gradually subduing a profession which resisted the presence of a black woman attorney, she concentrated on probate and business law. At the same time she cared for her aged mother, Nellie, until Nellie's death in 1944 (her father, Anthony, had died in 1924 at the age of sixty-two).

Tragically, Mabel suffered a debilitating stroke in 1972 and died in 1986 at the age of ninety after a long and productive life in which she served her legal clients well and contributed much to her community. A longtime family friend, Stella Schimke, was instrumental in the preservation of Mabel Raimey's family archive.

❦

This portrait of a quietly proud and industrious pioneer family is as yet incomplete. Much remains to be learned, particularly in Virginia and Ohio, where we hope to discover more on the origins of the Watson and Custelo families. One day, with the projected renovation of the Milwaukee Public Museum's popular "Streets of Old Milwaukee" exhibit, a reconstruction of William Thomas Watson's home will remind visitors of the rich heritage of Milwaukee's African-American community. ❧

Photos, except for Mabel Raimey, courtesy of the Milwaukee Public Museum.

An Analysis of the Racial Views of Adam Smith as Expressed in *The Wealth of Nations*

by Raymond J. Larson

Adam Smith's An Inquiry into the Nature and Causes of The Wealth of Nations *is a comprehensive work dealing with many complex economic and social subjects. Written in 1776, today it remains one of the most influential works in the history of economic thought. The ideas offered by Smith provided, and continue to provide, insight into many areas. However, it is not just his writings on philosophical and economic issues that deserve attention. In analyzing* The Wealth of Nations, *it is also enlightening and worthwhile to focus on his views concerning other more subtle matters that may often be overlooked. One such area that merits attention concerns Smith's views on race and the inhabitants of foreign lands.*

In order to understand his thoughts on race and foreign cultures, it is helpful to look at Smith's intent in making the comments he does. He used racial and foreign societal references largely as a means of comparison between the state of eighteenth century Europe and the practices that other, less "advanced" nations still followed. He traced the period through which Europe's modern economy developed by using these less advanced nations as models for the stages of development. Additionally, his views on race are also revealed through his thoughts and portrayals of the "primitive" inhabitants of some lands, especially African slaves. In analyzing both these examples of literary reference, the extent of Smith's beliefs concerning race and non-European societies can be better determined.

Primarily, Adam Smith referred to foreign nations as a means to compare and contrast their socio-economic systems with those of European countries and, more specifically, England. This is, after all, a primary purpose of *An Inquiry into the Nature and Causes of the Wealth of Nations*, as the complete title itself suggests. But he did not necessarily use these references to judge these societies negatively, aside from those that he considered completely primitive. In most cases, he compared these types of economies in order to highlight the differing levels of economic development that various countries exhibited, largely free from disparaging comments on race or ethnicity.

His writings generally acknowledge the differences in cultural values as a basis for understanding differing socio-economic systems. Smith was mostly objective in his writings, and while he doesn't make a great effort to find things to praise about foreign cultures, he also refrains from attacking them in this area. It is clear that he favors the framework of the capitalist system as the best suited for implementing the policies he proposes in *The Wealth of Nations* (Rima, p. 111). But he also understands that cultural differences are the reasons why other nations' economies operate differently. *The Wealth of Nations* contained frequent references to the Tartars and Arabs, American Indians, Scottish "highlanders," and many other races of people. Much of his discussion compares the customs and livelihood of the Tartars and Arabs, nations of shepherds that Smith regards as a "more advanced state of society" than the "rude state" of nations of hunters (*Wealth of Nations* [WN] Book V, chapter i, part a, paragraph 3).

> Such nation as have commonly no fixed habitation, but live, wither in tents, or in a sort of covered waggons which are easily transported from place to place. The whole tribe or nation changes its situation according to the different seasons of the year, as well as according to other accidents . . . (WN Book V, chapter i, part a, paragraph 3).

> The ordinary life, the ordinary exercises of a Tartar or Arab, prepare him sufficiently for war. Running, wrestling, cudgel playing, throwing the javelin, drawing the bow, etc., are the common pastimes of those who live in the open air, and are all the images of war. When a Tartar or Arab actually goes to war, he is maintained . . . in the same manner as in peace. His chief or sovereign, for those nations have all chiefs or sovereigns, is at no sort of expense in preparing him for the field; and when he is in it, the chance of plunder is the only pay which he either expects or requires (WN Book V, chapter i, part a, paragraph 4).

Smith's conclusions are rather matter-of-fact. The generalizations and the stereotypes that he does include are reserved for the types of societies he is describing, of which the Tartars and Arabs are his most ready examples. He may be guilty of generalizing the types of societies to a degree, but his comments are free of racial references, at least in his remarks directed at what he considers to be more "advanced" societies.

Smith in fact states that "the art of war . . . is certainly the noblest of all arts," and accords a certain amount of respect to those societies which are best practicing this "art." Smith even rates them above their European counterparts and above Scottish highlanders in their skill and suitableness for warfare.

> Those militias which, like the Tartar or Arab militia, go to war under the same chieftains whom they are accustomed to obey in peace, are by far the best . . . As the highlanders, however, were not wandering, but stationary shepherds . . . and were not, in peaceable times, accustomed to follow their chieftain from place to place; so in time of war they were less willing to follow him to any considerable distance, or to continue for any long time in the field. When they had acquired any booty they were eager to return home, and his authority was seldom sufficient to detain them.
>
> In point of obedience they are always much inferior to what is reported of the Tartars and Arabs . . . and were less expert in the use of their arms . . . (WN Book V, chapter i, part a, paragraph 26).

Adam Smith by John Kay. From A Series of Original Portraits, 1790.

Smith rationalizes his arguments based on differing circumstances between stationary and wandering shepherds. He does not favor the European highlander's methods in any way, but rather uses what he knows about their methods to conclude that the Tartars and Arabs are better suited and more successful at waging battle. Again, his remarks only involve what is relevant to his comparison and, therefore, do not include any extraneous references to race or ethnicity. Indeed, from reading the remarks above, it would be impossible to conclude the ethnicity or geographic origin, without prior knowledge, of the "Tartars and Arabs" that he so often refers to. Additionally, Smith seems to respect and admire their culture to some degree, if only for their efficiency in operating their specific type of society.

Smith may regard these systems of economy as "simple" or even "barbarous," but he seems to be viewing them primarily as being at a different level from those of European nations, not intending to disparage them as the product of an inferior race—as such definitions might be interpreted in today's world (WN Book III, chapter iv, paragraph 16).

He also makes some effort to link the practice of differing societies. In describing some commonality between disparate cultures, he portrays all societies as being fundamentally the same, at least at the outset of development. For example, he states in his chapter titled "Of the Expense of Justice":

> Among nations of hunters, such as the native tribes of North America, age is the sole foundation of rank and precedency . . . In the most opulent and civilized nations, age regulates rank among those who are in every other respect equal . . . (WN, chapter i, part b, paragraph 6).

In doing this, he further demonstrates that it is the level of economic activity he seeks to compare, and not the lack of advancement of certain races of peoples. All groups of humans have some things in common during stages of social development; and in stating this, he seems to accept that different groups, by having some things in common, are at the very least partially (if not fully) capable of achieving the same social state and the same level of economic growth.

However, Smith for the most part is less than kind or sensitive in his remarks concerning the inhabitants of "primitive" societies. He often refers to races such as the American Indian and many of the inhabitants of Africa as "miserable savages" (WN, Book IV, chapter vii, part a, paragraph 8). Once again, it is important to also look behind these statements in an effort to discern whether Smith was judging the economic status of these societies and, therefore, as a part of this the citizenry as well—or making comments based on his racial ideology.

Perhaps Smith's most famous use of questionable language with regard to race is his reference to Africans in his section titled "Of the Division of Labour":

> . . . and yet it may be true, perhaps, that the accommodation of an European prince does not always so much exceed that of an industrious and frugal peasant, as the accommodation of the latter exceeds that of many an African king, the absolute master of the lives and liberties of ten thousand naked savages (WN Book I, chapter i, paragraph 11).

Clearly his choice of vocabulary gives an unflattering portrayal that generalizes nearly an entire continent. While it is unlikely that Smith observed such a condition first-hand, it seems reasonable that he is making the statement more in an effort to bring home his point concerning the benefits of the division of labor than to articulate his racial views. Still, it raises some questions about the reasons behind his particular choice of words. What is clear is his great disregard for the most primitive of societies, and it is in Smith's discussion of these societies and their inhabitants that his views are more open to allegation of racial insensitivity and bias.

In his discussions of primitive societies, the most frequent words used by Smith to describe a group of natives include "naked and miserable savages," "wretched natives," and "barbarous" (WN Book IV, chapter vii, part a, paragraph 8, 15 and

part b, paragraph 2). Evidently, he was not impressed by their level of economic development or their manner of dress. His lack of appreciation for their culture or livelihood is not in dispute. Indeed, he argued that without European influence, their lives *were* miserable in terms of being unproductive:

> In this state of things [referring to the Indians of South America], it seems impossible, that either of those empires could have been so much improved or so well cultivated as at present, when they are plentifully furnished with all sorts of European cattle, and when the use of iron, of the plough, and of many of the arts of Europe, has been introduced among them (WN, Book IV, chapter vii, part b, paragraph 7).

Smith obviously believes that such "primitive" societies have little existing worth or productive value without the aid of European influences and inventions. In his view, a society without some modern systems of economy is of little productive value, as long as it falls short in achieving its economic potential. It is clear that he, like many of his era, was not a proponent of these societies, as they only served to tie up exploitable resources in a non-economically productive manner.

In looking at Smith's ideas concerning race and foreign cultures, it is also important to remember that *The Wealth of Nations* was written in 1776, during a time of rapid economic change. Many European countries still had vast and often largely unexplored colonial possessions, whose main purpose was to bring wealth and prosperity to the "mother country." As a result, colonists used the land and its resources solely for their sovereign's, and their own, self enrichment. These lands and their inhabitants were viewed primarily as resources to be exploited in order to achieve this end.

However, Smith's descriptions seem to be largely intended to show the complete primitiveness of the land's inhabitants more than anything else. For even confronted with the economic "worthlessness" of such societies, Smith expressed sympathy for the ruthless destruction of the inhabitants of these areas at the hands of colonists. He makes it clear that he does not favor the methods of many colonists in dealing with native populations:

> Folly and injustice seem to have been the principles which presided over and directed the first project of establishing those colonies; the folly of hunting after gold and silver mines, and the injustice of coveting the possession of a country whose natives, far from having ever injured the people of Europe, had received the first adventurers with every mark of kindness and hospitality (WN, Book IV, chapter vii, part b, paragraph 59).

Here, he views the natives as objects of pity, who are subadvanced and largely helpless in the face of hostile colonists, bent only on securing fortune. Justifying these abuses by claiming that "the pious purpose of converting them to Christianity sanctified the injustice of the project" was not a legitimate excuse in Smith's eyes (WN, Book IV, chapter vii, part a, paragraph 15). In other words, although Smith did not recognize the value of such societies in terms of being productive, he did sympathize with the unjust persecution and destruction of their inhabitants.

The Wealth of Nations: An Enduring Classic

by Paul J. Schoofs

Raymond Larson's article examines a socio-cultural dimension of Adam Smith's book which is well worth visiting in our current age. Scholars today would not refer so casually and by anecdote to economic backwardness among racial and ethnic groups. While Smith's views on that score are clearly dated (1776), *The Wealth of Nations* is laced with trenchant analyses of the workings of a market system and carefully argued guidelines relating to governmental economic policies. Whether our interest is in the major economic and political restructuring now underway in the former Soviet Union, China, and central Europe or in refining the economic role of government in the United States and other Western nations, we can find relevant sections in Adam Smith's book.

Smith would be amazed by the twentieth-century experiment in communist central planning in so many economies and would probably say "better late than never" to the conversion to freer markets in the former Soviet Union and elsewhere. Some of his most classic passages portray how a "simple system of natural liberty" (i.e., unimpeded markets, competition, and personal freedom) directs a country's limited resources to produce more of the goods and services which the people actually want. He explains that long lines for food, fuel, and other items in short supply are only a temporary phenomenon if producers are sensitive to consumers' wishes. Today, citizens from Prague to Moscow to Shanghai are discovering how a freer market system works.

Closer to home, we can find a host of current front-page economic policy areas which were addressed by Smith. These range from government spending and taxation to regulation/deregulation of businesses to international trade policy. On all of these, he urged a restrained but by no means invisible role for the government.

Proponents of a balanced budget amendment to the U.S. Constitution would have an ally in Adam Smith. In Book V, Chapter III he strongly opposes public debts, mainly because he feels they divert productive labor into unproductive labor. Furthermore, he leans toward reducing government spending as the best way to achieve the balance: " . . . if [a national government] cannot raise its revenue in proportion to its expense, it ought . . . to accommodate its expense to its revenue." For years the U.S. government has been collecting a virtually constant 19 percent of national income in taxes, despite all the tax-law changes, so Smith's instruction would be to set our priorities for the public goods and services which we desire the most and *which we can afford with that pool of funds.*

Smith also offered quite specific suggestions for the best way to finance the necessary affairs of the public sector. Wherever possible, he urged levying user fees and special charges for the services provided; examples include courts fees to pay for the administration of justice, tolls for public transportation and communication, direct charges for public education, and local taxes to pay for local services such as police and fire protection.

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Only after such streams are tapped would he support using broader tax sources, acknowledging that there are general benefits to society from public education, a criminal justice system, etc.

Among the several canons for taxation found in Book V, Chapter II, Smith stresses equality (based on ability to pay), certainty, and convenience. He would side with the current tax-simplification crowd, and probably would back the "flat tax" concept, although his remarks can also be construed to support a mildly progressive income tax. On consumption-oriented taxes and value-added taxes (VATs), which are widespread in Europe and are gaining adherents in this country, Smith sends mixed signals. Since they hit the poor harder than the rich, and since they are usually hidden within the prices of goods, he would warn against such taxes. But one thing in their favor, according to Smith, is that they don't penalize production and economic growth in the way that income taxes do.

Who or what should monitor the tendency of businesses to overprice and to reduce the quality of their products? ("People of the same trade seldom meet together, even for merriment and diversion, but the conversation ends in a conspiracy against the public, or in some contrivance to raise prices" [Book I, Chapter X, Part II].) Not government regulators, in most cases. In prophetic terms, Adam Smith warns that the regulated firms might "capture" their regulators, as has happened in rail and air transportation, banking, trucking, telecommunications, and other industries in America this century. Rather, Smith argues that competition among firms plus watchful consumers are the best means to keep businesses in check. Thus, he would be glad to see the trend to deregulation which began in the late 1970s, as long as it is accompanied by vigorous antitrust enforcement, which is one of the most important economic tasks for government.

International trade policy was a large issue in 1776 in Great Britain. Smith is famous for his pro-trade views, stressing the increased standards of living and the higher long-term employment which result from international specialization, so he would be pleased at the direction taken around the world in the post-World War II era, especially the North American Free Trade Agreement (NAFTA), which is now being implemented, and the latest General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade (GATT) pact, which still awaits ratification in Congress. He would urge us to continue to reduce barriers to trade, with a few exceptions, most notably to protect national defense-related industries.

In the 218 years since it was first published, *The Wealth of Nations* has been studied by each succeeding generation. My students are pleasantly surprised to find so much throughout the book which they can relate to modern economic problems. It truly is one of the great works of Western thought.

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But perhaps the most glaring example of Smith's lack of racial sensitivity or enlightenment can be found in his comments on "black slaves" in the New World. He mentions the "constitution of blacks" and their apparent well-suitedness for physical labor "under the burning sun" (WN, Book IV, chapter vii, part b, paragraph 54). These views may have been common at the time, but nonetheless are a poor and demeaning justification of slavery, which incidentally Smith did not support. Smith in fact argued that the very concept and practice of slavery resulted in an inferior source of labor:

> Slaves . . . are very seldom inventive; and all the most important improvements, either in machinery, or in the arrangement and distribution of work which facilitate and abridge labor, have been the discoveries of freemen . . . In the manufactures carried on by slaves, therefore, more labour must generally have been employed to execute the same quantity of work (WN, Book IV, chapter ix, paragraph 47).

However, he seems to accept slavery as the reality it was, and thus refers to them basically as "property akin to cattle"— both of which should be managed in the same way (WN Book IV, chapter vii, part b, paragraph 54). However, he apparently can let his misgivings concerning slavery lapse to the point where he actually gives suggestions on the proper treatment of slaves:

> In order that they may work well, it is in the interest of their master that they should be fed well and kept in good heart, in the same manner as it is his interest that his working cattle should be so (WN Book V, chapter iii, paragraph 77).

Because he compares slaves to property "in the same manner as cattle," it becomes harder to believe that Smith was terribly concerned, at least on moral grounds, about the evils of slavery itself.

It is easy to overlook the facts of the age. While Smith very well may have been insensitive—and even racist—to a degree, it must also be remembered that during this time slavery was, unfortunately, a reality in a large part of the world, and the concept of the "equality of men" under law was still in its infancy. In fact, if Smith had expressed what we would now consider a viewpoint free from prejudice or insensitivity, he would have been in the great minority during his era—it wasn't until nearly two hundred years after this time that modern society became largely free from even legislative discrimination and oppression!

This is in no way an excuse or a justification of Smith's views, but given that most of his remarks in *The Wealth of Nations* are wholly economic and seem not by nature to be intentionally racial, it would appear that he did not seek to promote such views. He likely was at worst a product of his time, and a largely enlightened one at that. As a result, it is highly probable that the insensitivity of the age in which he lived had a much greater influence on the tone of his views than any active personal prejudice regarding a particular racial group. ❧

Return to the Roots: South Africa Thirty Years Later

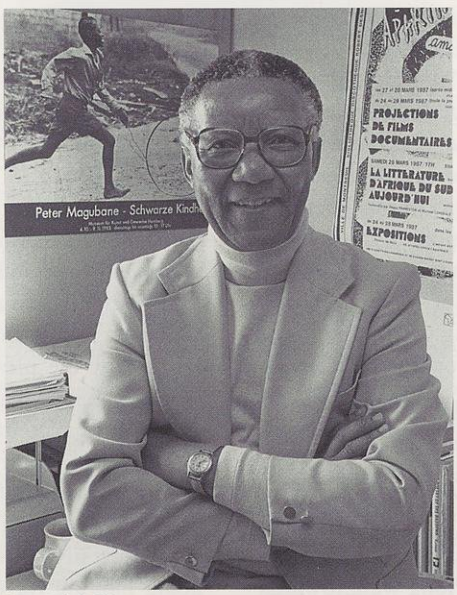
by Daniel P. Kunene

Apartheid : effects of anti-apartheid movement

PART I

It's July 2, 1993. My wife, Selina, and I stand ready to board the Van Gaalder bus to O'Hare on the first lap of our journey back home to South Africa after thirty years in exile. We left South Africa on Friday, the 13th day of September, 1963, on a journey to the unknown at a time when any "unknown" out there was preferable to the hell that South Africa was since the monster of segregation had matured into the more unabashed apartheid formally instituted in 1948. In fifteen years the system that has been compared to Nazism had grown totally arrogant and defiant. It considered itself the model of race relations that the world eventually would emulate. "Those whom the gods wish to destroy, they first make mad." In our political organizations before we left, we believed Euripides's words implicitly and completely, for we saw the madness grow apace. We only wished the gods would hasten the process by shortening the madness and getting to the real business, for while the gods have an eternity, we each have but a meager lifetime.

Many people have died since we left, some of them very close to us. From reports, we know also that many people are wallowing even deeper in poverty than at that time, and many communities have been destroyed in the mass movements of people under the notorious and whimsical "resettlement scheme." My widowed sister, Magdeline, whose first son, Jabulani, was imprisoned on Robben Island in the wake of the Soweto students' revolt, had to fight a determined and sustained war against being moved from the tiny town of Edenville, where all of us were born, to the Bantu Homeland, Qwaqwa, of which she was told she was now a citizen. I salute her courage and sheer determination in facing the system and wrestling it to the ground. She did not do it as a political statement, but out of a determination to be left alone. She is one of the many unsung heroes and heroines of the struggle.



Daniel J. Kunene

We are happy, Selina and I, that we are going to be reunited with our families. But we are also very apprehensive. What are we going to find? We have long clung to the image of the South Africa we left behind in 1963. In our talks to American audiences we have proudly referred to some of the black values that have made our people survive the vicious onslaughts of apartheid. Yet we also know that life's hard knocks must have left their marks, scarred bodies and souls.

My wife is not well. It saddens me so much. We have lived most of our years in exile in good health. We have been active in the anti-apartheid movement—calling for American companies to stop supporting apartheid, and for an economic boycott, as well as cultural and sports boycotts. It made us happy. It kept our hope alive. We carried anti-apartheid placards proudly. We annoyed the South African government, which we got to know had rather massive dossiers on our activities. Those were the happy days; but in the last three years or so my wife's health has steadily declined. And now she is obviously not well.

As we stand by the bus outside the Memorial Union, I feel embarrassed by all that luggage! When I was a child, anyone who visited Johannesburg, the city of gold, even for a brief stay

or work stint, was supposed to bring presents for everyone. Not some silly mementos: they needed trousers, shirts, blouses, dresses, jerseys, practical things like that. Now here we were returning from a huge "Johannesburg" after a huge absence, working in huge jobs and making huge money. And we imagined their need was huge back there. Hence our huge luggage.

We are lugging heavy winter coats on a hot, humid, muggy Madison summer day. I feel those who see us will either think us mad or envy us. They will guess we are going to the other side of the world.

At O'Hare we reorganize our luggage, and it is a little more manageable.

Our flight to London on British Airways is very restful. The dinner is good. The night is very short since we lose six hours. We arrive at Heathrow in the morning, and our connecting flight to Johannesburg only leaves that evening. So we get a room in the Heathrow Hilton and rest and shower and sleep. As we weave through the airport that night to go to our boarding area, we begin to hear some Afrikaans, and more of it as we get closer. The associations with apartheid are unavoidable—police raids at night, pass laws, jail, children shot in Soweto and throughout the country by Afrikaans-speaking police to enforce the use of Afrikaans as a medium of instruction in their schools. Bantu education. The whole damn system. Suddenly, it's as if all whites in this area are Afrikaans-speaking South Africans and hostile.

This is the longest lap of our journey, over eleven hours of airborne time. We arrive at Jan Smuts Airport tired and ready to recuperate. The strain of the journey has taken a toll on my wife in particular because she is not well. On our long walk towards the immigration control gates, she keeps saying she is thirsty, but there are no water fountains around. As we stand in the line that now seems interminable even though we are now just a few feet away from the gate, she keeps saying she is thirsty. I break off from the line and go to a rather formidable looking white woman wearing a kind of uniform and ask her where we can get water. She looks curiously at me, shrugs her shoulders and, with a strong Afrikaans accent, says she does not know where we can get water, there aren't even any cups there. The nearest place, she says, will be the women's toilet after we go through the gate. She hesitates for a moment, and then says I should call my wife out of the line. She walks us to a gate not in operation, beckons an official who comes and examines and stamps our passports quickly, and she points where to go to reach the toilet. Selina comes out after some time, looking a little refreshed.

My visit to South Africa has a business side to it as well. I have been invited to be one of three international keynote speakers at the 1993 biennial conference of the African Language Association of Southern Africa: "ALASA93," whose theme is, appropriately, "Building on the Past—Looking to the Future," scheduled for July 6–9 at the Witwatersrand University in Johannesburg.

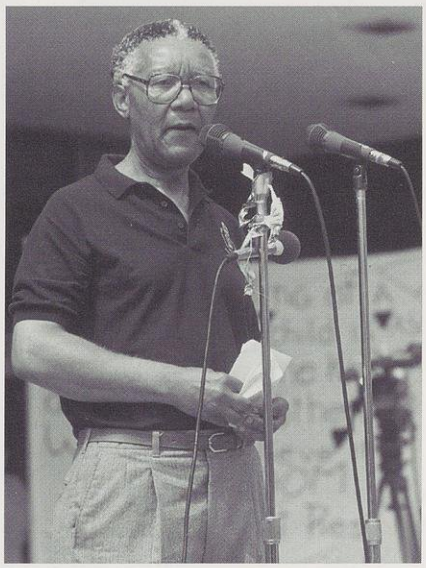
Several other universities have invited me to visit them during my stay in South Africa following the conference. Selina and I are going to have a mini-tour of the country as we visit different academic institutions. As part of all this, we are met at Jan Smuts Airport by the president of ALASA, Prof. Rosalie Finlayson, who is accompanied by her husband, Ken.

We are accommodated in the Sunnyside Park Hotel on the north end of Hillbrow. The irony of all this is that upwards of forty-five years before this I was a page-boy in a tight-fitting, brass-buttoned uniform with cap to match at a residential hotel in the then lily-white Hillbrow. When not answering phones and going hunting for the residents to come and take their calls, I would be standing at the door, opening it for the white patrons as they came and went. Or carrying their luggage as they checked in or out, with a coin occasionally tossed my way. Now I am the guest, and the young

ABOVE: Selina and Daniel Kunene outside the Sunnyside Park Hotel in a northern suburb of Johannesburg. INSET: Daniel Kunene as a uniformed page-boy in 1944, when only whites could be guests in the hotel.

white receptionist wishes me and my wife a happy stay, "and please call the office if you need anything," she says as she gives the keys to the porter carrying our luggage. Of course Mandela has been out of prison three years now and the country is, indeed, "looking to the future." One of the conference organizers, Molly Bill, came into the picture earlier today when she drove us to her house where we rested, had lunch, and took baths before she finally drove us to the hotel.

We spend the morning and afternoon of Monday, July 5, lounging around the hotel, getting used to being back. In the evening we are driven to the Holiday Inn where the ALASA board has arranged a welcome dinner in our honor. I don't know anyone in this group of mostly white Afrikaner men except Molly and Rosalie. There's a great deal of chatting and joking, once everybody is relaxed. Following the dinner, Molly and Rosalie make brief welcome speeches. In my response, I thank ALASA for inviting me, but find it necessary to allude, if only briefly, to the policy of apartheid which strove so hard and so long to keep us apart. I remind my hosts this was not the first time I had been invited by my South African colleagues but that, for reasons we all know and deeply regret, "it has not been possible to accept till now." I see some heads nodding and I know my message is understood. This is the beginning of a long, slow healing process.



Speaking out against apartheid.

The Doke Centenary activities begin on Tuesday, July 6, with a series of lectures. During lunch I am asked to chair the panels in the second half of the afternoon. In the evening, immediately following the panels, we go to the Senate Building where the Doke Exhibit is to be officially opened by the vice-chancellor of Wits. Among the speeches is one by an African teacher from Lambaland where Doke did his missionary and research work as a younger scholar in the early 1920s. He is accompanied by an African priest who is clearly his intellectual and spiritual mentor. He speaks without a script, from the heart, as he himself says. The saga of his and his priest's hard four-day journey on public buses and other not-so-comfortable means of transportation at their own personal expense, to be at the Doke celebrations, is clearly meant as a testimony of how important it was for them to come, and how determined they were. He states that they were sent by "the elders" with a message of gratitude and appreciation for Doke's missionary work in Lambaland. The speech brings many people close to tears.

I am also moved by the sheer honesty and sincerity and the deeply-felt sentiment. However, something in me rebels. This is like a throw-back to the old colonial and missionary era: the fawning gratitude and almost canine loyalty to the white missionary/master I find disturbing. It's all so anachronistic, just as if a past we hoped had gone forever suddenly comes alive before our very eyes.

The speeches over, there is suddenly a burst of singing by a mixed choir that moves to center stage in front of the podium. A good, solid, beautiful, non-professional but wonderfully harmonious group. They sing wedding songs and choral pieces in solid four-part harmony. This strikes a chord deep down in me. This is how we sang as pupils in our schools, an indescribable blend of team effort as a choir and individual virtuosity, self-expression, and sheer enjoyment of what you were doing. Individuals might strive for audience attention and get individual applause. My wife sang in such choirs at school too, and our reactions are similar. But when they sing old Caluza songs that I sang as a little boy in school and that I now sing silently with them, I feel this is a great part of our homecoming, and I feel a sting in my eyes and have to control this lump rising in my throat. (This is a reference to Reuben T. Caluza, a well-known Zulu composer, pianist, and choirmaster whose songs we sang in our schools.)

Among the guests is Mrs. Vilakazi, widow of the late B.W. Vilakazi, M.A., D.Litt., who, to Wits's eternal shame, remained a lowly "language assistant" in the Department of Bantu Languages, under Prof. Doke, until his untimely death on October 26, 1947. She is introduced to us. She asks the inevitable question, "When are you coming back?" and without waiting for an answer: "You must come back and help to rebuild our country." She is not unaware of the risks, and she adds: "But you can't all come here and die."

Wednesday, July 7, is the first day of the ALASA conference. The first keynote speech is by G.N. Clements, a linguist from the Sorbonne. I feel flattered that he has quoted from my 1961 Ph.D thesis to reinforce some of the arguments in his brilliant paper, and that he advocates its publication.

We are expecting my brother Peter and his wife, Yvonne, from Kroonstad, who have been invited at my request. They aren't there by lunch time, but Molly Bill allays our fears, saying they are only expected in the afternoon. She was in charge of the arrangements for their coming. But we are still worried, and just as we are getting ready for a major manhunt, suddenly there's Peter at one of the registration tables! There's so much excitement, many embraces. Thenji, Peter's daughter, and her husband are waiting outside at the car with Yvonne. Peter and Yvonne are being provided complimentary room and board by ALASA, as my guests.

Tonight I am to receive an Honorary Member Award from ALASA. So will Prof. C.T.D. Marivate, whom I met many

years ago when he visited the University of Wisconsin. I am introduced rather elaborately by Prof. Johnny Lenake. The standing ovation that follows brings me close to tears. I feel so unworthy, and to see this whole auditorium on their feet and applauding and looking at me makes me feel like a tiny little dot. I look at my wife, close to the front row, and smile. She smiles back. To break the tension, as I get on the podium to make my acceptance speech, I joke about the award just handed to me by Prof. Finlayson. I hold it high and turn around and say that's what they do at the tennis championships. After my speech, Prof. Marivate receives his award. He devotes a significant amount of his speech to praising me and my work, and how I have inspired him and numerous students of African languages and literature.

For my keynote speech on the morning of Thursday, July 8, I am introduced by Prof. Chris Swanepoel. I feel he is speaking from the heart as he summarizes the main points of my career and his own personal appreciation of my work, and then calls me to the podium. Not long into my speech, I know I have captured my audience. I'm in control. I just have to maintain the pace, the tone, the mood changes in the paper. I conclude by applying my analysis to the woes of much of black independent African states in a hard-hitting criticism, with an implied warning for South Africa when its day comes. I propose the Black Consciousness Movement philosophy of the late 1960s and early 1970s as a good model to follow.

Of course Mandela has been out of prison three years now and the country is, indeed, "looking to the future."

The audience's response is enthusiastic. I receive a standing ovation as I conclude. A white colleague later tells me I swayed them from one mood to another much like a conductor directing an orchestra. I am, understandably, jubilant. Chris Swanepoel concludes the session with an appreciation of my presentation that, he says, confirms the high esteem in which I am held.

Having gone to bed late last night because Peter, Yvonne, Selina, and I sat up discussing some family business, we missed the third keynote at 8:30 this morning, Friday, July 9. Prof. Eyamba Bokamba, the keynote speaker, tells me later that in his speech he referred to his students as my "academic grandchildren" since he himself had been taught by me. Though I regret I was not there to hear the compliment, I still feel it was a wise decision to sleep late this morning. It is the last day of the conference, and things are obviously winding down.

We have a week's gap between the end of the conference at Wits and our visit to the University of Cape Town. We use that time to visit our families.

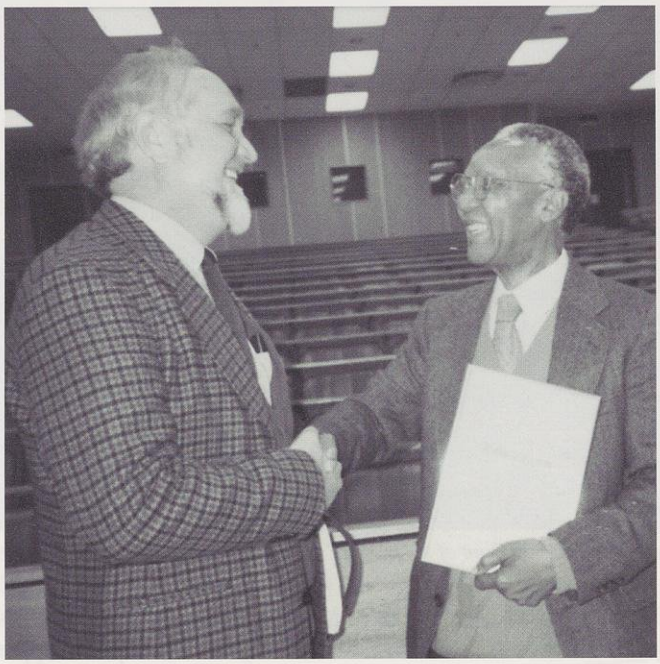
It is now Saturday, July 10. Shortly after lunch Rankele and Thenji Nthebe drive us to Kroonstad to visit my brother Peter's home. We are very happy about the opportunity to be driven, since public transportation is so dangerous, with politically motivated massacres in trains, buses, combi (mini-van) taxis. We drive past places where such killings occur daily. Soweto, Sebokeng, Thembisa. We also pass by a hostel we are told has acquired a terrible notoriety for the killings there. At one point we ride parallel to a combi taxi crammed with passengers, as they always are. We notice several passengers turning to look at us. Selina and I feel uneasy since many people have remarked how much I look like Nelson Mandela.

During our stay with Peter and Yvonne we plan to drive to my home, Edenville, where I have not been since I went to say goodbye to my father, weeks before we left for America. My mother had already passed at that time. Since our departure my father has died, and so have other relatives, including a sister, an aunt, etc. The Edenville visit is therefore going to be a pilgrimage to the dust and stones of my beginnings. It is going to be hard visiting there, for life has also taken its toll on some of the other people. I am, therefore, more apprehensive than happy about the anticipated visit. At a stop in Vereeniging to fill up, I recall the Sharpeville massacre of March 1960 and its aftermath. Sharpeville Township is the black labor reservoir attached to white Vereeniging.

After Vereeniging, we soon cross the Vaal River into the Orange Free State Province where Kroonstad and Edenville are situated. The two are very close to each other, and at one point Edenville will be only eighteen miles to our left as we proceed to Kroonstad. I begin to see familiar names of railway stations, sidings, little towns that I passed so often years ago as I travelled between home and Johannesburg by train—Serfontein, Rooiwaal. Suddenly I see a road sign to EDENVILLE! The mere sight of it makes my heart pound, and my palms get clammy. When the car turns to follow that direction, I'm near panic. I can't just go *accidentally* to Edenville. I've got to psyche myself for it, get myself braced for it. I ask, "Are we going to pass through Edenville?" "No," I'm told, and after a few kilometers we leave the Edenville road and once again pick up the one to Kroonstad. I feel as if fate has played a trick on me. My feeling of anxiety drops, and I breathe easier again.

I am now looking out for a little station called Heuningspruit. Should be coming soon, yes, there it is: HEUNINGSPRUIT is about eighteen miles or fifty-four kilometers from Edenville and was (perhaps still is) its railway link. This is where, as a little boy, accompanied by my older brother and sister, I had my first view of a train. When I saw it approach, it confirmed all the frightening stories I had heard about it: the earth shook, the black steam engine looked like a huge monster bearing down on us. But above all, Heuningspruit brings back to my mind my father. I always remember the day he hugged and kissed me, very happy and proud and laughing. I was again on my way back to Kroonstad Bantu High School, where, despite all obstacles, I was making excellent progress.

The approaches to Kroonstad are quite different from what I knew—new roads, some freeway-style overpasses, modern road signs. We pass through the white town into the inevitable sort-of no-man's-land buffer between it and the black township complex we are heading for, which we realize, to our consternation, is covered by a thick black cloud of smoke. We are told the smoke comes from the thousands of coal stoves used by the residents. We are to learn later that, though many residents have electricity and own electric stoves, they seldom use them because they get bills that are so outrageously high, often higher even than those paid by huge department stores with all the power they consume. Sometimes even people without electricity receive bills! The black cloud is frightening, and I feel a choking sensation just looking at it. We bore into it, and it is suddenly considerably darker as we negotiate the potholed streets that are in such stark contrast to the smooth ones in the white area.



Prof. Chris Swanepoel and the author.

Needless to say Peter and Yvonne are excited to see us again. They quickly lead us into the house to get away from the irritating smoke that smells so strongly of charcoal. Peter is a junior high school principal. Yvonne worked in a clothing factory for years and held a supervisory position by the time she retired. They have a beautiful house where they live with their grandson, Pana.

Sunday, July 11, is the day I have both looked forward to and dreaded. We drive to Edenville today. First we try to buy flowers to take with us. No success. Everything is closed. As we drive the twenty-eight-mile stretch, I try hard to identify old landmarks. They're all gone. The road runs at a different area altogether. I give up. It's as if a portion of my childhood is irretrievably gone. The old gravel road on which I often pedalled a bike to Kroonstad or back home, the farms, the tree lanes, twists and turns in the road, have been superseded by this modern two-lane tarred highway. As we get close, Peter points out Edenville Location to us. One man has built a double-story house, Peter says. In Edenville Location! Before I left, such a thing was not known, even in the white town.

As we enter the location, now called Ngwathe, I am struck by several things: There's that beautiful double-storied house to our left, and a little way ahead, a night club. A NIGHT CLUB IN EDENVILLE LOCATION! Less than one hundred yards away there is a sprawling shanty-town, shacks built with metal sheets of all types, mostly rusty with some new shiny ones in between. To our right is the old Edenville Location, the one that nurtured me. It is a decaying dump of mud houses on dusty tracks for streets. The three images in this odd mixture constitute a powerful metaphor for a South Africa that is both dying and being reborn.

After a few bumps and shakes of the car, with people moving leisurely out of the way, Peter says, "There's our house." He stops the car opposite it. I see my brother Philip, my parent's' last-born. He looks wasted. We all get out of the car, silent and solemn. We walk through the gate and see several people waiting inside the house, most of them standing, clearly because there aren't enough chairs, all of them with tears in their eyes. This is my first visit since my father died many years ago. My sister Sophia, my Aunt Boni, my brother-in-law David Malete, and others more distant, were also gone. The tombstones on my mother's and my father's graves were erected and unveiled in my absence. We have been told the unveiling was a big event with lots of supporting relatives and friends, many of them from Kroonstad. I feel the tears in the eyes of this reception group are not only due to the fact that I am returning like some long- lost brother or uncle or grandpa and so on, but plain and simple because life has not been so kind to them, and my coming is a reminder of that fact. In this mixture of emotions, I feel certain the fact that death has stolen away so many people in my absence is by far the most important.

As we enter the house, my eyes search for my sister, Magdeline. I look to my left and there she is, and as she looks in my direction, she calls my name out loud and bursts out crying. I put my arms round her shoulders to comfort her, meanwhile controlling my own tears. She tries to stand up. It is difficult. She injured her ribs in a fall just yesterday. Magdeline who fought the system for her right not to be moved. Selina and I last saw her in 1979 in Lesotho. She has changed considerably. She has gained a lot of weight and lost some teeth which she obviously has no money to replace. Her two sons, Jabulani and Suping are also here. The children of my sister Sophia are also here. I embrace them. They cry. I comfort them, but my eyes are burning too, beyond the point of control. I wipe my eyes and continue embracing each one individually, many young enough to be my grand-something-or-others.

Reunion on Daniel Kunene's first day at Edenville, in front of his parents' home. Selina Kunene is third from the left, Daniel stands in front of the door.

When feelings have calmed somewhat and we are able to talk I'm introduced to everybody. Peter suggests that before we settle down we should pass straight to the graveyard to pay homage to the dead. Yes, let's complete our journey, I say silently, and squeeze the pus completely from our wounds so they can begin to heal. Some people walk since there aren't enough cars. We park just inside the cemetery. We start to walk, Peter leading the way. I am on the lookout for the tombstones bearing the names of my father and my mother. A mixture of anxiety and fear almost paralyses me. I spot my mother's gravestone. We stop by it, and as I read her name, what I both dreaded and needed the most happens. I break down. I have one arm around Selina's shoulders, and she too begins to sob. I tell myself it is good. Thoughts crowd my mind. The uppermost is, it was my mother who allowed no obstacle—and they were legion—to stand in the way of our receiving an education.

We continue for some time to cry. When our feelings subside, Peter makes a little speech in which he briefly mentions the care and sacrifice our mother bestowed on us. I am surprised and impressed by the strength in his voice and I think maybe that comes from being a preacher, albeit a lay one. We look around for some small stones which we all place on the grave and I say, "*O re roballe*," ("Sleep well for our sake") and everyone says similar appropriate words. The Bible verse and hymn title on my mother's grave are in Sesotho.

Next we go to my father's grave some distance away. As we stand solemnly there my mind rushes back to a moment, many years ago, when the voice from the Western Union in Los Angeles read the terrible message of my father's death over the phone and I felt the walls of our apartment pressing in on me. Again Peter speaks appropriate words, brief and to the point. Once again we place stones on the grave and repeat our small dialogue with the ancestors. The Bible words, the hymns, and the family message on the tombstone are in Zulu. We then go to the graves of my sister Sophia, my Aunt Boni, my brother-in-law David, and some Mokhanelis, which is the family my sister Sophia was married into. As we get back into the cars, I wonder aloud if the African Methodist Episcopal Church still stands where it was before I left. Yes, but in answer to my implied request, we cannot go there now. Custom, which I should have remembered, enjoins us to go straight back home by the same route we came to the graveyard and wash our hands communally outside the gate before we go back inside. When we get home we find that a small tub has already been placed outside for that purpose.

We settle down inside and soon young girls, all of them relatives, bring hot tea and home-made cakes and we drink and eat and begin to converse. Peter has suggested that we also visit the homes of the deceased who are closest to us, just to touch the soil with our feet. At Aunt Boni's we have to explain to the present occupants the nature of our visit. We stand on the grounds, we look around and reminisce a little, and then leave. We then go to Sophia's and end up at Magdeline's.

Those who are traveling today—to Kroonstad and to Johannesburg—must leave early, we are told, since the highways have become dangerous with random politically-motivated trapping and killing of people if of the wrong color and/or political persuasion. Whites hunt blacks, and in retaliation, blacks

hunt whites. There are especially some highways which pass through stretches of white farms where AWB vigilantes patrol regularly, especially at night, on the look-out for black travellers. Rankele had earlier told us of an experience where he and Thenji were the targets of such a pursuit early one evening in Kroonstad. It took some quick thinking and clever and daring maneuvers at the wheel to end up losing their pursuers who had followed them right into Kroonstad Location where, part of the way, Rankele had to drive with his lights off.

This entire day, as we went to the graveyard and back and as we visited the homes I mentioned, the abject poverty of the residents was impressed on me by the dilapidated, neglected, virtually rotting state of the houses: rusted metal sheets secured by rusted wire strands covering window spaces, or rags stuffed there in place of window panes; walls in sore need of repair, some with dangerous cracks. There seems to be a general state of despair, a kind of malaise. In my mind these houses underscore the fact that their original owners and occupants have long since died. But what about their present owners? Is the art of plastering the walls with earth mixed with cow-dung to preserve them and make them look and smell fresh not practical anymore? Maybe this is a reflection of the country's political turmoil and lack of direction in the apartheid era that has robbed the people of hope and of the joy of living. Uncertainty and a sense of insecurity are a kind of death sometimes more terrible than physical death. Our house is no different. There are two wide cracks that separate it from top to bottom into three sections which will no doubt soon drift apart enough for the entire structure to come tumbling down.

Be that as it may, tonight, my first night at home, I'm going to sleep in my parents' house. It is much more comfortable at my sister Sophia's house, now occupied by her daughter Mmamosa, where a bedroom has been prepared for me and my wife. But tonight I'm going to sleep in my parents' house. Magdeline suggests I shouldn't. It'll be too cold and drafty, and the bed is uncomfortable with slack springs and a lumpy mattress. Furthermore, it's mid-winter here, after all. She suggests the thought is as good as having done it. I'm almost persuaded. But something in me insists I must go. If I'm uncomfortable, even if I catch a cold, so be it. If I lie awake all night, so be it. I suggest to Selina she might want to sleep in the more comfortable place at Sister Sophia's. But she insists she is coming with me. They pile a lot of blankets on the bed and warm the room with a paraffin heater some time before we come to sleep. My brother Philip offers to spend the night there with us, in an adjoining room. We turn off the heater, blow out the candle. The bed is uncomfortable, but not too bad. The mountain of blankets on us keeps us warm enough. Next morning we feel we have had more sleep than we expected.

Uncertainty and a sense of insecurity are a kind of death sometimes more terrible than physical death.

Now, I feel, a major purpose of my visit to South Africa has been accomplished, even though there's a lot of ground to cover yet, including Potchefstroom, Selina's birth town, and Cape Town where we established our own home after we got married, and where our firstborn, Zola, died at four weeks old, and where our next two, Liziwe Boitumelo and Sipho Thamsanqa were born, and where I taught at the University of Cape Town.

Monday, July 12, we move back into my sister Sophia's house. It's a beautiful, clear, sunny winter day. After breakfast we take chairs and sit outside in the sun. People still bask in the winter sun as they did in our childhood, as Selina also remembers. When it gets too hot, especially when you are sitting next to a wall, you protect your head and face, and continue to move around the house following the sun like a sunflower. People pass in the street. They all greet: "*Dumelang*!" and we all respond: "*Ee, dumela mme*" or "*ntate*" or "*ausi*" and so on depending on the age and sex of the greeter. Some stop at the fence to ask my sister Magdeline: "Is this your visitor from far away across the seas?" and my sister responds: "Yes, this is he, *mme*," etc., and since this is usually an adult, I get up and go to the fence to greet with a handshake. They appreciate it very much. I feel each handshake is a link across space and time. It is all so leisurely, so relaxing, so unhurried. You feel at last you have become reconciled with time, that it is no longer your enemy. I feel now I have arrived. This is home.

Later this afternoon we visit my sister Magdeline's for a cup of tea. During the conference at Wits, I had begun to hear rather disturbing things about the total breakdown of discipline in the black schools. Starting at Edenville, I make a point of talking with teachers whenever possible. I am told that the students' behavior is totally irrational and that they are disruptive and defiant of authority. It is mind-boggling. Students come drunk to school; one day two of them came supporting another who was too drunk to walk and dumped him on a seat in the classroom, and when asked why they even bothered to bring him to school, they burst out laughing. They walk in and out of the classroom at will while the teacher is teaching, sometimes complaining it's too cold inside and going to sit in the sun outside. Sometimes they are all outside and the teacher stays alone in the classroom because that is his/her teaching time. Students break windows and glass doors. One time one took an iron bar and walked along an entire wall smashing the windows purposefully and methodically. When asked why, he laughed.

As we hear more and more of these horror tales, my mind actively looks for an explanation. Could one link this up with a trauma which these young men and young women are acting out of their systems? I inquire what the average age of these stu-

dents might be. From he answers I get, I am able to link them up with the Soweto student uprising and its aftermath. I hazard the guess that the defiance of authority today is a direct legacy of the defiance of authority as part of the struggle for liberation. Then it was the evil authority of the agents of apartheid, especially the police. Then the children terrorized those who collaborated with the system, such as members of the government-established township community councils. They got results. We applauded it. Children decided strike action for their parents: "You don't go to work tomorrow, Father." "But . . ." "If you do, I won't be responsible for what happens to you." They got results. Elders were terrified of the children. This was beginning to look ugly. They boycotted classes, and ended up not going to school altogether. But they were growing older and missing school such as it was. Their slogan was "Liberation first, and education last."

One could hardly blame the children. Education for blacks was in disarray with the military and the police constantly present on the school grounds, creating an atmosphere of tension and confrontation. The children grew up with a distorted sense of values, of which perhaps the worst was that authority was there to be defied. Of course there are other factors that contribute to this behavior, including a lack of hope, lives without a future to strive for. Secondly, the daily killings, either political or due to the sheer breakdown of law and order in a system that is itself the very antithesis of law and order, must lead to a great deal of frustration which unleashes the most negative elements of human behavior. There are no boundaries between defying authority that is part of an oppressive political system and defying all authority. This was all so easy to predict, yet there was nothing we could do about it.

Did We Not Say?

Did we not say that
this battered Soweto child
this baby weighed down by a killer gun
caged in prison cells like a murderer
lounging in foreign lands
without knowing the meaning of exile
whose years crept on him
as she shouted freedom first
and education last
whose youthful rising expectations
were sure to hit the rock
of the reality of power-hungry wolves
feasting on decay

would turn into an adult
devoid of dreams
ready to batter
the world that battered him?
to turn into an incestuous scavenger
feasting on the rotten system
that gave her birth?

Did we not say?
Did we not say?

Daniel Kunene

It is Tuesday, July 13. This is the day we return to Kroonstad and Peter and Yvonne will be coming to drive us back. It's another beautiful, sunny winter day, so after breakfast we sit outside again chatting and responding to greetings from passing neighbors.

Yesterday a rock standing in the right-hand corner of the front yard caught my attention. This rock is part of my childhood. It's been there ever since I remember, in that very corner. It is surrounded by junk and all kinds of debris, including stones, chips of bricks, and concrete. It looks like a place where all kinds of rubbish is swept up. Yesterday I stated my intention to clean it up. Now I ask for a shovel and a rake to go and clean up the rock of my childhood. Jabulani disappears and soon returns wearing a pair of overalls, ready to do the cleaning up. Suping and my brother Philip help him, and I later join them myself, for the satisfaction of dirtying my hands doing it.

The backyard, which was a rich orchard of largely peaches when I was a child, with low crops like beans, pumpkins, peas, carrots, and so on grown among the trees every season, is now completely bare. It is now hard, solid ground. I am shocked, and I suggest that the soil could, maybe, be revitalized and new fruit trees planted. I hope someone will undertake to do it.

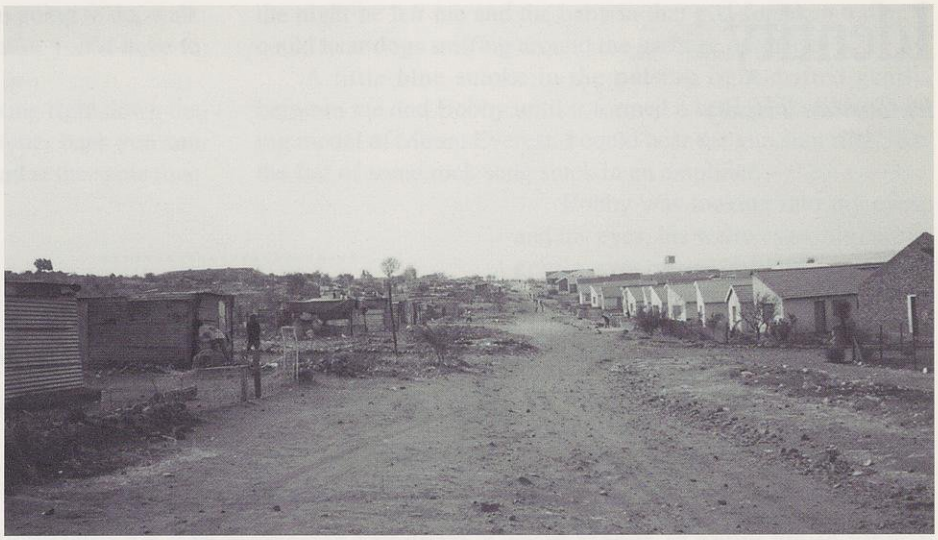
Peter and Yvonne arrive, and after tea at my sister Magdeline's house, we drive back to Kroonstad.

On Thursday, July 15, our schedule takes us to my wife's birthplace, Potchefstroom, in the black township of Ikageng. As in Edenville, we are received by a whole group of relatives of different removes, extended family, young and old. The mood is lighter than at Edenville. There is even excitement and laughter. This is Selina's sister's house. Her name is Miriam. Miriam's house is pretty decent and presentable, built for her by her son Alpheus and her daughter Kganelo, who are twins. It is, in fact, an extension and improvement of what was Selina's and Miriam's parents' house. It is quite well furnished too. Both Alpheus and Kganelo are teachers, Alpheus the principal of his school. There are nieces and nephews and grand nephews and grand nieces. How close or distant is immaterial. Each one is claiming attention which we give unstintingly.

Next morning, Friday, July 16, we go to the O.K. Bazaar to buy flowers for the graves. As we enter, I recall many years ago when I was nearly assaulted by a tough white salesman called by secret phone to the department where I was trying to get service from the white young woman. My crime was that I objected to being called "John," the equivalent of "nameless nigger." He had come down some steps from an upper level, and I could see eye signals directing him to me. He came and stood right behind me, and the saleswoman, her nostrils flaring with excitement and anticipation, said, "Yes, John, what do you want?" Being aware of what was happening, I lay low. On my return to Cape Town I had written a long letter of complaint to

the Johannesburg headquarters and an investigation ensued. They lied, which was no surprise to me. I was just happy that *some* action had been taken.

Today the interior of the store is very different. There's a lot of black staff in different positions—checkout and lower supervisory categories. They are friendly, they greet, they speak in Sesotho. Quite a transformation. We buy the flowers and leave in two cars for Stilfontein, a mining settlement, where Sarah, Selina's younger sister, is buried. The shanty town we drive through, with potholes as deep as ditches, is another example of a residential pattern we first saw at Edenville. We enter the cemetery, stop the cars, and get out. The emotional tension builds up as we walk towards Sarah's grave. We stand around it silently for a little while. My wife begins to sob, and I put my arm around her. I also cry, as we stand there holding each other tightly. We place the flowers on the grave. Someone finds small stones which we place on the grave as we chant, "*O re roballe*."



Typical street scene in black locations or townships. On the left, shanties; on the right, "loan houses," so called because people are encouraged to go in debt beyond their ability to pay. Often foreclosures result, making the homes available for future victims.

After we have slightly gained our composure, Selina says to me, "Would you like to say something?" I am full of words, but not the voice to carry them. I recall, for all those present, that the news of Sarah's death found us in Germany where I was a guest professor for one year at the Johannes Gutenberg University in Mainz. I had received the telegram at the door, opened it, and my grim expression prompted Selina to ask me, "Who is it? Is it Sarah?" She had been ill. I nodded my head. The funeral was going to be in six days' time. We mourned, with me nursing Selina and comforting her as best I could—doing the chores, cooking, and maintaining my schedule at the university. One afternoon, before the burial, I was in town when I was suddenly seized by an impulse to walk. I walked briskly, virtually marched down Grosse Bleicher, a wide street as its name implies, in the direction of the Rhine River—just walked and walked, as if possessed. I turned into numerous streets. I eventually retraced my steps to the tram stop at Schillerplatz, to return to Hechtsheim, where we lived.

When I finish talking, having managed only half of the above narrative, Ben, who has offered to come with us in his own car to carry more passengers, offers a prayer. He says very appropriate and comforting words. We place flowers on Sarah's baby son's grave as well, a little distance away. We repeat the same rituals as before. It is late afternoon. We intend to visit another graveyard in Potchefstroom before dark. On arriving there, we first stop by my wife's mother's grave. Her name was Selina—my wife is named after her. She died very young, in her mid-forties. After the rituals of flowers, stones, chants, a few speeches, we search for Selina's father's grave which has no tombstone and is virtually impossible to locate. Furthermore, it's getting dark, and we walk in grass that has nettles. Black cemeteries are not cared for by the municipality.

Next morning is Saturday, July 17, and we go to yet a third cemetery to pay our respects to other departed relatives. Another of Selina's sisters, Mary, popularly known as "Ou T," Granny Mma-Monaisa, who died in her late eighties or early nineties, Ouma Em (for Emily). We return home and once again wash our hands in a communal little basin.

By now, some themes have begun to emerge which I suspect are going to be confirmed over and over again as we travel to other towns and cities. The education crisis is one and perhaps the most important, since it affects the youth and is crucial to the country's future. Another one is housing, whose urgency can be judged by the shanty towns we have seen so far. Politically motivated violence that has become part of daily life in South Africa claims one's attention more immediately and intimately as one walks the streets and townships where it has occurred and is occurring. Also, there are unmistakable signs the people sometimes take drastic action to move toward achieving redress. And as a backdrop to all of this, there are the ongoing negotiations between the black organizations, led by Nelson Mandela, and white groups led by F. W. de Klerk. A feeling of drastic change is unmistakably in the air.

Still to come: Cape Town, Port Elizabeth, King William's Town (site of the clinic established by Steven Biko), Umtata, Pretoria.

Suggested reading

David Everatt and Elinor Sisulu, eds., *Black Youth in Crisis: Facing the Future*. Johannesburg: Ravan Press, 1992.

William Raspberry, "Who Will Help South Africa's Illiterate Revolutionaries?" (Raspberry interviewing Dr. Ntatho Motlana), *Liberal Opinion*, May 23, 1994, p. 7.

Identity

by Gordon Hickey

When Bobby came through that front door he looked like a little kid with a squirt gun. That's what I told him. I was standing there, looking at the magazines. There was one with a cover story about some outer space people impregnating some movie star. Cher's E.T. baby, it said. I remember it real well.

I also remember I was smoking a cigarette. Cigarettes are bad, I know, but they taste good to me. I always know what to expect from a cigarette. You light one up and smoke comes out of both ends, and when you suck it tastes just like the one you had before. No surprises in cigarettes. That's why I like them. Though generally I like surprises. Sometimes a butterfly will come in the house, or a bird. Or a raccoon will look through your kitchen window at night. Or you'll wake up and something will be different, some piece of clothing will be there that wasn't before, or some person will be there. Some person you love. But that's different, that's a surprise that makes you flutter.

I was standing there smoking and looking at the magazines when in walks Bobby. When I saw him come through the door with that squirt gun, I just turned and walked behind the counter. Now, when I look back, I wonder if I didn't know exactly what was going to happen. I didn't try to run and hide or anything, which I know now would have been a sure-thing mistake. I walked behind the counter and when I turned back toward the store he was already standing there with that squirt gun in his hand. He put it in my face and said, Give me all your money. In a real conversational way.

I said that looks like a toy gun. It was the first thing that came to my mind when he said about the money. And I said, That looks like a toy gun, in the same conversational way.

He just cocked it and said No. It was real. I knew then it was real. He didn't shoot or anything, just pulled back the hammer and said no.

I wonder what it is sometimes that goes through people's heads. I mean, I would never stick a gun in somebody's face, and now it's happened to me twice.

❦

The first time I was at a bar with a friend. We got into a fight. He wanted me and I wanted everybody else. So he left me there and I had to walk home.

It was a real cold night, 30 or so, and I didn't have a jacket, just this flannel shirt. It was the late 60s or early 70s and you could wear a flannel shirt and no underwear to a bar then. I felt sexy like that, but it was OK because it was the thing to do. Yeah, the 60s. You didn't have to worry so much then.

So I was walking in my flannel shirt and hitchhiking and nobody was stopping. I walked maybe a half mile and finally a car sped by and slammed on the brakes. I ran up to the car and just when I got to the door the car pulled away. Well, I stood in the road and yelled at the car, called it names, and it stopped.

Now, I'm no little girl. I've got big shoulders and lots of hair and I know I can cut a pretty mean figure in the dark on a street. So I walked slowly up to the passenger side and stuck my head in through the open window. There was a passenger and he just leaned back and the driver said, Did you call me a son-of-a-bitch? I started to tell him it was cold and he was impolite and it wasn't funny to stop and then drive away, when he stuck a gun in my face. It was right against my nose. Just like that, just like Bobby.

I just pulled my head out of the car and started walking backward down the street. And the car started backing up. I remember a deep ditch, maybe four feet deep, right along side of me and I thought I should jump in. But then I thought, what if it's only a toy gun. Wouldn't I look silly. So I just kept backing up, and the car kept backing up. Pretty soon I heard the passenger say, The hell with her, and the car drove away.

❦

And now here I am with another gun stuck up against my nose. I mean, I've tried to imagine it, sticking a gun in somebody's face, and I can't. Even if somebody took my boy, I couldn't do it. If you stick a gun in somebody's face you have to be willing to pull the trigger. You can't just say you're doing it to scare them. What if they call your bluff? What are you going to say?

Sorry? Just trying to scare you? What are you going to do, walk away? You either have to get what you want or you'd have to shoot, and I just couldn't.

Bobby had the gun on me and I was looking right down the barrel. It's just like in a movie. With the hammer back you can see a blue light in there that swirls around. And at the same time I was looking at Bobby's face. He was a real dark young boy, with a light, young-guy moustache. He was kind of ugly, you know, in a big-featured way. But he had real warm eyes. Like some kind of pet, like it's asking for a piece of meat off the table. Sometimes when my son wants something, anything, and he tries to let me know by just staring at me. Bobby had eyes like that, deep as crater lakes. Warm as farm ponds.

I started to get out the money. There isn't much, I said, but I never took my eyes off that gun. It never moved either. Never even quivered, like you would expect. I took out all the ones and tens, there were no fives, and he said, Get the twenties from under the tray. So I did that, but there was only one, and I put all the money in a stack and held it out to him and asked him what his name was.

Bobby, he said. He just reached out and took the money like he was picking up the butter dish at the dinner table.

And then he pulled the trigger.

❦

It felt and sounded like somebody whacked me all over my body all at once. It was that feeling you get at night when you're in bed and just starting to fall off to sleep and all your muscles contract at once. I always thought of that feeling as a switch being turned on. But this feeling was just the opposite. Somebody turned off the power. It wasn't a gradual winding down, it was a whack, and the juice was off.

I was still standing there, trembling before Bobby.

But now with the power off, it didn't make any difference. It was all a dream. I could see the light from the fluorescent bulbs blinking, pulsating. There were little pulses in the gun barrel too, mild little bumps that were timed with the beating of Bobby's heart. And I could hear my baby weeping at home with his grandmother. I could hear the motorcycle Arnie drove off on the night he left me and the baby in that god-forsaken trailer. I could hear dogs sniffing around the garbage out back.

A little blue smoke in the pulsing light drifted gently between me and Bobby until it formed a little peak, little floating model of Mount Everest. I could hear the gun shot ring, like the last of some rock song stuck in an amplifier.

Bobby was looking into my eyes, and his eyes, his warm eyes, his caring gentle eyes were as blank as fear. I could feel the warmth then, spreading down the side of my head and onto my neck. I just tried to look at Bobby through the soft smoke and slowly pulsing light that kept getting bluer, and he blinked.

Bobby was looking into my eyes, and his eyes, his warm eyes, his caring gentle eyes were as blank as fear. I could feel the warmth then, spreading down the side of my head and onto my neck. I just tried to look at Bobby through the soft smoke and slowly pulsing light that kept getting bluer, and he blinked.

You can call the police now, he said. And he walked away.

I must have fallen. You'd expect a person who just got shot through the ear to fall. I don't remember falling, though, just getting up.

❦

And I remember, the room is blue and smells of metal filings, or hot oil. It's cold and dry, as dry as the operating room where my boy was born, as dry as a deep hole. The room is so blue, as blue as cellophane at night, but there's a glow to it. And it's empty. The blue goes right into me, and through me, and it sneaks into the labels and glances off the can tops and counter fronts and it's as blue as a well, as blue as the backs of eyes, as blue as the inside of a gun barrel. It's the light at the bottom of the ocean.

I float toward the back of the store, toward the blue curtain that separates the storage room from the store, and I slip through and drift to the phone. I call the police and tell them. Tell them I've been shot, tell them Bobby shot me, tell them I will die now. And I walk to the bathroom, go in and slide the door shut. The room has grown, is growing, since the morning. The porcelain melts and the pipes don't make any sense, don't go anywhere, don't connect to anything.

So I drop and crawl to the sink and curl up there in the blue light, beneath the winding pipes, and I dream of roses and pine. And as the blue deepens, rolls and swirls over me, there's a knock, just a gentle, far-away, insistent tapping.

And it's Oh, Bobby. Oh. ❧

The Art of Lee Weiss: Poetry in the Natural Landscape

by Bruce W. Pepich

In the history of American art, the role of the artist as a chronicler of nature has always been important. European artists accompanied expeditions to paint in detail the flora and fauna of the Americas as a documentation of travel and exploration. As America expanded westward across the continent, groups such as the Hudson River School created large-scale paintings depicting the grandeur of the American landscape. The work of Thomas Cole, Albert Bierstadt, and Thomas Moran presented an excitement with which painter and viewer alike saw the pristine beauty of the landscape, as if for the first time. In these works nature was seen as awesome but not threatening and presented poetically rather than representationally.

Later in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, Winslow Homer and John Marin created formal works in watercolor. Thanks to their achievements, a medium once utilized for studies became accepted for the creation of formally resolved paintings. By depicting the forces of nature, particularly in the meeting of land and sea, these two artists established methods of representing the natural environment—methods which have influenced artists well into this century.

The paintings of Lee Weiss are part of this artistic tradition. Her watercolors are poetic, as are the works of the Hudson River School artists; but though she paints in large scale, she is not interested in capturing the "big picture" in the same way as those artists who recorded nature's wonders on a grand scale. Since the mid–1960s, Weiss has attempted to develop her work from small-scale depictions of large landscapes to monumental presentations of landscape details. In this way she presents the viewer with pieces of nature's wonders, the greater scene represented in microcosm.

Just as Homer and Marin exploited the ability of the watercolor medium to suggest subtle changes in atmosphere and light, Weiss provides clues to help determine the conditions of light, climate, and time of day and year, enabling the viewer to discern a great deal about the scene without observing the entire landscape.

Weiss's technical ability is unique and, like Homer and Marin, she has expanded the parameters of painting by making watercolor an appropriate medium for the creation of major works. Her paintings are infused with air, water, earth, light, and movement. Although they are masterfully executed, it is the spirit within these paintings that is exhilarating. It is clear the viewer is not looking *at* nature but *into* it through the artist's eyes.

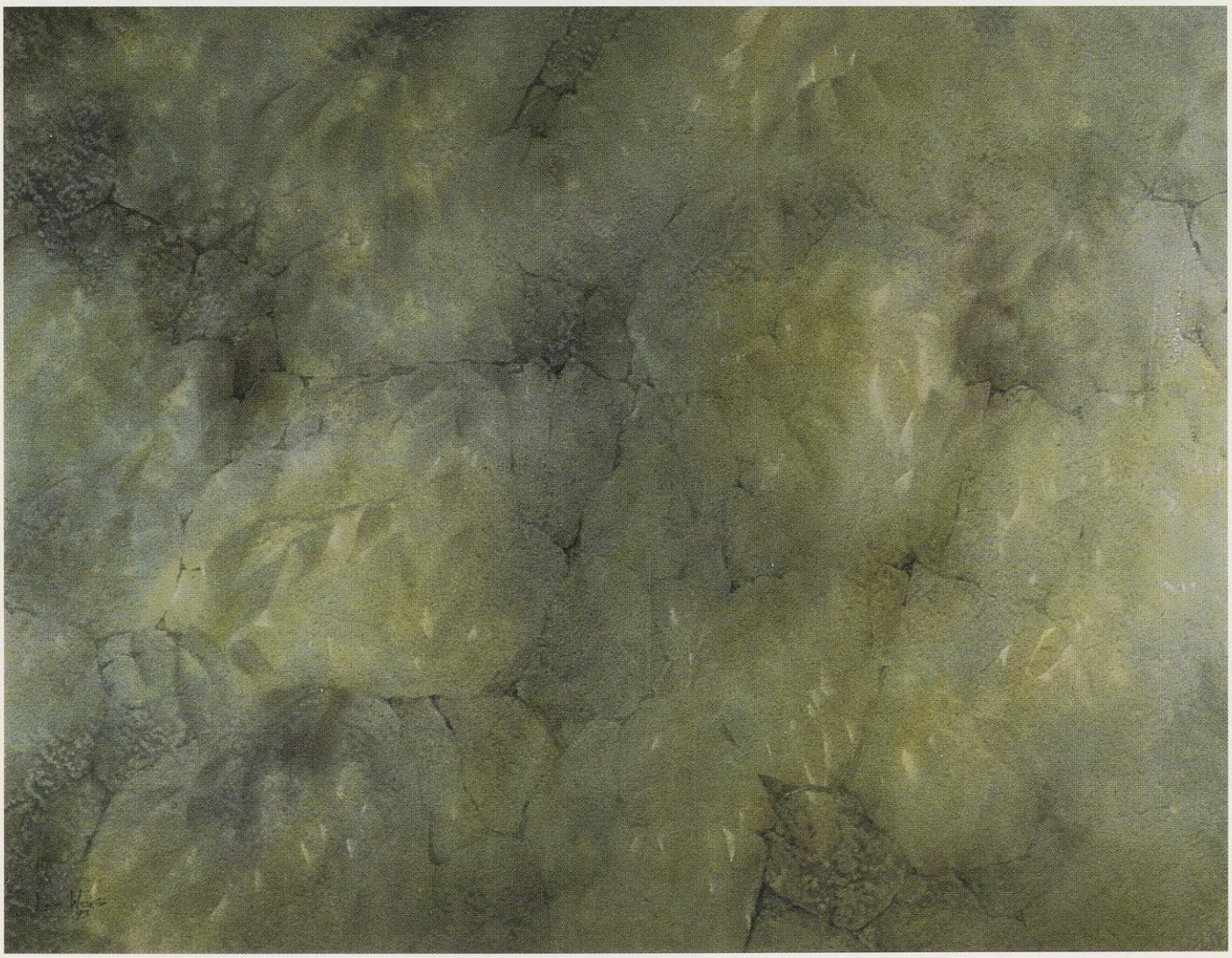
Weiss chooses to paint in her studio, away from her subject matter, and does not work from sketches or slides. The scenes she paints do not exist *per se*. Instead they are created from various sights the artist has observed, distilled, and absorbed; she stores the details in her memory until she chooses to recall them in the studio. Away from the location of her subject, she is forced to consider the painting itself, to abstract from nature that which she wants to say.

Her paintings are about the essence and aspects of nature we take for granted. Many of these scenes could take place at the beach, a neighborhood park, or in our own back yards if we took the time to observe, as Weiss does on her walks in the University of Wisconsin Arboretum near her home. With the conviction of a conservationist, she emphasizes through her paintings that nature is fragile and could wither before our very eyes.

❦

These spiritual landscapes are created by a woman whose father grew up in China, a father who raised his daughter on tales of Asia. Weiss is not interested in consciously creating pieces with an Asian sensibility. She distills details by showing the larger segments of nature in the smaller objects making up the whole. When Weiss represents the essence of an entire mountain in an image of a few stones, her work relates to the millennia of tradition in Asian art.

Having developed the techniques necessary to effectively communicate her impressions, she continues to create works of power and relevance. Lee Weiss has developed a unique way of examining the world around her and extracting a poetic beauty from her observations that simultaneously reiterates the history of American landscape painting and advances it.



Shadows on the Wall. *36 x 46 inches, 1993.*

This special color section was made possible through the generosity of the Norman Bassett Foundation.

Reflected Iris. *40 x 72 inches, 1992.*

Cone Flowers. *40 x 30 inches, 1993.*

Frozen Motion. *27 x 40 inches, 1991.*

Cleft Rock.
27 x 40 inches, 1989.

Lonely Coast.
30 x 40 inches, 1992.

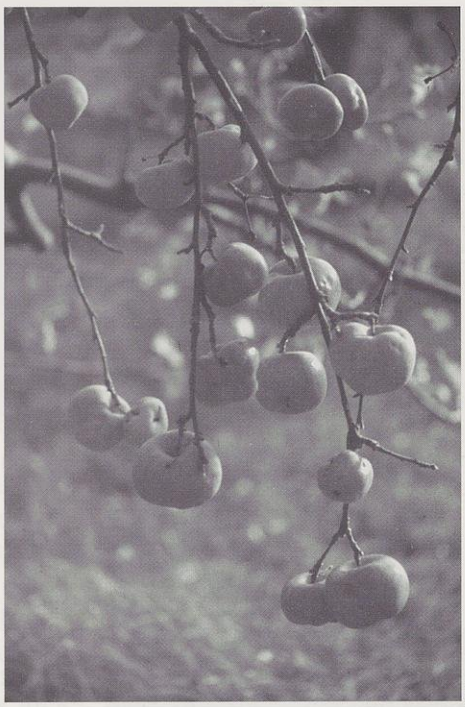
: apple orchards

An Abandoned Orchard

by Thomas L. Eddy

It's where the sun originates. Every morning, coffee cup in hand, the windowed view is that of unkempt, unruly apple trees—tame trees grown wild. Their unchecked canopies herald the morning daybreak before I walk my senses fully awake. If the trees were children, I've mused, the authorities would have been contacted long ago.

I am told there are no less than twelve different apple varieties growing there. One dozen solutions to the problem of being individual. And yet, most acknowledge the individual trees collectively as an orchard. Here, where the wholesale practice of monoculture was waived years ago, its agrarian appearance is diminished for lack of pruning, fumigation and, mowing.

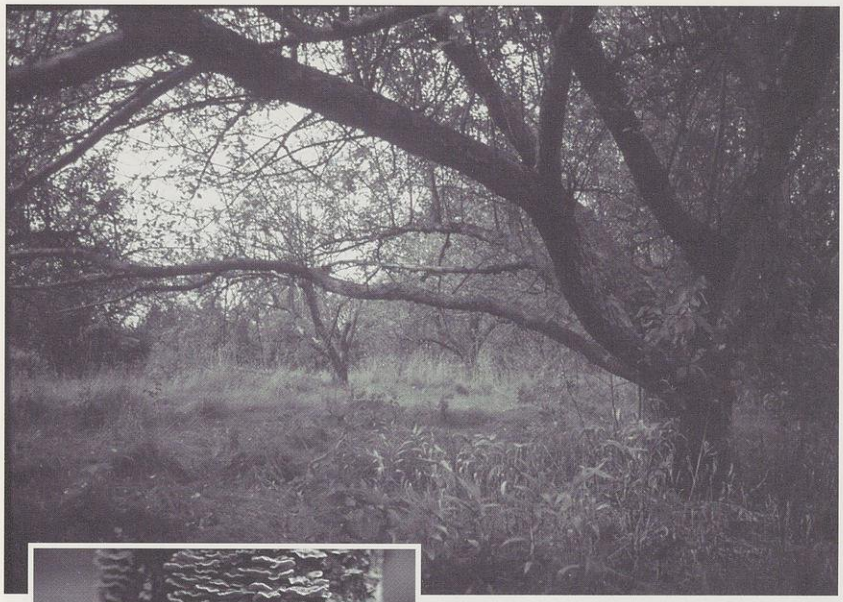


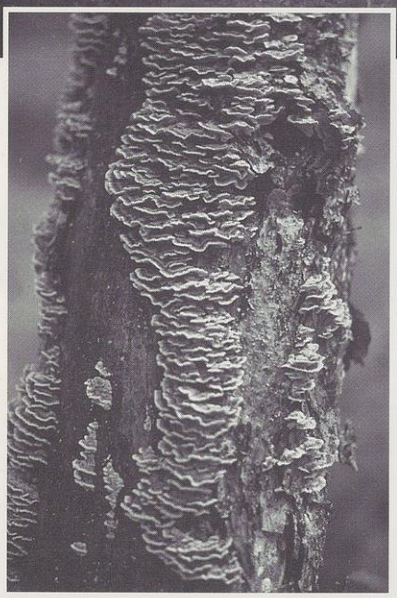
We too, each in our own private way, view the individual apple trees as parts of a whole. But to us, the orchard is not a commodity and enterprise. Our shared experience of the orchard is that of a *community*. Deer and rabbit and squirrel, garter snake and toad, ticks and spiders, beetles and dragon flies, grasses and mosses and ferns, mushrooms and bracket fungi, songbirds, and one feral cat are among the members of this provincial assemblage.

We are not legal proprietors of the orchard land. It is a possession of the heart. As neighborly stewards we record seasonal phenologies, sharing new discoveries as well as repeat observations. Reflective consideration for its abandoned qualities are among the means we tend for our orchard bower. That we would seek out this neglected fruit arbor as respite from videos and telephones and appointments is so profoundly sensible.

One old tree that borders our fieldstone wall is Robyn Anne's preferred climbing tree. Teetering on the brink and glued to a holding branch, Robby's eyes follow clouds and sky, fleeting insects, and inquisitive chickadees that alight on nearby branchlets. One free hand feels along the furled ridges of bark. Her fingers deliberate warty protuberances and crusty lichens that punctuate the branch. At some moment her hands are awash in leaves, and, in front of my eyes, my youngest child has become part of the tree.

Molly knows many of the orchard flowers. Chrysanthemum, yellow buttercups, orange hawkweed, daisy fleabane,





field bindweed, red clover. Most are exotics. By mowing, Mr. L unknowingly orchestrates the flowering mosaic that has naturalized in his orchard. During the growing season our tables are perpetually adorned with bouquets procured by Molly. This top-picking of flowers and their contrived display by my oldest daughter is not for mere amusement—it is serious employment. At the kitchen table, over a bowl of Cherrios, her gaze is intent on the day–old blossoms propped in a glass vase. Well I know that look in her eyes. She's memorized yesterday and is, in a flash, back there in the orchard.

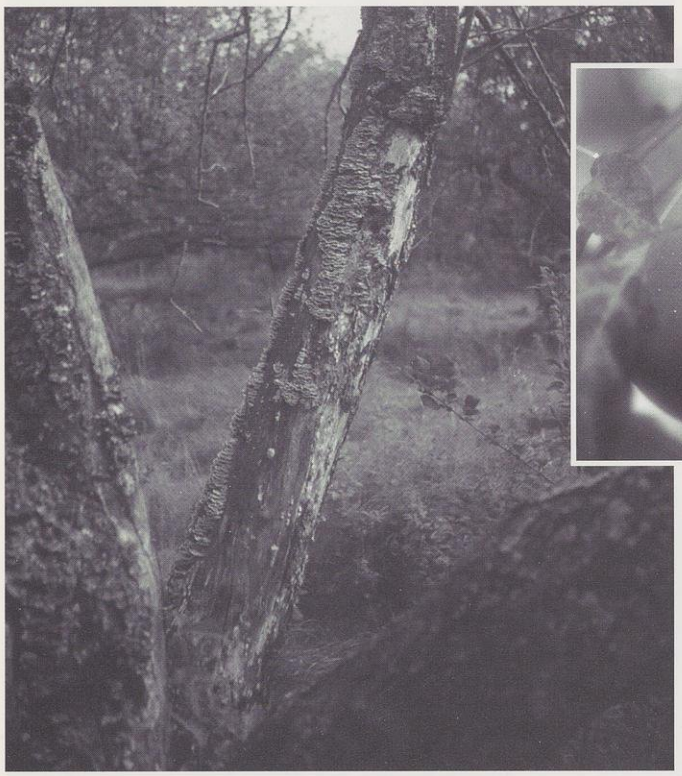
My wife understands the aesthetics of the orchard, but she is mindfully practical, too—she values the wild black raspberries that bedeck the walls of an ancient chicken coop near the southwest corner of the orchard. Early morning, buckets in hand, we cut beneath the neighbor's silver maples and enter a wide opening south of the apple trees. Our steps are calculated and exaggerated for the dewy fescue and quack. Purple-stained fingers and T-shirts and fresh black raspberry pie and jam are chronicled with the passage of July time.

Opposite from the spot where we berry, a stand of quaking aspen adjoins the northern boundary of the orchard. In the absence of mowing and fire, spreading popple clones spring up in between old apple trees. It was here, three years ago, I sought a gift for my oldest daughter. After a thorough screening, I cut one of the aspen saplings. In minutes my knife stripped away the smooth, pale-gray bark and laid bare a slick, cream-colored shaft. Not a perfectly straight rod, for I prefer a wood that appears ordinary and honestly flawed. In three days, after drying, sanding, stain, and varnish, the dead wood was resurrected as a walking stick.

On a starry August night we lay on our backs in a grassy expanse and witness the Perseids shower. By and by, for every two or three meteors that react with Earth's atmosphere, one apple invariably gives way to gravity, too. It sounds a muffled "plomp" where it lands. As crickets throb their insect mantras over late summer, I listen to a sound akin to falling water. Its rise-and-fall quality is reminiscent of an animal breathing air. In fact, it's the wind stirring leaves in the aspen wood nearby. And all the while, apples and shooting stars post their marks on our orchard universe.

Limbs have cracked, some breaking free, while entire apple trees have died. Still, there is no shortage of live wood in the orchard. White mulberry, red-osier dogwood, Tartarian honeysuckle and buckthorn, all woody volunteers are seeded by songbirds beneath the surviving apple "nurse trees." The invading shrubs seldom establish in the aisles where an unbroken cover of fescue and clumps of orchard grass prevent their germination. But beneath the apple trees, where the groundcover is sparse for lack of sunlight, woody pioneers take hold and flourish. Their proximity to the apple trees, coupled with an apparent lack of browsing and girdling of their parts, reveal a symbiosis-like merger between invader and nurse tree.

Evidence of a seasoned and unattended orchard are nearly everywhere. Brittle sunbleached limbs that once supported leaves and flowers and fruit remain fixed to the same tree whose side trunk is crowded by suckers. Natural succession began in earnest when pruning was suspended years ago. In this orchard, no less than five different woodpecker species chisel, drill, and



perforate the dead and dying limbs for live food. In one apple tree, concealed among the crowded branches and cascading river grape, a rotted void is occupied by a nesting pair of chickadees. Elsewhere, a sumac verge along the east lane advances deeper into the orchard. Black walnut seedlings are ubiquitous—they spring from buried caches long forgotten by gray squirrels.

By mid-summer the leaves of apple trees brandish yellow blemishes—telltale signs of molecular aging. It's well past the first hard frost in October, after the leaves are shed, that the apples turn from a glossed, ruddy complexion to a flat, rust color. By winter, the orchard's disheveled appearance is stark and final. Most of the wormy fruit decomposes in the midst of snow-tunneling meadow voles, but apples that remain hanging from bare limbs ferment in midair. In early spring, with mushy pulp decayed and desiccated, the apple vestiges appear wrinkled and mummified.

A few autumns ago, as I stood in the orchard late at night, the stillness was interrupted by the high-pitched whooping calls of unseen migrating tundra swans. The sensation lasted but a moment—an earthened scent of orchard ground and the urgent whirring sound of wings stirring air. And yet, that experience endures like so many other seemingly nondescript private moments—we serve them to memory only to call them forth later for contemplation and enjoyment, again and again.

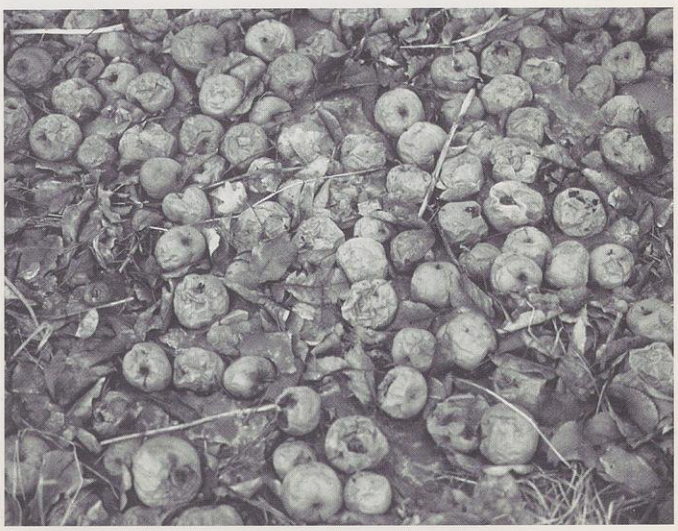
❦

What will become of the place? The old orchard is a grand experiment—a window to a local natural history that we choose to share a part in. From a biodiversity perspective, it may be said the orchard, since having been abandoned, is more productive now than when it yielded apples and cider. As I ponder all this, I'm interrupted by the resonance of laboring engines and a blaring mechanical monotone beeping. A faint odor of diesel is detected. Do any of my neighbors take notice? Perhaps I'm alone in this. Surely, resigned. A road is being built near the east edge of the orchard. Another road. Another damn road.

On some of my morning and evening walks, when it is dark, I retrace my steps from the main avenue where I usually begin, and I enter the orchard instead. Its familiarity allows me to know the place even in the blackness. There, cloistered by aspen, is the orchard's solitary pear tree. Farther in, my steps and upper body weave instinctively amid the overlapping branches of apple trees growing side by side. Apple trees grown wild. Past the dogbane and fern. Deeper into the apple wood.

Pausing, my attention is drawn above the earth—past our atmosphere—beyond what's known. After a moment, with eyes watering, I blink and I'm back home again. And if it is middle May, the apple blossom fragrance lingers, as I do, in this abandoned place. ❧

Photos by Thomas L. Eddy.



Giving Teachers Time and a Place to Think About Science

by Corliss Karasov

Something remarkable happened to Ellen Anderson two summers ago. She suddenly stopped dreading science and become an advocate for science programs at Northside Elementary School in Middleton where she teaches. She caught a spark of excitement for science, and it came from the "fire in the belly" of a scientist. It happened in a genetics course for teachers.

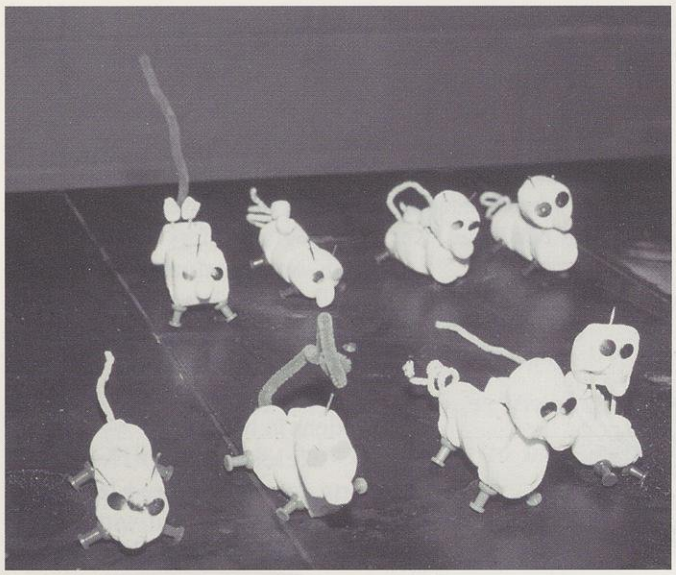
Raymond Kessel, professor of medical genetics and director of the Teacher Enhancement Program at the University of Wisconsin–Madison helps teachers assemble chromosome models.

The University of Wisconsin–Madison is among the many universities and other organizations in Wisconsin offering science outreach courses for teachers. This summer, the doors were swung open for hundreds of kindergarten through grade twelve teachers to use the university's immense resources in science and education to enrich their own school science programs. Teachers were on campus to learn how scientists read chromosomes, extract DNA, confront malaria, and experiment with new ways of adapting science to the classroom.

Supported by funds from multiple sources, the University of Wisconsin's Teacher Enhancement Program in Biology consists of three parts: the summer institute, academic year activities, and materials development. The size of the endeavor and the attention given to teachers' needs makes the program significant. Geneticist and program director Raymond Kessel personally trains his workshop leaders to help encourage teachers like Ellen Anderson. "Teachers can't focus on doing science if they're burdened with bad feelings towards science," Kessel contends. "The last experience many elementary teachers had with science was sitting in a lecture hall with 150 other students memorizing jargon."

High school teachers have different needs. "They usually come looking for information on scientific advances and the evolution of education methods," says Kessel, "but they're often burned out by other demands of schools today and in need of something stimulating enough to rejuvenate the way they teach science."

The program is staffed by scientists who have elected to spend their careers teaching teachers (six are Ph.D. scientists). Kessel and the staff have built content-rich courses which effectively reach teachers and make them feel more comfortable



In "Reebops," teachers use marshmallows to illustrate how meiosis is largely responsible for the tremendous variation that exists in every species. "Reebops" is one of the many instructional activities developed by teachers attending the program.

with science. They teach science as a way of knowing, using approaches consistent with those of the National Benchmarks in Science Education.

Using the Fire in Their Bellies

Scientists and teachers have much to offer each other, yet it has been something of a challenge to bring the two groups together. Kessel and his staff try to break through whatever roadblocks may exist by tapping into each scientist's passion for science and using it to find common ground among the scientists and the teachers.

Plant pathologist Paul Williams, for example, has a love for the natural world that stems from the childhood days he spent climbing trees and tracking animals on the islands off the coast of Vancouver, British Columbia. His passion for plants is obvious to anyone who visits his terrarium-filled office. So is his enthusiasm for the creative process of science. Like many of his peers, Williams views science as an art, one that he believes he *needs* to be involved in. His excitement for science is infectious when he shares what interests him most.

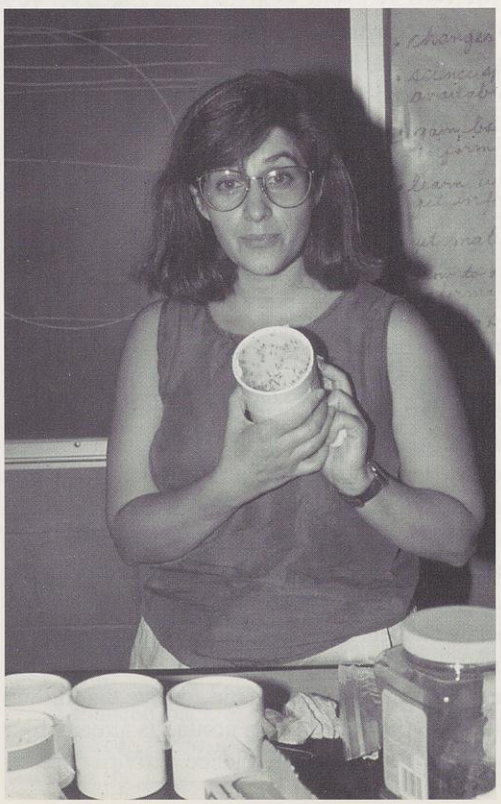
Kessel has a very different "fire in his belly" for science. Though he enjoys the adventures of research, as the father of a child with a disability, he wants to share his understanding of genetic disease as a tool for lowering the incidence of mental retardation and other genetic diseases. He believes that most scientists have something special that motivates or fuels their efforts. Scientists generally rank high on job satisfaction, yet science education rarely addresses why scientists enjoy their work.

It is this love of science or motivation that Kessel wants to reach in each scientist so that it can be used to motivate and empower teachers. He believes that scientists are more flexible as speakers and listeners when they can focus on the topic that excites them most. He explains that if someone wants to speak on corn, he or she is free to do so; the staff organizes the course around the scientist.

The late Nobel laureate Howard Temin played an active part in the program, sharing his own work, leading discussions on advances in gene therapy, AIDS, and cancer research. Kessel recalls that Temin used to come to the program with well-prepared presentations; but when he started talking about the science he loved, he would drop the prepared speech and launch into a wonderful, interactive dialogue with the teachers.

In the two-week genetics course called "Celebrating Differences: Variation, Continuity, and Development," which is aimed at elementary school science teachers, Ellen Anderson met twenty-one scientists. Some spent as much time sharing their motivations as they did talking about content. Anderson said she looked forward to seeing who she'd meet each day—perhaps it would be someone in bacteriology or corn or from the medical school. They came from different backgrounds and interests, but their work was interconnected. As a result, she has a better understanding of what her students will have to choose from one day.

Anderson also discovered a relationship that is rarely voiced. "Scientists keep coming up with important new information, but it's difficult to get it to young students," says Anderson. "If they want more kids involved in science, they've got to get science to the students through us. For the first time I



Frances Spray, parasitologist at the University of Wisconsin–Madison and one of the program staff members, takes teachers through "Mosquitos in the Classroom," a curriculum she created for elementary school children. She uses the infamous mosquito to teach complex concepts of biology, culture, and history.

realized that the scientists need us as teachers just as much as we need them. They need me as an informed teacher to provide them with knowledgeable students for their university classes." The fact that scientists bring the teachers into their labs and share their work is appealing. Anderson appreciated the opportunity to watch Bill Russin, electron microscopist in the botany department, work at the electron microscope and then perform a crystal isolation activity on the microscope herself.

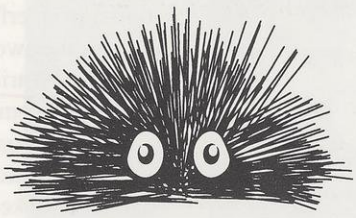
Dozens of scientists are linked into the program and find working with the teachers to be rewarding. There is no paper work, no grading, and Kessel and his staff try to make volunteering fun and easy for scientists by imposing no major burden on them. Scientists are rewarded by discovering that their research is interesting to nonscientists. Others find joy in working with enthusiastic teachers, and suddenly they realize they have a "fire in their bellies" to teach teachers! Many a scientist nearing retirement has discovered a new burst of energy from working with teachers.

Teacher Participation in Planning

Lead-teachers who are former participants are assigned to facilitate most classes with the help of the scientist/class-coordinator who organized the course. They help set course agenda, invite scientist-visitors, brief scientists on what teachers need, and run activities. Kessel meets with the lead teachers frequently to ask "Do we have the right mix of scientists, activities, and are we reaching the teachers?"

If nothing breeds success like success, then asking teachers to create their own science activities is guaranteed to build more effective science teachers. On day one of "Celebrating Differences," teachers are given an assignment to write a science activity or model for teaching genetics. By the end of class, teachers share their activities. Ellen Anderson presented "Humble Umbles," a simulation of evolution activity. ("Umbles" are an imaginary species.) Students flip coins to determine their genetic traits, then build a family genealogy chart.

Staff members polished and published "Humble Umble" and several other activities so they could be added to the notebook of classroom activities teachers would receive the following year. The notebook Anderson carries around is already four inches thick, packed with classroom science activities developed by teachers during previous years. Some of the activities, like "Reebops" and "Mice are Nice," are in use in schools throughout the country.



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Science Makes Sense When Taught in Context

At a time when academia is looking for innovative approaches to science education, Kessel's program offers teachers many hands-on opportunities to experience how the large picture of science can be taught as a process. The goal is to "give teachers a view of the forest, the trees, and all the connections in between."

"Celebrating Differences" starts not with focused lessons on cell reproduction, but with a broad look at genetic diversity.

Teachers get a hands-on feel for diversity as they sort thousands of shells into taxonomic groups, they marvel at color and shape variation in birds in the university bird collections, and they review human variation. Gregory Mendel's ghost (alias Raymond Kessel) tells his own story. A sea urchin offers an inside view of cell reproduction. Teachers even sample fourteen-dozen chocolate chip cookies in a classroom activity used to clarify concepts of variation. By the end of the first week, sixteen teachers know how to extract DNA, paste chromosomes on a karyotype, and use the microscope adeptly.

During week two, Kessel introduces a new level of genetics: "What does genetic mutation mean to the individual?" According to teacher Allan Ginsburg, "Everything suddenly made sense when we met Amanda, a beautiful four-year-old with William's disease, a rare genetic ailment. Her mother's story gave us a chance to absorb what happens when one tiny chromosome is altered—what it means to the whole life of a child and her family."

After meeting Amanda's genetic counselor, teachers spent a morning perusing books and the data-bases on genetic diseases with staff at the Wisconsin Clinical Genetics Center. They had an opportunity to use the vast university library system. They were invited to walk into specialty libraries across campus and crack open books or punch into databases.

The Teacher Enhancement Program has also provided opportunities for faculty to disseminate ideas in science education. Teachers get hands-on experience with bottle biology (an elaborate set of plant activities in a bottle created by Paul

Continued on page 40

Thanksgiving

by Janet Shaw

We were all crowded around Mr. Stebbins and Mr. Mueller while they looked over the terrain maps and tried to decide which side of the ridge we'd hike this year when my girlfriend Holly slipped out the Warners' front door and over the porch railing and eased through the men and kids to my side. "Joe," she whispered to me, "Listen to this, Joe! Mrs. Warner's stuffing the turkey and she's stark naked!" Holly's face was pink like she'd been running wind sprints and her breath made a little cloud at her lips. She was babysitting the Warner twins until after the hike, though tying them up would be more the way it was. We just looked at each other, Holly's big blues open wide and my left lid twitching the way it does before an algebra exam. "You're saying nude?" I said, to make sure I heard right, because maybe Mrs. Costanza or Mrs. Kaminsky might do something weird—they dip into the brandy while the birds are in the oven and the kids off with the men on the hike. But Mrs. Warner? "She's shoving the chestnut stuffing in with both hands," Holly said. "Some of it's got on her . . . " Holly glanced down at her own boobs, and I had a vision of Mrs. Warner in the buff with cornbread crumbs on her and it was a real pleasant vision, though it startled me. Why would she be cooking Thanksgiving dinner nude is what I asked myself, and no answer came. "Don't tell Albert!" Holly said, and she snuck back through the crowd to her babysitting job.

Of course I wouldn't tell Albert. Albert Warner's been my best friend since kindergarten, and he's got a lot on his mind these days, trying to play ball and keep up his grades and not miss hunting season, without worrying about his mother, too. Right then he was over by Mr. Stebbbins, the football coach. Albert was tossing a wiffle ball back and forth, mitten to mitten, and peering down at the oilskin map like we were going to take the ridge from the enemy instead of just bash around on it and eat apples all morning. The fathers were arguing over Mount Blue versus the long way to Eagle Rock. The kids were gabbing, especially the ones just back from college for the first time who had lots to catch up on and the younger ones asking them how was it. I was making a point not to get too curious about college since it looked like I'd be staying home and working at TRW if they had openings after graduation. The grade school kids were punching and shoving each other like always, which is why the fathers invented the hike to keep them out from underfoot while the mothers fixed the turkeys and creamed onions and mashed potatoes and Brussels sprouts with walnuts and orange-and-cranberry sauce and yeast rolls and all the pies and other stuff. "Lloydville is a totally sexist town," Holly said often enough, but I thought maybe the women had it pretty good, home with the radio on and frost growing ferns on the panes and the turkey crackling and popping as the skin crisped—like the year I had chicken pox and stayed with Mrs. Warner because she'd had them as a kid and we played Scrabble at her kitchen table. Then I thought again about Mrs. Warner cooking in the buff. Why?

I eased over by Albert. His nose was real red and he was squinty with the cold and a little frosty fur was forming around his lips. Imagining what his mother was doing made me nervous so I gave him a mule bite through his jeans, and he said, "Joe, you bloody fool!" which is the lingo we picked up from a film we got for the VCR. I got a fistful of his skinny rear and he elbowed me square in the chest. Mr. Mueller pulled the flaps of his duck-hunting cap down over his ears, pointed west and said, "Move out for Eagle Rock."

"Not Eagle Rock!" I said. "Those gravel trails are so slick."

"Don't mess up your ankle again this year," Albert said, as if I'd sprained it on purpose last. "Remember, you're running some Statue of Libertys."

Albert was quarterbacking, of course. It came to me that all his life Albert would be quarterbacking and all my life I would be a peon.

I glanced back at the Warners' house, pulled right up on River Street, the windows all steamy and the twins making fish faces on the glass, Holly's pale face above their red heads, the

green drapes pulled wide. That rectangle of light would be the kitchen door, but I couldn't see Mrs. Warner, except in my mind.

"Who's eating over with you?" I asked Albert.

"Just family. Dad's cousins from Springfield, their kids and us is all."

"Isn't your uncle Brian coming from Evanston again this year?" I wanted clues.

"Oh, yeah, the Brain and his girlfriend. Mom asked me if the Brain could do a guest spot at center again."

"Which girlfriend?"

"A new one, I guess. One of his students."

"What's your mom think about that?" By now we were hiking up River Street. I could see our reflections in the store fronts, a herd of thirty-five maybe forty-five kids and men all looking tubby in quilted vests and down parkas, a canopy of foggy breath hanging over our heads.

"She got out Grandma's recipe for giblet gravy because she says the Brain doesn't have a proper home life and lives on tuna fish and pizza and she wants him to have an old-fashioned Thanksgiving. I'm supposed to be nice to him in case I get into Northwestern though I'll be lucky to get into Whitewater, right?"

All that was familiar enough and I didn't want to seem too curious about Mrs. Warner. I spotted Mr. Warner up with Mr. Stebbins, both of them with their collars over their chins, Mr. Warner's moustache wiggling like a caterpillar as he talked, making tight little circles with his hands that I knew described football formations.

Aunt Ida Belle's Lace *by Kay Dawson. Watercolor, 22 x 30 inches.*

❦

"You going to eat over?" Albert said.

"Seconds, maybe. Mom made me promise to start with them and Holly wants me at her house, too." Though no way would I miss the Warners' today.

"Remember there's going to be stuff cut up in our gravy that you don't want to eat." Albert pulled his ski hat down to his eyebrows which grow together in the middle, though he's handsome enough not to care.

We were out of town already and heading by the boarded-up entrance to the Lucky Jane mine. From up here we could see our rooftops below, squares of blue and gray and brown with smoke rising straight up from the chimneys. The houses followed the curve of the valley along the Rock River, with Dr. Porter's big white place at one end like a monument. Though hippies had had a commune there in the seventies and a young family from Philly was restoring it now, the house was still Dr. Porter's place, which tells you what Lloydville is like. I spotted our bungalow at the far end of town by the Parisi's burgers sign. The Warners' house was right in the center of the fourth warders, the families that had been there the longest. It had blue shutters and a fan window over the door. Looking down on it I saw Mrs. Warner in the kitchen the way you can see inside a house in a dream. I clearly imagined her naked under the yellow kitchen light with her auburn hair loose on her shoulders and the freckles on her arms and shoulders a scattering like the breadcrumbs. *Nude*. Holly wouldn't lie about something like that. She could hardly even bring herself to say it, like it was a dirty word or something. *Nude*.

Flushing birds and rabbits, our dogs swerved away from us through the field by the mine, bumping each other in the chase. The guys from college laughed and whooped and I guessed they missed hunting more than anything. Up here air smelled of wet gravel and moss and coal from the mines. Mr. Mueller and Mr. Boyo began handing around the first of the apples from their backpacks. Tess Boyo gave me two Northern Spies, my favorite. Tess has had a teeny crush on me since I taught her to do a jack-knife and a front flip off Eagle Rock last summer. I stuck the extra Spy in my pocket.

We were strung out a little now, the fathers still at the front, looking real purposeful like the hike was a challenge and all. The little kids were at the rear, girls behind the boys. I walked backward to catch the scene, all those knitted wool ski hats with pompoms bobbing red and blue and yellow. It came to me it hadn't been very long ago that we'd been back there trying to keep up, the dogs circling around and stealing our mittens and leaving muddy paw prints on our sleeves. It seemed like yester-

day, almost. "Life speeds by," Mrs. Warner liked to say, and she didn't make it sound happy.

"Next year you'll be coming home from college," I said to Albert. I was walking straight again, listening to Kresge and Trouper and Coin talking about dorm parties at the UW. Trouper said, "Twenty-three kegs! We were bombed!"

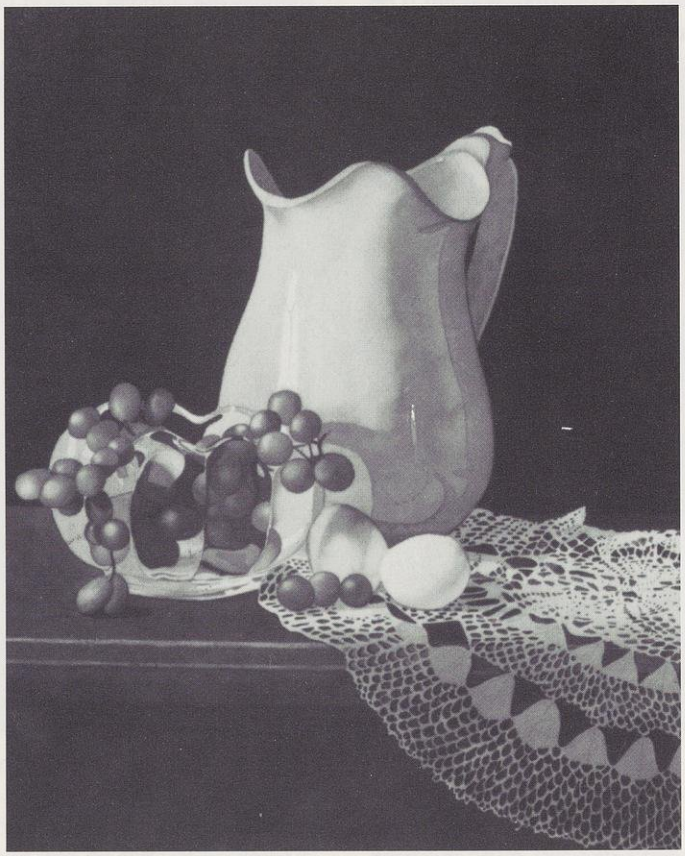
"If I get in a college."

"Oh, you'll get in."

"Maybe."

"Milwaukee, sure."

"But I don't want Milwaukee. I'm thinking I should try for . . . " He was looking out over the valley and I knew he was thinking about his plan again. He wanted to make a break. He didn't want to be stuck like his dad who couldn't make the bucks he tried for in Madison and came back to his dad's farm implement business or be like his mom who was always talking about what she'd given up to have kids and stay with his dad. Of course it looked like I'd be stuck here no matter what, unless Pop won the lottery or something. Though I thought maybe Lloydville would be okay. Starch and Tracy would be here, and Thor Halverson, and we'd join a volunteer fire department and play slow pitch after work. It's pretty much all the same no matter where you are is how I had it figured.



Still Life With Pitcher *by Kay Dawson. Watercolor, 19 x 28 inches.*

Though now I felt my spirits drooping. We were coming around the mountain where the other boarded-up mines looked like gopher holes in the dirt. The dogs bounded up over the shale, sending stones clattering down onto the road. Albert's setter was pointing something in the scrub, her tail up straight and her paw raised so delicate she was a picture. "Quail?" I said real soft.

Albert nodded. "This apple's making my gut howl. I keep thinking turkey, turkey, turkey."

Which made me think about his mother again. Maybe she was in too much of a hurry to get started to take time to dress, that could be why. Maybe she was still damp from her shower and wanted to dry off. Maybe she was overheated from the two ovens going at once and the stove burners, too, and the fire in the fireplace. Maybe she did her housework in the buff, like the ladies who write to Dear Abby about ways to make their lives more exciting. Women are just plain a lot more mysterious than I thought when I was a kid.

Albert was pretending he had a bow and arrow and sighting deer where there were only bare stones and a few straggly trees left near the old mines. We always walked pretty fast along this stretch, everyone hurrying to get around the ridge and into the maple and oak groves. We'd played in most of these old mine shafts, of course, though if you got caught you got a whipping. Thor and Truck and Dorazio got trapped once by a cave-in and that scared us into being good for a year or so, and then we went back to exploring. It had been a while since we'd gone in now, a while since we'd tried anything more adventuresome than drag racing on old Highway 40 or hiding a keg in the woods for a party.

"Buck season in four days," Albert whispered, like it was our secret and they didn't close down the school the first day. I'd never actually seen a deer when we were out in the stations during the season—oh, I saw a lot before and after, but never when I had a rifle in my hand. A couple of years ago Mr. Warner built a deer stand for Mrs. Warner and told her it was her Christmas present, and she shook her fists and said, "Oh, no you don't!" Then she repeated, "John you could at least try!" about five times.

"*This* year," I said.

Albert said, "Got to be."

Thinking about it, there was still a lot I hadn't done, like get a buck. Like buy a car or go to Florida in March or visit New York or go all the way with Holly. There was just a whole lot ahead, but then when we came to the first oak openings I got to thinking about holidays and how they remind you of other holidays. Last Thanksgiving Holly wasn't even my girlfriend yet and Albert still had his braces and no one was talking college or job seriously, just talking summer jobs which were mainly scut work like spreading asphalt for the county or working construction or detasseling corn. Mrs. Warner hadn't even gone back to college yet, a day in January I remember because she had me babysit the twins when she went to registration and came home teary because the psych courses she wanted were filled and she could only take sociology though she said she didn't care she just had to get started again. She popped herself a beer and me a cola and showed me the course catalog. "You could take some courses at night at the tech college, Joe," she said. "You could save up and go full time in a couple of years.

We don't want the world to leave you behind like it's left me." I thought she already looked like a college girl in her tight jeans and boots and baggy sweater, and I told her so. "Oh, Joe, I feel so old! I can't tell you how old I feel. Thirty-eight and I feel eighty-three. What's going to happen to me in this dead-end town?" But she held the course catalog in both hands like that would turn things around, and maybe it would.

Actually, I have a lot of memories of Mrs. Warner. The thing is that my mom worked and Mrs. Warner was home, which is why I saw so much of her. Because Albert and I were best friends I'd been spending Friday and Saturday night at the Warners' for years, sleeping in the bunk under Albert's, eating French toast and Canadian bacon Mrs. Warner hustled up for us. She'd been our soccer coach in grade school and our den mother in junior high and fixed who knows how many box cakes and tuna-and-noodle casseroles for sports banquets and driven our carpool to Sunday school and swimming lessons and all the parties before anyone had a license. I'd been at the Warners' the night I came down with mumps in sixth grade, and Albert slept right through when I woke up and got sick at my stomach and Mrs. Warner followed me into the bathroom in her lavender nightgown, her hair back in a ponytail, and leaned over me from behind, holding my shoulders while I wretched over the toilet. Her hands were firm and gentle and I'd felt incredibly grateful to her for staying with me and taking me down to the sofa and covering me with the afghan and giving me cracked ice to suck until it was morning and she could call my mom to come and get me and take me to the doctor's. In my feverish state she seemed like a goddess. My own mother wasplump and what folks call jolly and kept books for the Lloydville clinic. She was as different from Mrs. Warner as a sheep dog is from an Irish setter.

The little kids were lagging behind pretty bad as we came down through the oaks and maples of the climax forest and into the pines and spruces below. We were a whole lot warmer now and working on our third maybe fourth apples. The men were talking less, the kids more, all strung out along the trail in twos and threes. Squirrels kicked down acorn shells on our shoulders. Albert was real quiet, picking up pine cones and pitching them into the stream. I could see where the stream entered the Rock River down below, a swirl of lighter water that made me think of the flood two summers ago and how we launched the canoes on River Street and paddled right up to the back door of the Warners' where Mrs. Warner was trying to get the stranded cat down off the drainpipe. She sat on a low limb of the cherry tree in her bathing suit, and Albert said, "Jump, Ma! I dare you!" She looked down at us through the limbs and hitched up her green tank suit and dropped out of the cherry tree into the flood, landed near the clothes line, submerged so bad it looked like a lane marker in the swimming pool, and did a few sleek strokes of Trojan crawl down to the garage where the paint buckets and garbage cans floated like passengers trapped inside the *Titanic*. So Albert and I slid into the water, too, the leaves floating all around us and other kids in rowboats and canoes cruising by in the street like we were in Venice.

She could have worn her bathing suit to stuff the turkey. If she was hot, I mean.

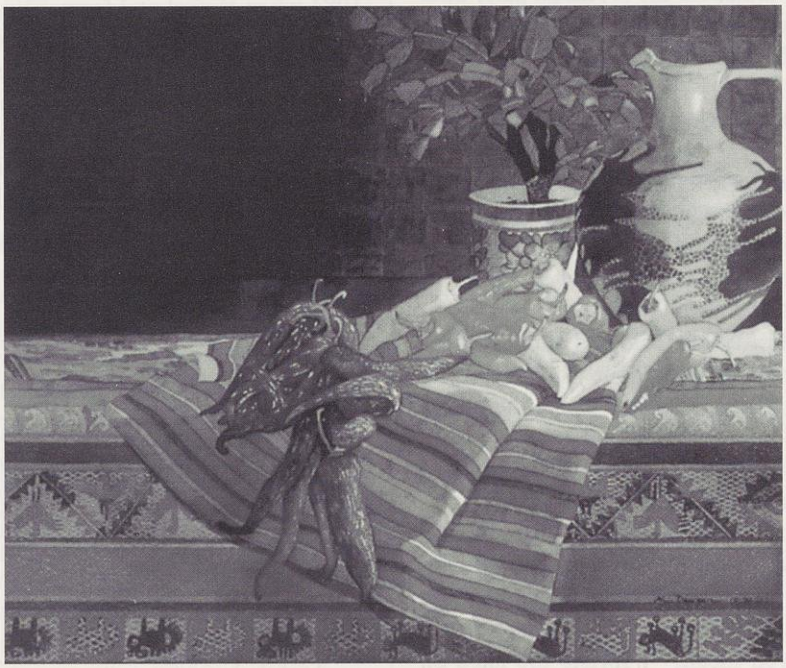
You have to live here to get days like the flood day. Living away at college and just coming home to visit, you'd miss them. That made me feel sorry for Albert, though I shouldn't, he's smart and wily and has a solid future ahead of him in sciences, maybe, because his SATs were off the scale in science and math, only his day–to-day scores weren't that much which makes the colleges worry is he responsible. My daily scores are okay but I didn't even bother with the SATs. A lot of us didn't. Crowder wants to farm like his old man and Joseph Diabanca is thinking about buying a truck and saving for a backhoe and Jimson already has a future running old man Boyo's filling station if he wants it, which he does, and Phil Dartega wants to be a cop, though we've got four cops here and that's plenty, so maybe a state cop, or maybe an assistant game warden, if there is such a thing. At one time we all wanted to be game wardens like Mr. Dedrich, who will do anything for you as long as you obey the rules, which we started out doing more to please Mr. Dedrich than because we were especially law-abiding. That was before we all wanted to be basketball stars, which came next. Though I didn't stay with that long. I'm too short. In fact, I didn't make the first cut in ninth grade. Albert did, of course, fast with good hands and already five-eleven in ninth. You could say that came between us a little, because if you miss the cut in ninth, you're through. The team practices together and plays together, they get tournament-tough, and even though it's supposed to be open try-outs every year the better players are the ones who are already playing, right? You can't catch up. So I was pretty low when I didn't make the cut and Albert did.

The little kids were lagging behind pretty bad as we came down through the oaks and maples of the climax forest and into the pines and spruces below.

My mom was at work and I didn't know where to go, Albert and the other guys at practice. I ended up at the Warners', where Mrs. Warner was teaching herself batiking in the kitchen, a big piece of cotton with a dragon painted on it lying on the table. I watched "Leave It To Beaver" on the portable TV until she said it was turning our brains to mush. To tell the truth, I was too sad to care if my brain turned to mush or not. Then she came up with what she called a "flash." "Joe," she said, "I have this *flash*. You aren't too short to learn how to drive. I'll teach you and you'll be the first of everyone."

I was skeptical, but she wasn't having any nerves about it, even though I was only fourteen and there was a law about that,

I think. She got out her rusty VW and took one of the couch pillows for behind my back and we headed out for the river road every day after school that fall. The river was high, hawks hanging up above the banks waiting for small game or birds. The poplars were clear yellow, the maples lit up like red lanterns. First we practiced shifting, which I got the hang of so easy she said she guessed I'd been practicing on the sly. Then we combined shifting with gas and brakes, and that was tough. She sat right by me, her foot near the brake, but it was risky. So she had the idea for me to learn to back up first, because I didn't have to worry about the gears and could concentrate on the brake and gas and learn the car's turning ratio and how to steer. I must have steered a hundred miles backward along that river road, the bright trees floating by in the rearview mirror, a few deer leaping across the gravel, the long shadows of the poplars growing toward the riverbank. Then when I'd got the hang of driving backward she started me in forward again, still guarding the brake with her left foot. It was terrific to be driving, the gears meshing right, the tires spitting gravel, weaving around potholes to prove how easy it was. In spite of basketball, I felt okay, her shoulder against mine and the balsam smell of her hair and the sugarless gum she liked to chew, half a stick at a time, giving me the other half, her lower lip in her teeth and her gaze steady on the road as if I might go off the moment she looked away.



Hot! *by Kay Dawson. Watercolor, 16 1/2 x 19 1/2 inches.*

It was around the time I learned to drive that she got pregnant with the twins, a mistake, Albert said, because he and Tricia were almost grown. I was watching "Dallas" at their house when Mrs. Warner's water broke and Mr. Warner pulled her off the sofa so it wouldn't get soaked. She sat down on the braided rug, her hands clasped over her belly, and just stayed put when he said, "Hurry up! Let's go to the hospital!" "I will go in my own sweet time," she said. "If I have to do this, and I do, I'll do it my own way, John."

Which might be what she said to herself when she decided to stuff the turkey in the nude.

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We were back in sight of town again. The road led down by the cemetery and the Kiwanis Park. Albert was walking with Mr. Stebbins, planning strategy for the game, later. Every year we planned new strategies and every year it more or less came out the same, the men and guys each doing their specialty. The girls were practicing cheerleading in the road ahead, those cute jumps and turns that look so crisp and sexy, even without the tiny skirts. The little girls like Tess Boyo were coming right along, perky as Johanna Milcox or Deb Draine. Every girl could be a cheerleader at the Thanksgiving game; every guy who wanted to could play, which is how I think life should be but it never is.

Tim and Tom Donohue traded hand-offs with the wiffle ball. Albert ran back for a pass, his face raised, his hands ready. Mr. Stebbins motioned him downfield, which was River Street leading back into town, and we heard the three o'clock whistle blow at TRW. Time for Thanksgiving dinner.

"I'll stop by your house on my way home," I told Albert. I didn't really expect Mrs. Warner to still be naked, of course, but my heart sped up a little as we unlaced our boots on the back porch.

I went in ahead of Albert. The Brain was sitting at the kitchen table with a glass of white wine in front of him. He wore a white turtleneck and brown corduroys and his hair was the same fox brush color as Mrs. Warner's but he had no visible eyebrows and a round moon face and hers was heart-shaped. He had a wispy fox brush beard this year. A blonde with a frizzy perm and a lot of gold chains in the V of her blue sweater sat next to him, her hand on his arm. Mrs. Warner stood by the kitchen counter in her gray silk blouse and black trousers and some spiky sandals, a jelly glass of wine in her hand. I'd been seeing her naked all afternoon, and she looked so terrific now that I felt myself blush.

"Joe!" She pushed a strand of hair behind her ear. "Albert!" Like we'd been gone years, maybe. "Say hello to Brian and, what is it, Melissa?"

"Alyssa," the girl said, and we said, "Hello, Alyssa, hello, Brian."

"Well, what have we here," the Brain said, "the Foreign Legion?"

Alyssa blinked at him the way she probably looked at him in his philosophy class—like he was Bruce Springsteen instead of basically a toad.

"Alyssa's been telling your mother about a course in non-traditional forms of poetry that she might enjoy," the Brain told Albert.

"Terrific," Albert said. He scooped a fingerful of mashed potatoes with paprika dusted on top, his favorite.

Mrs. Warner caught my eye. She was flushed and glittery and had probably already had maybe too much wine with the Brain and his chick. Mrs. Warner doesn't have much of a head for alcohol. I remembered coming in on her alone in her kitchen when we stopped to change clothes for the breakfast party after junior prom. She was working on a cheap California jug wine and she slurred pretty bad when she said, "I got started and forgot to stop."

"Where's Daddy?" she asked Albert in her too-bright company voice.

"He'll be along in a minute. He's passing out the xeroxes."

"They have this droll newsletter every year," the Brain said to Alyssa. "It features little capsule bios of all the players. Last year mine read 'small but scrappy.'"

"This year it's just 'small,'" I said.

"Come with me, Joe," Mrs. Warner said real quick. "I need your help in the dining room. The buffet door won't open and the turkey platter's in there. Albert, would you take the turkey out of the oven while we get it?"

In the dining room the candles were lit and the centerpiece she'd made with a real pineapple and real apples and oranges and grapes sat in the center of the lace tablecloth. She gave the room a once-over, pressed her fingertips together and let out a long breath. "Joe, how am I going to get through this, will you tell me that?"

"Thanksgiving dinner, you mean?" I sprang the latch on the buffet door with the heel of my hand.

"I mean my life," she said, real soft. "What's going to save me?"

I looked at her with the candles behind her and the fan of light over her head and her face all soft with her question. "Why, I'll save you, Mrs. Warner. You sure saved me enough. Now it's my turn." I said it like a joke, but the funny thing was that I meant it deep down, and that same moment I realized that a vow like that could catch me up for my whole life, if I'd let it. But I didn't care, because I was feeling reckless and a little desperate, like she was, and anyway sometimes you just *don't* care about what's going to come if things are big enough and serious enough is the way I see it. And you got to admit I'm right about that. ❧

Teachers

continued from page 34.

Williams) in several classes. "Fast Plants," a course taught by Williams which uses the rapid-cycling brassica of plants, is offered as a two-week course for high school teachers.

Roots of the Science Program

The program began as a week-long class during the summer of 1984 when Kessel and former Edgewood High School teacher Sister Angelo Collins offered classes on human genetics to high school teachers. That first year they attracted ten teachers, who in turn spread the word that the program was worth their time. Twenty-four attended the following year, fifty the next.

Elementary teachers were invited and the first major national funding began in 1989. By 1990, multi-cultural programming began with courses on developing inclusive science education materials. In 1991, a special education program emerged. By 1992 Kessel secured funding from the National Institutes of Health (Science Education Partnership Award) that would allow the program to expand to include other departments. Courses in health and disease, animal and plant biology, and neuroscience were added to create twenty-two courses.

By 1994 the summer institute offered forty-eight courses. More important, the program had gained enough recognition from participants that it attracted more than 600 teachers. (It is among the limited number of programs to cover kindergartern through twelfth grade.) This number doesn't include those involved in academic year programs. More than eighty scientists from across campus volunteer anything from an hour to a week of their time.

The Teacher Enhancement Program in Biology at the University of Wisconsin–Madison is the result of a lengthy evolution and has been nurtured by a rich environment of support. The diverse mix of Raymond Kessel; James Stewart, professor in science education and director of the science education program; Paul Williams from plant pathology; and Richard Burgess, director of the biotechnology center and professor of oncology, provided an informal milieu of highly creative scientist/science educators. The group shared current educational concepts and practices that emerged as the basic philosophies of this program, which now plays a major role in biology education on the Madison campus. ❧

For additional information about the Teacher Enhancement Program in Biology, contact Dr. Raymond Kessel's office at the University of Wisconsin–Madison. Contact the Wisconsin Academy for information about other teacher enhancement programs in science, mathematics, and technology.

Summer's End

The last day of summer
I walked down to the beach
Where the wind whipped the waves into shore,
At summer's end on a blue-sky day
In the mystical land of Door.

The surf rolled in
The waves smashed high
And ran back as torrents of foam.
A little girl played
In the wind and the waves
In the sea down the beach all alone.

In cascading spray
On a blustery day
She swam by herself in the sea,
Unaware I was there
Watching her fare
So well, so frail but free.

I was in awe
Of the child that I saw
Whose summer would soon turn to fall.
It seemed to me that the four-foot waves
Were higher than she stood tall.

Bare, slender girl
Just having fun
Where waves pound hard on the shore.
One day more to play in the sun
In the mystical land of Door.

Charles Long

Subtle Racism

I reached.

I reached
to look for the love I thought I had,
digging

through layer
upon layer
of your smile
to find

NOTHING.
nothing but darkness
and a buried bloody wooden cross
that continues
to
burn.

Alex Casey

Photo by Charles Long

Door County Swim

The blunt bluff looms, abrupt,
above a narrow rubble beach.
Outstretched arbor vitae roots—
layered, weathered white, exposed—
seek thin soil in the ice-cracked
limestone wall. In the bay, a motor
whines, a skier falls, a sailboat tacks away
from jutting rock. Swimming toward
Death's Door I push through blue sky,
clear, calm seas; skim the faulted
cliff tops six feet down.

Judith Strasser

Mist on Lake Wingra

would serve for a Japanese
scroll: lily pads float
the foreground, fantastic carp
rise, tree-crowns sketch distant hills.

At my feet, brilliant
fall sumac: the artist's chop
on a soft grey world.

Judith Strasser

Anticipation in Shades of Sky

for Marti

"I will return to you as birds . . ."

I will look for you in the winter waxwings
brilliant in tasteful neutrals
against the bitter scarlet
berries of a mountain ash

in a flurry of April bluebirds
stopping to rest and take their bearings
on my back porch glancing
unsettled at my sudden shutter

in restless bluejays glorying free
in the sugar maple's summer branches
challenging me to come away
from cages of my own construct

but I will look for you most
in the flight of October geese
drafting silver flashes of sound
across a sky full of hurried promise
saying goodbye remember watch

Nadine S. St. Louis

Manitowish

The river loops and coils,
lassoing islands of marsh.
To go three miles,
I paddle eight.
But the fastest way is seldom
the path to any heart.

I anticipate each bend
like a childhood present,
for eagles and painted turtles,
belted kingfishers and otters await.

Feeling five again,
I sneak up on them
soundless, like the river
expectant, like the child.

Around one corner a beaver dam
backs up a channel of the river.
Primitive grunts stagger over the beaver pond.
Herons land on the tip spires
of black spruce and balsam fir
enclosing the rookery.
They wave in a ballet of wind
like Christmas tree stars.
Others glide and circle,
glide and circle,
probing the air for clues,
ancient voices urging caution, caution.

Several spiral around their nests.
One folds her wings as she lands
wrapping herself in a slate blue shawl.

John Bates

Naked on a Mayan Altar

We all do it—sacrifice
to please or appease
peel away life layers
share pieces of self.
I spill my pain on paper
his story becomes song
she paints her passion
others strut and dance
daring anyone to notice
or object

But when you unmask the diary
behind your journal—take me
beneath silk and skin—trust me
with the sacred—tie me
to the focus of your memory
I become your humble
yet exalted priestess
as full and reflective
as the moon, rejoicing
in yesterday's sun.

Sue De Kelver

In the Country of Sleep

I want to tell everyone
how your face has finally
appeared in my dreams. At first
after you were gone, I would see you
in the distance, wearing old blue cords,
red plaid shirt. Wind lifted your hair
all fluttery at the sides, and a mist
shimmered where your face
should have been.

Then not too long ago
in the country of sleep, your face
as young as I ever remember.
I was neither surprised nor pleased
and turned away, claiming
dreams are fantasy, that you,
who worked with wood, need
something more substantial than a dream
for a place to show your face.

Helen Fahrbach

BETWEEN THE LANDSCAPE AND ITS OTHER by Paul Vanderbilt. Baltimore: Johns Hopkins University Press, 1993. 138 pages. $50.00 cloth.

by Mary North Allen

Since the invention of the camera, many photographers have sought to express meaning beyond the literal content of the picture. *Between the Landscape and Its Other* is a study in landscape photograph as metaphor. It is an exploration of meanings which may be found in ordinary pictures of ordinary people. Further, it is an experiment in pairing two photographs of quite different character, then writing a few lines of verse evoked by the juxtaposition of the images. One might say it is a book of poems, each in three stanzas, two of which are visual and one verbal. The poems are accompanied by explanatory text. The central subject is "a way of seeing."

A camera has to be pointed at some material thing. You cannot directly photograph a quality, such as peace, sadness, love, longing. Vanderbilt says,

> One of the principal objectives in modern photographic criticism is to uncover values other than impressive subject interest or technical proficiency. The other values are readily perceived by a sensitive eye but are so subtle and fluid as to resist definition. Some photographs are distinguished from others simply by having depth, character, presence—some quality of successful communication between subject and viewer that goes beyond recognition of what the picture is of to a realization of what it is *about*.

Paul Vanderbilt was one of the small number of premier landscape photographers. Some of his photographs were part of a 1963 New York Museum of Modern Art exhibition titled "The Photographer and the American Landscape." In the exhibition catalog, John Szarkowski wrote that Vanderbilt

> has approached photography, his own and others, somewhat as a folklorist, attempting to demonstrate '. . . that the generality of perceptive photographs constitutes a great potential resource for penetrative thinking . . . worthy of the attention of philosophers, writers, and learned people generally . . .'

Vanderbilt was one of the first to recognize this scholarly potential, and he wrote extensively about it. (For a full bibliography, consult the State Historical Society of Wisconsin.) Nevertheless, Vanderbilt always claimed that he was not a scholar. He called himself an iconographer. He was happy to be known as a poet.

Born in Massachusetts in 1905 to American parents, he spent his childhood in Europe where his father and mother both were teachers. He grew up speaking French and German as well as English. For a time in Switzerland he worked with a man who was interested in finding ways to catalog visual images in order to make them available to the public in the manner of library books. He studied art history at Harvard. He studied library science. He studied photography with Clarence White.

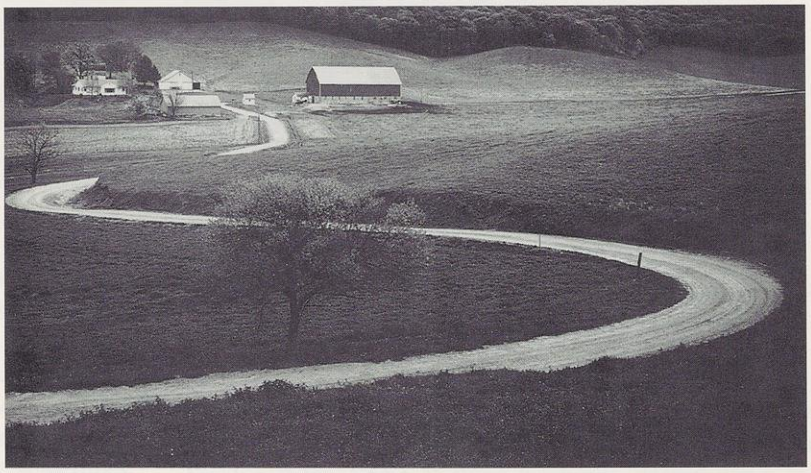
With this background plus work experience at the Philadelphia Museum of Art, he was chosen to organize for the Library of Congress the thousands of Farm Security Administration photographs of the Great Depression. When he was ready to leave the Library of Congress in the mid–1950s, it was Dorothea Lange who sent him word that the State Historical

The best of misted promises
denied
for in the jungle, apparitions fade at will
and mythologies that seemed so right
turn back to be so wrong

Society of Wisconsin was looking for someone to manage its photographic collection.

At the historical society in Wisconsin he found, in addition to photographs of historic figures and events, large numbers of pictures which had no immediately apparent historical importance—for instance, pictures of somebody's baby, or anonymous people on somebody's front porch. Undistinguished as they appeared at first glance, he nonetheless thought about them, looked at them again. These photographs were made by various people between about 1875 and 1915. As he studied them, he felt that they spoke vividly about Wisconsin life in that era, and he devised a plan for giving them a larger voice by pairing them with photographs of the land. He saw the land etched with fence rows, furrows, wheel tracks, evidence of the land-based culture that produced the people he had seen in the pictures.

The historical society provided him with time, a car so he could travel around the state, and the necessary film in order that he might make the sort of landscape photographs which he thought would have the metaphoric quality to evoke the meanings he imagined. (During the 1970s, after retiring from the historical society, Vanderbilt wrote about many of these travel experiences in the *Wisconsin Academy Review* in his regular *Review* feature, "Wisconsin Perspective.")



The Question needs a little space
to stretch itself and be complete,
not faultless
but
its quest arrived at simple things

Referring to one of the historic photographs selected from the society's collection, Vanderbilt says,

> Those young people in the swing are in a way typical of this entire project, in that their ordinariness, their relaxation, their casualness make an image out of a nonevent. The glass negative is even badly damaged, but in this case advantageously, in a way to emphasize survival, not to invite discard. The picture is, in its naturalness, very much of its time. There is, in this ambiguity between fact and fancy, a thoroughly reliable alternative history. The moment is fugitive. We complement it with a landscape firmly anchored in a long tradition.
>
> . . . In claiming a connection, I had only to recognize a trait already established in the substance of the [historical] picture and try to anchor it at both ends of the pair. The suggested personal or tangible points were generally very conservative, but the line abstractly connecting them tended to be aesthetic—open to question rather than subject to logic—and thus often exploratory.

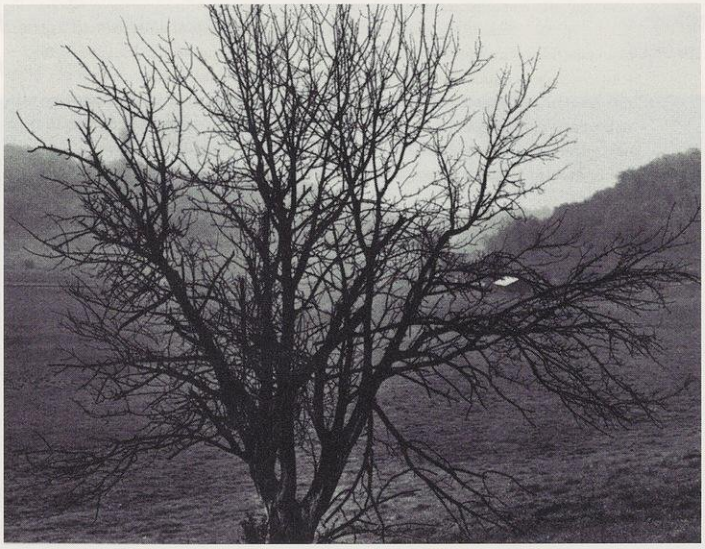
Only after he had selected, by largely intuitive processes, two photographs which he felt made a pair, did he write words to accompany them.

On page 42 we see a woman whose face is lined with care, or illness. With her is a young child, presumably her granddaughter. They are paired with a flooded forest. The accompanying words:

> On no account are diamonds turned to dark
> before their time

On page 27 a board walkway carries our eye into a desolate frontier community. Paired is a wide expanse of fallow field. The text reads:

> I never had the time to pull together all the ends
> that could have led to something more.
> It wasted.
>
> Was there a sanctuary,
> or just a mindless instrument of fear?



Draw what you can from expectations
already waiting on the hill

After the war,
a second round of target plots
with twists that you will have to fill.

On page 49 a cheerful landscape play of light and shadow is paired with a charming little girl. The words:

Who says?
Michael
What does Michael say?
He says it didn't and anyway it couldn't have
because nobody was there

It happened all by itself
and Becky found it in the morning.

Right after the title page is this quote from Albert Einstein: "Imagination is more important than knowledge."

I confess that I have found some of the combinations obscure. With those, I have done what I usually do with a work which on first try is inaccessible: I set it aside for a bit, then return. Sometimes, upon returning, I experience a quantum leap in understanding; the first time around I was trying too hard to make the pairings fit some previously known pattern. The two images paired are *not* visually related. "The pairings are neither puzzles nor equivalents nor personal statements of self-expression . . ."

The more time one spends with this beautiful book, which was published posthumously (Vanderbilt died during the summer of 1992), the richer the experience. *Between the Landscape and Its Other* is that rarity, the work of a truly original mind.

Mary North Allen taught photography at the University of Wisconsin Extension and founded Camera Works, an independent center for photographic study. She now lives in Mineral Point.

THE DREAD ROAD by Meridel LeSueur. Albuquerque: West End Press, 1991. 65 pages. $11.95.

by Susan E. Searing

The Dread Road recapitulates themes that have attracted readers to Meridel LeSueur's fiction and journalism since the 1920s—the American landscape, motherhood under pressure, and the struggles of the working class. Throughout her career, LeSueur has produced a distinctive and readable blend of gritty realism and lyrical description. In *The Dread Road*, she defies the limits of a linear narrative to imbue her themes with new power and beauty.

Now living in Hudson, Wisconsin, LeSueur was born in Iowa in 1900, lived in various cities in the United States, and eventually settled in St. Paul. Her radical perspective was nurtured by socialist parents and inevitably informed her writing. By the time Joseph McCarthy's minions blacklisted her, she had made her mark as an author of short stories, children's books, and a popular history of the Midwest (*North Star Country*, 1945). Although she continued to write for left-wing publications, it was not until the blossoming of the feminist movement in the 1970s that LeSueur garnered renewed critical attention for her depictions of poor women's everyday heroism.

The Dread Road is a gripping tale, based on a true event and rich in psychological and historical interest. The narrator, on an overnight bus trip from Albuquerque to Denver, befriends the young woman sitting beside her. The girl appears frightened, "broken and burning," fiercely clutching a cheap zippered bag.

The story rushes forward on several intertwined levels. The mystery of the pallid, smelly girl and her bag's contents is intensified by the menace of a nosy passenger who is deter-

mined to phone ahead to the Denver authorities. The narrator's own pain threads through the tale, as she anticipates a visit to the institution where her son, born with fallout-induced deformities, lives "hidden, unburied, unseen, unwitnessed." And the terrible history of Ludlow, Colorado, where the state militia murdered striking miners and their families in 1914, lies heavily on the minds of both the narrator and the girl.

The strands of past horror and present suspense come together in a hallucinatory passage, as the bus traverses the hills near Ludlow, battling wind, mist, and ghosts. "It was a cadaverous look of pestilence on the mist that pressed against the windows, now lighted with a strange sulphuric light. A hideous long entombed throng pressed us back . . ." As the bus climbs through the night into the Rockies and leaves the ghosts behind, the girl proudly reveals the treasure in her suitcase: her "perfect, dead" newborn baby.

The account of the bus trip forms the book's backbone and occupies the center column of text. The right-hand column presents a "subjective text" drawn from LeSueur's journal. This parallel text has a stream-of-consciousness quality, sometimes amplifying the narrator's thoughts and emotions, sometimes slipping into poetic incantations and nightmarish visions. The left-hand column consists of quotations from the works of Edgar Allen Poe, eerily echoing the images and moods of the core story and deepening its historical dimension. Like Poe, LeSueur plumbs the darkness of the American consciousness. The sheer force of the plot and the surreal descriptions propel the reader through the book's unorthodox format.

The Dread Road's stylistic innovation is linked to its unconventional mode of creation. In an afterword, LeSueur explains how the "chaos" of her drafts were given shape by Rachel Tilsen (her daughter), John Crawford, Michael Reed, and Patricia Clark Smith. The collaborators selected passages from the writer's voluminous journal, winnowed her collection of Poe quotations, and matched both to the central story, with her approval. Probably *The Dread Road*, which LeSueur began writing in the 1970s, could not have been completed in her lifetime without their efforts. Significantly, LeSueur does not merely acknowledge their help, but describes and celebrates a collective process of authorship, comparable to the tribal composition of ancient sagas. "This work has freed me of fear," she writes, "enlarged my courage, and given light to the social images so complex in our birthing world."

As LeSueur has been freed by the writing, so she aims to free the reader. "'Drive carefully,'" the girl on the bus admonishes the driver. "'We have to get there. We have a message.'" The stark central symbol carries the message of the book. The dead baby is an "icon of the dispossessed," a "witness." And because of the baby, the narrator too becomes a witness:

> I was now a different woman. The earth had opened, a female passage before dawn. As if I rose out of the threat and silence of my life, rose toward all the imprisoned and dead children, toward my son, freed of the threat of the killers.

Like a nightmare, *The Dread Road* achieves a catharsis through its horrors. Like the dawn, its final paragraphs promise survival and hope.

Susan E. Searing is assistant director of the General Library System at the University of Wisconsin–Madison.

HER MOTHER BEFORE HER: WINNEBAGO WOMEN'S STORIES OF THEIR MOTHERS & GRANDMOTHERS (video) by Jocelyn Riley. Madison: Her Own Words, 1992. 22 minutes. $95.00 purchase; $40.00 rental.

WINNEBAGO WOMEN: SONGS & STORIES (video) by Jocelyn Riley. Madison: Her Own Words, 1992. 19 minutes. $95.00 purchase; $40.00 rental.

by Gladyce Nahbenayash

Many traditional Wisconsin Winnebago teachings are featured in these videos from the "Her Own Words" series produced by Jocelyn Riley. Some of these teachings, passed down by the Winnebago grandmothers and mothers to their daughters and granddaughters, include having deep compassion for others, showing respect for all things, being strong for The People, and having pride in the special gifts given to each individual. The Earth Maker has given special talents that are respected and honored by the women portrayed, who through dreams and visions are inspired to produce beautiful black-ash-splint baskets, intricate beadwork, buckskin dresses, shawls, moccasins, and applique designs.

In *Her Mother Before Her*, Rebecca Lonetree Greendeer shares information about Winnebago naming practices, a recipe for Indian bread to cook over an open fire, and a dance song from the Bear clan taught to her by her mother. Arvina Lowe Thayer tells a delightful story of how her grandmother dried dyed black-ash-splints on a bush, making a colorful sight. Other memories include hearing a grandfather's Morning Song, maple sugar camp activities, a strong love for grandmothers, Winnebago philosophies of life, and ancestral spiritual presence. In the Indian way, wealth is seen as having stories and songs. All of the Wisconsin Winnebago women featured are truly rich; their stories and songs are evidence of this.

In *Winnebago Women*, Naomi Russell tells of a buckskin dress made for her by her mother and the memories that it holds. Tribal traditional arts link the generations of women in a beautiful circle that radiates creativity, sharing, love, and teaching. Rebecca Greendeer designs her new art pieces from images seen in dreams. Irene Thundercloud tells of using a side stitch to create a *pah-keh* (a classical beaded hair binding worn only by traditional Winnebago women). There is a sense of timelessness between the generations of Winnebago women as their serene, gentle yet strong faces appear on the screen. Enchanting music moves the listener to great depth of feeling for the Wisconsin Winnebago heritage.

An important part of the Winnebago lifestyle is sharing. This cultural element comes through vividly as the women generously share techniques for making many traditional functional creations. Each article made by hand in the Indian way requires a great amount of patience, strength, and endurance. Throughout the videos there are many beautifully photographed, colorful medallions, sashes, baskets, applique, and beaded floral patterns, which capture the uniqueness of Wisconsin Winnebago culture. The connecting generations of Wisconsin Winnebago women continue elements of resourcefulness, industriousness, and determination.

The singing of the women on the videos is powerful, as the music brings out good feelings and vibrations for calmness, healing, and strength. The soothing chants carried by the pure natural voices of Greendeer and Thundercloud emphasize the importance of Winnebago songs. They are like strands of thread that link and weave spirituality into the cloth of life. The voices evoke the strength that women have needed to endure and to have courage and strength.

The women have positive outlooks and bright spirits as they relate special memories of their grandmothers and mothers. Their personal stories are inspiring and good to hear. Humor and joy are evident in the presentation of each speaker as she recounts remembrances of special experiences. Each woman's image is held in a still position on the screen. Though the storytellers' words are strong and the stories are actual and important to hear, it would be good to see facial expressions and hand gestures. There is so much depth of emotion heard within each voice, however, that the viewer may be moved to tears.

Gladyce A. Nahbenayash, assistant professor of American Indian Studies at the University of Wisconsin–Superior, is an Anishinabe educator and counselor and a published poet.

RECEPTIONS OF WAR: VIETNAM IN AMERICAN CULTURE by Andrew Martin. Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1993. 216 pages. $24.95 cloth; $12.95 paper.

by Edward T. Linenthal

The Holocaust, wrote Terrence Des Pres, places us in the "predicament of aftermath." So too, argues Andrew Martin, does the Vietnam War. Martin, who is assistant professor of English and comparative literature at the University of Wisconsin–Milwaukee, feels that the predicament is twofold. First, the war shattered the sense of providential destiny, innocence, and righteousness that defined the American master narrative. Secondly, cultural memories of the war have helped Americans avoid coming to terms with Vietnam. The war has been repressed. It has provided a stage for American introspection (the anguished narratives of veterans, for example); it has been repackaged in hero/victim figures like Rambo; it has been domesticated through the melodramatic narrative of television shows like "China Beach"; it has been "resolved" through America's victory celebrations following the Persian Gulf War.

Vietnam, as Martin demonstrates, symbolized much more than the experience of war itself. It called into question the nation's "political assumptions, intellectual conceits, social rituals, and cultural processes . . . and what has been taking place ever since is a contested process of restructuring a new social compact" (p. 23).

Despite the sweeping subtitle of the book, Martin limits himself to examination of representative literature, film, and television drama. And while a great deal has been written about Caputo's *Rumor of War*, or Kovic's *Born on the Fourth of July*, or *The Deerhunter*, *Coming Home*, or *Platoon*, for example, Martin "reads" these well, both in terms of their aesthetic and political representation of the war and how such varied representations function in the culture. Referring to the America that Vietnam destroyed, for example, Martin notes that veteran narratives revealed how patriotic identities forged in the intoxicating air of Kennedy's New Frontier proved "ultimately unstable under the dual ideological assault of the war in Vietnam and the war at home" (p. 71).

Martin observes that in the United States—in marked contrast to Britain—practitioners of American Studies were so interested in consensus and so eager to find examples of American exceptionalism, that they failed to see culture as "contested terrain" and were too often silent on the "legitimizing cultural processes that make the exercise of power possible" (p. 53). I am not as convinced that students of American culture have ignored this. Indeed, in his own bibliography are good examples of those who some years ago understood well—as does he—that the memory of the war in Vietnam was in large part a "struggle over the cultural power to decide upon the meaning of America—and America's past—in the modern world" (p. 53). This chapter, which will be of interest to some academics, intrudes too much on his narrative. This intrusion, and the occasional use of academicspeak, make the book tougher going in parts than it need be. Nevertheless, Martin's insightful reading of various cultural evidence is compelling. Like others, he warns of the insidious use of memory, particularly when—like so many Germans after World War I—some Americans understood the war to be lost by those at home, including liberal reporters and politicians who "stabbed the nation in the back." The astonishing transformation of America from a nation complicit in the devastation of Southeast Asia to victim of the war is one of the most fascinating, enduring, and dangerous legacies of the war.

Martin believes that the "cultural-political discourse of war has been irrevocably altered by the Vietnam experience" (p. 21). In the short term, this is probably the case. Indeed, as James Gibson observes in his chilling book *Warrior Dreams: Paramilitary Culture in Post-Vietnam America*, a mutant version of the traditional warrior hero has emerged from the murderous and regressive masculine fantasies engendered by American defeat in Vietnam, present in culture heroes like

Rambo and Dirty Harry, in paintball warfare, and in organized racist violence.

I wonder, however, if the traditional image of the American warrior, badly scarred in the Vietnam war, may yet endure. Will heroic images of war and the warrior resurface, given the right kind of enemy—one that, unlike Iraq, presents a clear and present danger? Or might these images eventually turn not on our memories of Vietnam at all? Might they be shaped, for example, by the use of nuclear weapons in a regional conflict, which would bring to mind not Vietnam, but the Holocaust?

Martin's book joins others that warn us that nations often fail to confront their own histories honestly and use cultural resources to soften the impact of events threatening to national identity. Before we castigate Germans and Japanese for faulty memories during this World War II commemorative era, we would do well to look at the strategies of engagement that have defined our own memories of the war in Vietnam.

Edward T. Linenthal, professor of religion and American culture at the University of Wisconsin–Oshkosh, is the author of Sacred Ground: Americans and Their Battlefields *and the forthcoming* Boundaries of Memory: The Making of the United States Holocaust Memorial Museum.

Contributors

continued from page 3

Esquire. While living in Madison, she taught creative writing at the university, at Edgewood College, and The Writers' Place.

▶ Nadine S. St. Louis has been a member of the University of Wisconsin–Eau Claire English department for twenty-five years, interspersing teaching with administrative assignments. Born in Oregon state, she received her B.A. degree from the University of Oregon, her Ph.D. from UCLA. She specializes in seventeenth-century British literature and science fiction, and "comes late to the writing of poetry."

▶ Judith Strasser lives in Madison where she works as a producer and interviewer for "To the Best of Our Knowledge," heard on Wisconsin Public Radio and other stations around the country. She also owns Kaleidoscope Media Services, which provides writing, editing, and communications consulting to the business community. Her articles and poems have appeared in such publications as *The Christian Science Monitor*, *Mademoiselle*, *Isthmus*, and *Wisconsin Poets' Calendar*. Her fiction and essays have been anthologized in collections on Japanese-American relations and on battered women.

Letters to the Editor

The trip to Normandy was beyond the wildest imaginings of any of the geriatric paratroopers who re-enacted the D-Day jump. Wearing my beret (with gold wings) and a blue suit jacket (with some military decor including a small set of crossed stars and stripes), I was recognized on the streets of Paris. . . . Yes, a few tears were shed, and I could feel them in the voices of thankful relatives of my long-dead friends. For these people, if for no one else, our group wanted to "hit the silk" (now nylon) one more time. *Joie de vivre!*

Gordon E. King
Merrill

(See "A Small Place in History: Remembering D-Day Fifty Years Later" by Gordon E. King, *Wisconsin Academy Review*, Summer 1994)

In your last issue of the *Review* you wondered how your grandparents were able to stand the strain of having six sons in WWII. I was the youngest of five in the same war, and I think I may be able to answer the question: they couldn't, and didn't, stand it. At best all they could do was mask their terror. My impression is that my parents suffered every day from 1940 on. . . . My brother Hughie was killed in 1942; the other four survived. . . . We presented our parents with thirty grandchildren, which may have shook them up even more than the war!

Peter Beach
Dells of the Eau Claire
Aniwa

I enjoyed the summer issue of the *Review*: lots of war stories and other good stuff! Although it is a matter of little consequence, I must point out that the Secretary of War (p. 13) is quite wrong in stating that one of the Iron Brigade regiments possessed Old Abe the War Eagle. Old Abe belonged to a Western regiment, the Eighth Wisconsin; the Iron Brigade was an Eastern regiment with the Army of the Potomac.

Keep up the good work.

Paul Hass
State Historical Society
of Wisconsin, Madison

Thoughts on Becoming a Fellow of the Wisconsin Academy

by Geneva Bolton Johnson

I am deeply moved and grateful for the honor of being elected a fellow of the Wisconsin Academy of Sciences, Arts and Letters. Its long-standing mission to respond to the cultural and educational needs of the state certainly distinguishes it among organizations.

I personally am committed to this same mission. My whole philosophy of education is toward the end of strengthening families and rebuilding communities—rebuilding a sense of community so that all families can thrive and contribute to the welfare of everyone.

Geneva Bolton Johnson

We are faced with major problems in society, such as:

- hunger throughout the world and hunger in America
- discord abroad and troubled cities at home
- hatred and ethnic clashes abroad and increased racism, anti-Semitism, and ethnic clashes at home
- growing social problems around the world and poor housing, drugs, crime, AIDS, lack of health care, and need for welfare reform at home

Why should we bother to concern ourselves? Why should we combat injustice? Why should we have empathy for the pain and suffering of others? What are our responsibilities? How do we integrate the educational and professional skills that we have developed to contribute to the overall welfare of this great state of Wisconsin? How do we effect positive changes in our government, our public and private institutions, our communities? We are the present, and we have the challenge and the opportunity to structure our communities in a way that will make a better future. It is not the distance we have come that counts, but the miles we have yet to travel.

John Gardner reminds us that we must not become servants of what is, but rather we must be shapers of what might be. The future will not be shaped by people who don't believe in the future. It will be built by people who see the complexities that lie ahead, but are not deterred—by people who are conscious of the flaws of mankind and not overwhelmed by the doubts and anxieties of life—by people with the vitality to gamble on their futures, whatever the odds. Men and women of vitality have always been prepared to bet their futures—even their lives—on ventures where the outcome is unknown.

Today, the challenges are many and demanding:

- to find a means of dealing with the mini-wars and internal civil wars: Bosnia, Serbia, Rwanda, Haiti . . .
- to find a way to create a new world order to prevent us from stumbling into a final, ultimate war, now that the Cold War has ended

- to save our environment and, by so doing, to save ourselves and our planet
- to meet basic human needs in a world of constrained resources
- to make real the ideals of justice, liberty, and individual dignity
- to redesign modern social organizations so as to balance the claims of the individual and the claims of society
- to end the abuse of power
- to enable people to believe in themselves and in something beyond themselves

The challenge is here; the task is for us to open our eyes to the challenge.

The task also is for us to have compassion.

Compassion has meaning for us all. It enriches and enables us—even those of us who are neither care-givers nor recipients—because, in the words of Robert Wuthrow, compassion "holds a vision of what a good society can be." Compassion identifies us as contributing members of the diffuse networks of which our society is woven.

The caring we demonstrate to persons other than our friends and family members demonstrates our commitment to these larger networks of complex societies which make up our contemporary world. Caring enables us to get in touch with who we are as human beings. It prompts us to respond to the needs of those who may not be able to reciprocate.
True compassion is a reflection of our commitment to the importance of caring itself.

Editor's Note: The fellowship program of the Wisconsin Academy was established to honor men and women of Wisconsin who have made extraordinary contributions to the intellectual and cultural life of the state and beyond. This is the highest honor the Academy confers.

Geneva Bolton Johnson has contributed greatly to the field of human services through her work, for example, as a psychiatric social worker at Pennsylvania State Hospital, by holding various offices locally and nationally with United Way, and in her recent post as president and chief executive officer of Family Service of America, a position which brought her from New York City to Milwaukee in 1986 when Family Service's corporate headquarters moved to Wisconsin.

She serves on boards and committees of organizations representing such fields as business, education, and health care. She holds degrees from Albright College in Reading, Pennsylvania (including an honorary doctor of humanities degree which was conferred in 1983) and from Case Western Reserve University in Cleveland. She did graduate work at the University of Pennsylvania and received a certificate in executive management from the Harvard Graduate School of Business. She has lectured widely and, among other honors, was named by Business Week *magazine as one of the top five managers in the country in the social service field.*

In introducing Geneva Bolton Johnson as a fellow of the Wisconsin Academy at ceremonies held this spring at the executive residence in Madison, Carol Toussaint cited Johnson's distinguished career in public administration and outstanding leadership to, and through, non-profit organizations.

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