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ERIK LIDDELL

INTRODUCTION

This second volume of *The Chautauqua Journal* combines submissions related to the 2011-12 series on "Living with Others" and the 2012-13 series on "Crossroads," with the inclusion also of an extra piece by Lee Dugatkin arising from the 2017-18 "Transformations" series that describes the background to the famous Russian domesticated fox experiment and that serves as a sort of companion piece to Mark Rowlands' reflections on the philosopher and the wolf.

Unlike the first volume of the journal, which was divided into sections focusing on philosophical and cultural investigations, artistic expressions and scientific interventions, in the interdisciplinary and comparative spirit of the lecture series from which the journal takes inspiration, this second volume encourages the reader to explore the contributions without the apparatus of section headers, through juxtaposition and through sequential or associative browsing. The editor has arranged the materials in a way that it is hoped will be of interest to readers who may wish to examine the contents from start to finish, such that he or she should discover interesting, emergent interconnections and resonances when moving through the journal.

We are pleased to say that like the inaugural volume, which contained essays, articles and creative works by a host of nationally and internationally known scholars and public intellectuals alongside the contributions of a number of Eastern Kentucky University professors, so this second volume also contains excellent work by both EKU professors and a range of nationally prominent scholars and influential writers, including two Pulitzer Prize winning historians (Eric Foner and Mark E. Neely, Jr.). The depth and diversity of the authors whose work appears in this issue of the journal—including philosophers, historians, sociologists, psychologists, occupational scientists, social activists and creative writers—can be appreciated at a glance in the list of Contributors.

We hope that readers enjoy volume two of *The Chautauqua Journal*.

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

Arnold Rampersad, "Living with Others: The African American Experience"

Eric Foner, "The Fiery Trial: Abraham Lincoln and American Slavery"

Catherine Clinton, "Sesquicentennial Reflections on Civil War Women"

Mark E. Neely, Jr., "Lincoln and the Constitution: From the Civil War to the War on Terror"

Charles Bracelen Flood, "A Talk with Bracelen Flood, Author of *Grant's Final Victory*"

Bob Zellner, "Reflections of a White Southerner in the Freedom Struggle"

Bernadette Barton, "Bible Belt Gays: Insiders-Without"

John P. Bowes, "Living with American Indians and American Indian History"

Eric Metaxas, "Dietrich Bonhoeffer: Further Reflections on a Pastor, Martyr, Prophet, Spy"

Carolyn R. Dupont, "Christian Faith and Struggles for Justice (A Reply to Metaxas)"

Carole Garrison, "Is There a GPS for Lost in Translation?"

Derek Nikitas, "First Day of My Life"

John Lackey, "Abiding With Me"

Donna Freitas and Lisa Day, "Q & A with Donna Freitas, Author of *Sex and the Soul*"

Doris Pierce, Anne Shordike, Clare Hocking, Valerie Wright St. Clair, Wannipa Bunrayong, Soisuda Vittayakorn and Phuanjai Rattakorn, "Elder Women Making Family through Celebratory Foods: Kentucky, New Zealand, Thailand"

Matthew P. Winslow, "Walking a Mile in Your Shoes"

Dorothy L. Espelage, "Understanding the Complexity of School Bully Involvement"

Michael W. Austin, "The Ethics of Facebook"

Mark Rowlands, "The Wolf and the Philosopher"

Lee Alan Dugatkin, "How to Build a Domesticated Fox: The Start of a Long Journey"

William E. Ellis, "Whither Education in Kentucky: Challenges and Promises of the 21st Century"

ARNOLD RAMPERSAD

LIVING WITH OTHERS: THE AFRICAN AMERICAN EXPERIENCE

The phrase "Living with Others" is especially intriguing in the context of race relations in the United States. At one level, it invites pleasantries about our natural wish for harmony and peace among diverse peoples, along with simple or even simplistic notions about what it takes to achieve this harmony and peace. At another level, however, it has the potential to be something much more complex.

Who are these "others" with whom one would or must live? With this question we come face to face with the matter of the dynamic between what we call the "Self" and the "Other." In the realms of psychology and philosophy, the Other stands in opposition to the Self and is essential to a definition of the Self. We know who we are in large part by recognizing who we are not. We find this discussion most intriguingly presented, perhaps, in the outlining of the master-slave relationship to be found in Hegel's *Phenomenology of Spirit* (1807). Out of Hegel has come a fascinating discourse about the relationship between the Self and the Other. This commentary includes, for example, Simone de Beauvoir, whose influential book, *The Second Sex* (1949), draws on her application of the master-slave dynamic in Hegel to the man-woman dynamic as it has evolved. For our purposes, however, perhaps the most intriguing off-shoot of Hegel is the discussion of the Other to be found in Edward Said's classic text, *Orientalism* (1978). Said outlined the powerful impulse on the part of imperialism to designate the objects of conquest as "The Other." And so what we so casually identify as "others" in our title "Living with Others" has the capacity, in the context of race, to be linked to factors and forces involving subordination and conquest.

To speak of living with others against the backdrop of the history of black Americans is to ask the following key question. How does a minority people manage to live with the majority, when those other people, or most of them, have historically conceived of the minority group as the absolute Other—that is, as the embodiment of the opposite of all that is virtuous, beautiful and honorable, and almost incapable of being fully assimilated? This question faced black Americans virtually from the first days of

their presence in America. They had to live with others, who formed the majority, when they knew that the others viewed them as the ultimate Other. To some extent, this challenge still faces the nation.

Perhaps no African American writer has explored more provocatively the question of "living with others" from a black American perspective than the accomplished historian, sociologist, essayist and propagandist, W.E.B. Du Bois. In the first chapter of his classic, *The Souls of Black Folk* (1903), Du Bois recalls the moment when "the revelation" broke upon him that he was the Other, the moment "when the shadow swept across me." He was a little schoolboy in Great Barrington in western Massachusetts. The boys and girls decided to buy visiting cards and exchange the cards among themselves. Then one girl, a newcomer, "refused my card, —refused it peremptorily, with a glance." At that moment, life changed for Du Bois, in an example of what is, and has been, perhaps the most painful rite of passage for black Americans. "Then it dawned upon me with a certain suddenness," Du Bois continued, "that I was different from the others; or like, mayhap, in heart and life and longing, but shut out from their world by a vast veil." What was the result? "I had thereafter no desire to tear down that veil, to creep through; I held all beyond it in common contempt, and lived above it in a region of blue sky and great wandering shadows." But then: "Alas, with the years all this fine contempt began to fade; for the world I longed for, and all their dazzling opportunities, were theirs, not mine."

Du Bois resolved to excel in his studies and bring fame to himself and black America. But, he notes,

> with other black boys the strife was not so fiercely sunny; their youth shrunk into tasteless sycophancy, or into silent hatred of the pale world about them and mocking distrust of everything white; or wasted itself in a bitter cry, Why did God make me an outcast and a stranger in mine own house? The shades of the prison-house closed round about us all: walls straight and stubborn to the whitest, but relentlessly narrow, tall, and unscalable to sons of night who must plod darkly on in resignation, or beat

> unavailing palms against the stone, or steadily, half hopelessly, watch the streak of blue above.

We have here the division into three parts of the essential black response in America to its status as the ultimate Other. Among African Americans there are those whom some people would call sycophants, but whom others might call merely passive or even philosophical in the face of oppression. Then there are those some people would call haters, but whom others might call the righteously indignant and properly rebellious. Finally, there are those who recognize the dangers inherent in the two extreme positions and seek a middle way. The irony is that Du Bois himself exemplified each of these three general positions in the course of his long life (1968-1963). We have Du Bois as the young academic historian and sociologist, the champion of a dispassionate, scrupulous kind of writing and, presumably, reflection. Later, we have a disillusioned Du Bois giving vent to radical rage against racism. And we have Du Bois as the voice of an apparently disciplined separatism, as in the fact that near the end of his life he would renounce his American citizenship, join the Communist Party and move to Africa.

Du Bois understood early that he was involved in a drama of the Self and the Other in the context of race, and he grasped its psychological and other implications as no one had done before him. The Negro, he wrote famously in *The Souls of Black Folk*, is "born with a veil, and gifted with second-sight in this American world, —a world which yields him no true self-consciousness, but only lets him see himself through the revelation of the other world. It is a peculiar sensation, this double-consciousness, this sense of always looking at one's self through the eyes of others, of measuring one's soul by the tape of a world that looks on in amused contempt and pity. One ever feels his two-ness, —an American, a Negro; two souls, two thoughts, two unreconciled strivings; two warring ideals in one dark body, whose dogged strength alone keeps it from being torn asunder."

This statement captured the imagination of generations of black artists and thinkers in general. Du Bois had identified the black American mind as a living site where the Self and the Other are locked in a state of constant struggle, a struggle of which whites are (or were) largely unaware. In every mature human being the Self and the Other

should be linked in a living synthesis; in the case of African Americans, Du Bois seemed to say, there is, finally, only a volatile antithesis. The challenge of this antithesis has been at the core of the black American experience. Certainly the condition of the black American has improved in the century or more since Du Bois wrote his powerful words. A black American has occupied the White House as President of the United States. And yet the power of this antithesis has not been exhausted. We do not live in a "post-racial" USA. The effects of the antithesis are still many and complex.

But not all African Americans accepted (or accept) Du Bois' view of racial reality. His major antagonist on this score was Booker T. Washington. The founder of Tuskegee Institute in Alabama, which he built into one of the best known vocational schools in the world, Washington became the most powerful black American of his age. The key moment in his career was the speech he delivered in 1895 at the Cotton States Exposition in Atlanta. Here, addressing a predominantly white audience, Washington spoke of the necessity of compromise and accommodation—with blacks compelled by the reality of American life, especially in the South, to do most of the compromising and accommodating. Washington ceded two key positions to whites. One was black acceptance of racial segregation as a way of life; the other was black surrender of the right to vote or to stand as candidates in public elections.

"As we have proved our loyalty to you in the past," Washington declared in his speech (reprinted in his autobiography, *Up From Slavery* [1901]), as he negotiated the vexed racial area between blacks and whites, "so in the future, in our humble way, we shall stand by you with a devotion that no foreigner can approach, ready to lay down our lives, if need be, in defense of yours… In all things that are purely social we can be as separate as the fingers, yet one as the hand in all things essential to mutual progress." He continued: "The wisest among my race understand that the agitation of questions of social equality is the extremest folly, and that progress in the enjoyment of all the privileges that will come to us must be the result of severe and constant struggle rather than of artificial forcing." Blacks should one day have "all privileges of the law… but it is vastly more important that we be prepared for the exercise of these privileges."

Washington's doctrine of accommodation and compromise was widely accepted by many, perhaps even most, blacks. Even young Du Bois welcomed it in 1895; but eventually he was one of the leaders in the radical minority opposing it. So too, if one looks to the generations before the existence of these two men, one sees the largely unarticulated but authentic polarization of attitudes about the right way for blacks to be "living with others" in America. Not altogether arbitrarily, four figures step forward here out of the mists of history to guide us by their examples: the poet Phillis Wheatley, the pamphleteer David Walker, the slave insurrectionary Nat Turner and the abolitionist stalwart Frederick Douglass.

Two U.S. Supreme Court decisions also cast light on the dilemma of blackness and otherness in America in the nineteenth century. One is the Dred Scott decision of 1857. In it, Chief Justice Roger B. Taney reminded America that in the eyes of the Founding Fathers of the republic, blacks from the start "had been regarded as beings of an inferior order, and altogether unfit to associate with the white race, either in social or political relations, and so far unfit that they had no rights that the white man was bound to respect." In some ways, this judicial declaration was the perfect adjunct to the racial science of Taney's day and age, which held at its most radical level that blacks were a separate species altogether, and not human beings on a genetic par with whites. The other crucial legal decision was the U.S. Supreme Court ruling of 1896 *Plessy* v. *Ferguson.* Here the assertion of a "separate but equal" doctrine set in place the enforced legal separation of blacks from "others" until, nominally at least, the 1950s.

In the 18th century, Phillis Wheatley came to America from Africa as a young slave girl of about seven. Brought up in Boston by a benevolent white family who gave her access to an upper-grade education, she became the first black American and only the second American woman to publish a book of poetry with her *Poems on Various Subjects, Religious and Moral* (1773). Wheatley wrote poems in the neoclassical manner of her day on subjects such as Fancy and Imagination; she showed off a familiarity with Greek and Roman mythology; she was the author of a nationalistic paean to George Washington that led to an honorable meeting between the revolutionary general and the poet. In other words, Wheatley lived to induce or insinuate herself into the full cultural

life of the society in which she lived, appearing to make little distinction between herself and others.

Her brief poem, "On Being Brought from Africa to America," sums up her combination of intellectual sophistication, on the one hand, and decorous spiritual and perhaps cultural abjection, on the other:

> 'Twas mercy brought me from my Pagan land,
> Taught my benighted soul to understand
> That there's a God, that there's a Saviour too:
> Once I redemption neither sought nor knew.
> Some view our sable race with scornful eye,
> "Their colour is a diabolic die."
> Remember, Christians, Negros, black as Cain,
> May be refin'd, and join th'angelic train.

But how many people among the whites that she courted saw her as a potential member of "th'angelic train" is open to question. In his *Notes on the State of Virginia* Thomas Jefferson made a sneering, perhaps gratuitous, reference to the quality of her poetry. Unable to produce another book, Wheatley slid into an unhappy marriage, poverty and obscurity. Whether she died satisfied with the basic choices she had made in life—or the choices thrust upon her—we do not know. What we can surmise is that her professional failure was practically foreordained by her status as a black in America. Her evident desire to be absorbed into the Other clearly was unfulfilled.

When we venture into the early nineteenth century, we see a radically different approach to the question of "living with others" when one is black and the others are white, in the writings of David Walker (1785-1830), and notably so in his landmark text, *David Walker's Appeal in Four Articles: Together with a Preamble, to the Coloured Citizens of the World, but in Particular, and Very Expressly, to Those of the United States of America* (1829). Here there is no dalliance with compromise and civility, no curtseying before whiteness and privilege. Underlying Walker's *Appeal* is the "full and unshaken conviction, that we, (coloured people of these United States,) are the most degraded, wretched, and abject set of beings that ever lived since the world began." Severe in his

analysis of the black American condition, Walker expected to be "assailed" not only by slaveholders and others of their ilk but also by some of his fellow blacks.

Walker took the issue of "living with others" close to its most controversial limits. This, especially in the case of race in America, was the question of intermarriage between blacks and whites. "Do they not institute laws to prohibit us from marrying among the whites?" he asked (as indeed white Americans were doing). "I would not give a pinch of snuff to be married to any white person I ever saw in all the days of my life." Walker was even more caustic when he declared "that the black man, or man of colour, who will leave his own colour (provided he can get one, who is good for any thing) and marry a white woman, to be a double slave to her, just because she is white, ought to be treated by her as he surely will be, viz: as a NIGER!!!!" Although Walker prophesized that "there is a day coming when they [whites] will be glad enough to get into the company of the blacks," his writings are so profoundly pessimistic that it is hard for the reader to imagine such a change.

Reviled and banned in the South, David Walker's *Appeal* possibly contributed to the most violent slave insurrection in American history, when in August 1831 Nat Turner led an uprising in the slave state of Virginia. Here again, religion—Christianity itself—underwent strains and stresses as it negotiated the territory of slavery and racism. Religion had been a main factor in pacifying blacks, but the result in this case was apocalyptic fire. On a particular date that Turner later recalled by heart, he declared that

> I heard a loud noise in the heavens, and the Spirit instantly appeared to me and said the Serpent was loosened, and Christ had laid down the yoke he had borne for the sins of men, and that I should take it on and fight against the Serpent, for the time was fast approaching when the first should be last and the last should be first… And by signs in the heavens that it would make known to me when… I should arise and prepare myself, and slay my enemies with their own weapons. (*Confessions of Nat Turner*, 1831)

By the time Turner's campaign was over, about sixty whites, including many women and children, had been slain. In the aftermath, many blacks were killed in retribution.

To almost all whites, the revolt was an abomination. However, many blacks undoubtedly saw Nat Turner as a revolutionary hero. To do so is understandable, perhaps, but also requires at the very least a convolution of ethics made inevitable by the ruthless dynamic of racial "othering." What is evil in one context becomes "good" in another context, a context in which religion, philosophy and psychology are placed under vicious stress.

It was left to the former slave Frederick Douglass, author of three memoirs, including his bestselling *Narrative of the Life of Frederick Douglass* (1845), to chart the middle ground between the piety and submissiveness of Wheatley, on the one hand, and the despair and radicalism of Walker and Turner, on the other. Buoyed by his prominence in the abolitionist movement, Douglass would emerge as the preeminent black leader during much of the nineteenth century. His contentious and defiant but ultimately inclusive vision of America led him to become a leading supporter of the rights of women; he was the only man to speak at the historic 1848 convention of women activists at Seneca Falls. Both before and after the Civil War, when he was appointed to more than one prominent public office, Douglass embodied the twin ideas of the dignity of black Americans, on the one hand, and the necessity of finding humane ways of living with others, black or white, on the other. He even made peace with the whites who had once owned him as a child and youth in the days of slavery.

In concluding his *Life and Times of Frederick Douglass* (1881), his third memoir, Douglass wrote of the many questions about race directed almost incessantly at him. Many of these questions—perhaps about his second wife, who was white—he found personal to the point of intrusiveness. Other questions he found putatively objective but in reality insulting. Above all, he aimed to keep his personal and philosophical poise. "Under this shower of purely American questions," he wrote,

> I have endeavored to possess my soul in patience and get as much good out of life as was possible with so much to occupy my time; and, though often perplexed, seldom losing my temper, or abating heart or hope for the future of my people. Though I cannot say I have satisfied the curiosity of my countrymen on all the questions raised by them, I have, like all honest

> men on the witness stand, answered to the best of my knowledge and belief, and I hope I have never answered in such wise as to increase the hardships of any human being of whatever race or color.

Praised by most blacks, criticized as a compromiser by others, Douglass died in 1895. Booker T. Washington, in turn, died in 1915. The latter passed away just before the rise to prominence of the major apostle of black separatism in the new century, Marcus Garvey. The Jamaican-born Garvey's popular Back-to-Africa movement proclaimed Garvey's belief that, for blacks, living with white others was a proposition doomed to failure. His solution was a return by blacks to Africa. Garvey even went so far as to meet with leaders of the Ku Klux Klan to discuss ways in which his organization and the Klan could reach an accommodation. In his essay, "Africa for the Africans" (1921), he stressed what he saw looming as a profound racial rift in the world. Soon, he argued, his program would be seen "by the strong statesmen of the world, as the only solution to the great race problem. There is no other way to avoid the threatening war of the races that is bound to engulf all mankind, which has been prophesied by the world's greatest thinkers; there is no better method than by apportioning every race to its own habitat."

Garvey's dream ended for him—if not for all his followers, who clung to his belief in the necessity of race pride—in failure involving open conflict with other black leaders, federal prosecution for alleged mail fraud, deportation from the U.S. and exile in Great Britain. He never set foot on African soil.

For Langston Hughes, setting out as a poet around 1921, when he was only 19, this problem of the black Self and the white Other was a constant theme. But where Du Bois had complicated the question of black identity by emphasizing psychological conflict, Hughes as a poet chose to stress the positive by orchestrating his unconditional love of the masses of black people. That love may be seen in such poems as "The Negro Speaks of Rivers," "Mother to Son," "When Sue Wears Red," "Dream Variations," "The Weary Blues" and "My People" ("The night is beautiful, / So the faces of my people"). Perhaps Hughes's most poignant early statement about the dilemma of blacks as others—as *the* Other—is his 1924 poem, "I Too." Going beyond the popular idea of America as "melting pot" (a concept that often ignored the realities of black American life) he dared

to dissolve the matter of Self and Other into the trope of America as family ("I am the darker brother"). Divided now and in the past, this family nevertheless one day would be united. Then would come the full recognition of the intrinsic beauty and humanity of blacks ("I, too, am America"), on the one hand, and the white admission of guilt and shame about racism, on the other.

But this was scarcely the last word for Hughes—or many other black Americans—on the subject of living with others. For him over the course of about a decade—especially during the Great Depression in the 1930s—as for Du Bois at the end of his life, the solution to the problem of racial division appeared to lie in radical socialism. Hughes's race-based poetry disappeared in favor of a poetics that posited the oneness of all people everywhere, with political militancy an essential part of the equation. In some ways, the price of setting race aside as a factor was the fiery emphasis on class division, as seen in poems such as "Good Morning Revolution," "Put One More 'S' in the USA and Make it Soviet" and "Goodbye Christ." The Self and the Other are resolved into the concept of "the masses." The proletariat becomes the model of social unity.

However, this triumph of leftist doctrine over what we might call liberal humanism lasted only a few years for Hughes as an artist. With the onset of World War II he returned, as he put it, to the more variable themes of "nature, Negroes, and love." Instead of world revolution, he emphasized the challenges facing the civil rights movement. Nevertheless, Hughes held fast to his original vision of an ideal world. His poem "I Dream a World" from the 1940s underscores his search for the unity of Self and Other. The speaker of the poem envisages "a world where man / No other man will scorn," a place where "love will bless the earth / And peace its paths adorn." This is a world "where black or white / Whatever race you be" will share "the bounties of the earth / And every man is free." At the same time, it should be noted also, Hughes clung to his central charge as a writer, which was to delineate in rich detail the culture of black Americans. To the end of his life in 1967, he labored at this project in a variety of forms, from poetry, fiction and drama to history and children's literature.

The *Brown v. The Board of Education of Topeka, Kansas* Supreme Court decision in 1954 putatively sounded the death knell for segregation across the United States. Now one group was no longer legally the Other to the mainstream. What followed, however, was an era of confusion. It saw an intensification of the civil rights struggle, massive white resistance in various places, the rise to prominence of the Nation of Islam and the Black Power and the Black Arts movements and a period of civil disorder that included many urban riots or revolts and various assassinations. Black separatism typically involved language often far more incendiary than anything offered by David Walker in 1829. And yet this separatism was seen as cathartic and essential to the building in blacks of a self-confidence and self-love, after generations of self-doubt and self-hatred, without which no healing would be possible. Only on such terms, it was argued, could there be an honorable closing of the racial chasm in America, the start of a genuine reconciliation between blacks and others.

Perhaps no modern leader understood the complexity—and potential danger—of this challenge better than Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. Caught up in a protracted campaign to win civil rights for blacks but also to explore the moral center of America, Dr. King asserted certain basic principles. He would have no part of vituperation, or of confusion between the ethical and the unethical, or of declaring the notion of an impassable space between one group and others. In his celebrated "Letter from Birmingham Jail" (1963), he faced the loaded question of whether or not he was an outsider injecting himself into a local dispute. "I am cognizant of the interrelatedness of all communities and states," he declared, continuing,

> I cannot sit idly by in Atlanta and not be concerned about what happens in Birmingham. Injustice anywhere is a threat to justice everywhere. We are caught in an inescapable network of mutuality, tied in a single garment of destiny. Whatever affects one directly, affects all indirectly… Anyone who lives inside the United States can never be considered an outsider anywhere within its bounds.

In words reminiscent of Du Bois from *The Souls of Black Folk*, King wrote,

> I stand in the middle of two opposing forces in the Negro community. One is a force of complacency, made up in part of Negroes who… are so drained of self-respect and a sense of 'somebodiness' that they have adjusted to segregation; and in part of a few middle-class Negroes who… because in some ways they profit by segregation, have become insensitive to the problems of the masses. The other force is one of bitterness and hatred, and it comes perilously close to advocating violence.

King was conscious of his perilous place:

> I have tried to stand between these two forces," he declared, "for there is the more excellent way of love and nonviolent protest. I am grateful to God that, through the influence of the Negro church, the way of nonviolence became an integral part of our struggle.

These words were written in April 1963. Later that year, in his March on Washington oration, Dr. King outlined his perhaps utopian dream of a united America, a people for whom the tension between Self and Other is not determined always and irrevocably by racism. "Let us not wallow in the valley of despair," he implored blacks and whites alike as he spoke of his dream that "one day this nation will rise up and live out the true meaning of its creed: 'We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal'."

King's words have become a familiar anthem for those who believe in the binding of the racial wounds of the nation. His words speak to the continuing difficulty of negotiating the distance between the Self and the Other in a society as racially charged as is America. They also speak to the possibilities of harmoniously "living with others" through an honest and informed attention to the psychological and moral issues involved.

ERIC FONER

THE FIERY TRIAL: ABRAHAM LINCOLN AND AMERICAN SLAVERY

In April 1876, Frederick Douglass delivered a celebrated oration at the unveiling of the Freedmen's Monument in Washington, D.C., a statue that depicted Abraham Lincoln conferring freedom on a kneeling slave. "No man," the great black abolitionist remarked, "can say anything that is new of Abraham Lincoln." This has not in the ensuing 130 years deterred innumerable historians, biographers, journalists, lawyers, literary critics and psychologists from trying to say something new about Lincoln.

Lincoln has always provided a lens through which Americans examine themselves. He exerts a unique hold on Americans' historical imagination, as an icon embodying core American ideals and myths—the self-made man, the frontier hero, the liberator of the slaves. Lincoln has been portrayed as a shrewd political operator driven by ambition, as a moralist for whom emancipation was the logical conclusion of a lifetime hatred of slavery and as a racist who actually defended and tried to protect slavery. Politicians, from conservatives to communists, civil rights activists to segregationists, have claimed him as their own.

Lincoln is important to us not because of his melancholia or how he chose his cabinet, but because of his role in the vast human drama of emancipation and what his life tells us about slavery's enduring legacy. I recently published a book tracing the evolution of Lincoln's relationship with slavery and the development of his ideas and policies about slavery and race in America. I admire Lincoln very much. Unlike a lot of recent work, however, which takes Lincoln as the model of "pragmatic politics," and relegates other critics of slavery, especially the abolitionists, to the fringe as fanatics with no sense of practical politics, I wish to situate Lincoln within the broad spectrum of antislavery opinion ranging from immediate emancipation and the granting of full citizenship rights to blacks, to plans for gradual, compensated emancipation, often coupled with the idea of "colonizing" the free slaves outside the United States, a position to which Lincoln adhered for most of his career.

In approaching the subject of Lincoln's views and policies regarding slavery and race, the first thing to bear in mind is that the hallmark of Lincoln's greatness was his capacity for growth. It is fruitless to identify a single quotation, speech or letter as the real or quintessential Lincoln. At the time of his death, Lincoln occupied a very different place with regard to these issues than earlier in his life. Lincoln was a product of his time, yet able to transcend it, which is as good a definition of greatness as any.

Throughout his career, Lincoln's relationship with abolitionists and with Radical Republicans, who in effect represented the abolitionist point of view in party politics, was contentious. They often criticized him, and he made some unflattering remarks about them. Lincoln was not an advocate of immediate abolition. Yet he saw himself as part of a broad antislavery movement that included both abolitionists and more moderate politicians like himself. He was well aware of the abolitionists' significance in creating a public sentiment hostile to slavery. And on issue after issue—abolition in the nation's capital, wartime emancipation, enlisting black soldiers, amending the Constitution to abolish slavery, allowing some African-Americans to vote—Lincoln came to occupy positions the abolitionists had first staked out. The destruction of slavery during the Civil War offers an example, as relevant today as in Lincoln's time, of how the combination of an engaged social movement and an enlightened political leader can produce progressive social change.

Unlike the abolitionists, most of whom sought to influence the political system from the outside, for nearly his entire adult life Lincoln was a politician. In the 1830s and early 1840s, he was a prominent Illinois Whig, a member of the legislature and presidential elector. In this first part of his career, Lincoln said little about slavery. Most of his speeches dealt with the economic issues of the day, such as banking, the protective tariff and government aid to internal improvements, a program to which Lincoln was passionately devoted, so much so that he helped push through the Illinois legislature a far-reaching, extremely expensive plan of building roads, canals, and railroads that bankrupted the state.

Lincoln did not elaborate his views on slavery until the 1850s, when he emerged as a major spokesman for the newly-created Republican party, committed to halting the

westward expansion of slavery. In speeches of eloquence and power, Lincoln condemned slavery as a fundamental violation of the founding principles of the United States, as these are enunciated in the Declaration of Independence: the affirmation of human equality and of the natural right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. To Lincoln, equality meant above all the equal right to the fruits of one's labor, in a society that offered opportunity for advancement to what he and many others called the "free laborer."

There are many grounds for condemning the institution of slavery—moral, religious, political, economic. Lincoln referred to all of them at one time or another. But ultimately, he saw slavery as a form of theft—stealing the labor of one person and appropriating it for another. Lincoln was frequently charged by Democrats with supporting "Negro equality." He firmly denied the charge, as we will see. But he explained the kind of equality in which he did believe, using a black woman as an illustration: "In some respects she certainly is not my equal; but in her natural right to eat the bread she earns with her own hand without asking the leave of anyone else, she is my equal, and the equal of all others." The natural right to the fruits of one's labor was not bounded by either race or gender.

Lincoln could declare, "I have always hated slavery, I think as much as any Abolitionist." He spoke of slavery as a "monstrous injustice," a cancer that threatened the lifeblood of the nation. Why then was he not an abolitionist? He never claimed to be one. The shadow of Lincoln should not obscure the contribution to the end of slavery of men and women like Wendell Phillips, Frederick Douglass and Abby Kelley, who fought against overwhelming odds to bring the moral issue of slavery to the forefront of national life. Before the Civil War, abolitionists were a small, despised group. Outside a few districts, no one with political ambitions could be an abolitionist. If you were from central Illinois, like Lincoln, abolitionism was hardly a viable political position.

I am not saying, however, that Lincoln was a secret abolitionist restrained by political pragmatism. Abolitionists believed that the moral issue of slavery was the paramount issue confronting the nation, overriding all others. This was not Lincoln's view. In a famous letter to his Kentucky friend Joshua Speed, in 1855, Lincoln recalled

their visit in 1841 to St. Louis, where they encountered slavery: "That sight was a continual torment to me; and I see something like it every time I touch the Ohio [River, the boundary between free and slave states]... You ought... to appreciate how much the great body of the northern people do crucify their feelings, in order to maintain their loyalty to the constitution and the Union."

William Lloyd Garrison burned the Constitution because of its clauses protecting slavery. Lincoln revered the Constitution. He believed the United States had a mission to exemplify the institutions of democracy and self-government for the entire world. This, of course, was the theme of the Gettysburg Address. He was not, to be sure, a believer in "manifest destiny," the idea that Americans had a God-given right to invade other countries in the name of liberty. Lincoln saw American democracy as an example to the world, not something to be imposed on others by unilateral force.

In his great Peoria speech of 1854, Lincoln explained his opposition to the expansion of slavery. "I hate it because of the monstrous injustice of slavery itself. I hate it because it deprives our republican example of its just influence in the world—enables the enemies of free institutions, with plausibility, to taunt us as hypocrites—causes the real friends of freedom to doubt our sincerity." Slavery, in other words, was an obstacle to the fulfilment of the historic mission of the United States. Yet because of this democratic mission, the nation's unity must be maintained, even if it meant compromising with slavery.

Another key difference between Lincoln and abolitionists lay in their views regarding race. Abolitionists insisted that once freed, slaves should be recognized as equal members of the American republic. They viewed the struggles against slavery and racism as intimately connected. Lincoln saw slavery and racism as distinct questions. Unlike his Democratic opponents in the North and pro-slavery advocates in the South, Lincoln claimed for blacks the natural rights to which all persons were entitled. "I think the negro," he wrote in 1858, "is included in the word 'men' used in the Declaration of Independence," and that slavery was therefore wrong. But inalienable natural rights—life, liberty, the pursuit of happiness—he insisted, did not necessarily carry with them civil, political, or social equality. Persistently charged with belief in "Negro equality"

during his campaign for the Senate against Stephen A. Douglas, Lincoln responded that he was not "nor ever have been, in favor of making voters or jurors of Negroes, nor of qualifying them to hold office, nor to intermarry with white people." Abolitionists worked tirelessly to repeal northern laws that relegated blacks to second-class citizenship. Lincoln refused to condemn the notorious Black Laws of Illinois, which made it a crime for black persons to enter the state.

Throughout the 1850s and for the first half of the Civil War, Lincoln believed that "colonization"—that is encouraging black people to emigrate to a new homeland in Africa, the Caribbean or Central America—ought to accompany the end of slavery. We sometimes forget how widespread the belief in colonization was in the pre-Civil War era. Henry Clay and Thomas Jefferson, the statesmen most revered by Lincoln, outlined plans to accomplish it. Rather than a fringe movement, it was part of a widely-shared mainstream solution to the issues of slavery and race.

Colonization allowed its proponents to think about the end of slavery without confronting the question of the place of blacks in a post-emancipation society. Some colonizationists spoke of the "degradation" of free blacks and insisted that multiplying their numbers would pose a danger to American society. Others, like Lincoln, emphasized the strength of white racism. Because of it, he said several times, blacks could never achieve equality in the United States. They should remove themselves to a homeland where they could fully enjoy freedom and self-government. It is important to remember that for Jefferson, Clay, Lincoln and many others, colonization was part of a plan for eventually ending slavery. Before the war, abolition required the consent of slaveholders. And t seemed impossible that slaveholders would ever agree to emancipation unless it were coupled with removal of the black population.

Lincoln did talk about a future without slavery. The aim of the Republican party, he insisted, was not simply to stop its westward expansion, the immediate political issue of the 1850s, but also to put the institution on the road to 'ultimate extinction," a phrase he borrowed from Henry Clay. Ultimate extinction could take a long time: Lincoln once said that slavery might survive for another hundred years. But to the South, Lincoln seemed as dangerous as an abolitionist, because he was committed to the eventual end of slavery. This was why his election in 1860 led inexorably to secession and civil war, for

the reason, clearly stated by the southern secession conventions, that his administration might be a threat to the future of slavery.

During the Civil War, of course, Lincoln had to do more than talk about slavery. He had to act. How did he become the Great Emancipator?

The war did not begin as a crusade to abolish slavery. Almost from the beginning, however, abolitionists and Radical Republicans pressed for action against slavery as a war measure. Faced with this pressure, Lincoln slowly began to put forward his own ideas. I do not wish to rehearse in detail the complicated chronology of events in 1861 and 1862. In summary, Lincoln first proposed gradual, voluntary emancipation coupled with colonization—the traditional approach of politicians like his early idol Henry Clay, who were critical of slavery but unwilling to challenge the property right of slaveholders. Lincoln's plan would make slave owners partners in abolition. He suggested this plan to the four border slave states (Delaware, Maryland, Kentucky and Missouri) that remained in the Union. He found no takers. Indeed, two of these states, Delaware and Kentucky, were the very last states to see slavery end—only the Thirteenth Amendment abolished slavery there, without compensation, of course.

In 1862, Lincoln held a famous meeting with black leaders. This was the second time in American history that black persons entered the White House in a capacity other than slaves or servants. (The first came half a century earlier, when James Madison met with the black sea captain, Paul Cuffe, who wanted to promote emigration to Africa.) Lincoln issued a powerful indictment of slavery—blacks, he said, were suffering "the greatest wrong ever inflicted on any people." He refused to issue a similar condemnation of racism; nor did he associate himself with it: "whether it is right or wrong I need not discuss." But racism, he went on, was intractable. "Even when you cease to be slaves, you are yet far removed from being placed on an equality with the white race... It is better for us both, therefore, to be separated." But the large majority of black Americans refused to contemplate emigration from the land of their birth.

In mid-1862, Congress moved ahead of Lincoln on emancipation, although he signed all their measures: the abolition of slavery in the territories; abolition in the District of Columbia (with around $300 compensation for each slave owner); and the

Second Confiscation Act of July 1862, which freed all slaves of pro-Confederate owners who came within Union lines. Meanwhile, Lincoln was moving toward his own plan of emancipation. A powerful combination of events propelled him:

1) The failure of efforts to fight the Civil War as a conventional war without targeting the bedrock of southern society. Military failure generated support in North for making slavery a military target.

2) Many northerners feared that Britain and France might recognize the Confederacy or even intervene on its behalf. Adding emancipation to preserving the Union as a war aim would deter them.

3) Slavery itself was beginning to disintegrate. From the beginning, the slaves saw the Civil War as heralding the long-awaited dawn of freedom. Based on this perception, they took actions that propelled a reluctant white America down the road to emancipation. Hundreds, then thousands ran away to Union lines. Far from the battlefields, reports multiplied of insubordinate behavior, of slaves refusing to obey orders. Slaves realized that the war had changed the balance of power in the South. In 1862, Union forces entered the heart of a major plantation area, the sugar region of southern Louisiana. Slaves drove off the overseers and claimed their freedom. The actions of slaves forced the administration to begin to devise policies with regard to slavery.

4) Enthusiasm for enlistment was waning rapidly in the North. By 1863, a draft would be authorized. At the beginning of war, the army had refused to accept black volunteers. But the reservoir of black manpower could no longer be ignored.

All these pressures moved Lincoln in the direction of emancipation. In September 1862, he issued the Preliminary Emancipation Proclamation—essentially a warning to the South to lay down its arms or face a final proclamation in ninety days. On January 1, 1863 came the Proclamation itself.

The Emancipation Proclamation is perhaps the most misunderstood important document in American history. Certainly, it is untrue that Lincoln freed four million slaves with a stroke of his pen. The Proclamation had no bearing on the slaves in the four border states. Since they remained in the Union, Lincoln had no constitutional authority

to act regarding slavery in these states. The Proclamation exempted certain areas of the Confederacy that had fallen under Union military control, including the entire state of Tennessee and parts of Virginia and Louisiana. All told, perhaps 750,000 of the four million slaves were not covered by the Proclamation. But that meant that 3.1 million slaves were declared forever free.

A military measure, whose constitutional legitimacy rested on the 'war power' of the president, the Emancipation Proclamation often proves disappointing to those who read it. Unlike the Declaration of Independence, it contains no soaring language, no immortal preamble enunciating the rights of man. Nonetheless, the Proclamation was the turning point of the Civil War, and in Lincoln's understanding of his own role in history. Lincoln was not the Great Emancipator if by that we mean someone who was waiting all his life to abolish slavery. He was not the Great Emancipator if this means that he freed four million slaves in an instant. But what I want to argue is that Lincoln *became* the Great Emancipator—that is to say, he assumed the role thrust on him by history, and thenceforth tried to live up to it. The Proclamation did not end slavery when it was issued, but it sounded the death knell of slavery in the United States. Everybody recognized that if slavery perished in South Carolina, Alabama and Mississippi, it could hardly survive in Tennessee, Kentucky and a few parishes of Louisiana.

The Emancipation Proclamation was markedly different from Lincoln's previous statements and policies regarding slavery. It was immediate, not gradual, contained no mention of compensation for slave owners and made no reference to colonization, although this had been included in both the Second Confiscation Act and the Preliminary Emancipation Proclamation. Instead, it enjoined emancipated slaves to "labor faithfully for reasonable wages" in the United States. For the first time, it authorized the enrollment of black soldiers into the Union Army. The Proclamation set in motion the process by which 200,000 black men in the last two years of the war served in the Union army and navy, playing a critical role in achieving Union victory. Putting black men into the army implied a very different vision of their future place in American society. You do not ask men to fight and die for the Union and then deport them and their families from the country.

Overall, the Proclamation changed the character of the Civil War, from a conflict of army versus army to one in which the transformation of southern society became a war aim. In his first annual message to Congress in December 1861, Lincoln had said he did not want the Civil War to become "a violent and remorseless revolutionary struggle." The Emancipation Proclamation announced that this was precisely what the war must become.

Lincoln knew full well that the Proclamation depended for its effectiveness on Union victory, that it did not apply to all slaves and that its constitutionality was certain to be challenged in the future. In the last two years of the war he worked to secure complete abolition, pressing the border states to take action against slavery on their own (which Maryland and Missouri did), requiring that southerners who wished to have their other property restored pledge to support emancipation and working to secure congressional passage of the Thirteenth Amendment. This was another measure originally proposed by the abolitionists that Lincoln came to support. When ratified in 1865, it marked the irrevocable destruction of slavery throughout the nation.

Moreover, by decoupling emancipation from colonization, Lincoln in effect launched the historical process known as Reconstruction—the remaking of southern society, politics, and race relations. In the last two years of the war, Lincoln for the first time began to think seriously of the role blacks would play in post slavery America. Two of Lincoln's last pronouncements show how his thinking was evolving. One was his "last speech," delivered at the White House in April 1865, a few days before his assassination. Of course, Lincoln did not know this was his last speech—it should not be viewed as a final summation of policy. In it he addressed Reconstruction, already underway in Louisiana. A new constitution had been drafted, which abolished slavery yet limited voting rights to whites. The state's free black community complained bitterly about their exclusion from the ballot, with support from Radical Republicans in the North. Most northern states at this point, however, did not allow blacks to vote and most Republicans felt that it would be politically suicidal to endorse black suffrage. In this speech, Lincoln announced that he would 'prefer' that limited black suffrage be implemented. He singled out not only the "very intelligent"—the free blacks—but also "those who serve our cause as soldiers" as most worthy. Hardly an unambiguous embrace of equality, this was the

first time that an American president had publically endorsed any kind of political rights for blacks. Lincoln was telling the country that the service of black soldiers, inaugurated by the Emancipation Proclamation, entitled them a political voice in the reunited nation.

Then there is one of the greatest speeches in American history, Lincoln's second inaugural address, of March 1865. Today, it is remembered for its closing words: "with malice toward none, with charity for all... let us strive to bind up the nation's wounds." But before that noble ending, Lincoln tried to instruct his fellow countrymen on the historical significance of the war and the unfinished task that still remained.

It must have been very tempting, with Union victory imminent, for Lincoln to view the outcome as the will of God and to blame the war on the sins of the Confederacy. Everybody knew, he noted, that slavery was "somehow" the cause of the war. Yet Lincoln called it "American slavery," not southern slavery, underscoring the entire nation's complicity. No man, he continued, truly knows God's will. Men wanted the war to end, but God might see it as a punishment to the nation for the sin of slavery. In that case, it would continue "until all the wealth piled by the bond-man's 250 years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash, shall be paid by another drawn by the sword." Here was a final reaffirmation of his definition of slavery as a theft of labor, and also one of the very few times that Lincoln spoke publically of the physical brutality inherent in slavery. (Lincoln generally preferred to appeal to the reason of his listeners rather than their emotions.)

In essence, Lincoln was asking the entire nation unblinkingly to confront the legacy of the long history of bondage. What are the requirements of justice in the face of this reality? What is the nation's obligation for those 250 years of unpaid labor? What is necessary to enable the former slaves, their children, and their descendants to enjoy the "pursuit of happiness" which he had always insisted was their natural right, but which had so long denied to them? Lincoln did not provide an answer. And these questions have continued to bedevil American society until the present day.

CATHERINE CLINTON

SESQUICENTENNIAL REFLECTIONS ON CIVIL WAR WOMEN[1]

The nation looked back on its Civil War, in the midst of a whirlwind of domestic debates, while impending foreign crises loomed—but with a new young President in the White House, with his charismatic wife and children, the country seemed on the brink of momentous change. On the cusp of a new era, it seemed an appropriate time, if not overdue, to reflect on the legacy of an epic historical era that tore the nation in two. Whether referring to the centenary in 1961 with John F. Kennedy in office, or the sesquicentennial in 2011 with Barack Obama, backward glances at the legacy of the American Civil War offered challenges as well as possibilities. Race was at the center of visceral debates in both of these historical moments. By the time of the Civil War sesquicentennial, a vast body of scholarship had endorsed slavery as well as states' rights, white supremacy as well as patriotism, as centerpieces for our understanding of the war's causes. Emancipation and constitutional amendments have proven equally compelling to appreciating the era's key outcomes.

The fact that American women, black and white, North and South, confronted daunting obstacles to equality—during the Civil War era and during its centennial—was no mere coincidence. The struggle for women to overthrow male restraints was, just as the struggle to seize equal opportunity remains, an intricate challenge. Anti-slavery and equality battles were intertwined: as antebellum activist Angelina Grimké Weld (1805-1879) noted, slaves might be emancipated at the same time that women were still being denied equal status—and women could never be free until slavery was abolished. Grimké recognized interlocking systems of oppression, and proposed a domino effect to destroy these destructive constrictions.

[1] I wish to thank Professor Minh Nguyen, Chautauqua Lecture Coordinator at Eastern Kentucky University (2010-2014), Professor Thomas Appleton of Eastern Kentucky University and the wonderful faculty and students in Richmond, Kentucky for hosting the lecture on which this essay is based.

Nina Silber and I argued, in *Divided Houses: Gender and the Civil War* (1992), that women's history and Civil War history were two fields which had too long conspired to remain mutually exclusive domains. A few years before the Civil War centenary, Allan Nevins persuaded Mary Elizabeth Massey, a respected scholar in Civil War history, to undertake a commission for his new series on the history of the war. In 1966, she published *Bonnet Brigades: American Women and the Civil War*. Massey was the only woman to contribute to the fifteen-volume set.[2] The historical work on American women that emerged in the 1960s, and grew exponentially into the twenty-first century, eventually shifted to include the American Civil War, which nevertheless remains a period in which women's roles remain understudied and undervalued—especially in contrast to the American Revolution or even World War II.

When Massey's book appeared, Scarlett O'Hara—the fictional heroine of Margaret Mitchell's 1936 bestseller, *Gone with the Wind*, dominated popular cultural images of women and the war. Her deprivation and dilemmas became symbolic of Civil War sacrifice. O'Hara retains her crown as an iconic afterimage of the Lost Cause, but she has definitely been joined by a new cast of characters. Modern Pulitzer Prize winning novelists have given us a wider range of fictional heroines, including Sethe (from Toni Morrison's *Beloved*), Ada Monroe and Ruby Thewes (from Charles Frazier's *Cold Mountain*), and a reimagined Alcott family (in Geraldine Brooks's *March*).

Meanwhile, we hope fictional heroines will be crowded out by documented cases of real life heroines who contribute to a more authentic appreciation of war's indelible impact. Penguin Classics now includes *Mary Chesnut's Diary*, which has reigned for over a century as the most cited and influential of Civil War reminiscences, and even plaques and statuary are playing a role in this twenty-first century revival. Educators have access to newly published Civil War manuscripts, letters and diaries, and stand amazed at online repositories that enable them to track down many new and neglected aspects of war. All of this renews our appreciation of women's multifaceted roles.

[2] See Roundtable on Mary Elizabeth Massey in the special issue of *Civil War History*, guest edited by Judith Giesberg, Vol. 61, No. 4, December 2015.

One of the most famous women to emerge from Ken Burns's *The Civil War* (1990) was the wife of Sullivan Ballou, the "very dear Sarah" who at the age of 32 lost her husband at the Battle of Bull Run. Burns used the motif of Ballou's letter to showcase Civil War devotion and sacrifice—and his documentary comments that "Sarah never remarried." How likely was remarriage with a generation of men wiped out? We are given Sarah as the object of a soldier's attachment, rather than the subject of her harsh fate. We don't hear from Sarah—was it fidelity or the inability of widows to find new husbands? In addition, Burns left too many women's voices on the cutting room floor.[3]

Sarah Ballou eked out a life along with hundreds of thousands of other war widows, trying to raise her children—only eligible to claim a pension years later. Thousands of women of her generation were robbed of their youth, and their security, with hopes dashed by a husband's vainglorious demise. Many women had Scarlett O'Hara's luck with her first husband—dead of dysentery before ever seeing battle. Soldiers' mortality was a harsh reality: three out of five soldiers died of disease—which did not include those who died from injuries resulting from combat, which were one in five (and roughly 20% suffered combat deaths). Thus nursing and medical supplies were not incidentals, but became operationally integrated in order to keep the military staffed and combat ready.

Pioneering medical reformers Elizabeth and Emily Blackwell called a meeting of women in Manhattan to coordinate efforts for soldiers' aid. On April 29, 1861, between 2,000 and 3,000 women responded to the Blackwell's' call. Nurses were trained for work in the field and to establish a network of soldiers' aid societies: the Women's Central Relief Association [WCRA]. Unitarian minister Henry Bellows was elected president of the group, but the board of twelve overseers included six women.

Louisa May Alcott's *Hospital Sketches* etched out the harshness of a nurse's life, describing instances when "legless, armless occupants entering my ward admonished me that I was there to work, not to wonder or weep."[4] Confederate women organized themselves into similar—although less coordinated—efforts. Most of their contributions

[3] See Catherine Clinton, "Noble Women as Well," in Robert Brent Toplin, ed. *Ken Burns's "The Civil War"* (New York, Oxford, 1996), 61-80.
[4] Catherine Clinton, "Noble Women as Well," op. cit., 73.

were on a local level and individually rather than being collectively sponsored. Former Charleston socialite Phoebe Pember, hard at work as a Confederate hospital matron, complained of rats who "ate all the poultices applied during the night to the sick, and dragged away the pads stuffed with bran from under the arms and legs of the wounded."[5] When the wife of one of her patients overstayed her welcome, giving birth to a daughter on her husband's cot, Pember charitably tended to the newborn (who was named Phoebe by grateful parents).

There were a good number of little Clara Bartons as well. Barton repeatedly challenged military and government dictates which banned women from the battlefield—making her a welcome nuisance during expeditions, where she saved a good many men's lives by bringing medicine closer to the front. Juliet Hopkins, nicknamed "the Angel of the Confederacy," was wounded in the leg while nursing fallen soldiers at Seven Pines. She spent the rest of her life with a limp due to this injury. Most women did not venture out onto the field, like Union stalwart Mother Bickerdyke, who endeared herself to soldiers from her native Illinois. The majority of nurses on both sides of the battle waited for the wounded to come to them—and thousands upon thousands arrived.

As wartime inflation doubled prices between 1861 and 1863, Yankee women encountered challenges in finding basic goods such as sugar, eggs and bread. And poor women in the needle trades, along with domestic servants, were at the bottom rungs of the economic ladder. By 1863, one New York newspaper reported that many women's wages had decreased nearly 50 percent since 1860, while the cost of living had increased more than 50 percent. But, once again, activist women stepped into the breach, erecting the Educational Industrial Institution and Asylum, where homeless or destitute children of deceased or disabled soldiers found food, clothing, and "such training in the arts or daily life as will be designed to fit its beneficiaries for usefulness and respectable self-support."

This movement has been construed by scholars such as Judith Giesberg as a kind of "sisterhood." An ethic of patriotic sacrifice—giving up curtains so hospital patients

[5] Phoebe Yates Pember, *A Southern Women's Story* (Columbia: University of South Carolina Press, 2002), 102.

might have bedding, for example—promoted domestic values within a political framework. From these humble beginnings, a mighty tide of female activism spread across the North, as sanitary commission work politicized and activated women.[6]

During the war's first year, Josephine Shaw recorded in a diary: "December 16th: today is my birthday, —18 years. Sent today 42 pairs of mittens to Rob." She lost her beloved brother, war hero Colonel Robert Gould Shaw, during the Battle of Ft. Wagner in July 1863 when he led his African American troops into combat, and his own death. Josephine was sewing for her own husband, Charles Russell Lowell, and eight months pregnant when news came of his demise on October 24, 1864. But her husband had urged her during their few months of marriage to "…live like a plain Republican, mindful of the beauty and duty of simplicity… I hope you have outgrown all foolish ambitions and are now content to become a 'useful citizen'." [7]

Lowell was perhaps cautioning against the "smart set" of women who attempted to commingle their interests in high society with that of partisan charity. In Chicago, the first Sanitary Fair—a bazaar run by the U.S. Sanitary Commission to raise money for soldiers' aid—ran for two weeks in October 1863. This event generated nearly $80,000 in profits.[8]

Many leaders were extremely ambivalent about this development, and worried about their supporters abandoning mundane clothing and food drives. The money raised by fairs could be diverted to buy supplies for dwindling warehouses, but depleting supplies concerned volunteers and reformers. Women from the great city of Brooklyn imitated their Midwestern sisters and generated nearly half a million dollars in cash for widows and orphans at their fair in February 1864. Two months later, Manhattan women

[6] Judith Giesberg, *Civil War Sisterhood: The U.S. Sanitary Commission and Women's Politics in Transition* (Boston: Northeastern University Press; Revised Edition, 2006)

[7] His bride of less than a year was unable to attend his funeral at Harvard College Chapel and his burial at Mt. Auburn cemetery. She also bore the brunt of his family's disappointment when she gave birth to a daughter instead of a son, a few weeks later. Joan Waugh, *Unsentimental Reformer: The Life of Josephine Lowell Russell* (Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press, 1998), 84-85.

[8] Women in the Chicago-based Northwest Sanitary Commission decided to hold fairs—with entrance tickets offered at 75 cents and donated goods for sale. They set a goal of $25,000, and President Abraham Lincoln contributed an original draft of the Emancipation Proclamation, which was auctioned off at $3,000.

built themselves a fairground at the corner of Sixth Avenue and Fourteenth Street, where they sold donations from around the country.

Organizers raised over a million dollars for this initial Metropolitan Fair, which opened on April 4, 1864, attracting a parade of nearly 10,000. This extravaganza's entrance fee limited attendance to none but a well-heeled elite.[9] But the fashionable bought over 30,000 tickets during the fair's three weeks. Visitors viewed Frederick Church's *Heart of the Andes* and Emanuel Leutze's *Washington Crossing the Delaware* in an art gallery. These fairwomen also created a children's department, a music hall and a "Knickerbocker Kitchen."

Women outside the Northeastern corridor were equally caught up in warwork and reform, but not with such glamorous projects. However, these plebian efforts could and did have spectacular results. One particularly exemplary leader, Annie Wittenmyer, after witnessing horrid conditions in military hospitals, asked the United States Christian Commission to help her pioneer a "dietary kitchen system." This provided for a revolution in hospital care, and would remain in use down to the present day. With this new system, each soldier/patient would be given a separate diet, tailored to individual medical needs. She organized special dietary units, and hired women supervisors to oversee their implementation. So absorbing was this work that she gave up other Sanitary Commission duties to devote herself exclusively to running kitchens for soldiers' until war's end. This health advance saved hundreds of lives and improved the return to the ranks for thousands. None other than Ulysses S. Grant suggested that "no soldier on the firing line gave more heroic service than she did."[10]

Even ordinary women could find themselves in extraordinary circumstances. Southerner Sarah Morgan wailed in her diary, "If I was a man. O if I was only a man. For two years that has been my only cry..."[11] And so some women did something about their

[9] See William Y. Thompson, "Sanitary Fairs of the Civil War," *Civil War History* Vol. 4, No. 1 (March 1958): 51-57.
[10] Janice Beck Stock, *Amazing Iowa* (New York: Harper Collins, 2003), 98.
[11] Sarah Morgan, *The Civil War Diary of a Southern Woman* (New York: Simon and Schuster, 1992), 491.

frustrations.[12] Rosetta Wakeman served with the 153rd New York volunteers as Private Edwin Wakeman, writing home about her adventures: "I was not in the first day's fight but the next day I had to face the enemy bullets with my regiment. I was under fire about four hours and laid on the field of battle all night. There was three wounded in my Co. and one killed."[13] Wakeman participated in the Red River Campaign where the commander issued an executive order that no women would accompany the troops—trying to rid the march of both family and camp followers. Little did he realize that not only was Wakeman serving in disguise, but so also was Jeannie Hodges, an Irish immigrant who fought as Albert Cashier in this same campaign. (Hodges was born female, but lived most of her adult life as a man.)

Canadian born Emma Edmonds enlisted in the 2nd Michigan as Private Franklin Thompson and left us a memoir in which she thanked God in 1861 to be "permitted in this hour of my adopted country's need to express a tithe of gratitude which I feel toward the people of the Northern States."[14] After contracting malaria at the Battle of Fredericksburg she deserted, fearing discovery. A solider in the 10th Massachusetts, confided "there was an orderly in one of our regiments and he and the Corporal always slept together. Well the other night the corporal had a baby for the corporal turned out to be a woman."[15]

DeAnne Blanton and Lauren Burgess, in *They Fought Like Demons: Women Soldiers and the American Civil War* (2002), explore an array of fascinating cases which have been excavated, and they debate critical issues surrounding cross-dressing Civil War soldiers. Southerner Amy Clarke disguised herself to serve with her husband, and she continued as a soldier even after he was killed at Shiloh. Clarke was eventually wounded and captured by federals who gave her a dress and sent her back behind Confederate lines. Less than two weeks before the end of the war, Mary Wright and Margaret Henry

[12] See in particular, "Impermissible Patriots," Chapter Two of Catherine Clinton, *Stepdaughters of History: Southern Women and the American Civil War* (Baton Rouge: Louisiana State University Press, 2016), 40-74.
[13] Lyde Cullen Sizer & Jim Cullen, eds. *The Civil War Era: An Anthology of Sources*, (New York: John Wiley & Sons, 2008), 92.
[14] Diane L. Abbot & Kristoffer Gair, *Honor Unbound* (Lanham, Md.: Hamilton Books, 2004), 71.
[15] DeAnne Blanton and Lauren M. Cook, *They Fought Like Demons: Women Soldiers in the American Civil War* (Baton Rouge: Louisiana State University Press, 2002).

were captured and imprisoned after fighting undetected for the Confederacy for years. Mary and Molly Bell served under the names of Tom Parker and Bob Martin, but were accused by officers of being "common camp followers and... the means of demoralizing several hundred men."[16]

This complaint about women in camp was a familiar lament, as the Civil War created the largest increase in the sex trade in nineteenth-century America, perhaps the single greatest growth spurt in the nation's history. Judith Giesberg's new study, *Sex and the Civil War* (2017), imaginatively explores issues of gender, sexuality and pornography during the Civil War. Evidence indicates that hundreds, perhaps thousands, of nineteenth-century women were involved with a system of concubinage through private contractual arrangements with individual men. Whatever these combined numbers amounted to, they were overshadowed by the figures for those who participated in a more "casual" sex trade. These women never thought of themselves as "prostitutes." "Public women" was a term of contempt for females who supported themselves *solely* through supplying multiple partners with sex for money, and their lives remain relatively undocumented beyond criminal and court records. Civil war soldiers and their commanders commented frequently on the topic, especially as officers saw prostitutes as a health hazard for their men.[17]

One Confederate wrote to the post commander in Dalton, Georgia, that "complaints are daily made to me of the number of lewd women in this town."[18] The problem was deemed so extreme that a Confederate officer ordered men to "sweep out" the town. Any woman who could not document her respectability would be expelled. Undocumented females would be confined to the guardhouse, with a diet of bread and water. The streets of wartime Richmond became a kind of complex stage onto which the players were thrust without scripts. Unescorted females were subject to danger on city streets. What was new was the way in which public space was being shamelessly

[16] Mary Elizabeth Massey, *Women and the Civil War* (reprint ed.: Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 1994), 85.
[17] Catherine Clinton, "Public Women and Sexual Politics During the American Civil War," in Catherine Clinton & Nina Silber, *Battle Scars: Gender, Sexuality and the American Civil War* (New York: Oxford University Press, 2006), 61-77.
[18] Ray Broadus Browne & Lawrence A. Kreiser, *The Civil War and Reconstruction* (Westport, Ct.: Greenwood Press, 2003), 9.

expropriated by "public women." Headlines became more daring and colorful: "Queer Rollickers" and "Stabbing Affair at a House of Ill Repute."[19]

American women of color had a special stake in the epic Civil War struggle, as they rightly perceived of the battle as a conflict to establish black liberation: war, the dizzying carousel, and emancipation, the brass ring. Their moving roles in the Civil War have long been obscured by myth and distortion.

Harriet Tubman recognized that *slavery* was war, and she aligned herself with John Brown and declared war against slaveholders long before 1861. She made her way into enemy territory again and again to rescue enslaved African Americans. When the Civil War was formally declared—in a sense moving her "underground" struggle above ground—Tubman joined with federal forces—first in Virginia and then in South Carolina. She was instrumental in one of the most daring Union raids deep into the heart of Dixie, the Combahee River Raid on June 2nd, 1863, when three federal ships moved cautiously upriver shortly before midnight, loaded with the soldiers of the Second South Carolina. On this historic journey, Tubman was liberating more than the handfuls at a time she had freed during her UGRR days. On the lookout, Tubman guided the boats to designated spots along the shore where runaways had hidden. The Union operation proceeded like clockwork.

The horror of this attack on the prestigious Middleton Place drove the point home. This distinguished family owned several estates in the region and was one of the wealthiest clans in the state. Robbing warehouses and torching planter homes was an added bonus for former slaves sent as soldiers, striking hard and deep at the proud master class. Over seven hundred and fifty slaves were spirited onto Union gunboats that night, shepherded by one hundred and fifty black soldiers. Tubman's plan was triumphant.

By the summer of 1863, Union commanders were willing to risk sending men into the interior, even greenhorn colored troops, based on Tubman's assessment of enemy strength and positions. Tubman described slaves as a fifth column, restless on Low Country plantations, eager to anticipate the Union invasion. Many slave men wished to

[19] See Catherine Clinton, "Public Women and Sexual Politics During the American Civil War," in Catherine Clinton & Nina Silber, op. cit.

join the Union Army, but would do so only after federal troops transported their families to safety.

In her magisterial *Out of the House of Bondage: The Transformation of the Plantation Household,* Thavolia Glymph tells us about enslaved women rebels during the war. Enslaved women could and did find war was sheer hell, as testified a Missouri wife who wrote her husband, "They are treating me worse and worse every day. Our child cries for you. Send me some money as soon as you can for me and my child are almost naked." Desperate circumstances caused drastic results. One Kentucky woman spirited her children away, only to be accosted by her master's son-in-law "who told me that if I did not go back with him he would shoot me. He drew a pistol on me as he made this threat. I could offer no resistance as he constantly kept the pistol pointed at me."[20] She was forced to return home at gunpoint, while the white man kidnapped her seven year old as hostage.

Susie King Taylor was born on a Georgia plantation in 1848, the first child of a slave mother named Baker. Her grandmother was born in 1820, the granddaughter of an African slave brought to Georgia during the 1730s. Taylor went to live with her grandmother in Savannah, escaping the plantation when she was just a young girl. During her years in Savannah, she was fortunate to have white playmates willing to teach her to read and write, as offering instruction to a slave was against the law.

One of her tutors abandoned her to serve with the Savannah Volunteer Guards when the war broke out in 1861. Taylor vividly recalled the shelling of Fort Pulaski, which prompted her return to the countryside to be with her mother: "I remember what a roar and din the guns made. They jarred the earth for miles."[21] When federals captured the fort, Taylor was ferried behind Union lines, onto St. Simon's Island. Because she could read and write, white Union officers drafted her, at the age of fourteen, to teach freed slaves. She married a black soldier, a sergeant with the first South Carolina Volunteers, and subsequently served alongside her husband as a nurse and laundress for

[20] Catherine Clinton, *Tara Revisited: Women, War and the Plantation Legend*, (New York: Abbeville Press, 1995), 74.
[21] Susie King Taylor, *Reminiscences of My Life in Camp: An African American Woman's Civil War Memoir* (Athens: University of Georgia Press, 2006), 103.

the troops. Taylor practiced other skills as well and confided, "I learned to handle a musket very well while in the regiment, and could shoot straight and often hit the target."[22] When Clara Barton came to the sea islands, Taylor worked alongside this Yankee legend—but remained with her own regiment through February 1865.

After the war, Taylor resettled in Savannah and opened a school. But when her husband died in 1866, she faced an uncertain and unsettling future—she was left "soon to welcome a little stranger alone." Pregnant and widowed, she struggled to survive. By 1868 Taylor had to close her school, and in 1872 she left her child with her parents and took a job as a domestic for a wealthy Savannah family. Unlike most women of her race and class, she did not spend the rest of her years in this role, slavery's legacy. Rather, Taylor secured a job in Boston, then remarried, and embarked on a career as a clubwoman and civic activist. In 1902 she published *Reminiscences of My Life in Camp with the 33rd United States Colored Troops, Late 1st S.C. Volunteers*, a remarkable chronicle. Despite the great rarity of her account, Taylor made dramatic point near the end of her memoir, which speak to us across the generations:

> There are many people who do not know what some of the colored women did during the war. There were hundreds of them who assisted the Union soldiers by hiding them and helping them to escape. Many were punished for taking food to the prison stockades for the prisoners… Others assisted in various ways the Union Army. These things should be kept in history before the people. There has never been a greater war in the United States than the one of 1861, where so many lives were lost,—not men alone but noble women as well.[23]

These sacrifices and contributions remain, a century later, as Taylor complained, generally unheralded. The depletion of *adult* labor increased the burdens on enslaved children. Eliza Scantling, fifteen in 1865, remembered she "plowed a mule an' a wild un

[22] *Ibid.*
[23] *Ibid.*, 104.

at dat. Sometimes me hands get so cold I jes' cry."[24] During wartime, thousands were fatherless and hundreds were orphaned.

While we track and translate, debate and proclaim, the histories of too many black southern women are "obscured." When I began my journey nearly thirty years ago, I was standing on a decidedly empty, if not barren, ground. We did have the emergence of the magnificent multi-volume *Documentary History of Emancipation* edited by Ira Berlin et al. We had prize winning studies by Leslie Schwalm (*A Hard Fight for We: Women's Transition from Slavery to Freedom in Lowcountry South Carolina*, 1997), Jacqueline Jones (*Labor of Love, Labor of Sorrow: Black Women, Work and the Family, from Slavery to the Present*, rev. ed. 2009) and Deborah Gray White (*Aren't I a Woman: Females Slaves in the Plantation South*, rev. ed. 1999).

Today there are many strong and sturdy inroads which have transformed the field—including certainly Jean Yellin's prize-winning biography *Harriet Jacobs: A Life* (2005) and Thavolia Glymph's equally lauded *Out of the House of Bondage: The Transformation of the Plantation Household* (2008) which allows us to move the study of freedwomen to a forward march.

We see glimpses of black men and women, enslaved and liberated, in powerful memoirs such as Pauli Murray's magnificent *Proud Shoes: The Story of an American Family* (1978) and Carla Petersen's *Black Gotham: A Family History of African Americans in Nineteenth Century New York City* (2011). Petersen tells the story of Maritcha Lyons, part of the New York elite, black abolitionists and entrepreneurs who would agitate to improve the lot of African Americans. Harriet Tubman, Susie King Taylor and Maritcha Lyons can replace the unnamed stand-in for all those black women subsumed under the heading of "Mammy."

Writers like E.A. Pollard, author of *The Lost Cause*, peppered their stories with an obligatory reference to the "auntie" if not Mammy of southern lore. This genre became so popular that northern writers joined in—to cash in on the popularity. Such is the story "Aunt Rosy's Chest" (1872) by Kathryn Floyd Dana, who lived in New York but wrote

[24] Peter Bardaglio, "The Children of Jubilee," in Catherine Clinton & Nina Silber, *Divided Houses: Gender and the Civil War (*New York: Oxford University Press, 1992), 221.

under the name Olive A. Wadsworth (signing her letters "O. A. W."—shorthand for only a woman). Sherwood Bonner expropriated the local color of black life in Old South for many of her short stories.[25] Mammies did not leave us their story, but white confabulations filtered through the lens of romanticized fiction, becoming what I have labelled "Confederate Porn." [26]

In 1923, the U.S. Senate authorized a mammy statue, "in memory of the faithful slave mammies of the South," attempting to set their passions and prejudices into stone. As a Southern congressman stated in support of the monument, "The traveler, as he passes by, will recall that epoch of southern civilization when 'fidelity and loyalty' prevailed. No class of any race of people held in bondage could be found anywhere who lived more free from care or distress."[27]

Central to this idyll was the figure of Mammy, who in popular imagination resembled Harriet Beecher Stowe's Uncle Tom's wife, Aunt Chloe, a cheerful, plump slave in a checked kerchief. White performers blackened their faces to tell stories and sing spirituals in the style "of the old time 'house darkey'." The ready-made pancake mix of Aunt Jemima—a "slave in a box," as one historian puts it—quickly became a national sensation; a "biography" of her was subtitled "the Most Famous Colored Woman in the World."

The six year-old "negro girl Melvinia" was bequeathed by her owner, David Patterson, to his wife Ruth. When Ruth died in 1852, Melvinia—known as Mattie, went to live with Ruth's daughter, Christianne Shields. Living in rural Georgia, near Atlanta, she was illiterate, and like most women of her generation she struggled against incredible odds to survive, but in 1870 she appears in the census with four children. More than one of them may have been fathered by the son of her former master, Charles Shields. But we also might speculate that a child born after the war might have indicated a long term liaison with this man. She worked as a maid, a washerwoman and a farm worker, and lived a hard life before her death in the 1930s—no fictional mammy she.

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[25] Sheri Parks, *Fierce Angels: The Strong Black Woman in American Life and Culture* (New York: Ballantine, 2010), 49.
[26] See Clinton, *Tara Revisited: Women, War and the Plantation Legend*.
[27] Tony Horwitz, "The Mammy Washington Almost Had," *The Atlantic*, 31 May 2013.

One of Melvinia's sons born either shortly before or shortly after the Civil War, did learn to read and write, and by 1900 he was listed in the Birmingham, Alabama census as owning his own home: with his first wife Alice, he had a son named Robert. Robert married Annie, and they had two children. After Robert disappeared, Annie moved to Chicago during the great migration—and her son Purnell Nathaniel Shields married a nurse and they had eight children. Their granddaughter, Michelle Obama, moved into the White House as First Lady in 2009, and is ranked as one of the most admired women in American by recent polls. This story was recovered only in the recent past, first broken as a story in the New York Times, then in an expanded book on the topic, Rachel L. Swarns's *American Tapestry: The Story of the Black, White, and Multiracial Ancestors of Michelle Obama* (2012).

For decades of commemoration, we have visited statues of men on horseback and battlefields, but Thavolia Glymph suggests we now turn our lens to encompass a broader view.[28] Jim Downs has offered us new insights into the costs of this war, along with the gains for black women, in his *Sick from Freedom: African-American Illness and Suffering during the Civil War and Reconstruction.*[29] Televised dramas like "Mercy Street" are featuring the roles of women as well as men during wartime, while Websites and Internet resources are growing exponentially.

And from kitchens to courtrooms, porches to pedestals, American women renewed their battles—after peace was declared at Appomattox. Commemoration became a female pre-occupation in post-Civil War America, raised into an art form by groups such as the United Daughters of the Confederacy. Their stories have remained overshadowed by those of generals and diplomats, battles and boardrooms. But *recovery* and *rediscovery* are watchwords in our dramatic era of expanding horizons, digitization and global ambitions. Renewed intellectual campaigns for recognizing women's

[28] See Thavolia Glypmh in CSPAN video, "James M. McPherson: A Life in American History" (Jan. 8, 2012): https://www.c-span.org/video/?303793-1/career-historian-james-mcpherson
[29] For further information, see CSPAN video, "The Medical Crisis of Emancipation" (June 20, 2015): https://www.c-span.org/video/?326466-4/gettysburg-college-civil-war-institute-conference-discussion-end-civil-war

achievements and appreciating their hardships can make us eager for remembrance of things *not* imagined.

I predict our new and even more robust era of Civil War Studies will not just remember the ladies (as an earlier generation admonished), but will also fully integrate an historical perspective on gender. And women who fought so valiantly to survive are not lost, but are finally making their way toward a broader and deeper appreciation of our nation's greatest era of crisis and sacrifice, the American Civil War.

MARK E. NEELY, JR.

LINCOLN AND THE CONSTITUTION: FROM THE CIVIL WAR TO THE WAR ON TERROR

On December 6, 2001, less than three months after the 9/11 terrorist attacks, Attorney General John Ashcroft, testifying before the Senate Committee on the Judiciary, gave a warning: "To those who scare peace-loving people with phantoms of lost liberty, my message is this: Your tactics only aid terrorists—for they erode our national unity and diminish our resolve. They give ammunition to America's enemies."[30]

Such tough talk was not unprecedented in American history by any means. In fact, one can draw a straight line from President Abraham Lincoln to John Ashcroft on that score. Lincoln offered his sternest warning to the people of the North in a public letter sent to the press on June 12, 1863. He was responding to a letter of protest sent from a mass rally held in Albany, New York, and in his reply the president warned that public "clamor" over "arresting innocent persons" by accident, in the course of protecting national security, was "part of the enemies' programme." "Under cover of 'Liberty of Speech' 'Liberty of the press' and '*Habeas corpus*'," Lincoln insisted, the enemy "hoped to keep on foot among us a most efficient corps of spies, informers, supplyers, and aiders and abettors of their cause."[31] In short, to protest military arrests of civilians in the name of the First Amendment to the Constitution of the United States, was to give aid to the Confederacy.

Of course, the circumstances surrounding Lincoln's warning were different from those that provoked Ashcroft's statement, and the immediate context of the remarks is important. A cynic might well also say that words are one thing and actions quite another, and stern admonitions were certain to come from a president facing the gigantic rebellion Lincoln did. But even if we look deeper, at government

[30] Geoffrey R. Stone, *War and Liberty: An American Dilemma 1790 to the Present* (W.W. Norton, 2007), 129.
[31] Roy P. Basler, ed., *The Collected Works of Abraham Lincoln*, 9 vols. (New Brunswick, New Jersey: Rutgers University Press, 1953-55), 6: 263-64.

action and behavior, it is not impossible to draw parallels between the Civil War and the War on Terror.

Take the issue of torture, for example. Allegations of government torture to this very moment figure in prosecutions of enemy combatants for participation in terrorist actions against the United States. There were protests against government torture raised during the Civil War too. They came not from American lawyers and journalists disturbed over sensational allegations of torture, but from the authorities representing the British government in the United States during the Civil War. Again, the circumstances and practices were different, but torture was an issue.

The practice would not have come to light had it not been the case that some of the victims in the North during the Civil War were British subjects. They were young men, part of the very great number arrested in the North on suspicion of being deserters from the Union Army. Some turned out to be innocent civilians, and thus were numbered not among those answerable to military justice, but among the 15,000 or more civilians arrested by military authority under the Lincoln administration during the Civil War. Some suspected deserters were subjected by 1864, when the army had become exasperated by the great number of desertions, to a form of water torture applied to extract confessions.

The British subjects in Civil War military prisons were mostly young Irishmen resident in the United States. Great Britain took a dim view of the abuse of its subjects by foreign governments, and its official representatives in foreign lands were there in part to protect them. Sometimes abused prisoners contacted the representatives, and sometimes the British officials were proactive and toured the Northern military prisons looking for British subjects who might have been wrongly detained. When an official encountered a plausible complaint from some prisoner he demanded an explanation from the State Department. The United States officials felt compelled to answer because the one thing they did not want to do was to irritate Great Britain to the point where that country might intervene in the war.

Here are some of the cases whose records have survived in the archives. Mathew Murphy was an Irishman who was in jail in Alexandria, Virginia, in October

1864. He had been arrested on suspicion of desertion because he was wearing some government-issue clothing and because he was, according to the arresting authorities, a "hard-looking" man. Murphy complained that he had been handcuffed and suspended from the ceiling by the wrists. Federal authorities in Alexandria could not categorically deny that he had suffered such treatment.

J.W. Nash, another British subject, represented a more typical case. Like many of these suspected deserters, he had been arrested while he was about to board a train at a railroad station. He was in the company of two deserters, dressed the same way they were, and he carried the same (apparently considerable) amount of money they did. He must have been suspected of being a "bounty jumper," that is, a person who enlisted in order to receive the lucrative cash bounties extended for volunteers late in the war, and who pocketed the money and quickly deserted, sometimes to repeat the process. When the British minister to the United States, Lord Lyons, investigated Nash's case, he learned that Nash had been the victim in prison of "violent cold water baths." The captain commanding the Central Guard House in Washington, D.C., admitted that Nash had been "subjected to what is called a shower bath, which consists of a stream of water from a small rubber hose." "It is not severe," the captain explained lamely, "nor at this season of the year very unpleasant, as the prisoners there shower each other for their own comfort, daily." The captain's description did not sound convincing to Lord Lyons, who replied sternly, "This explanation does not show that the cold water was applied in Nash's case, in conformity with any law or regulations as a punishment for a known and proved offense[;] on the contrary it tends to confirm the statement that it is used in the Central Guard House for the purpose of extorting, by the inflictions of bodily pain, confessions from persons suspected of being Deserters."

Later in the summer of 1864 the British protested the treatment of a prisoner subjected to "a hose of water directed with full and powerful action against his naked person." This inquiry led to an admission that the Judge Advocate General, the army's highest-ranking lawyer, prescribed the water torture for certain kinds of prisoners. The army persisted in calling the practice "punishment by shower baths," but the prisoners writing to Lord Lyons told another story. James Buckley, for one,

maintained that he had been subjected to showering for two hours until his skin broke.

Knowledge of the torture reached at least as high as the office of the Secretary of State, William H. Seward. Seward was forced by virtue of the sensitive diplomatic situation to examine the charges. He dutifully forwarded to Lord Lyons the explanations offered by prison-keepers of the behavior in question. Seward did not, as far as anyone knows, attempt to cover up the practice. On the other hand, he did not apparently forward the reports to the Secretary of War or protest on behalf of the aggrieved British citizens. He did not denounce torture or attempt to end its use. He merely responded.[32]

To be sure, these cases differed from the modern cases involving allegations of torture. The Irishmen were not enemy combatants but civilian residents of the North. Thus the torture was used to extract confessions and not to extract information about the enemy. The methods applied were not, apparently, as dangerous and cruel as the modern methods. Still, it has once again proved to be distressingly easy to draw a straight line from the Lincoln administration to the War on Terror not just in terms of tough words but also in controversial practices. And the victims of torture in the Civil War were not part of a plot to attack the United States or to terrorize its citizens; they were only suspected deserters from the army.

It is important to return to the language used by the Lincoln administration to "explain" its internal security system—the words about aiders and abettors of the enemy's program quoted at the beginning of this article. They transcended as threats the commonly cited modern language used in the War on Terror and were much broader in their potential threat.

The statement quoted here appeared in what has come to be called the Corning letter. It was a broad defense of internal security policy written in answer to public protests over the arrest of an Ohio politician named Clement L.

[32] This program of government torture was revealed in Mark E. Neely, Jr., *The Fate of Liberty: Abraham Lincoln and Civil Liberties* (New York: Oxford University Press, 1991), 109-112.

Vallandigham.[33] The circumstances, ably and definitively described by the greatest historian of dissent in the American Civil War, Frank L. Klement, began with the reassignment of General Ambrose Burnside to a desk job after his catastrophic leadership of the Army of the Potomac resulted in the Battle of Fredericksburg in December 1862. Afterward the administration placed him in command of what was called the Department of the Ohio, with headquarters in Cincinnati. He oversaw military affairs in the states of the Old Northwest and Kentucky.

Unfortunately for the Lincoln administration, Burnside's approach to the home front resembled his approach to the battlefield: frontal assault. On April 13, 1863, he issued General Orders No. 38, warning that "The habit of declaring sympathies with the enemy will no longer be tolerated in this department." It is not at all clear that such expressions were habitual nor how, even if they were, Burnside, new to the scene in Ohio, had knowledge of them. Clement Vallandigham, who had failed to gain re-election in his recently gerrymandered district, was essentially looking for something to do. As Frank L. Klement interprets his actions, the ex-Congressman determined to court martyrdom by making a speech critical of the administration which Burnside would unfairly interpret as declaring sympathy with the enemy. Burnside would likely have Vallandigham arrested. Ohio was to have a gubernatorial election in 1863, and Vallandigham might be launched by the wrongful arrest to prominence as a possible candidate. The scheme worked so well that Vallandigham was almost elected governor.

He gave the speech in Mount Vernon, Ohio, on May 1, 1863. Burnside had detectives in the audience taking notes and he had Vallandigham arrested. The scene was worthy of a twenty-first century civil liberties nightmare. The arrest came after midnight, when no courts would be open and when no judge would likely issue a writ of *habeas corpus*. A squad of armed soldiers wrenched Vallandigham from his family

[33] This interpretation of the Vallandigham arrest relies on the groundbreaking and thorough work of Frank L. Klement, *The Limits of Dissent: Clement L. Vallandigham and the Civil War*, orig. pub. 1970 (New York: Fordham University Press, 1998); see esp. 138-72.

and carried him off to a train which rushed him out of his home town of Dayton, Ohio.[34]

Vallandigham was tried by military commission, a sort of court martial of civilians (also made familiar to us now in the War on Terror). He was found guilty and eventually banished to the Confederacy. From there he ran the blockade to Canada and, having been nominated by the Ohio Democratic party for governor, ran for office in absentia.

Lincoln's letter to Erastus Corning and others, the Albany protestors, was the first public defense of the administration's vigorous internal security system offered by the president in almost two years. In his famous and able letter Lincoln made several arguments, only one of which is much noticed today. For example, Doris Kearns Goodwin, in her widely read book, *Team of Rivals: The Political Genius of Abraham Lincoln*, the basis of the Steven Spielberg film on Lincoln released late in 2012, says that "Lincoln posed a question that was soon echoed by supporters everywhere: 'Must I shoot a simple-minded soldier boy who deserts, while I must not touch a hair of a wily agitator who induces him to desert?'" Otherwise, she says, Lincoln's letter "put the complex matter of military arrests into perspective." He "reminded his critics that the Constitution specifically provided for the suspension of the writ of habeas corpus," and he insisted "that Vallandigham was not arrested for his criticism of the administration but 'because he was laboring, with some effect, to prevent the raising of troops, to encourage desertions from the army, and to leave the rebellion without an adequate military force to suppress it'."[35]

But that is not all that Lincoln did in the Corning letter. He also wove a conspiracy theory of the origins of the Civil War, claiming that secessionists had been "preparing for it more than thirty years." Part of those preparations included leaving behind, in the North, sympathizers, who could work internal mischief to the Union cause. Among other things, the secessionist conspirators knew that they could rely on these sympathizers to raise protests when the Northern government took effective

[34] Ibid., 156-59.
[35] Doris Kearns Goodwin, *Team of Rivals: The Political Genius of Abraham Lincoln* (New York: Simon & Schuster, 2005), 522-525.

measures for the internal security of the Union. "From this material," the president argued, "under cover of 'Liberty of speech,' 'Liberty of the press' and '*Habeas corpus*' they hoped to keep on foot amongst us a most efficient corps of spies, informers, supplyers, and aiders and abettors of their cause in a thousand ways." Thus protests against government restriction of civil liberties became "part of the enemies' programme."

The first part of this article pointed these arguments out, but Lincoln went on to make two more chilling assertions about speech and internal security. First, he attempted to criminalize silence. "The man who stands by and says nothing, when the peril of his government is discussed, cannot be misunderstood. If not hindered, he is sure to help the enemy." Next, he challenged the fundamental basis of a loyal opposition. The man was even less to be misunderstood, Lincoln said, "if he talks ambiguously—talks for his country with 'buts' and 'ifs' and 'ands'."[36] Imagine yourself a Democrat, that is, a member of the loyal opposition party, who reads this letter. Who supports the war, "but" not if the war aims are changed a year-and-a-half into the war from Union to emancipation? Who supports the war only "if" the administration adheres to the Constitution in its prosecution of the war? The loyal opposition party, the Democratic party of the Civil War, took those positions, and no Democrat could read the Corning letter without feeling threatened.

Goodwin's characterization of this letter by no means prepares us for what we read in it. Lincoln did not "remind" his critics; he threatened them. Lincoln did not "put the complex matter of military arrests into perspective"; he attacked the opposition. Goodwin says that even "Democrats were impressed" with the letter. Surely, they were more alarmed than impressed by it. Lincoln was not reaching out to the opposition in the Corning letter. He was agitating his base of Republicans who feared the opposition was disloyal.

How can we explain such a letter, one that to this day should raise the little hairs on the backs of our necks and that was certainly intended to have precisely that effect at the time? The context is critical. Just as John Ashcroft made his remarks in

[36] Roy P. Basler, ed., *The Collected Works of Abraham Lincoln*, 6: 263-65.

the shadow of the recent 9/11 attacks, so Lincoln issued the Corning letter when the enemy was virtually at the gate. When reading any public statement of President Lincoln during the war, one should always ask, where was Robert E. Lee's army at the time? In the case of the Corning letter, Lee's Army of Northern Virginia was following up a crushing defeat of the Union army at Chancellorsville, fought May 1-3, 1863. Invasion of the North was now likely, and indeed General Lee did invade the North, crossing the Potomac on June 16.

In other words, there was threatening military context for the Corning letter. To complicate matters for the historian, there was also startling political context. The Ohio Democratic Convention nominated Vallandigham for governor on June 11, the day before the Corning letter was released to the press.

Which mattered the most to Lincoln? Which seeming threat was uppermost in his mind? Was he more worried about the Confederate army or political opposition? History will never know, and yet it would be useful to have a system for evaluating the internal security measures of wartime presidential administrations. I have been writing about Lincoln and civil liberties for over a quarter of a century, and over the years I have devised a system for evaluating internal security records that is based more on behavior than on words, for the latter always seem hair-raising and threatening in wartime.

The system asks four questions. First, and perhaps most important, did the president win the war? The question would be pertinent for appraising the record of James Madison, who, though he did not suspend the writ of *habeas corpus* during the War of 1812, did not, in many historians' eyes, definitely win the war either.

Second, were the measures taken for internal security proportionate to the threat—or out of proportion to it? This question would be damaging for John Adams's record during the Quasi-War with France, for the minimal threat on American soil posed by this conflict waged mostly on the open seas, hardly seemed to justify the draconian Alien and Sedition Acts of 1798.

The third and fourth questions are considerations that the law professor and writer on civil liberties Geoffrey Stone has raised with special clarity. Was the

internal security system confined in its uses to the original and designated targets of sedition or was the system in fact used for other purposes? In the nineteenth century, the feared "other purpose" of any internal security system was elimination of the opposition political party. This third question would endanger Adams again, for the Sedition Act threatened and was applied to the opposition Republican press, and newspapers were essential to any loyal opposition's continuing role of criticism of the administration. In modern times, we worry about marginalized peoples who might be victimized even though they have nothing to do with the enemy's program.

The fourth question (also suggested by Stone's analysis) is whether the internal security system ceased when the threat ceased? The Red Scare that followed on the heels of World War I and the internal arrests made by the administration of Woodrow Wilson, aimed at radical labor organizations and socialists, might qualify as damaging instances of this phenomenon.[37]

If we were to give grades to presidential administrations for their civil liberties records, happily no one in American history has failed the tests altogether, employing the internal security apparatus devised for wartime to eliminate the loyal opposition party and to establish a dictatorship. I would not give any president an "F," therefore, but the full range of grades is available for the test otherwise.

In the case of Abraham Lincoln, the fourth question is unanswerable. John Wilkes Booth assassinated President Lincoln before the threat of rebellion had entirely ended. The other three questions are difficult to answer, perhaps, but they do offer historians an approach to the question of civil liberties in war. And it is an approach that allows comparison, even across centuries of time, with other presidents, other wars and other approaches to civil liberties and internal security.

When I spoke on this subject at Eastern Kentucky University's Chautauqua Lecture Series,[38] I asked the audience to answer the four questions and come to an

[37] See Geoffrey R. Stone, *War and Liberty*, esp. 166-84. Stone offers a full and fair treatment of the issues involved in the administrations other than Lincoln's

[38] August 23, 2012.

appraisal for themselves of Lincoln's record on civil liberties. And I believe I should end this article with the same task for readers. What grade would you give Lincoln?

CHARLES BRACELEN FLOOD

A TALK WITH BRACELEN FLOOD, AUTHOR OF *GRANT'S FINAL VICTORY*

Ulysses S. Grant is best known for leading the Union to victory during the Civil War, and for his presidency. What led you to focus on the last year of Grant's life rather than on his wartime service or years in office?

I was fascinated by how little had been written about his last year. In a fourteen-month period, he first lost all his money in a Wall Street swindle. As he began to write his memoirs in an effort to make some money, he was diagnosed as having cancer of the mouth and throat—the result of many years of smoking cigars. Twenty years after he set new standards of military honor by his magnanimous treatment of Robert E. Lee and his men during the surrender at Appomattox Court House, the entire nation, North and South, joined in wishing him well, and in hoping that he could finish his book before he died.

What passed between Grant and Robert E. Lee at Appomattox is one of the most famous moments of the Civil War. You also wrote a book about the last years of Lee's life. Did you find parallels between their stories?

Each man was the most aggressive general on his side but, after the war, both worked hard for reconciliation. Lee gave a fine example of dignified acceptance of defeat by his innovative and forward-looking presidency of Washington College in Lexington, Virginia, which upon his death five years after the war was renamed Washington and Lee University. In a little-remembered gesture, just weeks after he was inaugurated as president, Grant invited Lee to call on him at the White House. Lee understood that by inviting him, Grant was inviting the South back to the White House. After a visit of some fifteen minutes, the two men shook hands and parted. They never saw each other again.

You weave together letters, newspaper articles and telegrams to create this narrative. Where did you find them?

One of the great feats of American scholarship is the multi-volume *Papers of Ulysses S. Grant*, edited by John Y. Simon. Upon Professor Simon's untimely death, this work has been ably continued by Professor John Marszalek. While I was working on what became my book *Grant and Sherman: The Friendship that Won the Civil War*, I asked Professor Simon what had been neglected in the treatment of Grant's life. He replied, "It gets thin, near the end." In addition to a couple of fairly short but helpful books that cover this period, the *New York Times* gave virtually daily coverage to Grant's activities and medical condition from May of 1884 to his death in July of 1885. A real find for me was a book written by his granddaughter, Princess Julia Cantacuzene, titled *My Life Here and There*. She wrote some splendid descriptions of Grant as she remembered him from her childhood. Julia was nine when he died, and she saw him frequently during the last year of his life. She was at his funeral, and later wrote about it in a vivid and moving way.

Who were Ferdinand Ward and James D. Fish, and what was their role in Grant's financial hardships in May 1884?

Both men were figures in New York's financial world. Ward was known as "The Young Napoleon of Wall Street." They brought Grant, who was naive about money matters, into an investment banking firm they named Grant and Ward. He put all his own money and that of his immediate family into the firm. Showing him and other investors completely false balance sheets, they led Grant to believe that his initial investment of a hundred thousand dollars had swiftly grown to, as he put it, "nigh on to a million." It turned out that Ward and Fish were running what a later generation would call a Ponzi scheme, more recently practiced by Bernie Madoff. When their financial house of cards collapsed, the true facts became known: Grant and Ward owed its investors sixteen million dollars and actually only had assets of sixty-seven thousand dollars.

How did the public react when they learned that Grant had been swindled?

Most people were sympathetic, and a number of individuals sent him some money. One of his veterans accompanied a check with a note saying, "General, I owe you this for Appomattox." But there were those who thought that as a partner in the firm he must have known something of what was going on and that he was guilty of financial negligence. Both Ward and Fish ended up serving prison terms.

Many people might not know that one of the men closest to Grant in his final year was Mark Twain. How did the two first meet, and what was their relationship?

Grant and Twain already knew each other, but by 1884 they were the two most famous men in America. Twain had published his *Adventures of Tom Sawyer* and was about to publish *Huckleberry Finn*, and Grant was on his way to being the most photographed man of the nineteenth century. In his effort to make some money, Grant was already writing some articles about his Civil War battles and campaigns, and had decided to expand these articles into a book that would be called *Personal Memoirs of Ulysses S. Grant*. At that point Twain appeared and offered to publish the book himself. He offered Grant very generous terms, but thought that the book would make a big profit. What Twain did not expect was that Grant, now suffering from cancer, could sit down every day and write an average of seven hundred and fifty words, words that gave the American public an immensely compelling story of the most convulsive event in the nation's history. When Twain saw what Grant was producing, he saw that it had remarkable literary quality. He compared it to Caesar's *Commentaries*, saying this: "The same high merits distinguished both books—clarity of statement, directness, simplicity, manifest truthfulness, fairness and justice toward friend and foe alike and avoidance of flowery speech... General Grant's book is a great, unique and unapproachable literary masterpiece. There is no higher literature than these modern, simple Memoirs. Their style is flawless... no man can improve upon it."

How did the public react to the news of Grant's terminal throat and mouth cancer?

In contrast to Grant's family and friends, the public did not learn of it until some months after the diagnosis was made. One of the most striking things about the reaction was that so many in the South, including Confederate veterans, joined the North in wishing him well in this painful crisis. On the occasion of his sixty-third birthday, he received this message from the Confederate Survivors' Association, meeting in Augusta, Georgia: "Remembering him as the generous victor... do we, standing by the graves of our Confederate dead, respectfully tender to General Grant sincere and profound sympathy in this season of his direful extremity." Every day, crowds gathered outside Grant's house in Manhattan. A reporter from the *New York Tribune* approached a Union Army veteran, a countryman who was missing an arm and limping along on a cane, and asked him why he was there. The man answered, "He's my old commander and I love him. When the Battle of the Wilderness was over and the Rebs had taken to their heels, I was a-lying in a shady spot I had a-crawled to, when the General rode by. My arm and leg was a-hanging by a thread and as he passed me I shouted, 'Hooray' and the General's face lit up with a smile of joy and sadness. That was my last battle and I never saw him again."

One of the most interesting things about Grant's last months was the many letters he received from young people who had not been born when he was fighting the battles that had preserved the United States as one nation. Marie Matalina Casagrande, a student of the Fifth Ward Industrial School of the Children's Aid Society of New York, wrote him this: "We know how you are, because all of our boys in school are either news-boys or boot-blacks, and the news-boys of course read it in the paper... I buy a paper every night just to see how you are. Last night, I was so glad to read you had gone for a drive [in Central Park]. Then we all of us, the big ones I mean, study History, and we know what you did for us, before we were born. I am an Italian girl, most all of us are down here in this school, but there are other children too. Some German, some Irish and some colored children, but we all love you, and pray for you, with all our hearts and souls." A little girl from St. John's, Michigan, told him this: "I shall send you a Birthday card... I shall buy it with the money I have earned. Mama says it is not a real present if you ask papa for the money to buy it with. I shall put my name on it so you know it is from me for I suppose you will get a great many. Good bye dear General Grant. I love you very

much and wish I could do something to make you well." That was echoed by a girl from Louisville who closed her letter with, "I hope you won't suffer a bit. General Grant please accept the best wishes and love of this little Louisville girl." In addition to general compassion, Grant's race with time to see if he could finish his memoirs before he died brought out the American instinct to root for the underdog.

Considering the treatments available a hundred years ago (brandy injections, cocaine throat sprays), the fact that he lived so long after his diagnosis seems surprising. One person you quoted suggested that Grant's drive to finish his memoirs kept him alive. Do you think this was the case?

Grant's famous wartime determination—Lincoln said of him, "When Grant gets possession of a place, he acts as if he had inherited it"—was fully on display during his final months. He spent the last five weeks of his life in a cottage at Mt. McGregor, New York, in the hills above Saratoga Springs. Working hard to finish his book, he told all those around him that completing it was his overriding priority, and told his son Frederick, "This is now my greatest interest in life, to see my work done." Pushing himself to the end, he completed his book, and died three days later. Mark Twain learned of his death two hours after it occurred, and wrote in his notebook, "I think his book kept him alive several months. He was a very great man and superlatively good."

Grant dedicated his memoirs to "the American soldier and sailor," hoping that including both the Union and the Confederacy in his dedication would "serve a purpose in restoring harmony." Did Grant's memoirs contribute to unifying the country?

They did indeed. The combination of his death and his book brought to fruition what he said in its last two pages: "I feel that we are on the eve of a new era, when there is to be great harmony between the Federal and Confederate. I cannot stay to be a living witness to the correctness of this prophecy, but I feel within me that it is to be so." One of Grant's appeals to the nation had been his saying, "Let us have peace," and this was soon acted out at his massive funeral procession in Manhattan. Over a million people lined the

streets to see his coffin go by. In addition to seeing an honor guard of twenty United States Army generals, the crowd also saw an open carriage in the parade in which sat two former Confederate generals, Joseph E. Johnston and Simon Bolivar Buckner. Grant's widow, Julia, had asked that they be included because she knew that was what her beloved "Ulyss" would have wanted.

Although your book is about the last year of Grant's life, there are many references in it to moments earlier in his career. Do you feel some of these should be better known?

Yes. For example, as president, in 1870 he signed the bill that created Yellowstone National Park. By doing that, Grant created the American national park system, the world's first. Near the end of his second term, in his final Annual Message to Congress, now known as the State of the Union Address, he took the unprecedented step of apologizing to the Congress, and through them to the nation, for his failings as president. He said, "It was my fortune, or misfortune, to be called to the office of Chief Magistrate without any previous political training... Under such circumstances it is but reasonable to assume that errors in judgement must have occurred." He added, however, that he had "acted in every instance, from a conscientious desire to do what was right, constitutional within the law and for the very best judgment of the whole people."

Yet another aspect of Grant emerges from a study of his Civil War campaigns. Starting as the commander of a regiment of less than a thousand men, within three years he was general-in-chief of an army of more than a million. In addition to displaying an astonishing learning curve, he was a transitional figure in the history of warfare. At Shiloh in 1862, he was galloping back and forth right behind the lines of his infantrymen who were firing at the enemy at close range; by the time he was opposing Robert E. Lee and his Army of Northern Virginia in 1864, he was at his headquarters miles behind the lines, communicating with his corps commanders by telegraph. Far from being a man who simply threw his men away, Grant was a sophisticated leader who took military intelligence to considerable heights. During the last year of the war, he had created and incorporated into his headquarters at City Point, Virginia, a sixty-four-man Bureau of Military Information—a highly effective intelligence-gathering unit.

On the personal side of his life, he and his wife Julia lived what the Civil War historian Bruce Caon called "one of the great romantic American love stories." Grant's wartime aide Horace Porter recalled that at City Point, "they would seek a quiet corner of his quarters of an evening, and sit with her hand in his, manifesting the most ardent devotion; and if a staff-officer came upon them, they would look as bashful as two young lovers spied upon in the scenes of their courtship." On May 22, 1875, during Grant's second term in the White House, at an hour when Julia knew that he was busy in his office with affairs of state, she nonetheless had one of the staff carry in to him a message she marked, "The President, immediate." Grant stopped his work and read this: "Dear Ulyss: How many years ago today is it that we were engaged: Just such a day as this too was it not? Julia" Grant quickly penned a reply. "Thirty-one years ago. I was so frightened however that I do not remember whether it was warm or snowing. Ulyss."

Since Grant's death in 1885, his reputation has gone up and down, and now seems to be coming back again. What is your view of this?

Grant was much admired, and rightly so, in the years after his death. There had been corruption during his two terms, but he was never directly involved in it. Except for the years he was president, everyone referred to him as "General Grant," and thought of him as the general who had fought a war that ensured that the United States would remain one nation, rather than one of two nations, the Confederacy being a nation with legalized slavery.

Then, at about the turn of the twentieth century, a revisionist school of Reconstruction-era history began. The Lost Cause mythology began. One of the unfortunate aspects of this was that a number of Southern-sympathizing scholars decided that in order to further enhance the justly prominent military reputation of Robert E. Lee, it was necessary to portray Grant as a bloodthirsty man who had prevailed only because of his superiority in numbers. As recently as 1992, he was being characterized as a pathological killer. As for his alcoholism, the facts are that during a lonely unaccompanied tour at a remote post on the Northwest Pacific Coast, Captain Grant was drunk on duty while handing out coins to enlisted men on a payday, and his commanding

officer gave him the choice of facing a court-martial, or resigning from the Army. Grant resigned; during the Civil War, he was never drunk when the soldiers under his command could have been adversely affected by it.

Lost in all this, of course, were such accomplishments as his and Julia's immensely successful two-year post-presidential trip around the world, during which Grant so impressed the leaders of both China and Japan that they asked him to resolve a boundary dispute concerning the Ryukyus Islands—something Grant did to everyone's satisfaction.

In recent times, Grant's reputation has swung back to what it should rightly be—far from being the racist that some have held that he was. Professor Sean Wilentz of Princeton has pointed out that Grant was the president who did the most for civil rights, during the long period between Lincoln and Lyndon B. Johnson.

What in your opinion is the greatest tribute ever paid to Ulysses S. Grant?

In a speech he gave in 1900, Theodore Roosevelt said that any nation would be proud to have had prominent men such as Benjamin Franklin and Thomas Jefferson. Then he said this: "As we look back with keener wisdom into the nation's past, mightiest of the mighty dead loom the figures of Washington, Lincoln, and Grant... these three greatest men have taken their place among the great men of all nations, the great men of all time. They stood supreme in the two greatest crises of our history, on the two great occasions when we stood in the van of all humanity and struck the two most effective blows that have ever been struck for human freedom under the law."

And what tribute do you think would have meant the most to Grant?

Years after his death, Julia Grant wrote this: "I, his wife, rested in and was warmed in the sunlight of his loyal love and great fame, and now, even though his beautiful life had gone out, it is as if some far-off planet disappears from the heavens; the light of his glorious fame still reaches out to me, falls upon me, and warms me."

BOB ZELLNER

REFLECTIONS OF A WHITE SOUTHERNER IN THE FREEDOM STRUGGLE

Preamble

Eastern Kentucky University's Chautauqua Lecture Series theme, "Living with Others: Challenges and Promises," certainly resonates with my life, my experiences and my work for human rights. I have found that a proactive approach to living with others provides a strong antidote to close-mindedness, hate and violence. Living with others peacefully, harmoniously and joyfully broadens and liberates one's life. This sharply contrasts with my Southern upbringing during the forties and fifties, when white supremacy and male chauvinism led many southerners to be narrow minded and reactionary.

Juxtaposing challenge with promise, as the Chautauqua theme does, is also compatible with my philosophy of life, relying as I do on dialectics, the unity of opposites and the social gospel. Existence in a monoculture where everyone is the same may be peaceful but it is boring. Living together in today's global culture has its challenges, but it is exciting to say the least.

The core of the overarching theme—*living*—appeals to me also because biography, including autobiography, is an effective learning and teaching method. Speaking to the EKU community, I used stories from my memoir, *The Wrong Side of Murder Creek: A White Southerner in the Freedom Struggle*. If *Murder Creek* seems to castigate all southerners, that is not my intention. In fact, I think reconstructed southerners tend to become great revolutionaries. They stand for progress. Unreconstructed southerners, however, are likely to uphold the worst in our Southern and our national heritage.

Belief and Action

One's belief is, of course, important, so tell me what you think, what your values are—but more importantly, tell me what you do and have done. Having grown up in Alabama, I am familiar with folks chanting affirmations of faith, knowing they didn't mean it. Even as a child I could see a gap between people's professed beliefs and actions. My quest became to find out why one's actions and claimed beliefs are sometimes so far apart. Why, I pondered, did so few white southerners risk life and limb, even ostracism and poverty, in the struggle against segregation?

I searched for authenticity, commitment and risk, as well as harmony between belief and action. I sought out people taking actions that were challenging and exciting to me. The second of five boys with a school teacher mother and preacher father, it was unlikely I would meet Dr. Martin Luther King and Ms. Rosa Parks as a college student in Montgomery and become part of America's most exciting History—the Civil Rights Movement. Perhaps it was providential that my Methodist College, Huntingdon, was smack in the cradle of the modern civil rights struggle.

The odyssey that was beginning there for me, from the KKK to MLK, was a stretch. My father, Methodist minister James Abraham Zellner, while growing up in Birmingham, became a Klan organizer, a Kleagle. He and Mom, Ruby Hardy Zellner, herself the daughter of a Methodist preacher, graduated from Bob Jones College. Now located in Greenville, South Carolina, Bob Jones is called a "university," but it is still not widely known as a hot bed of Southern Liberalism. Even worse, I was named for Dr. Bob Jones after he performed the marriage of Mom and Dad. In 2012 speak, this means I come from a line of Fundamentalist Terrorists. I must have been a disappointment to my Godfather, Dr. Bob.

Fundamentalism and Terrorism

Have you noticed how fundamentalism and terrorism go together? The nexus between the two seems to be ubiquitous throughout history. Fundamentalist Muslims, Christians, or any other type, might be generally peace loving and protective of those inside their magic

circle. Being a fundamentalist, however, seems to increase one's willingness to harm those perceived to be outside the circle, i.e., infidels. Not only is a fundamentalist allowed to harm others, his creed may even require the deed. Presently a fundamentalist, then, depending on circumstances, voila, a terrorist is born. My father, grandfather and uncles in Birmingham were fundamentalist terrorists, Klan activists. A more ruthless gaggle of nightriders is hard to imagine. Was this the Klavern that killed four little girls guilty of nothing more than going to Sunday school at the 16th Avenue Church one September morning in 1963?

Racism's Pretty Face

Growing up in the slow, lazy countryside of small town Alabama, I treasured trips to bustling, exciting, steel producing Birmingham. It was a long trip at 35 miles per hour in our old '43 Desoto up pre-interstate Route 31 through Montgomery, Prattville, Alabaster and Montevallo. It sometimes snowed during Christmas vacation. I remember Granddaddy as a loving, genial, fun loving old man, not knowing he hated black people for no reason other than their being black. Granddaddy Zellner's picture is in my memoir, holding his walking stick. The caption is irreverent: "The old Klansman with a stick."

Our favorite aunt, Dad's sister, "Ta," a mechanic wearing men's overalls, claimed she could outwork any man. She always took us boys to climb the statue of Vulcan on Red Mountain overhanging the smoking metropolis. Aunt Ta bought steaming hot tamales from a pushcart, as many as we could eat. An active member of the Ladies Auxiliary Ku Klux Klan, she also hated people of color. Negroes fell outside their magic circle.

I was a little boy sitting on Granddad's lap. Smelling of old spice and coal smoke, he spun fabulist tales of working on the railroad, "deadheading" across the country on the Rebel Streamliner. A skilled telegrapher, Granddaddy Zellner was promoted to dispatcher for Gulf Mobile and Ohio. I never thought of his hometown as the "Johannesburg" of America. With this wrenching background, then, it's not surprising my outlook became that of an existential Marxist attempting to follow Jesus, combining schools of thought and action clearly at odds with one another.

Philosophy to Live by

Dialectics is a useful philosophy when learning about the universe; one becomes comfortable with uncertainty and discomfort. Some of my early mentors advocated an attitude of "creative insecurity." Democracy itself, they pointed out, is an exercise in dialectics or creative insecurity. In order to maintain our civil liberties, we must allow those who would take away our civil liberties the right to speak. The Klan should be free to rally, the neo-Nazis can advocate and the ignoramuses of the Tea Party are free to bloviate. Progressives, countering with better organizing, bigger marches and debate rather than outlawing rightwing First Amendment rights, will win every time. The best remedy for hate speech is not suppression. It is more speech—love speech.

In time of war, like the present one with terrorists of various types around the world, we must fight fiercely to maintain our civil liberties. It's nonsensical to say: our freedoms are under attack by fundamentalist terrorists, therefore, we must give up our liberties. A cornerstone of democracy is the right to be safe in our persons. Sad to say, since 9/11, Americans have basically given up *habeas corpus*, the right to a fair trial through due process, in the name of national security.

Spirituality and Religiosity

Spirituality, more important to me than religiosity, lets me take the best from all religions and paths of enlightenment. Fundamentalist Muslims are just as capable of misconstruing the concept of jihad as Christian fundamentalists are of misinterpreting the concept of crusade. Looking back, trying to unravel the threads woven into this spiritual, philosophical fabric, my personal trope continues to be towards action. We are products of all we experience, so my current outlook could change at any minute. I remember the exhilaration I experienced upon discovering a new intellectual universe in 1957 when Rev. Charles Prestwood, a newly minted Doctor of Divinity just returned from Boston University, encouraged us college freshmen to "break our cups." On fire with the social gospel, Dr. Prestwood, in a deliberate act of subversive teaching, advocated breaking our cups, even though they run over with goodness and abundance. He wanted us to actually question all the things we had been taught in church.

On Fire with the Good News

Last Pentecost Sunday I attended Presbyterian service at the Shinnecock Indian Nation Reservation in Southampton, New York. My spiritual advisor, Dr. Richard Lawless, delivered the sermon. The scripture about flames descending to the tops of the disciples' heads reminded me of the rebellious young ministers in Alabama. The multitudes, having just heard of this new gospel, at first thought they were drunk, but some said it could not be, as it was only 9 o'clock in the morning. This apparently is the earliest record of people's hair catching on fire. Dr. Lawless, like my Alabama mentors, has been accused of having his hair on fire. He said in his Pentecost sermon, "Here's how we might look at society today: while political freedom has increased, the influence of people of faith has probably decreased. Do we see it as our Christian duty to make society better? Does following Jesus mean we feel called to right wrongs and combat injustice? As Christians, are we obliged to try to stop destructive forces from hurting our children and families? Is it time to look to the Social Gospel, as did leaders like Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., to measure our faithfulness as people touched by the Spirit? *I* believe so, with all my heart."

Mentors

I sat at the feet of Dr. Prestwood and other progressive ministers through the miracle of my father's conversion from KKK to the inclusive social gospel of a loving Jesus. Breaking with his family and the Klan, he worked quietly in Mobile with Dr. King and Rev. Joe Lowery. Dad, like Charles Prestwood, Tom Butts, and others, was attracted to the work of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference.

O.C. Brown, a friend from Huntingdon College, another young Methodist shaped by that time and its events, served a church in the cradle of the Confederacy, Montgomery. During the time of the Selma march, when Student Non-Violent Coordinating Committee (SNCC) chairperson John Lewis was so badly beaten by George Wallace's' Klan led troopers, O.C. took a stand. After sharing with him a draft of this article, Rev. O.C. Brown wrote to me.

"In a profile," he said, "about people I've known. In it, there is this – 'The most dynamic person I have ever known was Charles Prestwood—a fantastic intellect, great preacher, warm personally. I was delighted to read that you had met him. When it hit the fan in my church in Montgomery after the Selma March, the two ministers who called me after I had taken a stand in my church were Powers McLeod and Charles Prestwood. Also serving in Montgomery were allegedly friends, and they wouldn't even return my calls—Red Hildreth, George Gilbert and others. By the way, Prestwood and Don Collins were best friends. Tom Butts—I was particularly glad to see him included in your article. Over the past 60 years, he has been a beacon light for things progressive in the [Alabama-West Florida] Methodist Conference, often at grievous personal cost."

I was happy for this report. Dr. Butts, currently the pastor emeritus of First United Methodist Church in Monroeville, Alabama, serves as the main helper to Harper Lee, author of *To Kill a Mockingbird*.

My interest in race and justice, kick-started by Charles Prestwood, was aided and abetted by Dr. Thomas Lane Butts. Methodist youth were fortunate to have several young ministers in segregated Alabama spreading subversion quietly among my cohort of the teenage faithful. The following blog comment brings Doctors Prestwood and Butts together in one paragraph. It is typical of both that they emphasis the organizer's responsibility to avoid hubris in their work. Tom Butts recently reported: "A friend and colleague, the late Dr. Charles M. Prestwood, who had unusual insight into the games people play in order to gain power without taking responsibility, wrote: 'The divisions of our day in part grow out of the fact that as slaves we begin by demanding justice and end by wanting to wear a crown.' There are some who never quite understand that we cannot wear the crown of thorns and also have the thirty pieces of silver. The truth is that our inclination to comment with authority and casually offer serious advice on every condition we encounter should be accompanied by an equally serious willingness to become actively involved in affecting the solutions we suggest."

Thomas Butts, in his eighties, continues to break cups, violate mores and he bends toward freedom. At my mother's graveside in Loxley, Alabama, Tom Butts gave the benediction after the Catholic priest had finished the burial ritual. My youngest brother,

Malcolm, a converted Catholic Deacon, had provided the priest. Prior to pronouncing the prayer, Dr. Butts, a lifelong Methodist preacher crossed himself and then those around the open grave. Along with the holy water sprayed by the priest and the blessings delivered by Tom, in the midst of my grief and sadness, I thought Mom received a great send off. I asked Tom afterwards about using the sign of the cross. He replied that he believed in the holy Catholic Church and thought it proper for believers to bless themselves and others. That simple act was liberating to me. I have blessed myself ever since with the sign of the cross, almost as often as I breath the serenity prayer, "God grant me the serenity to accept the things I cannot change; courage to change the things I can; and wisdom to know the difference."

Casual Hatred

Growing up in lower Alabama is to be exposed to unthinking hatred. I did not know the correct name for Brazil nuts. They appeared around Christmas time and were known only as "nigger toes." Italian salad on menus was always "wop salad." To bargain over price was to "Jew someone down." If you were short changed, you were "gyped." The South of my childhood displayed prejudice against blacks, Jews, Catholics, immigrants and women. My father told stories of his great aunts railing against "foreigners." When he countered that the Zellners were foreigners, aunts and uncles would say in chorus, "Yes but we were high class foreigners."

Prestwood's concern with divisions between people, and Butt's insistence that prescription and advice without action is meaningless shaped my life. Action toward problem solving became the basis of my activism. The term, activist, by the way, was not common in the SNCC in the 1960s. We referred to ourselves as civil rights workers or "organizers."

Movement Youth Had Similar Upbringings and Experiences

Local people often called us "freedom riders." My movement involvement was similar to that of many church-bred young southerners, black and white. Sandra Cason Hayden

recently wrote a luminous and haunting memory that resonates with my own coming of age in the south. Casey and I, along with our cohort of movement adventurers, including Jane Stembridge, Connie Curry, Dorothy and Rob Burlage, Joan Browning, and Sam Shirah, understood each other and where we came from so well that we seldom felt the need to speak or write about the experience. Along with other white Southerners who rose up for freedom now and always, we are currently writing about growing up white and southern. Casey wrote of her memories for her former husband Tom Hayden's book on SDS and the history of the Port Huron statement. That declaration along with SNCC's statement of purpose (drafted by Rev. Dr. James Lawson) became twin manifestos of a legendary generation in American history.

"Only love," Sandra Cason Hayden wrote, "is radical":

> I was a child of small town Texas, and of a single parent mom, a feminist. We were poor closet liberals. Austin was my Mecca. I [became]… an existentialist at a residential community of learning alongside The University, the only integrated housing on campus, both by gender and by race. We met in rigorous seminars with a collegium of renegade Christian ministers, headed by a chaplain from WWII who'd seen the carnage, demythologizing the church fathers and scriptures; The collegium attempted to create a language of experience: …Surrendering illusions through honesty, one was opened to creating meaning: an authentic life, freedom. This surrender into reality was "the Christ event". Our freedom, our commonality in receiving it, and our common task of passing it on, were realized in community through rituals of confession, forgiveness, surrender, and gratitude. …We found a remnant of the social gospel, the campus YM-YWCA, as our outpost. I served at the Y's national conference. Men and women led workgroups as equals: Peace; Race Relations; the World of Work; The Changing Roles of Men and Women. Consciously breaking out of the silent postwar generation, we vowed to realize our values, a politics of authenticity. The 50's unfolded into the 60's, the sit-in movement their exalted opening.

Reconstructed Southerners, like "Recovering Catholics," Make Great Revolutionaries

Casey Hayden reminds me of how wondrous it is when southerners change. Her memory of being a stifled southerner hungry for change evoked my evolving consciousness. Shakespeare said the play is the thing. Our movement generation came to believe the ACT was the thing. Authentic politics compelled us to ACT against the evils around us - evils crying out for action. Emerging from the silent generation, young people envisioned poisonous snakes inched closer and closer to our bare feet. Too long, we realized, our foremothers and fathers had talked of making change. We would actually make change. We accomplished a lot. By 1965 the public accommodations and voting acts had passed, setting the stage for a social and economic revolution. Then the national liberal consensus allowing the movement to succeed up to that point broke down.

Ready for Revolution

When serious change, like that advocated by Ms. Ella J. Baker, was placed on the table, liberals ran for high ground. Ending de jure segregation and black voter exclusion, in Marxist terms, certainly completed the bourgeois revolution that was left unfinished following the civil war. Abolishing slavery and achieving democratic rights was certainly a good thing. Moving farther to full social and economic equality, however, in the sense Frederick Douglass, W.E.B. Dubois and Ms. Baker understood it, was not all right. No broad, left national consensus existed that would move the nation toward socialist revolution. This marked the end of the civil right movement. Dr. King's assassination the day before my 29th birthday in 1968 sealed the deal. When King worked to unionize garbage workers in Memphis, while planning a poor peoples' march on the nation's capital, it was over.

The Grow Project

By 1968 SNCC had become an all black organization; many of the white staff began working with SCEF, the Southern Conference Educational Fund. We reached out to poor

and working class white southerners, bringing them into coalitions with organized grassroots black folk. We formed GROW, Grass Roots Organizing Work, which we also called Get Rid of Wallace. I remember our joy and amazement when we found former Klansmen in Mississippi willing to switch sides and join the human race. One, M. O. McCarty, a Masonite union activist from Laurel, became a great friend. Once, when criticized for having been in the Klan, M.O. said, "Yes, I'll admit I was in the KKK, even though I am not supposed to say so. I have always been a joiner. Whenever I go to church, if they open the doors to membership, I join. So far I'm a Methodist, a Baptist, a Presbyterian, and a Holiness, and yes, I was a Klansman, but now I have joined the civil rights."

Only later, much later, in fact twenty or thirty years on down the line, did we begin to view human nature as a hard thing to change. Had we known early on, we may never have attempted the GROW Project. We discovered a philosophy of working class organizing that was successful. Large numbers of poor and working class folks from the Deep South could best be reached on a material basis. All who could be reached with the basic movement idealistic message of Christian love, brother and sisterhood had been reached. The majority would have to see that their material wellbeing depended on them changing racist behavior like separate seniority lists at the plant which kept blacks from advancing in skill level and pay. A strike could pit black and white workers against each other, causing the union to be weak rather than being together, strong in unity.

Shriveled Heart Syndrome

Through years of organizing, I have contemplated the difficulty of making basic social change in the south. Using the psychology, sociology and history learned in several bouts with college and graduate school, I developed a social change theory called the shriveled heart syndrome.

Briefly stated, it describes the effect on generations of white Southerners after centuries of standing on the necks of fellow human beings. The act of oppressing fellow humans inevitably shrink the hearts of those doing the oppressing. Evolution apparently works on the mental and spiritual body as well as the physical one. During slavery, I

reasoned, whites in North America, especially the south, maintained the institution through force, violence and terror. Enslaving a human is an act of war against that person. To make war against a person or a people, it becomes necessary to learn to hate "those people". To own a human, unlike owning a mule, the slaveholder must deny the humanity of that man, woman or child. So, growing up in south Alabama among a people who had, for centuries, practiced treating people like objects or mules, I was expected to go and do likewise. To accomplish this degree of dehumanization, individuals in the owning group inevitably suffer a shriveling of their souls and spirit.

An example of this can be seen in microcosm when farm children, trying to get over their tender heartedness when killing chickens, rabbits, pigs and other livestock, withhold sympathy. They manage somehow to harden their hearts. In the same way, southerners get over their innate dislike of mistreating others. They are taught and later teach their children that, "Blacks aren't the same as you and I; therefore, you may mistreat them."

Imagine an entire region of people mistreating African Americans (a mild and profoundly understated way of describing slavery from 1617 to 1865) for over two hundred years. These same southern people re-enslaved black people under Jim Crow, the sharecropper and prisoners-for-purchase systems for the hundred years leading up to the voting act of 1965.

If you think it would be terrifying to grow up this way, you have some understanding of my early experience. That was the region of my childhood and adolescence; those were the people - friends, fellow church members, family, and acquaintances - I grew up around. They were steeped in racism and self-hatred to the point that nothing was as it seemed. Wouldn't they of necessity have shriveled hearts? Small hearts leave no room for the milk of human kindness. These are the people I grew up with. Has human kindness dried up in southern white people?

Backwater of Hate, or Looking to the Future?

The South today continues to be a bottomland where acidic puddles of racist poison stagnate. Old black women and men in Mississippi taught me that hate is an acid that corrodes the bucket it is carried in. This is especially true among older white people. Only 11% of whites voting in Alabama pulled the lever for our first black president, Barack Obama. Southerners call him "the foreigner," rejecting the legitimacy of a black President. During the current Republican primary, the entire roster of candidates referred to him as "Obama," never President Obama. They have done their best to intimidate this president from exercising leadership, ready to pounce on him for being an angry young black man. But he has shown leadership, most recently on the right to love the one you chose. Thank you President Obama for showing political courage, rare these days.

Growing up in lower Alabama, I learned that my Great- Granddaddy thought he could not do without slavery. Then Granddaddy Zellner thought he could not get along without segregation. My father's generation of southerners was sure they simply could not get along without opposite sex marriage.

Well I get along fine without slavery and I don't have a personal need for segregation. As for marriage, I have tried it twice without success and hope I am done with it. For those who like it, however, I am happy for them to have at it anyway they want it. Opposite sex, same sex, no sex, it is all the same for me.

Wait! Someone brought up bestiality. Was it Republican candidate, Santorum? Man on dog? That might actually give me pause, especially if the man wants to marry his best friend. Well it only gave me a pause, and a short one at that. If a woman wants to marry her dog and a man wants to marry his horse, who's to say it is not the right thing for them? No skin off my teeth, no harm no foul. Right?

Love the One You Choose

I remember when Chuck McDew, former SNCC Chairman, and I visited my brother David and sister-in-law Ruth in a small town near Knoxville, Tenn. McDew, an African-American born in Massillon, Ohio, was fascinated by the jobs being held down, clung to

actually, by my young nephews and their wives, all white southerners, born and bred. It was in the time of the Bush vs. Gore presidential race. We were eating in a Chinese buffet near the airport while waiting for our flight, surrounded by all these rural southerners so quite naturally Chuck asked whom everybody was voting for. Bush was their man one of my nephews proclaimed vigorously.

McDew allowed as how that did not seem right, given the bleak picture they had painted of employment in Knoxville. Looking perplexed, he questioned, "Didn't you say there no good paying jobs and you make hardly enough to pay for gas to and from work? You work at Jiffy Lube, minimum wage and you at Burger King, same wage, one wife at the dry cleaners and another at Wall Mart, and Grandma Ruth has to take care of the babies? Why on earth would you vote for Texan George Bush over Tennessean Gore?"

"Because," my kinfolk fairly shouted in unison, "Bush is going to protect us from gay marriage!" Chuck, completely flabbergasted by now, asked, "Do you know any gay people? Do you know any gay people who are getting married? They all agreed that they didn't know any gay people and didn't know if any of them were getting married.

Later at the airport McDew ruefully told me he had often worried about my poor white kinfolks, hoping they would be able to do better. "Now," he exclaimed, "After what I heard today from your poor nieces and nephews, I will never again worry about poor white people." Amen.

Loving and Living with Others – the Continuing Challenge

So living with others continues to be a challenge in the South. In some ways young southerners are more open to change and less homophobic than their parents. But if the older generations continue to teach their prejudices to their offspring how long will it take. Failure to embrace diversity has allowed a bastion of reaction to invade our entire body politic and I fear the infestation will continue until my region undergoes a thorough change. Many thought the process of integrating the solid south with the rest of the nation was well underway by the end of the sixties - that the south would never go back to its old ways. FDR and his redoubtable wife Eleanor tried mightily to change the politics of

my region coming out of the last Great Depression, declaring the South to be the nation's number one economic problem. Struggling to come out of this one, we find ourselves faced with the same problem. During Reconstruction, fair-minded people thought the south could never, would never, return to the all white courthouse and ballot box. In less than a generation, however, former slave owners using violence, ended reconstruction, reclaiming the south while disfranchising Negros and their poor white allies. Similarly, nobody thought the gains of women, blacks and other oppressed people during the civil rights movement could be taken away again in this country. Currently the GOP, having been hijacked by Tea Party racists and shills for corporate fascism, is doing just that. Will the tiny shrunken hearts of my fellow Southerners be able once again to stave off a concerted assault on its backwardness? Time will tell but there is hope. Challenges exist to be sure, but new and exciting promises are also present. Younger southerners like most young Americans are no longer as cowed by racism, paternalism, and homophobia as their parents and grandparents. More importantly there is a new respect for community organizing and positive social change. Our debonair young President Obama, after all, was a community organizer before trying his hand at leading the "free" world.

My region functions today as a safe rear for rightwing extremism and it anchors Tea Party white nationalism. Morris Dees of the Southern Poverty Law center warns of widespread arming and training of paramilitary extremists. He says that bullying and hatred of gays and immigrants is fueling impending violence on a grand scale. I think the ultra right is gearing up for a serious attempt to foment a new civil war in this country. The progressives and liberals on the left are woefully unprepared. This makes it imperative that progressives unite once and for all to bring the South into the national fold. And there is historical precedent for organizing the South as a way of liberalizing the body politic.

Wanted—A Third Reconstruction

The south and other pockets of reaction in the West, skews our national politics violently rightward. A basic change in the South will change the politics of the whole country, making American democracy safe for the world. Even a small change could make the

country and therefore the world a healthier, safer place. Long-term community organizing seems to be the best solution to the Southern problem. Operation Dixie once attempted to unionize industry in the Southern United States. From 1946 to 1953 in 12 Southern states, labor tried to consolidate gains made by the trade union movement in the Northern United States during the war. Organized labor needed to block the status of the South as a "non-union" low-wage haven to which businesses could relocate. Failure of Operation Dixie to end the South's status as a low-wage, non-union haven impeded the ability of the union movement to maintain its strength in North and contributed to the decline of the American union movement in the second half of the twentieth century. Unions were unable to prevent businesses from holding back wage increases by either moving to the South or threatening to do so. The non-union South holds the nation back economically and has always impeded the fulfillment of civil and human rights. Presently there is no difference between organized labor and the civil rights movement.

My job as a scholar and activist, then, is to propose solutions, make plans and take action, so I am returning to the south after living and teaching in the north for many years. I moved to Wilson, North Carolina where Barton College is located at the end of my short street. A series of miracles landed me here. SNCC and movement people, being angels, will understand. I'm in an old house at the top of a hill near some woods where a bear reputedly lives. Ancient trees from the farm's pecan orchard shade our lot, which anchored vegetable fields along this ridge. I call it Seven Trees Farm. A downpour is drumming on the old roof, the first rain since I moved here April 13th, a Friday. Recently my old organizing friend, Al McSurely, introduced me to the remarkable Rev. Dr. William Barber, leader of a powerful and diverse coalition of fired up progressive southerners here in NC. Also I want to help focus national attention on the North Carolina Plan and the black power it represents, as well as assist John McNeil, wrongly convicted in Newt Gingrich's district of GA.

Wilson is also the home of John McNeil, an African-American basketball star sentenced to life for the death of a white attacker — a mirror image to Travon Martin. I helped his wife, Anita, who is battling a recurrence of breast cancer; draft a letter to Kerry Kennedy for defense funds.

My new home at Seven Trees Farm, with offices, freedom house and organizing school will serve the eastern black belt region of NC. Our work plan for five years is outlined in the following resolution being presented to the NAACP Convention this July in Houston, attempting to bring organized labor and the NAACP together in a new Operation Dixie. Titled, "Houston, We Have a Problem!" The plan includes the following ideas:

> In the 1960s and 1970s, national forces violently opposed to labor and civil rights, adopted a southern strategy to destroy civil rights organizations providing practical support for southern labor and human rights movements. For 40 years we've trod vineyards where the grapes of wrath are stored, waging local and state battles against powerful national forces with unlimited funds for their long-range plan to reinstate segregation, voter ID's, and the whole bag of old tricks of division and hatred.
>
> A conference will convene in the Southern Regions, the 11 former confederate states where anti-labor and anti-civil rights practices continue to plague our neighborhoods, our work-places, our churches and other institutions where we live, work, worship and play; A proposal to be debated in the NAACP should emerge calling for a NAACP-Labor summit to negotiate a Southern Check-Off where *One Nation Organizing Fund* members can collect $2 monthly to finance labor and civil rights organizers in 11 confederate states. $2 of each NAACP member's dues will be set aside to rebuild the southern civil and labor rights movement.

Such a joint plan could change the South from a bastion of the ultra-right wing into a progressive region, making American democracy safe for the world, ending our skewed political spectrum which ranges now from far right to the ultra-center.

NAACP and National Labor, establishing a National Organizing Committee will also plan the 50th Anniversary of the March on Washington for Jobs and Justice in front of the Lincoln Memorial honoring Dr. King and others of the Moses Generation. The

NAACP and labor will then announce the funding and joint sponsorship of the One Nation Organizing Fund."

The North Carolina Conference of NAACP Branches is blazing the trail for a new era of organizing in the south and the rest of the nation. Rev. Dr. Barber and his cadre of organizers is also challenging the national NAACP to rededicate itself to grassroots organizing, honoring its glorious past.

Action is Required

In keeping with this year's Chautauqua theme, "Living with Others: Challenges and Promises," it is clear that real living with others means being willing to change. It also compels those of us dedicated to tolerance and inclusiveness, which I think is a better word, to take action. I was blessed to meet Ms. Rosa Parks as a college student doing research for a sociology paper on the movement. She became a mentor to me and other students at all white Huntingdon College. Once, when trapped in a Montgomery church, Ms. Parks helped five students escape arrest, but not before saying to me, "Bob, when you see something wrong you have to do something about it. You must take action—you can't study injustice forever."

BERNADETTE BARTON

BIBLE BELT GAYS: INSIDERS-WITHOUT

During a Spring 2012 visit to a university nestled in the Appalachian Mountains, my hosts introduced me to an openly gay Episcopalian priest active in a variety of local progressive causes, including gay rights issues. While enjoying a buffet luncheon of Indian food, I learned that Father "Joe" (all the names are changed) had lived many years in Central Kentucky and we knew several people in common. After a run-through of our personal connections, Father Joe shared other tidbits of his life story, including that he had not been raised Episcopalian. He explained, "I grew up in a fundamentalist family who were Pentecostals, and for a time I tried to pray the gay away. I was an ex-gay leader with Exodus International." Father Joe's journey from conservative Christian to ex-gay spokesperson to out clergy echoed many of the stories I share in my book *Pray the Gay Away: The Extraordinary Lives of Bible Belt Gays* which draws on ethnographic observations and interviews with 59 lesbians and gay men from the region to explore what it means to be a Bible Belt gay.

Like most of the gay people I interviewed, Father Joe grew up immersed in Bible Belt Christianity. In his struggle with same sex attractions, he turned to God for help, participated in ex-gay ministries, and finally his strong engagement with theology called him to the priesthood after he came out. A revered and charismatic leader in his community, by any definition (but homophobic) "a son to be proud of," Father Joe's family has yet fully to accept his homosexuality. Nor is homosexuality the only social issue on which he and his family disagree. Exasperated, he explained that his mother keeps her television on FOX News most of the time. After lengthy negotiations, with a commitment to "keeping the peace," Father Joe confided, laughing, "When I visit she changes the channel from FOX News to the only channel we can watch together: the weather station." Father Joe, like many Bible Belt gays interviewed for *Pray the Gay Away*, is an "insider-without": someone with an insider understanding of conservative Christian practices, because he once identified as such and still regularly interacts with conservative Christians, but whose homosexuality marginalizes him in his family circle

and among the community of the "saved." This essay explores the unique vision Bible Belt gays have as "insiders without" living side by side with conservative Christians in families, workplaces, schools and neighborhoods. Once perceived of as "one of us," forced into the status of "one of them," Bible Belt gays straddle two worlds.

Conceptually, "insider-without" is an extension of sociologist Patricia Hill Collins' theory of the "outsider-within" highlighted in her groundbreaking book, *Black Feminist Thought.* Collins wrote that when members of oppressed groups interact in intimate settings with majority members, they have a "distinct view of the contradictions between the dominant group's actions and ideologies." To illustrate, Collins described the "peculiar marginality" of Black female domestic workers in white families. Because they are closely involved in the day to day functioning of a family, Black domestic workers may form relationships with family members, especially the children, and see "white power demystified." At the same time, Black domestic workers are not family members, are usually economically exploited and remain outsiders. Collins defined this insider gaze coupled with outsider status as the location of "outsider-within."

Like Black domestic workers and, as Collins theorized, like Black women in general, Bible Belt gays also have an insider gaze and an outsider status. But while domestic workers enter a family unit as outsiders and over time become more familiar to majority members (though rarely being fully accepted), the lives of Bible Belt gays follow a different trajectory. They begin as insiders in their families, schools, churches and neighborhoods and later face the threat of ostracism and expulsion to the extent that others suspect they are gay and/or if they come out. While there is much variation among Bible Belt gays in how they experience coming out, and I explore these issues in detail in *Pray the Gay Away* (the most significant element is having a supportive family), all Bible Belt gays move from insiders to outsiders as they acknowledge and integrate same-sex attractions in a region dominated by conservative Christians.

Bible Belt Christianity

Conservative Christian, conservative protestant, fundamentalist, evangelical—none of these designations perfectly captures the climate that Bible Belt gays described. Although

individual Christian churches adhere to different norms—some forbid dancing, some expect women to sit in the back pews, only wear skirts and never cut their hair, some sport live bands, some expect member to walk door to door saving souls for Christ—most Christian denominations in the Bible Belt, from Baptist to Methodist to Holiness to Catholic to Jehovah's Witness to Mormon to non-denominational, are uniform in their construction of homosexuality as sinful. And it is this condemnation of homosexual behavior that is most salient for Bible Belt gays. Because the vast majority of places one might worship in the Bible Belt are homophobic, close to 100% of interview subjects logged significant time learning that same-sex attractions are bad, sinful and disgusting in places of worship. Thus, from the perspective of lesbians and gay men from the region, the term that best conveys the rampant and widespread presence of homophobia within Christian institutions is "Bible Belt Christianity."

Nor is Bible Belt Christianity singularly confined to religious institutions and Sunday worship. Christian crosses, messages, paraphernalia, music, news and attitudes saturate everyday settings thus influencing a wide range of local secular institutions like schools and workplaces, and Bible Belt Christians exert a powerful influence on city, county and state political and cultural institutions. In many counties, institutional authority figures openly opposed to homosexuality enforcing homophobic institutional policies and practices set the tone for how families and communities perceive and treat gay people. Further, Bible Belt Christianity trains members of the region—both those who are heterosexual *and* gay—repeatedly to present their Christian identity to others in routine social interactions. Not to do so invites attention and marks one as an outsider. This is especially so in rural areas with small populations in which people know one another and each other's family histories spanning generations. In these areas, regardless of any individual's actual church attendance, most people self-identify as "Christian"—which people largely assume to mean conservative Protestant—, defer to the assumed righteousness of any "Christian" institution and are suspicious of and deem inferior anyone who is not Christian.

Furthermore, in the presence of someone espousing conservative Christian attitudes, even those who do not share them may hesitate to say so because of the regional social norm of "personalism." Essayist Loyal Jones describes personalism as a

traditional Appalachian value, explaining, "We will go to great lengths to keep from offending others, even sometimes appearing to agree with them when in fact we do not. It is more important to get along with one another than it is to push our own views." Not only an Appalachian phenomenon, personalism—the desire to fit in, to get along with one's neighbors, to not offend, to present the social façade of harmony and good humor—influences social interactions throughout the Bible Belt. In this environment, regardless of one's opinions on a particular topic—teen sex, abortion, going to church, women's role in the household, gay marriage or even where the pond you used to swim in is located—people typically do not contradict one another, and they especially do not disagree with authority figures like parents, preachers and teachers. Doing so invites censure and isolation.

Some people only attend church to avoid being talked about by other members of the community. Such individuals rarely challenge the preacher, whose high regard most are seeking, to speak out for homosexuals, an almost universally despised group in the region. Indeed, in fundamentalist churches, like the one Misty (who is white, 24 and from Eastern Kentucky) attended, pastoral authority is ordained by God. When there is little to no impetus to stand up for gay rights, homophobia persists unchallenged. Misty explained, "This, for me, is a major way religion and my family colluded to keep me or anyone in the toxic closet. You see your whole immediate family, not agreeing so much like they are sitting and nodding their heads as he speaks, but you see them in no way disagreeing. They listen intently, shake the preacher's hand on the way out with a smile and the belief system has been reinforced." Such personalism creates the impression that "everyone" (meaning good Christian folk) seamlessly agree that homosexuals are an "abomination," even when some may not. With one's Christian identity constantly on display, and one's Christian practices judged by neighbors, friends and relatives, modeling the appearance of submission to God's authority—as interpreted by church authority—is expected. This makes at least the *presentation* of complicity with Bible Belt Christianity compulsory for most in the region, and it indelibly marks homosexuals as outsiders.

The Insider-Without View from the Margins

Although it is painful to move from insider to outsider, and confusing to be rejected by loved ones for something over which one has no control, processing rejection and ostracism also offered many Bible Belt gays the opportunity to exhibit what psychologists call "posttraumatic growth." Growth happens when an individual learns to interpret adversity suffered in ways that empowers her. For example, many people I interviewed appreciated the unique gaze they had on those around them, what Mary, who is white, 61 and from Central Kentucky, called "the view from the margins." Mary believed that being an oppressed minority—being gay—enables a person to see aspects of social life invisible to those who are privileged, including the destructive consequences of blindly adhering to hierarchical power structures. As insiders-without, gay people, Mary explained, "see things that people who are privileged don't see." This means they may better understand how power and dominance operate, and they may develop strategies to resist, circumvent and/or transform stressful situations.

Derek, who is 39, white, originally from Illinois and a long-time resident of Central Kentucky, illustrated this skill set. A self-described "right-wing homophobe," and politically active conservative Christian for much of his life, Derek shared well-earned insight into the psychology of conservative Christians during our interview. In the early 1990s, after starting, but not finishing a degree in theology—largely because of his struggle over his same-sex attractions—Derek started work at a Christian publishing company. Through the editor-in-chief, Derek met a notoriously homophobic conservative Christian politician running for State Senate who hired Derek to be "his right-hand man." During this time, Derek began dating a man and, as he explained, it became "known more widely in the gay community that 'Candidate Fred' had this gay guy working for him and a few people got upset about that and threatened to out me." Derek lost friends and was asked not to teach Bible Studies to children at his church when people learned he was gay, even while he was still a self-identified conservative Christian. Under this strain, Derek decided to out himself to "Fred." Derek asked Fred to lunch and in the privacy of the car, shared that he was gay. Fred responded, "I think it's no worse than somebody that's an alcoholic or has some other personal struggle that they have to deal with, so if you need anything just let me know." Derek explained that he was relieved this had gone

so well, but soon found himself shut out of any visible political association with Fred.

Strongly committed to both his Republican and Christian identities, Derek described a slow journey from conservative Christian to democratic Episcopalian. His Christian mindset was such that, he felt, "your grocer should be Christian and your exterminator should be Christian." One of the defining characteristics of fundamentalism is separation from secular society. Fundamentalists fear that interacting with those who are unsaved may tempt them astray from God's law. Derek explained "that many Christians or conservative Christians or people that are considered to be Christians don't know how to get along in this world with people that are different." Because of this, Derek believes some Christians are afraid to think for themselves and prefer to let self-identified Christian politicians like Candidate Fred think for them. For such people, it is only necessary to wave one's Christian card to be recognized as "one of us." Derek continued, "And when they need something, they just look in the yellow pages and find anybody that advertises their religious symbol, and then they don't have to be afraid that they are not of their Jesus." Derek explained that he especially wanted heterosexual Christians to understand that he was also a Christian who adhered to a similar set of core Christian beliefs. Unafraid to meet conservative Christians on their home turf, Derek shared that he visited a local conservative seminary and sat down with a large group of seminarians to talk about what it was like to be gay and Christian. Derek said, "I spent a good deal of time offering my Christian credentials and talking to them in their language, which I know. I am a Christian, and I am even their kind of Christian in many, many senses." Derek wanted the seminary students to realize that he was "their neighbor and not their enemy."

Derek demonstrated what Mary described as an "alternative to raw power." She elaborated, "When you're in an oppressed position, you learn a lot about power that you don't learn when you're in the powerful position. You learn all sorts of alternatives to raw power. The people who are reflective have a whole different kind of knowledge that just isn't accessible to people who have it easier in the world." What the reflective insiders-without, or outsiders-within, better perceive (as minority members who question inequality and who do not accept the dominators' perception of themselves) is another, more egalitarian, feminist paradigm of power: power-with. When a group of people adopt

the "power-with" framework, fear of scarcity evaporates. In a power-with paradigm, the more we share, the less we fear and try to control, the more we all benefit. Being an outsider-within, or an insider-without, allows a minority member to see beyond a hierarchical power paradigm and sometimes to transform it.

The Nature of Transformation

One of the central questions I have grappled with throughout researching and writing *Pray the Gay Away* is what causes personal transformation. What makes someone reject a fundamentalist mind frame while another embraces it? What set of variables, or experiences, allow one to value sexual and gender diversity rather than fearing it? What moment(s) can an individual point to that marks the change from shame to self-acceptance? Interview subjects, friends, family members, colleagues, even acquaintances at barbeques have all willingly engaged in dialogue about the nature of change, and gracefully endured relentless probing into their personal biographies to find some answers to these difficult questions. What these conversations suggest is no one path or formula. There are instead many stories and many paths, and what works for one person will not necessarily work for another. Further, change often happens gradually so there may be no moment of epiphany one can identify.

When I look at the Bible Belt through my interview subjects' eyes, I see a place defined by homophobia, but also a place complicated by family and community ties with a uniquely caring culture. "Those" people, the conservative Christians voting against gay civil rights, are the grandparents and sisters and uncles and cousins and neighbors of gay people. Many of these Bible Belt heterosexuals have cared for their gay relatives and friends all their lives, even if they don't know it, and deserve better than to be lumped into a fundamentalist soup, ridiculed and disregarded. As author Alice Walker observed in an open letter to President-elect Barack Obama when he was elected in 2008, "Most damage that others do to us is out of fear, humiliation and pain… We must learn actually not to have enemies, but only confused adversaries who are ourselves in disguise." The single desire most expressed by Bible Belt gays in interviews is that others understand that we are all human and all connected because we are all, as Walker noted, one another

"in disguise." For insiders-without, the line between foe and friend is necessarily blurry. For example, how can a grandmother who raised you, cooks Sunday dinner every week, and yet declares you "can't be gay and Christian" be automatically pigeon-holed as the "enemy?"

During lunch at the Indian buffet, the conversation with Father Joe segued into the 2012 election season. Observing that we are two countries sharing one border, whose residents continue to confound one another, Father Joe and I agreed that those of us from red and blue states, rural and urban areas, coasts, plains and mountains need a map out of the polarized "culture wars," not more ammunition. The stories of Bible Belt gays offer us just such a guide, for they have lived with and they love, and are loved by, conservative Christians. They grew up worshiping God side-by-side with one another. Bible Belt gays understand the religious doctrine that makes their family members, friends and neighbors fear and condemn homosexuality. This understanding, earned during the journey from insider to outsider, offers to the "reflective" a strong skill set to deflect and transform homophobic attitudes.

Recommended Readings

Ammerman, Nancy Tate. 1987. *Bible Believers: Fundamentalists in the Modern World*. New Brunswick, NJ: Rutgers University Press.

Collins, Patricia Hill. 2000. *Black Feminist Thought: Knowledge, Consciousness and the Politics of Empowerment.* New York: Routledge.

JOHN P. BOWES

LIVING WITH AMERICAN INDIANS AND AMERICAN INDIAN HISTORY

The following essay developed out of a lecture given on November 17, 2011 as part of the Chautauqua Lecture Series at Eastern Kentucky University. November 2011, like every November since 1994, was designated by proclamation as Native American Heritage Month. Working with the theme for the Chautauqua series, "Living with Others: Challenges and Promises," the lecture focused on an idea relevant to the series and the month—the place of American Indians in the national historical narrative and its meaning for the place and perception of American Indian individuals and nations in the contemporary United States. This essay will build on that idea to explain how common misunderstandings regarding the contemporary social, economic, cultural, and political circumstances of Native American individuals and nations more often than not grow out of a particular ignorance of Native American history.

Heritage is a powerful word. In many respects it asks us to look at the past and in the process to downplay the present. It is not a problem to look at the past. It is a problem, however, when those backward glances harm or obscure the understanding of present circumstances and events. The cost is particularly high when, in looking backward, we exchange myth for reality. And when the topic is American Indian history, the general lack of knowledge about the past consistently leads most Americans to hold onto myth and misconstrue the legal, political, and even cultural position of American Indians in the present. The following essay explores contemporary issues such as identity and sovereignty through the lens of historical events in order to address some of the most prominent misunderstandings.

In early November, 2011, a symposium convened at Purdue University brought together historians, archaeologists, historical society employees, American Indian tribal representatives and the general public to discuss the 200th anniversary of the Battle of Tippecanoe, in which American forces under William Henry Harrison defeated an Indian force under the leadership of the Shawnee Prophet. Harrison had viewed the Prophet and his brother Tecumseh as dangerous instigators because of the Pan-Indian confederacy

they had crafted through religious and diplomatic means. One of the tribal representatives present at the Purdue symposium was Glenna Wallace, the current chief of the Eastern Shawnee Tribe of Oklahoma and a descendant of Tecumseh. When it was her turn to talk to those in attendance, she started with a simple message. "We are still here," she asserted. "We are still alive and are proud to be Indian." For the next twenty minutes she elaborated on the history of her people and their uncomfortable encounters with historical commemoration.

In the hours that followed her presentation, her assertion of Shawnee existence continued to stand out to those in attendance. Was such a declaration necessary? Surely Chief Wallace had traveled the hundreds of miles from Ottawa County, Oklahoma to do more than remind the citizens of Indiana that the Shawnees were not extinct. Yet questions of existence and identity are omnipresent for American Indian men and women in the twenty-first century. Caricatures of American Indians in popular culture and historical ignorance often lead non-Indians to ask the misguided question of whether or not any "real" Indians live in the United States. Numerous circumstances and historical events might provide ways to respond to that question, but it is best to start with an emphasis on 1924 when Congress passed legislation known as the Indian Citizenship Act. That legislation is crucial because of what came before it. Until that moment in time the United States government categorized Indians as the very polar opposite of civilization and citizenship.[39]

The words of Secretary of War John C. Calhoun from December 1818 represent well the core beliefs of Americans about their Indian neighbors for much of the eighteenth, nineteenth and twentieth centuries. In a report to the House of Representatives that focused on trade relations, Calhoun declared that, "by a proper combination of force and persuasion, of punishments and rewards, [the Indians] ought to be brought within the pales of civilization…Our laws and manners ought to supersede their present savage manners and customs." The differences between savage Indians and civilized Anglos were clear to Calhoun and his colleagues—one relied on "the chase" while the other

[39] "Indian Citizenship Act," in Charles Kappler, comp. and ed., *Indian Affairs: Laws and Treaties* (7 vols., Washington, D.C., 1906), IV, 1165-66.

farmed; one held land communally while the other owned and understood the importance of private property; one adhered to heathen practices while the other was Christian.[40]

These are the beliefs that underscored the federal government's policy for the next century and more. The Indians must submit to civilization—indeed, civilization both literally and figuratively, would be the death of the Indian. President Andrew Jackson argued the former in December 1829 when he urged Congress to take up the issue of Indian removal. "Surrounded by the whites with their arts of civilization, which by destroying the resources of the savage doom him to weakness and decay," he remarked, "the fate of the Mohegan, the Narragansett and the Delaware is fast overtaking the Choctaw, the Cherokee and the Creek." In the 1880s, Captain Richard Pratt, the founder of the Carlisle Indian Industrial School, perhaps the most well-known boarding school for American Indian youth, coined a phrase that asserted the figurative death of Indians through civilization. "Kill the Indian in him and save the man," became his slogan for an institution that saw approximately 10,000 Native students pass through its doors over the thirty-nine years it was open.[41]

In the decades between the statements made by Jackson and Pratt, the federal government pushed forward with policies that emphasized the confinement of Indians on reservations, the acquisition of land, and the military pursuit of any who resisted. But it was the policy of allotment that consistently forced the issue of citizenship more directly into the discussion of American Indian identity. This policy first appeared in the 1830 Treaty of Dancing Rabbit Creek with the Choctaws, reared its head again in treaties with the Shawnees, Delawares and Potawatomis in Kansas Territory in the 1850s and reached its culmination in the Dawes Act of 1887. In every incarnation, allotment had two main goals. First, break up communal reservations so that Indian men, women, and children would become private property owners and farmers. Second, free up any and all unallotted land for sale to American citizens. But there was also a third critical element at

[40] Quotation from Calhoun's "Report On the System of Indian Trade," December 8, 1818, in Richard K. Cralle, ed., *The Reports and Public Letters of John C. Calhoun* (New York, 1859), 18.
[41] Message from the President of the United States, December 8, 1829, in Journal of the Senate, 21 Cong., 1 sess., 5-22; Richard Pratt, "The Advantages of Mingling Indians with Whites," in *Official Report of the Nineteenth Annual Conference of Charities and Correction* (Boston, 1892), 46–59; David Wallace Adams, *Education for Extinction: American Indians and the Boarding School Experience, 1875-1928* (Lawrence, KS, 1995).

work. In every application of this policy over the nineteenth century, the acceptance of an allotment put the individual Indian on the path to American citizenship and entailed the dissolution of any and all tribal ties. Theodore Roosevelt referred to allotment in general and the Dawes Act specifically as "a mighty pulverizing engine to break up the tribal mass." To own land, to be an American citizen—from the standpoint of the American government—required the abandonment of what, in its eyes, made Indians Indian.[42]

This is why the Indian Citizenship Act of 1924 marked a dramatic shift in direction. The legislation signed by President Calvin Coolidge reads:

> BE IT ENACTED by the Senate and house of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That all non citizen Indians born within the territorial limits of the United States be, and they are hereby, declared to be citizens of the United States: Provided That the granting of such citizenship shall not in any manner impair or otherwise affect the right of any Indian to tribal or other property.

For the previous one hundred and fifty years the policy of the United States was predicated on a simple idea—a person can be an Indian or an American. But he or she could not be both. Now, for the first time in the history of the United States, American Indians could become citizens without legally ending their tribal identity and membership.[43]

Then why does the question of who is or is not a "real" Indian linger nearly a century later? There may be two very simple answers. One is that writing a new status into federal law does not erase centuries of colonialism and cultural imposition. Another is that federal policy is no match for the popular images that have long infused American culture. Numerous Indian stereotypes have dominated the American public's mind over the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. In the 1820s James Fenimore Cooper's *Last of the*

[42] Full texts of the named treaties can be found in Kappler, *Indian Affairs: Laws and Treaties*, II; "An Act to Provide for the Allotment of Lands in Severalty to Indians on the Various Reservations," *U.S. Statutes at Large* 24, 388-91; Theodore Roosevelt: "First Annual Message," December 3, 1901, from Gerhard Peters and John T. Woolley, *The American Presidency Project*, online at http://www.presidency.ucsb.edu/ws/?pid=29542.

[43] "Indian Citizenship Act," in Kappler, *Indian Affairs: Laws and Treaties*, IV, 1165-66.

Mohicans promoted and made popular the idea of the Vanishing Indian. Another predominant role is that of the helpful Indian, best illustrated in the more mythic aspects of the Pocahontas and Sacagawea stories. Then there is the Indian who is one with nature, personified by the famous environmental advertising campaign of the 1970s that saw Iron Eyes Cody standing silently shedding a lone tear as he watched Americans around him sully the environment with litter and other forms of pollution. Finally, and perhaps most influential of all is the savage Indian warrior of film, print and mascot alike who is a threat to Anglo womanhood, pioneer wagon trains and opposing sports team, even while exuding an aura of proud nobility.[44]

But rather than focusing on these more obvious examples, it is more powerful to listen to a group of fourth and fifth graders from Bloomington, Minnesota who were given a survey in 1991 by a local university professor. The children were asked about their impressions of American Indians. Here are just a few of their responses:

> They always attacked pilgrims;
> Whenever they killed a cowboy, they scalped him;
> They had very weird customs;
> When the teacher told us they were still alive, it sure surprised me.

As Jim Northrup, an Anishinaabe Indian from Minnesota, remarks, "the survey results would be funny if they weren't so sad, sad if they weren't so funny." Another point worth noting is that many of the children's observations were phrased in the past tense. Why might that be? It may be as simple and harsh as the fact that many non-Indians perceive American Indians to be people of the past. And as a result, Indians of the present must confirm over and over again that they are still Indian and still alive—that it is not just their heritage that is important and influential in today's world.[45]

Identity is one of many concerns for contemporary Native peoples. But perhaps one of the least understood aspects of American Indian existence is the principle of sovereignty and the political status of American Indian tribes in the twenty-first century.

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[44] One exploration of these ideas and more can be found in Brian W. Dippie, *The Vanishing Indian: White Attitudes and U.S. Indian Policy* (Lawrence, KS, 1991).
[45] Jim Northrup, *Rez Road Follies: Canoes, Casinos, Computers, and Birch Bark Baskets* (Minneapolis, 1999), 63-65.

At present there are 565 federally recognized tribal entities established in thirty-three out of the fifty states. Yet despite this extensive and enduring presence, most Americans continue to question more than just their existence. More often than not they raise questions about status and accuse Indians of receiving "special treatment" from the federal government.

David E. Wilkins, a political scientist and a Lumbee Indian from North Carolina, provides an effective starting point for this phase of the discussion in his book, *American Indian Sovereignty and the U.S. Supreme Court*. "The cardinal distinguishing features of tribal nations," he writes, "are their reserved and inherent sovereign rights based on their separate, if unequal, political status." In short, American Indian peoples are a distinct minority population within the United States—they are indigenous and not immigrants, they maintain unique cultural practices, and approximately 1.9 million are members of recognized tribal entities. But it is the political sovereignty of the tribal nations that most prominently sets them apart from other minority groups in this country.[46]

Five different words within Wilkins' statement deserve attention. Of those five, "sovereign" may be the least understood within the context of American Indian history and U.S. policy. The Oxford English Dictionary defines sovereign when used as an adjective as "Supreme, paramount; principal, greatest or most notable." So the sovereign rights of tribal nations are supreme, paramount and principal rights. But what does that really mean within a specific historical context?[47]

One of the first places to turn is a famous decision rendered by the United States Supreme Court under Chief Justice John Marshall. In 1832, the Marshall Court issued one of the most critical legal rulings for future discussions of tribal sovereignty. In the course of asserting that the state of Georgia did not have jurisdiction over the Cherokee Nation, Marshall declared that the history of the United States even during the colonial era provided nothing "from the first settlement of our country, of any attempt on the part of the crown to interfere with the internal affairs of Indians." More to the point, the

[46] David E. Wilkins, *American Indian Sovereignty and the U.S. Supreme Court: The Masking of Justice* (Austin, TX, 1997), 27.
[47] Oxford English Dictionary Online, http://www.oed.com.

United States government fully recognized tribal sovereignty through a policy based upon the negotiation of treaties.[48]

Treaties, then, serve as a cornerstone of tribal sovereignty within an American context. And the consideration of treaties brings the discussion back to Wilkins' statement regarding the "reserved and inherent sovereign rights." The words reserved and inherent are crucial to understanding the 375 acknowledged treaties signed and ratified by the U.S. government from 1781 to 1871. Indian tribes, nations and bands have an inherent, not a created, sovereign status. In other words, the United States at no point granted sovereignty to Indians through treaties. The act of treaty making as a means of reaching agreements over land cessions, boundaries or conflict was in and of itself a recognition of tribal sovereignty. And while in each treaty the tribe in question may have ceded and reserved certain powers or lands, at no point was sovereignty ever ceded. Tribal sovereignty was and is a continual status.[49]

But the core issue is more than just the difference between granting sovereignty and recognizing sovereignty. It is about perspective. In the battle over jurisdiction between Georgia and the Cherokee Nation in the 1820s and 1830s, Georgia was particularly infuriated by the Cherokee Nation's adoption of a Constitution in 1827 that asserted its sovereign status. Georgia and its supporters, including Andrew Jackson, based their opposition on Article IV Section 3 of the U.S. Constitution, which states that, "no new State shall be formed or erected within the Jurisdiction of any other State." Georgia argued that the Cherokee action was therefore unconstitutional. The Indians could not create a state within a state.[50]

To make that argument, Georgia, Jackson and others had to commit to two intertwined misconceptions. First, they had to deny the inherent sovereignty of American Indian tribes in general and the Cherokee Nation in particular. The second and related misconception was that only a western-style constitutional government established or

[48] Quoted in Stuart Banner, *How the Indians Lost their Land: Law and Power on the Frontier* (Cambridge, MA, 2005), 221.
[49] *Treaties and Other International Agreements: The Role of the United States Senate*, A Study Prepared for the Committee on Foreign Relations United States Senate, 106 Cong., 2 sess., 36.
[50] The debates in both the Senate and the House of Representatives can be found in the Register of Debates for the respective houses for the 21 Cong., 1 sess.

maintained sovereignty. From Georgia's perspective, the pre-existing Cherokee system of governance, based on clans as well as more localized village polities, had no sovereignty. But Cherokee sovereignty was not born in 1827 under the auspices of a paper document. And the same applies to every other tribal entity that may have altered its governing structure over the course of the past two hundred years in response to American policies.

Having dealt with "sovereign," "inherent" and "reserved," we can now examine "separate" and "unequal." The word unequal reflects a particular reality of tribal sovereignty. Once again, the words of Chief Justice Marshall provide insight. This time, the important wording comes from his statement regarding the 1831 case of *Cherokee Nation v. Georgia*. According to Marshall, the Cherokees and other Indian tribes were best categorized as "domestic dependent nations." The word dependent spoke to the power imbalance at play even as the word nation spoke to the sovereignty that Marshall would explain and defend more fully one year later. Over the course of approximately four hundred years, Indian tribes were defeated militarily, dispossessed of their lands, confined to reservations, at times forced to sign treaties, and defined as wards of the federal government. All of this created an often severely unequal relationship in regard to power. However, in the terms used by Marshall that still hold today, no manner of inequality can compromise the inherent sovereignty of a tribal nation.[51]

In the end, then, perhaps the primary source of both misunderstanding and tension is the word separate. American Indian tribal nations are indeed separate—the members of federally recognized entities hold dual citizenship with their tribe and with the United States. It is a separation based on the government-to-government relationship founded on treaties and inherent tribal sovereignty. It is a separation framed by the trust responsibility created by those same treaties. The federal government, under the auspices of that trust responsibility is supposed to do the following: represent the best interest of the tribes, protect the safety and well-being of tribal members and fulfill its treaty obligations and

[51] Jill Norgren, *The Cherokee Cases: Two Landmark Federal Decisions in the Fight for Sovereignty* (Norman, OK, 2004), 98-111.

commitments. The treaties signed in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries do not have an expiration date—therefore neither does the trust responsibility.[52]

Yet over the course of the twentieth century, and especially in the past four decades, American Indian tribes have fought to wrestle control over their affairs from the paternalistic policies of the Bureau of Indian Affairs—they have struggled for self-determination within the context of this trust relationship. The rise of Indian gaming revenue and other economic enterprises have allowed many tribes to assume control over social, educational, healthcare, and other services that have traditionally been the purview of the federal government in general and the Bureau of Indian Affairs specifically. And this economic success among a select few tribes has led to calls by some for the elimination of tribal sovereignty and the special relationship. So even as American Indian nations strive for self-determination, they also have to remind the American public that economic growth does not eliminate the trust obligations created by treaties.

It is no surprise, then, that tribal nations not only passionately defend their sovereignty but also assert the need for self-determination. They have good reason. The words of John C. Calhoun can once more illustrate a point—this time how the American government consistently sought to undermine tribal identity and existence. "The time seems to have arrived," Calhoun argued in December 1818, "when our policy towards them should undergo an important change… Our views of their interest, and not their own, ought to govern them." This idea that non-Indians know better than Indians what is best for Native peoples did not die with Calhoun. It is a defining theme in American history. Indian removal, reservations, allotment, the Indian Reorganization Act, Termination, and Relocation—from the 1820s to the 1960s American officials and religious reformers created policies that had little to no foundation in what American Indians wanted or needed as individuals and communities. And therefore the preservation, protection, and assertion of sovereignty have been key elements in the

[52] *An Introduction to Indian Nations in the United States*, a publication of the National Congress of American Indians, online at http://www.ncai.org/resources/ncai_publications/tribal-nations-and-the-united-states-an-introduction.

resistance to such policies as well as the survival and revitalization of Native communities up to the present.[53]

Up to this point the discussion has targeted a more national discourse. But these topics are just as relevant in a state like Kentucky. The region now bounded by lines drawn in the late eighteenth century has a long history of occupation and settlement by indigenous peoples. Indeed, the Bluegrass and its surroundings were not simply a hunting territory through which Indians only passed on their travels. Nevertheless, Kentucky's state history has most often been written on a foundation of Indian violence and then absence. This has grounded a narrative that to this day marks Kentucky as a state whose Indian heritage is most often popularly defined by Indian frontier raids of the 1780s, the captivity of Jenny Wiley, and the passage of one portion of the Cherokee Trail of Tears through its western reaches. Yet in 2000, out of a population of a little more than 4 million, approximately 8,600 Kentuckians self-identified as being American Indian and/or Alaskan Native.[54]

The population of Kentucky contains members of federal and state recognized tribes. But Kentucky itself does not contain any tribal entities that have gone through a recognition process. And that is because there is not a procedure in place by which communities within Kentucky can apply for state recognition. There is a critical distinction here. Missing from the discussions of identity and tribal sovereignty up to this point are the Native men, women and children who are not members of a recognized tribal entity. In Kentucky, as in states throughout the Union, people in such a position have diverse family histories. They have ancestors who avoided removal in the 1830s by heading to and living in the mountains. They have ancestors who intermarried with non-Indians, which has resulted over time in a blood quantum that does not meet standards for membership in their ancestral community. In the early 1900s, some Native men and women refused to have their names written down on allotment rolls because they had too much experience with the damaging results of having names inscribed on government documents. Their descendants are left without that paper trail required by the federal

[53] Quotation from Calhoun's "Report On the System of Indian Trade," December 8, 1818, 18.
[54] Census information found at the U.S. Census Bureau Website: http://www.census.gov/main/www/cen2000.html.

government and some tribal governments to prove their heritage. And in communities that delineate membership by lineal descent and not blood quantum, membership has been lost by marriage outside of the community.

Numerous attempts have been made in the past decade to pass legislation in Kentucky that would create a definition for American Indian in the state and then establish a process for state recognition. The proposed bill defining American Indians often leads to questions about whether such a definition is necessary. The second bill intending to establish a process for state recognition has raised strong opposition both in and out of the state.[55]

So why is such a definition deemed necessary by the Native community in Kentucky? It is necessary because the history of this state and the country has been in part a story of making Indians history. Whether through the more well-known military actions of the Plains Wars or through the lesser known cultural assaults of missionaries and boarding schools, the United States has more often than not sought either to kill the Indian or, to paraphrase Captain Richard Pratt, to kill the Indian and save the man or woman. So a better way of looking at the proposed legislation in Kentucky is that it is more than just a definition, it is an assertion of existence and identity.

The second bill sparked opposition in Frankfort partially out of the fear of Indian gaming. Allowing state recognition, the argument goes, will open the door to a process that ends with Indian casinos on every street corner from Pikeville to Paducah. The short response to that concern to this is that such a development is not legally possible. The Indian Gaming Regulatory Act of 1988 allows gaming for federally recognized tribal entities. It is not a program that grants any privileges or opportunities to state recognized tribal entities.[56]

A second source of opposition to the proposed bills in the Kentucky legislature might appear surprising. The Cherokee Nation of Oklahoma has made it very clear that

[55] These bills have been repeatedly proposed by State Representative Reginald Meeks but have not made it out of committee. In November 2010, the proposed bills were labeled BR 220, "An Act relating to the definition of 'American Indian'" and BR 221, "An Act relating to recognition of American Indian tribes."
[56] The full text of the Indian Gaming Regulatory Act can be found at https://www.nigc.gov/general-counsel/indian-gaming-regulatory-act.

they will oppose any and all state recognition procedures, specifically for those who claim Cherokee affiliations. The Cherokee Nation has seemingly taken on the role of a bully, attacking those who would attempt to achieve some manner of recognition similar to theirs. This is only one of several positions recently taken by the Cherokee Nation that might be considered less than popular.[57] But it is a stance that, whether right or wrong, is borne out of the historical context of battles over sovereignty. On the Cherokee Nation of Oklahoma's Website (in 2012, though no longer available), the Cherokee provide a summary of their position. The opening paragraph of that paper reads as follows:

> A battle for what it means to be an Indian tribe and a struggle for benefits provided to Indians is currently being waged by groups seeking to take away the identity and benefits that have been reserved to federally recognized Indian tribes. Hundreds of false Indian groups are claiming to be sovereign tribes and are teaching their own fabricated culture and history as if it were Indian. They apply for and receive aid from the same sources that fund the historic treaty based obligations intended for Indians. Yet they do not measure up to the credentials required of true tribes.[58]

The title of the paper is "Sovereignty at Risk." Clearly the Cherokee Nation of Oklahoma believes it is in its best interest to assert its sovereign powers and declare its right to influence who can and cannot be considered Cherokee. More than that, however, the Cherokee Nation firmly believes that if it does not take this course than the very sovereignty of Indian tribes in general will be compromised. Many would argue that the Cherokee Nation has overstepped its bounds by encroaching on affairs outside of Oklahoma. And that may be true.

However, the Cherokee attacks against the enactment of a state recognition process in Tennessee and the possibility of a similar process in Kentucky are indicative of a complicated political conflict in the twenty-first century that has its origins in the

[57] See the *New York Times* forum on the Cherokee decision to expel the descendants of African-American freedmen from their tribal rolls for an example of another controversial topic, "Tribal Rights vs. Tribal Justice," *New York Times,* September 15, 2011, http://www.nytimes.com/roomfordebate/2011/09/15/tribal-sovereignty-vs-racial-justice.
[58] "Sovereignty at Risk" can now be found at https://archive.li/qo78.

history presented over the course of this essay. It is a battle with many causes—but looming over them all is the history of federal Indian policy. The United States has repeatedly attempted to eliminate Indian cultures and peoples from the landscape. And it is telling, therefore, that the Cherokee Nation of Oklahoma grounds its argument in issues of identity and sovereignty.

It is also worth noting that the Cherokee position relies on words like false and true as well as concepts like required credentials. American Indians of the present, like the rest of world, are living under the powerful influence of the past. As a result, the Cherokee Nation of Oklahoma, one of the most populous and powerful American Indian nations of the twenty-first century, remains caught in a web made largely by centuries of external impositions. Even a defense of tribal sovereignty cannot escape the language of the dominant American society seeking to determine what can be categorized as "real" and an American government intent on regulating American Indian lives.

Eric Metaxas

Dietrich Bonhoeffer: Further Reflections on a Pastor, Martyr, Prophet, Spy

I first heard the name Dietrich Bonhoeffer during the summer that I turned 25. I had just returned to faith in a serious and moving way and one day the man who led me along that journey gave me a copy of Bonhoeffer's classic book, *The Cost of Discipleship.* He asked if I'd ever heard of Bonhoeffer. I told him that I hadn't, and he told me that Bonhoeffer was a German pastor and theologian who because of his faith had stood up for the Jews and had gotten involved in the plot to assassinate Adolf Hitler. He said that Bonhoeffer was killed in a Concentration Camp just three weeks before the end of the war. Was there really a Christian whose faith had led him to heroically stand up against the Nazis at the cost of his own life? It seemed that the only stories I had heard of people taking their faith seriously were negative ones. This was something new to me, and I instantly wanted to know more about this courageous hero.

One of the reasons I was so interested in Bonhoeffer's story was that I am myself German. My mother was raised in Germany during the terrible years of Hitler. When she was nine years old her father—my grandfather Erich, after whom I'm named—was killed in the war. I had always wondered about what had really happened. How had a great nation of people been drawn down this dark and ultimately evil path? My grandmother often told me that my grandfather would listen to listen to the BBC with his ear literally pressed against the radio speaker, because if you were caught listening to the BBC at that time, you could be sent to a concentration camp. He was certainly not on board with what the Nazis were doing, but he was forced to go to war, like so many men of his generation, and was killed. My book on Bonhoeffer is dedicated to him.

So, in many ways, I grew up in the shadow of World War II and I have always puzzled about the great evil of the Nazis and the Holocaust and how it happened. This evil is something that I have thought about a lot—about the question of "What is evil and how do we deal with evil?" Bonhoeffer seems to be a perfect model for us in answering that question.

What I read in Bonhoeffer's book given to me by my friend that summer was as impressive as his own story of heroism. His writing had a sparkling clarity and an intensity, and his words bespoke an authentic Christian faith that had no patience for "phony religiosity"—what Bonhoeffer famously called "cheap grace." As I read that book I realized that it was phony religiosity that had turned me away from the Christian faith altogether. So it was thrilling to encounter a Christian man who had really lived out his faith, who in fact put his whole life on the line for what he believed. This kind of Christianity I could be interested in.

Now, I never intended to write a biography about anyone. But of course, I did end up writing *Amazing Grace,* the biography of William Wilberforce, which came out in 2007. After that book appeared, people kept asking me, "Who are you going to write about next?" Some others asked, "About whom will you next write?" As an English major and a writer, I'm a great advocate of using the word "whom"—correctly. But the answer was: no one. I didn't want to write any more biographies. I didn't even want to write the first biography. But people kept asking and eventually I knew it had to be Bonhoeffer. My book struck a nerve and has revived interest in Bonhoeffer and his work in a way that I simply never expected. As a result of writing the book I've had the great honor of meeting two U.S. Presidents—Bush and Obama—and everywhere I go, the message of Bonhoeffer gets people talking. There's a good reason for that and I'm thrilled to share Bonhoeffer's story here.

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Dietrich Bonhoeffer was born in 1906, into what must be described as an extraordinary family. For the first half of the twentieth century, his father, Karl Bonhoeffer, was the most famous psychiatrist in Germany. His mother, too, was brilliant, as were all of his seven siblings. Dietrich's elder brother, Karl Friedrich, went into physics and at age twenty-three split the atom with Max Planck and Albert Einstein. Bonhoeffer's famous scientist father created a family culture that stressed thinking clearly and logically. One must follow the evidence and facts and logic all the way through to the end. One would think twice before opening one's mouth at the dinner table, because what one said would immediately be challenged and put to the test.

Perhaps even more important in the Bonhoeffer family, however, was living out what one said one believed. One must not only think clearly, but one must prove one's thoughts in action. If one was unprepared to live out what one claimed to believe, perhaps one didn't believe what one claimed after all. So it was from an early age that Bonhoeffer understood that ideas were never mere ideas. They were the foundations upon which one built one's actions and ultimately, one's life. Ideas and beliefs must be tried and tested, because our lives might depend on them. This was true in the world of science and in the world of theology alike.

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When World War I came, Dietrich was just eight years old. But before it ended in 1918, all three of his older brothers became old enough to enlist, and proudly did so. In 1917, Dietrich's brother Walter, the youngest of his three brothers, was called to the front. Two weeks later he was killed. Dietrich's mother had what seems like a nervous breakdown and Dietrich was himself deeply affected by it.

It was about a year later, when Dietrich was thirteen, that he made the fateful decision to become a theologian. The Bonhoeffers took academics extremely seriously, and the idea of a life in the world of academics seemed perfectly normal. But of all the academic disciplines Dietrich might have chosen, theology was one about which his father had serious reservations. His three older brothers were similarly mystified by his choice. They and Dietrich's older sisters and their friends needled him about it. But he was not to be dissuaded. He had thought it through and he met his siblings' skeptical questions with firm resolve.

In the fall of 1923, Dietrich Bonhoeffer enrolled at Tübingen University to begin his theological studies. And in the spring of the following year he and his brother Klaus visited Rome. Dietrich knew it would probably be extremely enjoyable and educational, but he didn't know that it would be important to his future. But it was in Rome that, for the first time, Dietrich thought seriously about the question that would dominate his thinking for the rest of his life. That question was: "What is the Church?"

It first came into his mind with real power on Palm Sunday, when he was visiting Saint Peter's Basilica in Rome. It was there that for the first time in his life he saw people

of every race and color taking part in celebrating the Eucharist. This picture struck him with the force of an epiphany. He suddenly saw the church as something universal and eternal, as something that transcended race and nationality and culture. It went far beyond Germany and far beyond Lutheranism. It was then that he first made the intellectual connection that would affect everything going forward. Anyone who called on the name of Jesus Christ was his brother or sister, even if they were nothing like him in any other way. This idea would have far reaching consequences, especially once the Nazis took power. But that would still not be for some time.

When Bonhoeffer returned from Rome, he enrolled at Berlin University, which was then the most prestigious place in the world for theological studies. He earned his Ph.D. at the staggeringly young age of twenty-one. In his post-graduate work, the question he asked and answered on a high theological and academic level was the same one that had entered his head on that Palm Sunday in Rome: "What is the Church?"

In the course of answering that question, he discovered that he actually wanted to work in the church, as well. He wanted not only to be an academic theologian but also to become an ordained Lutheran minister. But in Germany in those days, you couldn't get ordained until you were twenty-five. So, at age twenty-two, he traveled to Barcelona and served there for a year as an assistant vicar in a German-speaking congregation. Then at age twenty-four, with another year before he could be ordained, he decided to go to the United States to study for a year at Union Theological Seminary.

Since he had earned a Ph.D. in theology from the prestigious Berlin University three years earlier, it can be assumed Bonhoeffer was principally going to New York not for the academics, but for the cultural experience. But Bonhoeffer's sojourn in New York ended up being much more: what he experienced in those months would change his life.

It all began when he befriended a fellow student named Frank Fisher from Alabama. Fisher was African-American and the social work component of his Union studies involved spending time at Abyssinian Baptist Church in Harlem. So one Sunday in the autumn of 1930, Fisher invited Bonhoeffer to join him. Bonhoeffer was only too eager to go along and what he experienced that morning staggered him.

Abyssinian Baptist Church was then the largest church in the United States.

Bonhoeffer saw a congregation of African-Americans who weren't merely "doing church" or going through the motions. It was quite obvious that took their faith very seriously. Many of the older people in that congregation had been born during slavery times, so they were not strangers to suffering. The faith Bonhoeffer saw that morning was somehow more palpable and visceral than anything he had seen before. The worship was powerful and much more than mere singing. The preaching was powerful too, and it enjoined its hearers not just to have a personal relationship with Jesus, but also to translate that into action in one's life, to care for the poor and do the other things of which Jesus spoke.

The twenty-four-year-old was so moved by what he saw in that congregation that morning that he decided to return every Sunday afterward. In the months following, Bonhoeffer even taught a Sunday school class there. He got very involved in the lives of the congregation and in the budding issue of civil rights. For perhaps the first time in his life, he seemed to link the idea of deep faith in Jesus with taking social action in a way that he had not done before. He always knew that real faith in Jesus must lead to action in real life, not just to philosophical and theological thinking. It had to be translated into one's life in the real world. But the profound faith of the African Americans in New York and their struggle for equality helped him to see this in a new way.

The events of the nine months Bonhoeffer spent in America had a profound effect on him, and when he returned to Germany in the summer of 1931, it was clear to his friends that something had changed. He seemed to take his faith much more seriously. Before he had left, his intellect had been in the right place, but somehow now his heart was engaged in a way that it hadn't been before.

He now took a position on the theological faculty of Berlin University and began to teach there. But from behind the lectern, he was saying things that one did not normally say in Berlin theological circles. For example, he referred to the Bible as the Word of God*,* as though God existed and wanted to speak to us through it. This was not the sort of thing one heard in the theologically liberal precincts of Berlin University at that time. Bonhoeffer also would take his students on retreats and teach them how to pray. One of his students said that Bonhoeffer once asked him: "Do you love Jesus?"

This was dramatically different from what one expected at Berlin University at that time. But Bonhoeffer believed that God was alive and wanted to speak to us through the Bible. The whole point of studying the text was to get to the God behind the text. Bonhoeffer understood that God actually existed and that connecting to God himself was the whole point of it all. The experience must be personal and real, as it had been for many of the African-American Christians in New York City.

So, Bonhoeffer was changed, but Germany was changing rapidly, too. Before Bonhoeffer had left for New York in 1930, the Nazis had had very little political power. They were then the ninth most important political party in the Reichstag, the German parliament. But when he returned in 1931 they had vaulted to being the second most important party and they were consolidating power with each day that passed. Bonhoeffer could see the trouble on the horizon, and he began to speak in his classes about it. He was not afraid of saying things like "For German Christians, there can be only one savior, and that savior is Jesus Christ." That was a brave thing to say at that time, because many Germans were beginning to look toward Hitler as their savior, as the man who would lead them out of the wilderness and suffering of the last several years.

Bonhoeffer's first opportunity to speak out on a large stage came two days after Hitler became chancellor in late January of 1933. Bonhoeffer gave a famous speech on the radio in which he dissected the terrible concept of the "Führer Principle." This was one of the many half-baked philosophical ideas that enabled Hitler's rise to power. *Führer* is the German word for "leader" and the Führer Principle was the idea that Germany needed a strong leader to lead them out of the morass of the Weimar Republic. It seemed logical. After all, before their loss in the First War, Germany had had strong leadership under the Kaiser, and after they lost the war and the Allies insisted that the Kaiser abdicate the throne, everything went sour. A democratic government was imposed on Germany by the Allies, but without the tradition of democracy, the Germans simply didn't know how to govern themselves. So the Weimar government seemed rudderless and the results were horrific. There were long bread lines and rampant unemployment and terrible political squabbles. Surely things had been better under the strong leadership of the Kaiser! Surely any strong leader would be better than what they now had! The Nazis exploited this idea brilliantly, presenting Hitler as the one-man solution to it all. He

would be a strong leader who would lead Germany back to their glory days under the Kaiser!

The only problem was the Hitler's idea of leadership had nothing to do with the biblical idea of leadership, and Bonhoeffer made this crystal clear in his radio speech. Bonhoeffer explained that true authority must, by definition, be submitted to a higher authority—which is to say, God—and true leadership must be servant leadership. This was precisely the opposite of the idea embodied in the Führer Principle and in Hitler. Bonhoeffer explained that the idol worship that Hitler was encouraging would make him not a leader, but a "mis-leader." He would "mislead" the German people, with tragic results.

Bonhoeffer also saw that Nazi ideology could not coexist with Christianity. Hitler himself loathed and despised Christianity, thinking it a weak, effeminate religion. Of course he could never say this publicly, since most Germans thought of themselves as good Lutheran Christians. So Hitler pretended to be a Christian because he knew that to say what he really believed would erode his political power. His goal was to slowly infiltrate the church with Nazi ideology and to take it over from the inside. He wanted to unify all the German churches and create a single state church, which would submit to him alone. But he would do it a step at a time and would not draw attention to what he was doing, of course. And like the proverbial frog in the tea kettle, the German people would not realize what was happening until it was too late.

But Dietrich Bonhoeffer could see what was happening and he tried to warn the Christians of the time. The main issue in the battle between the Nazis trying to take over the church was the Nazi idea that all things must be seen through a racial lens. According to the Nazis, Germans must be "racially" pure, and so they tried to purge the German Church of all "Jewish" elements. Of course Bonhoeffer saw this as an absurdity. He knew that Jesus was a Jew and he knew that Christianity is at its core fundamentally "Jewish." To excise all "Jewish elements" from it would be to kill the church altogether. And of course, that was the Nazi's goal, not to change the German Church, but to destroy it. One of Bonhoeffer's dearest friends, Franz von Hildebrand, was ethnically Jewish, but his family had converted to Christianity and he himself had become ordained as a Lutheran

minister. But according to the Nazi idea of what should constitute the German church, this was not permissible. All ethnically Jewish men must leave the "German" church. Bonhoeffer fought this tooth and nail, knowing that the God of Scripture looks on the heart of a person, not at their ethnic background. In the end, frustrated with what was happening, Bonhoeffer led the way for a number of pastors to leave the increasingly Nazified "official" German Church. They formed what became known as the "Confessing Church."

Bonhoeffer was perhaps the first at that time to see that Christians were obliged to speak out for the Jews. At one point he made the incendiary statement that "only he who stands up for the Jews may sing Gregorian chants." What he meant by this was that if we were not heroically and courageously doing what God wanted us to do, God was not interested in our public displays of worship. To sing to God when we were not doing what God called us to do was to be nothing more than a hypocrite. Many were offended at Bonhoeffer's outspokenness on these issues. But he insisted that Jesus was the "man for others" and to follow Jesus meant to stand up for the dignity of those who were different than ourselves.

In some ways, the formation of the Confessing Church was a great victory for true Christians in Germany. But Bonhoeffer was not as encouraged by what was happening as some others were. He seemed to see that despite the victories they had along the way, it would not end well. He saw that most Christians in Germany—including those within the Confessing Church—did not see what was at stake and were unwilling to fight the Nazis with everything they had. They seemed to think that the Nazis weren't necessarily so bad. They thought that whatever problems existed could be fixed. But Bonhoeffer knew this was not the case.

In 1935 Bonhoeffer was called upon to lead an illegal seminary in the Confessing Church. He writes about this at length in his classic book, *Life Together*, telling what it means to live in a Christian community, one that takes the Sermon on the Mount very seriously, and that learns to be true and obedient disciples of Jesus Christ. He wanted his seminarians to understand how not merely to think as a Christian, but how to live as a Christian. He taught them how to maintain a robust devotional life, studying and

meditating on the Scriptures daily. He was helping these young seminarians to learn how to live out their faith.

By the late Thirties, Bonhoeffer's possibilities for serving God were being winnowed down to nothing. The Nazis kept tightening the noose, and there was less and less that Bonhoeffer could really do. After the Nazis prevented him from teaching, they also prevented him from speaking publicly. Finally they would also prevent him from publishing, because he had the temerity to write a book on the Psalms. The Nazi ideologues who had tried to purge the German church of all "Jewish elements" thought that the Psalms and everything in the Old Testament were "too Jewish" and must be avoided altogether. It may sound almost comical to us that they would consider such a thing, but for German Christians at the time in Germany it was all deadly serious.

In 1938 and 1939, there were war clouds on the horizon. Bonhoeffer knew that whenever he was called up to fight, his conscience wouldn't allow him to pick up a gun and fight in Hitler's war. He wasn't a pacifist in our contemporary understanding of that term. Nevertheless, he knew that he couldn't fight in Hitler's war, since it was not a just war, but a war of nationalist aggression. So he prayed earnestly, asking God to show him what to do. It simply wasn't possible to be a "conscientious objector" in the Third Reich.

But Bonhoeffer couldn't take a public stand against fighting in the war, because as a leading figure in the Confessing Church, he would get everyone else in the Confessing Church in trouble. How could he get out of having to fight while at the same time not endangering his brethren in the Confessing Church?

Finally he decided that the way out of this situation was to go to America, perhaps to teach at Union or elsewhere. If an invitation was proffered and he went to the United States before the outbreak of war, it would be impossible for him to return to Germany and he would be obliged to ride things out across the Atlantic until the war was over. So this was Bonhoeffer's plan, and of course no one expected the war to last six years. The famous theologian Reinhold Niebuhr got involved in trying to find a way for Bonhoeffer to come to Union, where he was then teaching. Niebuhr pulled some strings and eventually Bonhoeffer got an invitation. In early June 1939 he sailed for America once more.

But no sooner was Bonhoeffer on board ship than he began to feel uneasy about his decision. Had he missed God's will? He was praying earnestly during this time, asking God to lead him, to show him what to do. In my book on Bonhoeffer I quote at length from his diary entries and letters during this period. It's extraordinary to have this window into his private thoughts as he wrestled with his future.

When Bonhoeffer arrived in New York, the uneasiness did not lift. What was he doing in America when his people were about to undergo such a terrible ordeal? In the end he really believed that God wanted him to go back, to stand with his people during this difficult time, come what may. He knew that what was likely ahead for him was great danger and possibly death.

Bonhoeffer left New York twenty-six days after his arrival. Bonhoeffer had little idea what he was headed for, but he knew that he must obey God. When he arrived back in Germany, his Finkenwalde colleagues were shocked to see him. "What are you doing here?" they demanded. "We have arranged things at great difficulty so that you could escape, so that you be spared and be of use to Germany after all of this trouble blows over. Why did you return?"

Bonhoeffer was not one to mince words. "I made a mistake," he said. Nonetheless, it didn't answer the pressing question of what exactly he *would* be doing in Germany now that he had returned.

In order to understand what he would do, we need to remind ourselves that Bonhoeffer's family had been involved in the conspiracy against Hitler for years. The Bonhoeffers were exceedingly well-connected in elite Berlin circles and they were also close to a number of the key players in what would emerge as the widespread conspiracy against Hitler. Bonhoeffer had been involved in these conversations, often providing moral support to the conspirators and giving them solid theological reasons to fuel their involvement in their dangerous conspiracy against the German head of state. Most Germans would not have been comfortable with the idea of taking any kind of stand or action against their nation's leader. But Bonhoeffer had thought the matter through on a much deeper level than most Germans. He believed that to do anything less was to shrink from God's call to act upon one's beliefs. And this included standing up for those who

were being persecuted, come what may. To do anything less would be to buy in to the idea of "cheap grace" that he had so eloquently written about.

But now that Bonhoeffer had returned and war had broken out, what exactly would he do? The time for merely providing moral support to others had passed. For Bonhoeffer, now was the time to get involved directly and actively. But how?

Of all of Bonhoeffer's family members and friends who were involved in the conspiracy, the one who was most directly involved was his brother-in-law, Hans von Dohnanyi. Dohnanyi was a leading figure German Military Intelligence, called the Abwehr—and the Abwehr was at the very center of the conspiracy against Hitler. So, when Bonhoeffer returned to Germany, Dohnanyi hired him to work for the Abwehr, ostensibly to use his talents to help the Third Reich during this time of war. Of course the reality couldn't have been more different. By taking his brother-in-law up on this offer, Bonhoeffer had now officially joined the conspiracy against Hitler. He essentially now became a double agent.

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Although he had officially been prohibited from publishing, Bonhoeffer continued to write during this period. He was now working on his magnum opus, *Ethics*. This was never completely finished, but his dear friend Eberhard Bethge brought it to publication after Bonhoeffer's death.

In 1942, Bonhoeffer was visiting one of his dearest friends, Ruth von Kleist-Retzow, at her home in Pomerania, when he met her granddaughter Maria. A few months later they were engaged. Maria's mother was not pleased with the situation, but eventually she came around to accepting it and no sooner had she agreed to let Dietrich and Maria make their engagement public than Bonhoeffer was arrested. But Bonhoeffer was not arrested for his role in the plot to kill Hitler. That plot and the wider conspiracy against Hitler had not yet been uncovered. He was arrested for something much less serious, comparatively speaking: his involvement in a plan to save the lives of seven German Jews.

Bonhoeffer was taken to Tegel military prison. Bonhoeffer's uncle was the

Military Commandant over Berlin, so while at Tegel, Bonhoeffer was treated reasonably well. It was at Tegel that he wrote most of his famous "Letters and Papers from Prison," and a number of poems, including his most famous poem, "Who Am I?" Bonhoeffer was by all accounts a picture of peace and quiet joy during his days in prison. Many later told how he had been a profound comfort to them amidst the uncertainty and dangers of that time.

Bonhoeffer and his family were quite hopeful that he would eventually be released. He believed that he could probably outfox the prosecutor and prove his innocence when his case came to trial. But Bonhoeffer had another scenario in mind that would lead to his release: even if his case didn't come to trial or if it came to trail and he lost, he still hoped that the conspirators who hadn't yet been arrested would succeed in killing Hitler. That way the whole nightmare would be over. But of course that's not what happened.

Instead, fifteen months after his arrest—on July 20, 1944—the famous Valkyrie plot went into action. There were other failed attempts to kill Hitler, but in those cases, the bombs had never exploded. The Valkyrie plot was the first time that a bomb actually exploded. But it failed to kill Hitler, and now, for the first time in over a decade, the vast conspiracy to assassinate Hitler was exposed. Thousands were now arrested and many of them were tortured. Names came out, and one of those names was Dietrich Bonhoeffer. He was suddenly known to be one of the leaders in the conspiracy to kill Adolf Hitler.

In October of 1944, Bonhoeffer was transferred to the Gestapo's underground high-security prison. This was now the end of 1944 and the war was winding down. Most people understood that the Germans were not winning. In February, endless squadrons of Allied planes were bombing Berlin with such intensity that all prisoners being held at the Gestapo prison were transferred elsewhere. Bonhoeffer was transferred to the Buchenwald concentration camp. Then, as April 1945 dawned, he was taken on a week-long journey that eventually brought him to Flossenburg Concentration Camp. There, on the direct orders of Hitler, early on the morning of April 9th, he was executed by hanging.

The idea that this profoundly good and brilliant 39-year-old man who was engaged to a beautiful young woman died just three weeks before the end of the war is

nothing if not tragic and sad. But if we stop there, we will miss the larger and more important reality. In fact, we will miss precisely what Bonhoeffer would have wanted us to see. And that is that anyone who goes to his death because he has obeyed God's will is doing something that is worthy of our celebration, not our pity.

What Bonhoeffer believed about the subject of death helps us to understand how he viewed his own death. We don't need to speculate much about his views, because he wrote and delivered a sermon on death in 1933. In that sermon, Bonhoeffer said, "No one has yet believed in God and the Kingdom of God, no one has yet heard about the realm of the resurrected, and not been homesick from that hour—waiting and looking forward to being released from bodily existence."

He continued, "How do we know that dying is so dreadful? Who knows whether in our human fear and anguish, we are only shivering and shuddering at the most glorious, heavenly blessed event in the world? Death is hell and night and cold, if it is not transformed by our faith. But that is just what is so marvelous, that we can transform death."

In a poem that he wrote in the last year of his life, likely knowing that death lay ahead for him, Bonhoeffer calls death "the last station on the road to freedom." As a devout Christian, Bonhoeffer worshiped a God who had conquered death, and Bonhoeffer exhorted his hearers on that Sunday morning in 1933—and the readers of his poem 12 years later—to consider this idea. For Bonhoeffer, the belief that the God of scripture had actually come to earth and had conquered death changed everything. It gave him the courage to do all that he did and it gave him the courage to face his own death without fear and trembling. What he wrote and said and how he lived and died forces us to think about what we believe and how we would face similar circumstances.

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On the day that Bonhoeffer was executed, the crematorium at Flossenbürg was broken. So Bonhoeffer shared the fate of the innumerable Jews who had recently been killed in that very same place: his body was tossed on a pile and burned. His ashes, when they were burned, would have mingled with the ashes of the Jews who had died there before him.

Bonhoeffer believed that obeying God unto death was the only way to live, and it was the only way to defeat evil. In his famous book, *The Cost of Discipleship*, he writes: "When Christ calls a man, he bids him come and die." This was the life of faith in the God of the Scripture. To accept the call of that God was to die to one's self—and to be resurrected again with the life of God himself. For Bonhoeffer, it was the only way to live.

CAROLYN R. DUPONT

CHRISTIAN FAITH AND STRUGGLES FOR JUSTICE (A REPLY TO METAXAS)

As part of the EKU Chautauqua Lecture Series, author Eric Metaxas came to Central Kentucky to speak about his newly published book, *Bonhoeffer: Pastor, Martyr, Prophet, Spy*. The book garnered glowing reviews in some circles and continued to sell briskly after reaching the top slot on the *New York Times* bestseller list in September 2011. Engaging and openly evangelical, Metaxas tells a compelling story of the life and ultimate end of the German pastor who opposed the Nazi regime, joined a plot to kill Hitler and paid with his life. Audiences leave his presentations as if under a spell.

In the book as well as his public presentations on it, Metaxas argues that something about the slain pastor's faith set him apart from the millions of German Christians who put their Christianity in the direct service of the Third Reich or who complied passively while their government unleashed horrifying brutality. Though deeply steeped in the Christian tradition, Germans' religion seems utterly to have failed them when they needed it most. Only a small remnant of believers, with Bonhoeffer a leader among them, nurtured a faith that opposed evil, rather than abetted and facilitated it. Metaxas' thesis thus promises to speak to central and compelling human dilemmas: what mechanism so twists an entire society's moral compass that it pursues evil as a national goal? How can an individual preserve his or her own moral vision in a climate where wrong appears right and vice-versa? A corollary conundrum besets the serious Christian: why have the most zealous practitioners of this tradition often served as perpetrators of the worst human evils? The Crusades of the Middle Ages and American slavery come quickly to mind. If we accept Metaxas' claims about Bonhoeffer, a faith like the German pastor's offers hope for redemption from our own worst proclivities. The promise to unveil Bonhoeffer—his understanding of the Scripture, his precise theology, his approach to ethics—beckons with the possibility that each of us might react with similar redemptive heroism to the evils, small and great, that confront us. To deliver on this promise, Metaxas must show us in detail the contours of Bonhoeffer's faith.

Yet disappointingly, in my view, the author's mostly narrative account fails adequately to probe this most crucial and foundational aspect of the story. Instead, Metaxas draws a straight and uncomplicated line from what he terms "real Christianity" to Bonhoeffer's courageous resistance, never adequately explaining exactly how the pastor's faith differed from the ostensibly counterfeit versions that cooperated with the Nazis' evil. Given that perhaps thousands of versions of Christianity—both past and present—have claimed the title of "real" or "authentic," the omission renders Metaxas' bulging biography a good story that leaves the most important stones unturned. Perhaps even more troubling, this vagueness about the particulars of Bonhoeffer's theology allows Metaxas to present him as the close theological kinsman of contemporary American evangelicals. The portrait badly distorts both the German pastor's theological identity and the historical record about the kinds of Christian faith that have most effectively challenged social evils.

Metaxas' telling reduces all expressions of Christianity to two kinds: the conservative evangelical sort that takes the Bible seriously as the Word of God and the "liberal" version that rejects the inerrancy of scripture. He describes Bonhoeffer as a conservative, arguing that his commitment to classic and orthodox views enabled him to oppose the Nazis. In a facile juxtaposition and with only thinly veiled scorn, Metaxas depicts "liberal" Christians as the evil anti-Bonhoeffers who swallowed the Nazi line because they had jettisoned the Bible as their foundation for faith. But the neat categories of "conservative" and "liberal" that define America's twenty-first century culture wars bear little resemblance to the German religious and political landscape in the inter-war and Nazi years. Metaxas' neatly drawn dichotomies do a grave injustice to the many rich and varied expressions of Christian faith that defy these narrow boxes.

Bonhoeffer worked at the highest echelons of theology, and understanding his thought requires wading into these heady and admittedly difficult waters. Scholars have traced the influence of Kierkegaard and Nietzsche on his writings, and he was a serious disciple of Karl Barth, a sophisticated theologian whom many American evangelicals have decried as dangerously apostate. But not only does Metaxas fail to deal with this complexity, he declines to even acknowledge that it exists. Metaxas limits his discussion of theology to useless clichés like "the God behind the text" and "loving Jesus." Such

phrases will play well with Metaxas' evangelical readers, but this abortive analysis produces a badly truncated counterfeit of a true theological giant. Those who push beyond the copious but highly selective quotes in Metaxas' biography and read the German pastor for themselves quickly encounter a more complex and often contradictory corpus. Though, indeed, some of Bonhoeffer's writings seem straight-forward enough, much of his work breathes paradox and profundity, arriving at places few American evangelicals would recognize.

Most problematic in Metaxas' fluffy treatment of Bonhoeffer's thought, he studiously avoids any real elaboration of Bonhoeffer's approach to biblical interpretation. He contends only that he held a "very high view of Scripture" and rejected "liberal" theology; on this breezy basis he tries to squeeze the German pastor into the contemporary American evangelical mold. Yet liberal theology, as then understood in German academic circles, referenced a specific school of hermeneutics, and Bonheoffer's rejection of it did not render him a "God said it, I believe it, that settles it," sort of Christian. The German pastor fully embraced the importance of textual criticism, and he did not espouse the Bible as a sound basis for science or historical accuracy. His view of the Bible as the Word of God relied on a dialectical approach and drew on sophisticated notions of myth.[59] Bonhoeffer believed that God revealed himself in the Word of God, but he did not consider that revelation synonymous with God himself, a position far removed from the biblio-idolatry of many conservative American believers. Indeed, Metaxas' assertion that "[t]he whole point of studying the text was to get to the God behind the text," captures a truth about Bonhoeffer, but when glibly asserted with no elaboration, it contributes little to our understanding of his wider religious thought.

This failure to address Bonhoeffer's approach to biblical interpretation matters a great deal, for Christians often cite a proper understanding of Scripture as the key to maintaining a true moral compass. Indeed, no other topic so divides American believers or so frustrates sincere folks who would discern the will of God. Unfortunately, the Bible fails to offer a clear message or a unified voice on many subjects, and those who look to

[59]Richard Weikart, "Scripture and Myth in Deitrich Bonhoeffer," *Fides et Historia* 25, 1 (1993): 12-25. http://www.csustan.edu/history/faculty/weikart/Scripture-and-Myth-in-Dietrich-Bonhoeffer.pdf

it for clarity in the midst of moral confusion often find their distress only heightened. Compounding matters, thoughtful people recognize how easily believers can read their own immoral political or personal interests into the text. For example, in the Apostle Paul's injunction from the Epistle to the Romans, chapter thirteen, German Christians would have a perfect biblical basis for supporting the Nazis: "Let everyone be subject to the governing authorities, for there is no authority except that which God has established. The authorities that exist have been established by God. Consequently, whoever rebels against the authority is rebelling against what God has instituted, and those who do so will bring judgment on themselves (New International Version)." A conservative reading of this scripture would suggest that Bonhoeffer erred profoundly in joining the plot to kill Hitler; yet Metaxas never explains how Bonhoeffer found his way to an understanding of the Word of God that sanctioned the assassination of a national leader. A similar problem beset the Christian opponents of slavery in the nineteenth century. Some believers regarded the institution as profoundly inhumane, but the Bible actually offered stronger support for the practitioners of human bondage. The famous abolitionist, William Lloyd Garrison, rejected the notion of biblical infallibility for this very reason, arguing "[t]o discard a portion of scripture is not necessarily to reject the truth, but may be the highest evidence that one can give of his love of truth."[60] Thus, while conservative Christians caution that discarding the Scripture as a moral guide opens the door for "almost anything," unfortunately the same problem plagues those who rely too heavily on the Bible. Almost "anything goes" as surely for the literalists as for the "liberals."

Importantly, Metaxas wants to draw clear distinctions between the "real" (by which he means "conservative") Christianity of folks like Bonhoeffer who resist social evil and the false (by which he means "liberal") faith of those who have complied in history's worst atrocities, but these clean lines simply don't exist. This dichotomy forms the implicit spine of his argument about Bonhoeffer, but he recently made it explicit in an interview on the Glenn Beck show, asserting "if you are a serious Christian… you are going to see the injustice in slavery."[61] Hardly. As the author of a work about the British

[60] William Lloyd Garrison, quoted in Mark Noll, *The Civil War as a Theological Crisis* (Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press, 2006), 32.
[61] "Glenn Beck—Eric Metaxas on Bonhoeffer" December 4, 2010, http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=T3HOstgH5L4. In the quote, Metaxas referenced the eighteenth-century

anti-slavery activist William Wilberforce, Metaxas should be acquainted with the abundant scholarly literature that documents slaveholders' enthusiastic commitments to conservative evangelicalism and close readings of the Bible. William Lloyd Garrison estimated that nine out of ten American evangelical ministers failed to oppose slaveholding because they believed the Bible sanctioned it. In 1845, Southern Baptists separated from their northern brethren because they insisted on their missionaries' Christian right to keep slaves. As America's civil war erupted a decade and a half later, the religious leaders who defended slavery as an institution designed by God relied quite heavily on the Bible to make their case. Metaxas might, of course, argue that the good folk cited above were not "real Christians," but then he'd be left with the central problem identified early in this essay: what *exactly* makes a real Christian and renders one able to identify evil, especially when the entire cultural *milieu* depicts this evil as a good?

Moreover, and again contrary to Metaxas' claims, those Christians with more "liberal" theology—that is, a broader approach to the biblical text and an understanding of the Gospel that embraced dimensions beyond personal salvation—have more consistently served as the champions of ameliorative social change than their more conservative counterparts. When anti-slavery advocates first emerged from white American communities of faith, they came from the Quakers—a group identified at the time as the radical fringe of American religion, known for their reliance on the "inner light" as opposed to rigid Bible readings. Hicksite Quakers, who worked at the forefront of several important social movements, including antislavery and women's equality, espoused beliefs considered even more unorthodox. When white evangelicals engaged a lively debate about the Christian foundations of slavery on the eve of the American Civil War, those with the closest and most conservative readings of the Bible tended to champion institutionalized human bondage, while Christian critics of slavery relied on broader, holistic readings of scripture to make their case. And in the modern civil rights era, African Americans' staunchest allies among white religious folk came from the "liberals" within their denominations, while religious conservatives—those dedicated to

revivalist George Whitfield as one who saw the injustice in slavery, but in fact Whitfield was himself a slave owner and campaigned for the legalization of the practice in the colony of Georgia.

conservative scriptural interpretation and a personal experience of salvation—fought them tooth and nail.

One wonders exactly what Metaxas' hefty Bonhoeffer tome contributes, given that it fails to deliver on its promise and so completely misses the mark in its analysis. Bonhoeffer has been well-known among Christians—conservative and liberal—for decades, and every version of Christian faith has sought to claim him as its own. An abundant scholarly literature already documents his life and probes some of the theological questions that Metaxas leaves untouched. Indeed, a quick search brought up 45 titles on Bonhoeffer in EKU's own library. In a highly polarized America, it seems Metaxas' *Bonhoeffer: Pastor, Prophet, Martyr, Spy* only serves as a renewed effort to plunder the past for validation of a present political perspective.

A final point undermines Metaxas' argument that *only* "real Christianity" can help us identify and oppose evil: thousands of people with little or no religious faith at all have fervently worked against great injustice. Such folks fill Metaxas' own book, though he fails to pursue their stories. Much of Bonhoeffer's own family shared his opposition to Hitler, though they did not all share his faith. The plot to kill Hitler that ultimately brought Bonhoeffer's demise extended widely. According to William H. Shirer, the Gestapo recorded 7,000 arrests associated with the plot, and 4,980 executions.[62] What evidence indicates that these forgotten heroes chose this path because of Christian faith? Quite possibly, only reason and basic human compassion told them that assassinating the Fuhrer offered the best hope for Germany's redemption. As a student of mine once said: "you don't always need religion to tell you that what is right and what is wrong."

[62] William L. Shirer, *The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich: A History of Nazi Germany* (New York: Simon and Schuster, 1960), 1072.

CAROLE GARRISON

IS THERE A GPS FOR LOST IN TRANSLATION?

The Kindness of Strangers

Some years ago, 1979 to be exact, I lived in a small predominantly white middle-class NJ community, New Providence. I taught at Kean College. My teenage daughter was attending boarding school in Vermont and coming home by train for the Thanksgiving holiday; I was picking her up at the station in downtown Newark. With my 9-year-old daughter, Samantha, securely fastened to my hand we climbed the stairs to the platform to await the train. Newark at the time was a city with a reputation for crime and violence, and I felt uncomfortable, if not afraid, among the throngs of train station denizens and the large number of African Americans departing and arriving on the trains. I clutched my daughter tightly and waited as the train pulled into the station.

Debra arrived dragging what looked like a dozen large duffle bags. I thought she might be bringing home everyone's laundry or every item she owned for the weekend! I couldn't imagine how I was going to get off the platform and downstairs to a trolley while securing my 9-year-old, my purse, my teenager and her mountain of duffle bags!

Just then a large, neatly dressed, African American man came over and asked if I needed help. Holding my hand up as if to stop him, I said, "no thanks, we can manage." I pulled both my daughter and my purse closer to me! But as I looked around it was obvious that I couldn't manage and I turned back to the man and said, "Please, yes, I do need some help." Wordlessly, he proceeded to sweep up my 9-year-old, most of the duffel bags and headed down the stairs; Debra and I closely on his heels dragging the rest of her belongings.

As we came down the stairs a woman and a couple of children were looking up smiling and waving in our direction. The man helping me was grinning back unable to wave given all he was carrying! Our small band reached the trolleys at the bottom of the stairs; and he quickly unloaded his bundles and Samantha only to be crushed by his own family as they rushed to greet him. I called to him before he got away and said "I don't

know how to thank you." …He turned momentarily from his reunion and said "don't thank me, just pass it on."

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This opening story, "The Kindness of Strangers," illustrates the pivotal, transformative moment when we learn to trust, a necessary element in building human community. Building human community is a greater task today as we reach a billion more people on our planet than just 12 years ago; then the earth was home to 6 billion people, according to the United Nations, and back in the 1960s, the earth's population measured only half that number—3 billion. The concept, community, is over-broad and thus problematic. It covers both groups and individuals bound by similar and dissimilar interests. It can contain ideas across a broad array of cultural entities in life. A "Community" is a construct, an abstraction. Even as a member, we cannot see a whole community, we cannot touch it, and we cannot directly experience it. Like the words, "hill" or "snowflake," a community may come in one of many shapes, sizes, colors and locations, no two of which are alike. A community has fuzzy boundaries; communities can be within communities; all communities have a life-cycle.

Building any kind of community is an organic and fluid process needing certain materials to grow and develop; remove these and it will wither and die. It can happen in a moment; it can take years… but one of its essential properties is trust. It is not a unique experience; we all have been faced with building community, the first day at a new school, moving to a new neighborhood, new job, military unit, or summer camp! Peter Block writes, "We are in community each time we find a place where we belong" (*Community: The Structure of Belonging*, Berret-Koehler 2008, v). Trust is a critical factor in belonging to and sustaining community, learning to trust as in the story above, is a prerequisite.

In 2007 (November 8) EKU hosted a Chautauqua lecture by a noted spelunker and biologist, Hazel Barton. Dr. Barton gave a talk called "Dark Life: From Cave Microbes to Astrobiology." Her discussion of life in places of scarce resources, i.e., caves and asteroids, provided a fascinating metaphor for the construct of community. She suggested from her research that as resources became scarcer, communities of specific

species began to dwindle in number, almost to extinction; but, not to extinction. Organisms which survived the die off recombined into new multi-species communities, sharing, if you will, their unique survival skills so that these newly integrated communities could prosper. Dr. Barton suggested this as a metaphor to support using diversity and cooperation to assure the survival of human community. While organisms may not 'trust' each other per se, emergent cooperation and unity are among the essential properties for building and sustaining community.

The phrase, "United we stand, divided we fall," has been attributed as far back as Aesop, the Greek slave and fable author who lived around 600 BC. It came from his fable, "The Four Oxen and the Lion." Perhaps more famously, you think of it when you think of the Revolutionary firebrand Patrick Henry rallying against Kentucky and Virginia Resolutions. In a great effort at the end of his life, Henry was quoted as saying, "Let us trust God, and our better judgment to set us right hereafter. United we stand, divided we fall. Let us not split into factions which must destroy that union upon which our existence hangs." Community can be diverse or homogeneous, but trust and cooperation are at its essence… and survival is its goal.

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Just as learning to trust is critical to community: so is building trust. The following story, "The Hajj" is instructive on the role of building trust in developing human community.

The Hajj

In the summer of 2004 I traveled with friends to Iran to an ancient city called Estefan. We went to visit relatives and see the wonders of old Persia and modern Iran. My friend's family is Muslim, some quite religious, others more secular in their observance. I am Jewish… I am an infidel… I am an American… I am a woman. Any one or all of these factors put me outside of this community. My exclusion was minimal, because the family with a few exceptions by the more religious members, embraced me warmly as Jaleh friend; and I assumed certain behaviors which allowed me to fit into the wider community. For example, I rarely wore a Hijab, head scarf, in the house; but dutifully put

one on to go outside or to any public place. I experimented with all kinds of scarves since most often I looked like a Russian Babch (grandma)... in a babushka, not very glamorous or attractive. Muslim women seemed to have the knack for looking gorgeous even when covered from head to toe in a black Chador, the outer garment worn in Iran by observant Muslim women! Frustrated by how I looked in a scarf, I took to blasphemy under my breath as I donned my scarf, "Allah is great, Mohammed is his prophet and they both hate women, or at least they hated me"! It was incorrect of course but allowed me to vent my displeasure with forced clothing restrictions that included not only a head covering but also long outer garments which added to my discomfort with the high heat of the Iranian summer.

There was one uncle, Salam Khale Joon, a robust man in his mid to late 60's, who, because I was an infidel, would not touch me (shake hands or hug). In everything else he was gracious and friendly. One morning, Reza, my friend's father, told me this uncle needed US dollars for a Hajj, a religious pilgrimage. The last time he had exchanged money he was cheated, given counterfeit bills. So they decided to ask me if I would exchange some of the traveling cash I had with me for Iranian money. Why not! I was still anticipating a few days shopping at the old bazaar and would need to exchange dollars anyway. The Uncle and Reza took my cash and went off in a corner to figure out the exchange. I sat quietly unconcerned on the couch reading. When they finished, Uncle wanted to know if I wanted to count the money to be sure they hadn't cheated me. I stared at him… thinking to myself "how in hell would I know… I don't have clue what the exchange rate is or even how to read Iranian money, the Rial"! But to him I said, "No, I have no need to count it, I trust you completely." In the next moment I was squeezed in a massive bear hug, my breath coming in ragged heaves against his chest. He held me so tightly I could hear his heart beat… Uncle was smiling broadly as he made me a member of the family, of the community. The entry fee into this community was not money; it was trust.

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In this next story, "The Hanging Offense," in order to survive I had to build a community with my captors… again the critical variable was trust.

The Hanging Offense

No sleep, just the clatter of rats' nails as they kept up their steady run along the walls of the cell. I was close to giving up to hysteria and could already see myself vainly screaming hysterically at the cell bars "I am an American, let me out!" Just when all my composure was dissolving guards came to the cell door and motioned me to come. I saw A'hron, the deputy police chief smiling.

I had left days following the July 5th, 1966 coup by Hun Sen and his Cambodian People's Party. We—my newly adopted daughter Tevi and I—had to be at the Australian Embassy to check in and time was running short. The Cambodians were warning of robbers and soldiers on the road. A long-time friend and colleague, Robin, the Embassy's doctor, handed me a Czech 22 semi-automatic pistol to protect Tevi, our money and myself from the desperate aftermath of the coup. "Here, you know how to use this." I took it, ejected the magazine and threw the two pieces into a suitcase.

Tevi and I boarded a C-130, leaving Cambodia. Two hours later we landed in Penang, Malaysia. We were cleared through the Australian reception and I went to secure tickets to Kula Lumpur so we could head home. But there were no seats to Kula Lumpur or from there to the United States, at least not for a few days. Forgetting about Robin's well-intentioned gift somewhere in the bowels of my bag, I claimed our luggage and took a bus to a moderate hotel on the Penang beach.

When they stopped us at the airport the next day at the baggage check-in neither Tevi nor I was the least bit perturbed when the security man asked "do you have something metal in your suitcase?"

"Oh!" I flushed red.

I actually had totally forgotten and when the question was posed I was stunned with the confrontation. I immediately responded by digging into the suitcase painfully aware of every fabric, every item of clothing. Luckily I had removed the magazine so that the gun was unloaded when I finally retrieved it from the bag.

The guard looked squarely at me, and then, very politely said "Please follow me."

I did! Holding tightly onto Tevi, I was ushered into a small waiting room with old 50's naughohyde furniture and the heavy smell of stale cigarettes.

A young thin Malaysian man in a police uniform said "It is a holiday and my superiors are away. There is no one here but me."

He paused and then added, "this is very, very serious. You have broken the law of my country." There was not the slightest hint of irony or bluff in his voice or manner.

A flood of explanations exploded from me. I tried to keep the desperation out of my voice but also any hint of flippancy. "I'm sorry, I forgot that I even had that gun in my bag. It wasn't loaded—just take it and let us go. I have to get to Kula Lumpur and meet my brother. We have to go now. I have this baby with me. She is an orphan from Cambodia. We were evacuated; soldiers were in the streets. Surely you can understand."

The young sergeant clearly did not appreciate the situation. "You have committed a hanging offense; you can be hung."

He left the small room and I sat. Other people came in and out to see the "American woman criminal"—some were polite and others just quietly curious. I was given coffee and cigarettes. A woman wearing a headscarf came in and sat silently in one of the plastic covered chairs. Later, I found out she was my guard.

The time to catch the plane to Kula Lumpur had come and gone. I had been incarcerated in the small waiting room for close to two hours. Occasionally, I would be asked a few questions, notes taken, and then abandoned to smoke cigarettes and wait. I smiled deferentially at anyone who came in, hoping to gain allies among these quiet strangers. I conversed with everyone who wanted to talk and I began to slowly leak out personal information that I hoped would either intimidate or create a connection.

Finally, a face which had a different countenance; both authority and kindness combined in a stocky, handsome man. I instinctively decided to gamble on this man. He looked and talked like a professional; he was moderate in his approach and clearly not looking to create a "situation."

We left the airport and went to the police station. A small crowded office with lots of old gray metal desks and a haze of smoke. By now I had pulled out my folder of

documents adoption papers, resume, anything which would make me legitimate, worthy of sympathy, less suspicious. I kept reminding myself to stay this course of friendly obsequiousness and not let fear result in panic or hysteria. I had to match his professionalism and create a bridge for us to meet upon half way. I remembered how often I had convinced highway patrol officers to treat me kindly when I got pulled over by making us more alike than different.

"Hi officer, gee, I remember days like this when I was A COP in Atlanta. Hard to be on traffic detail in this weather, but I appreciate your efforts, I know this is a bitch to do 24/7."

I also knew that my resume with references to work with DOD and the UN made it at least seem obvious that I would be missed and at fairly high levels of the US Government.

He and the other investigators asked:

"Did I know the FBI?"

"Where are you a professor in the US?

"Is it hard to get a Ph.D. in Criminal Justice"?

Slowly, slowly I could feel the bond take place but when I had to go into a back room for a mug shot. I knew I was far from home free.

Anxious, I explained "My brother is in Kula Lumpur, he expected me to arrive tonight; he will be worried."

I asked the detective quite sincerely whether I should let my brother know what was going on. "No," A'hron cautioned, "We believe you and want to find a way out of this. It will not help to bring others in."

But then, apologizing profusely, A'hron took Tevi and me to the 147-year-old prison in Penang. I had insisted we stay together and they honored that. In moments we were alone in the booking room. Two female guards speaking little English instructed me to unpack my luggage. Slowly they inventoried jewelry and $10,000 in US bills. I then was asked to strip. I can hardly recall now what I was thinking or feeling. I was numb

from fatigue and fear. I remember them giggling over my lace bra and me arguing with them about my luggage, demanding they put it up high where the rats I had seen running in the hall couldn't chew on it.

Finally, we were led down the long dark hall where I had seen the rats coming and going. No private room or cell awaited us. Instead, we were unceremoniously sent with one change of clothes into a large holding cell. The room was about 24 by 40 feet with a small walled shower and Turkish toilet in the back. On either side of the cell were cement 8 by 12-ft. platforms, about 3 feet high. They were covered with a thin sheet of wood, mostly chipped away as toothpicks or more likely picked away from boredom or stress. It was dark and most of the bodies hardly shifted as we came in. I could only tell that they were women, maybe a few small children. They lay on the floor and on the cement platform. I took Tevi, half sleeping, onto the platform toward the back of the cell. No sleep came, just the clatter of rats nails as they kept up their steady run along the walls of the cell. By mid morning I was close to giving up to hysteria and could already see myself vainly screaming hysterically at the cell bars "I am an American, let me out!" Just when all my composure was dissolving guards came to the cell door and motioned me to come. I saw A'hron, the deputy police chief smiling.

As we hurried down the hall away from the cell he said "it's not over yet, we are sorry we couldn't come earlier."

We were still in danger—I had to behave; it wasn't just a bad dream that would suddenly go away with the dawn! But we were also out. We were one step closer to home and it was a big step. I wasn't able to determine how much closer we were however. Despite the friendliness there was an atmosphere of caution and I soon caught the sense of "negative possibilities" from my captors.

The detectives drove us to a clean, modern Muslim hotel. I don't recall much of the detail of the next few days. I was well beyond tired. I was only just "on." Another woman, thin boned, wary and older, also in Muslim headgear, was assigned to us. We were under house arrest. Our inability to speak made our movements awkward. I didn't want to scare or alarm her and I couldn't quite figure out what the rules of our confinement were. At first even the bathroom was off limits to privacy.

Her replacement was a jovial younger woman who didn't appreciate being confined in the small room any more than we did. She played with Tevi, tried to converse with me and was generally more relaxed.

I was constantly on my best behavior, masking any frustration or anger with perfect politeness for fear of unraveling the delicate negotiations taking place with some unknown superiors in the higher government echelons. No one was representing me, my case, or my point of view, except the good will of these local officers. In the late afternoon A'hron's superior came to our room. Similar in style to A'hron, he was surprisingly apologetic.

"I am so sorry you had to be overnight in the prison and now, here in house arrest. We don't want to add to your troubles escaping from the fighting in Cambodia." He and his officers understood why I had the gun.

But he too left saying they were "working on it - it shouldn't be long now." Then, "I am optimistic, it will be okay."

He left with a final "A'hron will come tomorrow; he will take you out for some sightseeing and shopping."

A'hron arrived with mixed news, "the government wants you gone. They want to avoid a potential international incident."

He went on "You don't mind, we must confiscate the gun of course."

"But of course," I responded eagerly to his news.

But then the catch came: "you will fly to Kula Lumpur and there the local police will keep you and Tevi under house arrest until you can catch a flight to the US."

"Could I fly to Singapore and go home from there?" I offered in desperation.

A'hron liked this suggestion. They could arrange it and be done with this. It was a tenuous situation for them as well, nothing guaranteed and by now they cared about the American Policewoman and her little orphan. Closure would be good. He called airport police and they began to check out the possibilities.

A'hron and Teng arrived mid-morning. Teng, middle-aged, thin and gentle with a quizzical face and toothy grin was another officer who found himself entwined in our odyssey and devoted to Tevi. They had come to take us sightseeing and shopping. Knowing full well that everything is a TEST… I was 'in play"! First we stopped at a fairly modern shopping area where I bought a few things, some books for Tevi and hand cream I didn't need or want.

I noted with great authority, "Wow! What a modern the mall this is, just as good or better EVEN than the US."

We then went to a famous Buddhist temple and tourist site. But first we visited the snake handlers. A'hron held Tevi, while I, in a show of bravado, held the big boas on my arms for photos. Teng wanted us to have the opportunity to pray and give thanks. Thanks to be out of jail? Thanks to be going home? Was it possible?

"Yes," A'hron said. "We will go to the airport after you pray. I am waiting for the call to come. As soon as they call it will be final. Go pray."

Holding Tevi and clutching the small, wooden Buddha I had worn for years, we went into the Pagoda—lit incense and gave thanks, while I warily watched A'hron, waiting for his cell phone to ring. His face was all I needed to see—broadly smiling, A'hron signaled for us to come.

Teng had gone for the car and soon we were riding through the resort town of Penang towards the airport. For days I could only see in black and white, but as we rode in the car I began again to see the lush tropical palette of Penang. I purchased our tickets to Singapore and we went upstairs to have lunch. The plane would board in two hours and we were still officially under arrest. My "guards" posed with me for photos, exchanged addresses, and played with Tevi in the kiddy section of the airport. But now my facade began to fall away, A'hron looked at me as if he was seeing someone new. Not the strong American woman who had looked the "new 40." My eyes were flickering and my face sagged with exhaustion and tension. He was disappointed but not unkind.

"You know" he said confiding in me, "it was sergeant Euphatis who got you out of jail; he worked thru that first night to get it done, everyone else was on holiday." I

remembered the young scornful sergeant who was so formal and cold, now I would have another person to be grateful for.

The plane was boarding. A'hron handed Tevi to me "good bye" he said, his face splitting into a wide smile. RELIEF! I shook his hand and then Teng's. I turned and walked up the stairs into the plane. I wanted to run. I didn't look back—I couldn't look back. Tevi and I finally reached Los Angeles on July 18th, eight days after we embarked on our journey out of Cambodia.

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The following story, "The Fire," builds upon the themes of trust and acceptance as well as introducing sacrifice, and perhaps humanity, for the good of the community.

The Fire

My small street was a metaphor for the glaring cultural and economic gaps in 1996 Phnom Penh. Mansions and squatter shacks stood in stark contrast to each other in the same space. I lived in a small two story house, a wooden upstairs and a cement bottom. It was just across a narrow dirt lane from a huge old pagoda that hosted a squatter's village of unthinkable density. My house sat in a walled compound as well, with 10-foot-high walls topped with glass shards. The front yard was cement maybe 35 wide by 40 feet long. The stone bottom part of the house, which I must admit I had never entered… opened onto this cement courtyard. The big iron gates opened to the lane. Often when I returned home in the evenings from work I sometimes crossed paths with Vietnamese taxi girls coming home from their evenings labors; still wearing heavy makeup and gaudy slinky dresses to sleep the day away in dingy huts with no electricity or water.

As I settled into my new neighborhood I began to get to know my neighbors, the children and adults who inhabited the wall across from me. In the beginning it was just smiles and waives as I came and went

Then I started to take photos. Cameras were a rare commodity among the local people, one of the more obvious victories for the anti-tech reign of terror by the Khmer Rouge. Very few peasants had access even to important event pictures such as wedding

portraits, much less family photos. The cost of processing a roll of film was equivalent to a week's pay for one of the families that lived across from me! Most of the expatriates like me working in Cambodia were on a holiday from their western, modern, high-tech lives but, like all good "tourists," we had our equipment if we wanted or needed it. I began to routinely take snap shots of children, families and even special occasions when they finally got up the nerve to ask. I would get the film developed and hand out the eagerly awaited photos. Soon they were waiving to me, shouting my name or occasionally bringing me some Vietnamese delicacy. They waited patiently for the evenings when I would arrive with pictures… but when they saw me crossing the lane with an envelope in my hand… all the shyness gave way to giggles, smiles and the slightest of bows of the head from the elders. We had no common language. We only had this little gesture of friendship and trust.

I had gone home for lunch and a nap instead of sleeping at my office for the noon siesta. I smelled it before I heard it; I heard the roar before I saw it… the hundreds year old pagoda went up like kindling, the flames 40 and 50 feet in the air. Black smoke was pouring across the road and a huge burst of flame gave off so much heat I could feel it on my porch. I could see huge billows of black smoke spewing from the interior of the squatter camp; shouting people were rushing everywhere, carrying babies, meager possessions, prized TVs and boom boxes. The flames climbed higher but the wind was blowing in the opposite direction from my house. Khmer friends came over to make sure I was okay, turned off my stove and electricity and begged me to close my gates. "Shut your gates mum," they shouted, "Please," they begged, "close the gates before all the squatters run in here." "No," I yelled from my porch… "open the gates wide, tell the people living in the wall to bring their belongings and children inside." They came, they came with sewing machines and bedding, they came with toddlers and infants, they came until there was no room left in my small compound and the gates were closed.

We stood watching as the entire shanty town of two to three hundred shacks became a wall of fire, an inferno of immense heat. Most of the expatriates on the street fled in their cars and locking their gates behind them, but the three of us closest to the pagoda stayed and kept our houses open. My yard looked like a flea market but quickly took on the look of a refugee camp. I bandaged toes, held little Vietnamese children in

my arms to calm them, sedated one of the old ladies and basically just gave moral support to those families who I knew and lived directly across from me. Miraculously, we knew of only one death.

That night six or seven youngsters, terrified from their ordeal, came upstairs to the safety of my house and slept with me. They smelled like gerbils, only more sooty and dirty. Outside, little pink and blue mosquito net tents sprang up like mushrooms across the courtyard. The old women and babies slept in the downstairs salon, or what was left of it. We had opened the doors to the bottom stone part of the house and many stowed inside their few belongings they had managed to save, including motorbikes and sewing machines. I gave one man who spoke a little English the key. Others slept in the yard while most of the men stayed outside the gates and guarded what was left of their homes.

It was winter and the night air was damp and cool… inside the burned out Pagoda, families slept on the damp burnt earth; inside my compound, they slept on cold damp cement. We set up a clinic on my porch and a friend, the doctor for the Australian Embassy treated infants for exposure, colds and dehydration. The Vietnamese that were now living in my compound helped with the lines of Vietnamese and Khmer refugees from the fire that came to the little clinic for help. The Cambodian Red Cross had refused to help because so many of the victims were Vietnam squatters and the government was committed to remove them from the country. Old and ancient enmities and claims they took jobs from the locals supported the Government's position. The International Red Cross gave into political expediency; rather than offend the government, they did not offer assistance either. To make the situation even direr, the major humanitarian organizations also refused to provide aid lest they run afoul of government disapproval. People were cold, people were sick, people were hungry.

I was the executive director of the Committee for Cooperation in Cambodia, the CCC, a network of all the humanitarian organizations working in Cambodia, but I did not have actual programs, resources or staff to provide rice and other necessities for survival. I was able, at the risk of losing my job, to convince some of the less politically dependent NGOs, notably the Lutheran World Service, to bring bags of rice to my compound. They wouldn't actually be disseminating it… just storing it! Once the rice, 2.5 tons of it, was

delivered to my house the Vietnamese men who were living inside my compound carried these 100 pound sacks of rice on their backs across to the burned out Pagoda and passed it out to everyone, Khmer and Vietnamese alike, who needed or wanted it. They also passed out 500 sleeping mats, 300 mosquito nets and tarps. They worked while much of Phnom Penh stood by indifferent and watched.

As it happened, I had already rented a new house across town before the fire and so, my guests and I had to leave my compound by week's end. The majority of people had drifted away from the burn site, finding new places to shelter—but all my neighbors stayed with me until moving day. At night I would see their little cooking fires and smell the exotic Asian aromas as the smoke curled up towards my little porch. Several of the children slept under a net tent on my porch. Except for the free clinic, most days I left for my office, emotionally drained from fighting with the heads of the large NGOs who wanted to skewer me alive for aiding the refuges against government wishes, while my "community" went about their individual business finding shelter and work. On the evening before I was to move to my new house, I arrived home to a frenzy of activity. Food was cooking everywhere, the children were scrubbed and blankets layout neatly in a large circle. In some sort of pidgin English, my 'guests' made it clear they wanted me to join them for a last dinner together. Everyone had contributed to the community dinner and it was a veritable feast. With my guard Lucky as my translator, they wished me to live more than 100 years. I sat cross legged on the ground surrounded by happy faces, people eating Pho and savory pancakes, Banh Xeo, fumbling with my chopsticks and trying to make conversation. But words did not matter; we were celebrating life, we were celebrating community and Trust abounded.

***

This final story, "Angel from Allah," adds one more important variable to the factors necessary to the building of human community: friendship.

Angel from Allah

One morning in the fall of 1992, two United Nations Civil Police (CivPol) from Kampong Thom, a rather dicey province north of my village, arrived in front of my house on a motorbike. They were Middle Eastern and, like me, part of UN Peace Keeping Mission in Cambodia. The one sitting in back had a makeshift bandage around his head and arm and was barely hanging on one-handed to the driver. After a lot of gesturing, shouts in French and Arabic and general confusion, I sent them to the house of the United Nations Military Observers (UNMO) for assistance. Curious and more than a little distrustful of the UNMO's willingness to respond to the situation, I went over to find out what was going on; but they were gone. The UNMOs were out and I was left wondering where the injured men had headed off to. As it happened, the UNMO's house was quite near to the UN Chinese Battalion and the next most likely place for them to get help. I found them there being treated by the Chinese doctor. The one who was most seriously hurt had a more impressive looking bandaging on his wounds, but no one was there who could speak enough of the same language to provide coherent information. I decided to bring them back to my house in order to radio the UN Civil Police central command in Kampong Cham. The second in command at the central office was an Egyptian captain I had dined with not that long ago on a trip into the provincial capital. Through him I finally was able to discover that the Egyptians and Jordanians were going to Phnom Penh on vacation when their car had wrecked about 30 kilometers north of our village in Khmer Rouge (guerrilla territory). The anxiety mounted when we realized they said that two guys were still with the car.

By 10 a.m. the CIVPOL from Battheay, the neighboring district, had arrived. These guys were mostly Jordanians, Moroccans and Algerians who spoke Arabic and French but very little English. There were 5 crammed into one small car plus the driver! The man who had reported the fire earlier in the evening also returned, insisting the CIVPOL must respond to his crisis as well. They, however, were intent on rescuing their own buddies and could be described as disinterested, at best, in his problem.

Only one of the Battheay CIVPOL, Mamud, spoke enough English for me to understand much of what was going on, but even he was drowned out by the frenzy of

shouting, and hand wringing among the other Arabs, hysterical with worry about their "brothers." With the little information I could gather and the palpable panic of the CIVPOL, my fear was exaggerated. The scene was more like a Chinese fire drill than a rescue mission and a real, live Tower of Babel right in front of my eyes.

Without much in the way of alternatives, I decided that I would drive them to the accident site. The drive would be somewhat dangerous because of the guerillas but doing nothing was not an option. The road to Kampong Thom was perpendicular to the national road from the capital, Phnom Penh, to Kampong Cham but in even worse condition. It had two very small lanes and it dead-ended into the center of my village. Going north, you crossed a bridge that the UN Chinese engineers kept repairing while the formerly Chinese-trained Khmer Rouge guerrillas kept blowing it up. This was something that the locals sniggered about when they saw the Chinese soldiers frequently reconstructing the bridge. Making this bridge crossing was always precarious. The road then went north through the flat scrublands until it reached Kampong Thom. The stranded and injured CIVPOL were somewhere in between... a sort of no-man's land, sparsely populated and barren.

I braced myself for what I might see as we drove on but, rather than finding a horrendous accident scene with injured or dead CIVPOL, or worse, a deserted vehicle, the accident scene was strangely benign and a bit curious. I was told they had lost their windshield but I didn't see any glass on the road and the remaining CIVPOL seemed relatively unscathed. We put the two rescued Egyptians in my car, intent on taking them temporarily to my house in Cheong Prey. They were understandably jubilant at seeing their comrades, embracing each other with much cheek kissing, back rubbing and shouting.

The trip back was a barrage of animated Arabic punctuated by continual declarations in broken English that I was an "angel sent from Allah." They had already had a bad enough day, so I didn't have the heart to tell them yet that I was a Jew!

After that, the men often came to my small house with flowers; I was invited to join in all their celebrations. At the urging of the Egyptian CivPol commander I finally

told them I was a Jew. By then… we were community; trust and friendship trumped religion!

***

I have played the role of the storyteller, weaving my experiences into fabric of words and ideas. The real work is the listener's, the reader's. The job is to be reflective; reflection fosters familiarity; familiarity breeds understanding; and understanding can lead to knowing and caring for others as we know and care for ourselves.

There are social movements and humanitarian groups who are committed to building and sustaining human community. They have web sites and action agendas. They posit individual and collective action. One such group, the Community Tool Box (http://ctb.ku.edu) reminds us that "Friendship is powerful. It is our connection to each other that gives meaning to our lives. Our caring for each other is often what motivates us to make change. And establishing connections with people from diverse backgrounds can be key in making significant changes in our communities."

As individuals, and in groups, *we can* change our communities. We can set up neighborhoods and institutions in which people commit themselves to working to form strong relationships and alliances with people of diverse cultures and backgrounds. We can establish networks and coalitions in which people are knowledgeable about each other's struggles, and are willing to lend a hand. Together, we can do it!

DEREK NIKITAS

FIRST DAY OF MY LIFE

Mom stomped on the gas and the wheels spun but the car went nowhere. Rowan scooted up in the passenger seat to get a better view. The windshield was caked around with snow like the fuzzy edges of a dream, and the back window was even worse. Six hours back they left Queens, but now they were in the woods somewhere in New Hampshire. Rowan couldn't even see a road.

"Well, we're here," Mom said, and tossed up her hands. Her voice steamed. They were both bundled in extra layers, but still Rowan's toes were frozen in his boots. Around them was nothing but trees and snow. There was no *here* to be.

Mom's door fanned the top inch off the snow before it bumped against a tree with white papery bark. She said, "We can walk from here. I'll just have to come back and dig us out later." She slogged around the car to get the hatchback open. She was trying to shrug it off, pretend like usual that nothing was wrong, but Rowan had been able to feel the dark in her mood for weeks.

When he got out, the snow reached his knees. He'd have to keep his footing or get swallowed up.

"Carry your own back, bucko—but don't worry. It's right around the bend."

She pointed down the road, but a flurry erased the distance in white.

What he saw instead was a girl. Twenty feet away, watching them, as she held the trunk of a pine tree in a headlock grip. Bare hands, no jacket, and the sleeves of her flannel rolled up to her elbows. Her hair was fuzzy with snowflakes and her skin slightly bluish. Mom gasped at the sight of her.

"Who's that?" Rowan whispered.

The girl seemed a few years older than him, maybe eleven or twelve. She didn't move a muscle except the ones in her shivering jaw. She was too far off for Rowan to get any sense of her.

"I don't have a clue. Probably just a neighbor girl," Mom said.

"She creeps me out."

He trudged behind his mother, canvas rucksack over his shoulder. The car kept getting farther behind them. There was a back road buried here somewhere, though you could only tell it from the gap between the trees. He gave wide berth to the pine where he'd seen the girl, even though she was gone now. Just like that, Row had looked down to right his balance, and she vanished.

Mom glanced back and offered a grin, but Row felt that clench in his gut that reminded him something was wrong. Third grade broke something open inside him that should've stayed shut. It *messed with his head,* just as Mom said on the phone when she didn't think he was listening. She blamed his teacher Mrs. Dwyer's *poor judgment*. They'd only been back in school for a couple weeks. They could all see the smoke cloud from their class windows, all the way over in Manhattan, and the teacher turned on the TV just in time for the other plane to glide into the tower.

The house was just a huge outline at first, but when they came closer it turned bright red, with doors big enough to lead a circus through. "That's the barn," Mom explained, and pointed at a much smaller building huddled beside it. The chimney was at work, lights in the windows, but there were no Christmas decorations.

She never told exactly where his grandparents lived, except that it was *too far away*. Row never met them, never came to New Hampshire before. Mom always said there wasn't enough time or money to make the trip, until this morning, Christmas Eve, when he woke to find her pulling clothes down from his closet to pack them, quietly crying.

"Are there animals in the barn?" Rowan asked.

She jostled her head just twice—*no interest in discussing the matter*. They found a shoveled path to the house, and the door opened for them before they reached it. The man there was as tall as the door, bristly white hair on the sides of his head and nothing but skin on top. He wore a knitted sweater of more colors than Row could count.

Mom froze at the sight of him. Her sad smile lasted only a second, but Rowan caught her mood and it sparked a memory of his own: *a security blanket accidentally lost in a mall parking lot*.

She dropped her bag and hugged the man for long enough to bridge the years they'd been apart. Row stood back and watched the woods for a glimpse of that girl. So

many trees and snow drifts to hide behind. No way he'd be able to sleep tonight, knowing the girl was out there, prowling and shivering.

The kitchen was like a set from a black-and-white TV show, checkerboard floors and a fridge shaped like a bullet. The woman inside there was boiling something that smelled like cabbage. She wore a sweater like her husband's and her hair was the stuffing from a teddy bear.

They took him by the shoulders, each in turn, and said pleasant things while Rowan looked at his wetted boots. They gave him hot chocolate with mini marshmallows. Alexander and Elin Pierce. His *grandfather*, his *grandmother*—ideas even more alien than *father*. These were strangers he was meant to feel some warmth toward, and for his mother's sake he tried.

They sat around the kitchen table and the grandfather made a lame joke about Rowan's Pierce-*ing* eyes and the grandmother groaned and swatted him. Mom hunched over her tea and hardly talked while these strangers pretended nothing was off-kilter.

Rowan chanced to look through the door glass, and there was the girl. She rushed down the path toward the house, and when she burst inside, Mom cried out in surprise. The girl narrowed her pale blue eyes down to slits and backed against the wall. Snow dropped in clumps from her jeans. Her feet wore only wool socks, not even shoes. She was there only for a second, then she leaped over the luggage and barreled off down the hall.

Mom's brow wrinkled just below the flip of her wool cap. "*Um*…" she said.

The grandfather chuckled. "Lots of surprises today," he said.

The woman squeezed her husband's wrist and said, "*That* was Sophia. She's ours."

"*Yours*?" Mom said.

"We brought her into our family," the man explained. "Six years now."

"Six *years*?"

The bad taste of this discussion soured the cocoa in Rowan's stomach. Somewhere deeper in the house, the girl attacked a set of steps like it was inclined hopscotch. If she really belonged here, he'd have to sleep in the same house with her.

"If we'd had any way to reach you…" the grandfather said.

Mom yanked off her hat, and her nest of hair collapsed into her face. Row understood her dizzy dislocation. It reminded him of when she promised to stop dating a guy Row didn't like, and then, a week later, Row woke to find the guy sleeping overnight in her bed with her. He felt the same confusion then.

"So… what, you adopted her?" Mom asked.

"That's right," the grandfather said.

"So she's, like, a *replacement*?"

"Of course not."

"You're being unfair, Amanda," the grandmother added.

Mom scoffed. For Rowan, understanding was like peering through a blizzard. Whatever was wrong between Mom and her parents was hidden beyond his sight.

He asked to go back outside, and in that chill air he escaped those stifling kitchen moods. Back in Queens the outside was too many honking cars and people hurrying on the sidewalks. Outside was where those towers sagged their shoulders and collapsed like slain giants, where people stumbled through clouds of ash, coughing and caked in gray. Even from three miles off, the soul-cry of suffering rose and crested over him and he could never be the same again. But that was there. *Here* was nothing, no one.

Only the barn bothered him. It was a hulking shell that might topple from too much snow on its roof. He headed away from it, across the flat field where in spots the drifts rose past his waist. The dustiest snow whorled on the surface like sand on desert dunes, unbroken by any other explorer. At the forest edge, the land climbed toward a granite shelf that cut a gray wall across the whitewashed hill, five times his height.

A girl's voice startled him: "No way could you climb that." She appeared from behind another tree. Her whole body shivered and her hair was stiff, like it would shatter if you tapped it. Even her eyes were ice cubes.

"How can you walk around like that? Without a jacket?" he asked. His heart pounded. He'd looked back toward the house a dozen times and never once saw her following him. But now it was there, plain to see, a second path cutting through the snow.

"Makes it easier," she said, shrugging. She scrambled toward the rock face, snatched it in both hands, and curled her sock toes into crannies to hoist her body upward, skirting all the ice patches. In less than a minute she scaled the top and turned, let her legs

dangle over. *Last year, catching that mouthy kid's pop fly in the outfield*—Row felt a similar glow of triumph shining down from Sophia on her perch.

"Who are you, really?" she called down.

"Rowan Pierce. Amanda's my mother."

"Why'd you come here?"

"Didn't they tell you? Because—because it was Christmas."

She snorted at him. "We don't do Christmas," she said, like that somehow proved him a liar.

"They said you were adopted."

"Not true. I hatched from a giant egg inside the barn. I was already five years old."

"That's crazy."

"Want to bet? I can show you the broken shell. It's still in there."

"So you're, like, a chicken?"

"Chickens can't fly." She pushed off the edge with a howl, flapping her arms, and the fall really did seem almost too slow for gravity. Row had enough time to wonder if she might catch an airstream with those arms and glide, but then she dropped into the snow, flopped onto her back, and laughed.

"Are you all right?" he asked. He only chanced one step toward her.

She sat up, steam puffing from her lungs, and hurled a handful of snow at him.

It broke apart midair and spattered his jacket. "What's your problem?" he asked.

"What's *your* problem, chicken?"

"Post-Traumatic Stress Disorder," he told her

"What the hell does that mean?" she asked.

"It's what the brain doctor calls it."

She searched his face, suddenly fascinated. "You mean your brain got messed up? From some terrible thing that happened to you? What was it? What happened?"

"The terrorist attacks."

"Wait, you were *there*?" She wasn't even shivering anymore.

"No," he admitted. "I saw it on the television at school."

Watching the magician's other hand palm something in his pocket, ruining the trick…

"*Come on*," she snapped. "I thought you were serious. We *all* saw *that*."

She walked off, shaking her head at him. He didn't see her again until supper, and there she tented herself behind her hair as she slurped. The grandmother ladled out chicken soup and bits of information—Sophia was eleven, starting junior high next year. But the girl wouldn't engage in any talk.

Rowan's condition was what drove her away, just like with most people. Counselors and doctors—so many questions, such concern. The pills they prescribed made him nervous and twitchy, so Mom stopped treatment. You're not supposed to be traumatized for life because of television. You weren't *there*. Those falling buildings just triggered a defect already inside you. *Hypersensitive, obsessive thoughts, displaces his emotions as a defense mechanism…*

The thousands of terrified and dying had poured their pain into him all at once. That was what happened. He blacked out, and they say he had a seizure. Dropped from his desk and writhed on the dusty classroom floor, coughing and gagging on ash, except there was no ash that far from Ground Zero.

The Pierce farmhouse, at least, was three hundred miles away from all that, more like a museum than a living space. There were no television sets, or radios. Nobody had a cell phone. The world and its turmoil didn't exist here, somehow.

Rowan got a guest room to himself, with a twin bed fitted inside a dormer. He had a window for a headboard and could watch the moon upside-down from his pillow. Mom plugged his nightlight into the wall, then worried at his blankets, tucked them tighter and tighter. She was inside of her cloud again—distracted, always rubbing her eyes and yawning. Three months changed them both.

"How long are we staying?" he asked.

"Few days," she said. "I thought it was time you met your family. You're a lot like them."

Each of his mother's lies stung like a sudden paper cut, though he learned how to stop from showing it. He didn't have to demand that she tell the truth anymore. It was always there in what she said, just upside-down.

"We came here because of me, right?"

She took a long swallow of nothing. "I think that they'll be able to help you," she said. "They're very—intuitive—about these things, your grandparents. You'll see."

"Sophia said she came from a giant egg in the barn."

Mom tried to laugh but *the cloud* wouldn't let her. "She's just testing you, to see what you'll believe. I was talking to your Nana and Papa earlier. Sophia has something called amnesia. It gives her trouble remembering the time before she came here."

Rowan sat up in bed. He never could've guessed there was anything wrong with the girl. She was invincible, scaling rock faces and leaping from them, braving winter in sock feet. He asked, "How does it happen. Amnesia?"

"Lots of reasons. It might be that she went through something traumatic, like you."

"So she came here to get help, too?"

Mom tilted her head toward a thought. "Maybe you're right, bucko. It's sad to forget. It's been so long I almost forgot how peaceful it was here. We used to come up when Papa was off from teaching, winters and summers. Here, or Arrow Island. All I wanted was to get back home, but I was a spoiled kid who didn't know any better. I never got along with this place. Too much of a city girl, I guess."

Forgetting probably hurt as badly as *never knowing*. Like how Rowan never knew, or forgot, that he was meant to call his grandparents *Papa* and *Nana*, that Papa was a teacher, that Mom spent summer vacation in this place or somewhere else called Arrow Island. Knowing gave him a hunger to know more.

No, Rowan's problem was the opposite of forgetting. His past came back in lightning flashes, hit him ten times stronger than when they actually happened. Even now, *on the edge of a diving board at the YMCA, finally resolving to jump, gasping that last breath before the water swallowed all his senses.* That sudden memory, it told Rowan how his mother felt right now, seated on the edge of his bed, as she settled on a final choice.

She turned off the milk glass lamp with a skeleton-key switch. In the nightlight glow, Rowan concentrated on the way her wild hair looked shocked, how her chin was a bit too sharp, like his. He wanted to remember. He'd have to stay in his own bed, no

matter what came into his brain. No running off to find her down the hall, to lie beside her and press his knees against her back while they slept.

In the morning, he came down to pancakes and sausage. Nana flipped the pancakes and poured more batter into the pan. The stack was high enough for twice as many people. At his place setting, Papa ate like he was figuring out the taste of every bite. *Papa* and *Nana*. If Rowan kept thinking those words, they'd stop sounding so strange.

One plate at the table was dirtied with syrup and crumbs.

"Sophia's already up and about," Papa explained. "She can't get enough of the snow."

"She doesn't even wear a jacket, or boots," Rowan said.

Nana slid sausages onto his plate. "The child runs incredibly hot," she said. "Never been sick."

"We're lucky we can keep any clothes on her at all," Papa added, shared a laugh with his wife.

"Will I go to a new school now?" Rowan asked.

Papa stopped chewing, and Nana glanced over her shoulder at him. Rowan couldn't get a read on them like he did with most everyone else. They stayed hidden from his sensing, muted like a TV set without any volume.

Papa finally said, "And here I thought we were going to have to delicately explain things to you. I s'pose I should've guessed you'd be a sharp one. Your mother warned us that you take after me."

Nana chuckled and shook her head as she cooked. "God help us."

"The psychologist couldn't figure me out," Rowan announced.

"Quacks, mental midgets," Papa said.

"Mom couldn't deal with me, either. That's why she left."

"No, no," the grandmother insisted. She grasped her husband's shoulders with both hands as they looked upon their only blood grandchild. Sitting, Papa was almost as tall as his wife. Neither one of them denied that their daughter had left overnight while Rowan was still asleep. Probably Papa even helped dig her car out of the snow.

Nana said, “Your mother didn’t leave because of you. I’m sure she would’ve stayed if she thought she could help, but… not everybody chooses to inherit the Pierce family heirlooms, I suppose.”

“This has never really been the place for her,” Papa said. “We need to respect that, I think.”

“She left you some things. Presents. She’ll come up and visit you, to be sure,” Nana said.

Rowan didn’t believe that last bit. Since September, he had been a cranked-up thermostat in their cramped Queens apartment, suffocating his own mother with his heat. Now that she could breathe, it would be a long while before she exposed her nerves to him again.

The presents were stacked beside the living room hearth, all wrapped in newspaper. He had almost forgotten it was Christmas—no tree or lights, though an eager flame popped and crackled in the fireplace. Rowan knelt and unwrapped the last of his mother’s surprises: a Dell laptop, a digital alarm clock, books, winter clothes. She was almost a ghost already.

“We don’t see the allure of the whole computer thing,” Papa said, “but Sophia couldn’t get by in school without one. We had to install that, what’s it called?—the information floating in the air?”

“Wi-Fi, you Luddite,” Nana said, and smacked him playfully on his elbow.

The last gift was a badly wrapped wad of newspaper. When Row tore it open, a rock dropped into his hand. Dull gray and smoothly rounded, golf-ball sized. It used to sit on Mom’s dresser top with her jewelry, so commonplace that Row never bothered to ask about it before.

“Do you know what that is?” Papa asked.

“Yeah,” Row said. “It’s Mom’s rock.”

“Granite, smoothed out over centuries by melting glaciers and then river currents. She found it in a stream not far from here, when she was your age. It’s a symbol, of sorts. The smooth texture reminds us how time shapes all things. The shaping current is *time*, always pushing forward. The rock bears the markings, so the rock is *memory*. We call it a memory rock. Do you understand?”

Rowan faked a smirk and nodded. If he chucked the stupid thing through a window, that would be memorable, but instead he tucked it against his stomach. It felt warm, even through his pajama shirt.

After breakfast he dressed and went outside. The sun made him almost snow blind, but he spotted Sophia, out on the flat field with a plastic sled. She pushed it ahead of herself, huffing clouds like a train engine. Closer, he began to see the rings she'd plowed—concentric circles cut through with her tracks, connected here and there by lines angled toward the center. The circular maze was the size of a soccer field, hours of work.

He'd seen a show about people who did this with boards in corn fields and blamed it on aliens.

"Stop!" she screamed, holding out her bare hands. She was on the far side of her maze.

"I wasn't going to step on it!"

"You have to wait. It's almost done." She didn't hurry her pace as she circled back. When she finally reached him she threw the sled aside and stood panting for a moment, admiring her design. Row felt her emanations and again remembered the triumph of catching that fly ball in gym class.

"It's a-*maze*-ing," he said.

She frowned at him, one eye squinted shut against the sun glare.

"I brought you something," he said, and opened his glove to show her.

She stepped back and studied it from a distance. She twisted her lip and said, "It's a rock."

"It's a memory stone, for you."

"Why?"

"To help you remember where you came from."

She snorted, but plucked the stone from his grasp. Rowan worried she'd just toss it somewhere and laugh at him, but instead she shut her eyes and squeezed it with her red swollen fingers.

"Nothing's happening," she said.

"Maybe it's over time—slow magic," he suggested.

That squint again. "You believe in that crap? Magic?"

"*No*," he said, without thinking about it.

She snatched him by the arm and said, "Then come look at this."

"What about the maze?"

"It's not a maze. It's meditation exercise, and it's done. Come on."

When he realized they were headed to the barn, he dragged his pace. Sophie just tugged harder on his jacket sleeve. He knew what she'd show him: a hundred human-sized eggs all warm and covered in slime, waiting to hatch under incubator lights. He prayed one of the grandparents would call out *stop* before she pulled him in there.

No such luck. She slogged through waist-high drifts and wedged herself between the barn doors so Rowan could squeeze through. "Go on," she said, nodding into the darkness beyond. He didn't want to be the first inside, but he refused to be called chicken again. Besides, she didn't mean him any harm. He could feel it. So he crouched and crawled under her legs.

It was no warmer inside, maybe colder. The straw floors crackled underfoot. Bands of sunlight cut between the slats and striped what was stored below: an antique car rusted in a far corner, farm equipment from some other era, much more beyond the light that he couldn't see. A barn cat skittered behind some crates.

"Look," Sophia said, and pointed toward the loft. A pair of thick chains hung from the rafters in a tight V, suspending a wooden crate at twice Rowan's height. It creaked in the wind draft like a ship mast in an old pirate flick. He took a step toward it. He'd seen such a box many times on television, tapered at one end and broad toward the other, to fit the shoulders.

"Is that—a coffin?"

"Maybe," she said.

It was hanging upside down. Whatever was inside would've crumpled to the head, or *pooled* there. Row backed off. The chains could snap, or the coffin could spill its contents like a morbid piñata. His gawking must've looked idiotic to Sophie, who stood by with her arms crossed, grinning.

"Ever heard of a guy named Christian Rosy Cross?" she asked.

"You mean Jesus?"

"Hell, no," she said, though a shift in light showed a cross engraved on the coffin lid. A complex cross with three buds at each end, star points beaming from all corners, sprinkled with dozens of little symbols that looked like the zodiac signs on those Chinese paper placemats. The cross was upright, even though the coffin was inverted.

"There isn't a vampire in there?"

"There's no such thing as vampires, retard," she said, and nudged him toward the coffin, just to see him squirm. "Rosy Cross was a mage in the Dark Ages. Like a magician, but not the kind that saws people in half. When he died, his body never rotted. He was really dead—not *undead* or nothing—but he always looked the same as he did when he croaked. Hundreds of years later, still rosy. True story."

"He is *not* in there," Rowan insisted.

"Did I say he was? No. It's called symbolism and it's the kind of serious hard stuff you got to get used to around here. You and me are a couple mutts dropped off at the pound, so we've got to stick together, right?"

"I guess."

"Damn straight. You're my *frater* now, and I'm your *soror*."

He didn't want to seem stupid again, but his blank look gave him away.

"It means brother and sister," she explained. "But not in the way like we came from the same mother. Look, I know you can see inside my mind or whatever. You were born that way, you know. It just took a few years to stick. They told me all about your *problem*, so there's no point in me trying to screw with your head, right? You're a human lie detector test."

He allowed only a tentative nod.

She smiled and opened her right hand. "I got my own problems," she said. The memory stone was still there. Her breath caught for a moment, the coffin creaked on its chains, loose straw skittered, but Rowan watched the stone, faithfully. He did not miss when it lifted three jittery inches off her palm and then hovered, spinning in place, like one magnet repelled by another.

"*Ha*," she said. "How about *that*, brain picker?"

JOHN LACKEY

ABIDING WITH ME

We belted 'em together as we waited:
I'll Fly Away. O Come Angel Band.
Even the Doctor's — O Death.
She promised to haunt,
To warn of conniving women
And approve the good uns.
Wanted me to land softly and tenderly…
And quickly.

Twenty-one months of Temodar,
Then Avastin.
The "lay me over for another year"
As Ralph would sing it.

No hair to come undone when she was 61
Though a very good year till winter closed,
While long term memory still
Ticked off answers to Wheel of Fortune ("I can solve it, Pat!")
And Jeopardy ("Who are the Bee Gees?")
Yet, with her chuckle, no note
Of what we had just supped.

Valentine's Day with My Latest Sun is Sinking Fast,
My triumph has begun.

The Long Black Veil, my anthem
When my eight senior years
Seemed to presage her long widowhood,
Now mine to cry over bones
When the night wind wails.

~ March 27, 2012

DONNA FREITAS AND LISA DAY

Q & A WITH DONNA FREITAS, AUTHOR OF *SEX AND THE SOUL*

As part of your methodology for your research and your writing of Sex and the Soul, *how did you choose the participating universities? Did you consider any Bible Belt schools? Do you think Southern schools might align more closely with purity culture at religious schools? Have you visited any schools that presented different results from the predominant paradigm?*

For this study, I chose the participating colleges and universities based on a number of factors: religious affiliation or non religious affiliation (Catholic, evangelical, private-secular and public), size, geographic location and whether the school was primarily a campus where students lived (as opposed to commuting). Another consideration was simply the amount of campus interest there was to participate in the project. If my contact at a school was strong and the school wanted to be a part of the study, this was helpful of course. Also, at all the schools the study itself has to pass through an internal review board.

What I found was that religious affiliation at Catholic schools matters very little as far as hookup culture goes—Catholic schools may as well be private-secular or public when it comes to attitudes about both sex and faith. I've also found that really, the only significant factor that affects the existence of hookup culture is if the school has an extremely strong, dominant, devout community of students. Evangelical colleges everywhere have a purity culture, not a hookup culture, regardless of whether the college considers itself liberal or conservative in terms of the Christianity they practice. I still have yet to find a Catholic, private-secular or public university where purity culture dominates, though I would imagine that there would be a similar culture at a school like Steubenville in Ohio, with its *extremely* conservative Catholic population.

Your research has allowed you to define a "classic hookup" in the following terms: 1) vague in the kind of sexual intimacy, from kissing to different types of sex, which women

can play down and men can play up; 2) brief—from ten minutes to a one-night stand; and 3) casual and only physical. Yet your female and male interviewees fairly evenly report that they truly want a relationship. What do you think it will take for the students to discover that "sex" and "the soul" are not divided entities?

Honestly, when I was doing the on-campus interviews and as I listened to student after student complain about hookup culture on their campus (both women and men), I wanted to tell them simply that—even though they didn't believe this—just about everyone around them also secretly didn't like hookup culture and wanted a relationship. A part of me thinks that really, all we need to do is tell the students that, in so many ways, hookup culture is a culture of pretend—everybody pretends to be into it, while privately everybody wants to date and have relationships. Could it be as simple as this? I'm not sure. That would be nice.

I also think that faculty and professional staff at universities and colleges need to open the door for students to enter into romantic relationships differently. Students need *permission* to think of their campus as a campus that dates, not merely one where everyone only hooks up. They don't *believe* their peers want anything other than hookups, especially the men on campus. We need to provide them opportunities, programs, courses where relationships are discussed, that give them a structure to help them think differently about the possibilities for sex, romance, and dating on campus.

Throughout Sex and the Soul *you note that "hookup culture" is gendered: hookups are about finding a boyfriend for women and, in fact, most college relationships begin with a hookup. Does this phenomenon encourage women to participate more actively in hookup culture? How do the women know when a "serial hookup" has become a boyfriend? For men, you suggest that hookups are about proving one's self as a guy. How do the men know when they have "proven" themselves?*

All students are faced with hookup culture in some way shape or form—even if they don't actively participate. Students, whether men or women, are surrounded by it everywhere they go—those who do actively participate, as well as those who passively participate through gossip and such. Women will publicly say that they want

relationships and that their only way into one is through hookups, so they will also say (in general) that, if they do hook up, it's in the hope of a hookup turning into a relationship—even though they also know this is illogical given what a hookup is.

There were a number of men who spoke of how, once a guy is able to boast to friends about the number of hookups he's had (say, ten), then a guy can "cash in" his hookups for a relationship. He's justified himself as a guy by having enough meaningless sexual encounters that now he's allowed to have some meaningful ones.

Both men and women commented that (more or less) the way you know a serial hookup is headed toward a committed relationship is the moment when you realize you've hooked up sober. Most hookups happen around the party scene where there is a lot of alcohol, and alcohol is seen as an essential ingredient to the meaningless of all that happens (as well as the fact that alleviates responsibility for what happens). So when two students "hook up" sober, it's a game changer.

At what point in a student's college education do you see hookup culture becoming pervasive? Are incoming first-year students already familiar with the culture? By the time students are seniors, have they outgrown the tradition?

Hookup culture is pervasive the minute you walk onto campus. It's also the most intense for students their first year of college. Most students see (and are told by peers) that your first-year of college is your year to party the hardest. To many students, especially men, being free and open to hooking up is understood as essential for participating in the party scene your first year, and the way in which you meet people. For example, if a student comes in with a boyfriend or girlfriend from home, this is often seen by peers (and the student eventually) as an obstacle that is going to get in the way of them effectively meeting people and establishing a social life at college.

Young adults today are becoming familiar with hookup culture as early as middle school, it seems, so yes, I think most students are coming in with exposure to hookup culture. But nothing prepares a young adult for what hookup culture is like on a residential college campus. The fact that you are *living* 24/7 in the midst of hookup

culture ratchets up its intensity in a way that is very different from the kind of hookup culture that exists in middle or high school.

Your question about whether hookup culture loses its luster by the time a student is a senior is a good one. A lot of students spoke about how the expectation to participate is at its most intense in first-year and sophomore year, and then drops significantly by the time you are a junior and senior. It is considered more acceptable to be in a committed relationship toward the end of college by most students. Although, they will also tell you that the pressure is on again for many students spring semester senior year, since this is considered their "last chance" to party and be crazy—their last chance to hook up like college students are "supposed to" hook up.

Have you interviewed anyone who transferred from public to private/religious or vice versa because of hookup culture or religion?

There were some transfer students that I interviewed who compared attitudes about both hookup culture and faith at their old school with their current one (for example, a young woman who'd gone to a large public university who transferred to a small evangelical college), but none of these students specifically said they *left* one school for the other for these reasons.

It was more common for students to say they chose a school from the very beginning based on factors having to do with religion—at evangelical colleges, almost everyone said they chose their college based on the faith attitudes of their fellow peers, faculty, and staff. This was much less a factor, though, at Catholic colleges. Some students at the smaller schools commented that they were happy not to be at big public universities because they felt it was easier to avoid the *really* crazy party/hookup scene they knew they'd find at the larger schools—that they chose their schools based on wanting to avoid this.

With the emphasis on critical and creative thinking in higher education, what do you think is the impact of students' spirituality and their sexual behavior on their academic performance?

Well, I think the problem is more the following: that students at college—despite all the emphasis on critical and creative thinking in higher education—are not encouraged or taught how to put those classroom/thinking skills into practice in other areas of their life. I think there is a big gulf between those wonderful skills we try to impart to our students and their actions/thinking/behavior beyond the classroom. One of the biggest challenges for universities today (in my opinion) is to wake up to this unfortunate reality. We always talk a good game in our mission statements about turning out good, responsible, respectful and thoughtful citizens, but there are generally very few faculty who truly empower students to put their classroom skills into practice. Academia discourages the personal as a sphere for rigorous thinking and as a result (whether wittingly or not) helps cause this divide between critical and creative thinking within the classroom and its lack beyond the classroom.

Do you think hookup culture and the purity movement are heteronormatively focused? Have you found heterosexual students who don't readily include homosexual experiences in their sexual history?

All campus sexual cultures—whether purity or hookup dominated—are heteronormative. Within hookup culture you will find pockets where there are populations of LGBTQ students who create spaces where this is not the case, and you will find heterosexual populations here and there who make an explicit effort to be inclusive when they talk about their ideas regarding sexuality. But in general, your average student speaks heteronormatively about sex regardless of their culture, and especially within purity culture.

There was only one student in particular that I interviewed at an evangelical college who had only had homosexual experiences in the past, but who vehemently asserted he was heterosexual. Otherwise, students freely identified as gay, lesbian or bisexual, and spoke of all their sexual experiences openly.

You've indicated that rape and sexual assault become "blurred" in hookup culture. In addition to the examples you've noted in Sex and the Soul, *have you encountered a*

significant number of rapes or assaults in students' interviews? How did these experiences affect the students' beliefs about sexuality and spirituality?

It seems that our cultural conversations around the nature of sexual assault—what it is, how it occurs, etc.—don't quite make sense in the midst of hookup culture. What *I* would define as a sexual assault (which would involve an unwanted sexual experience, or a nonconsensual sexual encounter) is something that occurs fairly commonly in the context of hookup culture. Students will talk about how they said "no" or were too drunk to say yes or no or anything for that matter, but will discuss this as if this is passé—really, just something par for the course and no big deal. So, what I would define clearly as a sexual assault, many students do not seem to see as a sexual assault, nor do they feel that upset about what happened. It's just the kind of thing that happens all the time within hookup culture, so it's not really beyond the norm of what they've come to expect a hookup will be like. These experiences certainly don't make them feel good, but they do not appear very upset or outraged about them. This dissonance really calls for a new, updated conversation about the nature and definition of sexual assault today, given hookup culture—in my opinion.

Your publisher's website suggests that you're drawn to the "Big Questions," and I'm curious what you think about the effects of a patriarchal religion on young women and men. With the nearly 40% students in your study who acknowledge they are religious, do you think the masculine personification of God either implicitly or explicitly affects women's submissiveness to male figures in their life? How do you suggest our campuses might counteract this message to assure women that they can be religious and sexually active while they maintain their own agency?

I think it absolutely affects both women's submissiveness and men's dominance—this comes through especially in the theme parties that are now ubiquitous at most schools. The "classic" theme party is the "Pimps and Ho's" party as far as the students are concerned, but they have many variations—Professors and Schoolgirls, CEO's and Secretary Ho's, Millionaires and Maids, Politicians and Prostitutes, Football Stars and Cheerleader Ho's. All of these parties literally put the man in the position of power,

calling on him to dress and act the part of Professor, CEO, Millionaire, Politician, Sports Star, etc., and they literally put the woman in the subservient position, basically calling on her to dress the part of the sexually available whore. Even students who are in gender studies classes don't seem to realize or to have taken time to reflect on the extremely gendered nature of their parties on the weekends.

Of course, this is an excellent example of where all of those critical thinking skills we should be imparting in the classroom are not making it beyond the classroom—I believe we must *encourage* the students to put their thinking into practice while they are in the classroom. If a gender studies faculty member learns about theme parties, how could they not begin a discussion that takes a theme party as an example with which they could discuss a syllabus reading that deal with the construction of gender? Or, if a business school faculty member learns of a CEO's and Secretary Ho's party, how could they not ask their women students (for ex), how it is that they are aspiring CEO's during the day, yet when they go out at night they turn themselves into Secretary Whores? Wouldn't it be good to ask our women students what, exactly, happens between the daytime and nighttime, encouraging them to directly reflect on the dissonance between what they are saying they want as women students, and then how they are dressing and acting as women in the social sphere?

Something to note: I actually first learned about theme parties during a classroom session where we were discussing how, if all language and images of the divine are masculine, then this effects how women's bodies are valued (or devalued) in society. All semester we'd been discussing the power dichotomies of Man/Woman, God/Human, Public/Private, Rational/Emotional, etc., and this young woman's hand shot up and she said, "You know: men make themselves into Gods at the parties on campus!" She'd begun to think of the dichotomies in theme parties, and plug them into the other dichotomies we'd been discussing.

In your research, you have found that men feel they are not allowed to be public about their spirituality, while women aren't supposed to be public about their sexuality. What will it take for gendered boundaries to be erased from spirituality and sexuality?

I would go so far as to say that men aren't allowed to be public about anything that might make them seem vulnerable! Anything associated with emotion they must hide—I've started to think of it as an "emotional glass ceiling" of sorts.

I don't know what it would take for gendered boundaries to be erased in these areas—I wish I did! That's what all of us in feminist theology have been trying to figure out for decades now.

At several points of the book, you've suggested faculty's role in encouraging students' balanced sense of self through development of "a particular value system." What value system do you suggest? How do you envision this encouragement taking place? Which classes would be ideal for such conversations? What if some faculty aren't comfortable addressing sexuality and spirituality with their students?

I am not going to suggest a particular value system as "the" answer. I would say that systems that push students to think critically and that empower *them* by providing structures to help *them* make decisions (as opposed to make decisions *for* them) are far more helpful.

Any class can open itself up to topics relevant to the topics from my study! Literature classes—which already often have at least a single *poem* never mind an entire collection of poems, a play or even a novel that deals with the topic of friendship, romantic relationships and/or sex—are classes where there is plenty of opportunity to open up even a single discussion to the notion of, say, romance (as one example). Really: this is not about re-inventing the wheel, it's about finding even the one class discussion (or two or three) where a faculty member might decide to ask the students a question about their personal experiences of relationships in relation to the material being discussed. This could happen in philosophy, theology, psychology, religion—you name it. It's more about empowering the students to draw in the personal to the textual—to root the personal in the texts of the class, encouraging them to reflect in this way—as opposed to changing entire syllabi. My belief is that we already have the structure for a classroom response to hookup culture in our syllabi—we only need to shift a question or two and

maybe an assignment to take advantage of this and for our students to get the benefit of this.

Not all faculty are meant for this sort of thing, either! It is not for everyone. But there must be *some* faculty who decide to become involved in these conversation. The students need at least *some* faculty to talk to about these subjects within the classroom and in light of their studies.

After researching and writing this book, what parts of your methodology are you able to use as anecdotal instruction in your Honors classes? As a feminist researcher, what did you find most rewarding about working with research assistants and interviewing students from other colleges?

I would say that this project has changed my teaching in the sense that, now, I realize very intensely how afraid my students are of truly saying something, anything really, that goes against what they perceive in the "normal opinion" of everyone around them. Students are so nervous to express a truly different opinion—so they stay silent, or pretend to go along with everyone, whether we are talking about sex or *The Odyssey*. I've started to think that my number one job is to provide a setting in which students can become empowered to express difference. Students need to learn how to do this, I think. They are coming in already afraid to do it. Conformity is king these days, sadly, and being seen as different terribly frightening.

As a feminist researcher, it was wonderful to find out how, with doing ethnographic research, as opposed to only working on the level of theory, I actually got to put the feminist methodologies I learned about privileging voice and storytelling into practice. It was an incredible thing to get to sit down with students and listen to their stories and do my best to provide them the space to speak something they'd kept silent elsewhere.

What can you tell us about your follow-up book? What unanswered questions has Sex and the Soul *raised for you? How have you changed your methodology?*

My follow up book is called *The End of Sex* (Basic Books, 2013), which is subtitled "How Hookup Culture is Leaving a Generation Unhappy, Sexually Unfulfilled and Confused About Intimacy." When I say the "end of sex," what the book is really discussing is the "end" of sex—given hookup culture today, it seems that we need to have a new conversation about the meaning and purpose of sex, and that this conversation needs to happen among the younger generations who are growing up within hookup culture, where they are taught that, ideally, sex is meaningless. I worry that, with every passing year, young adults are becoming "better" at hooking up—in other words, they are becoming better at being ambivalent about sex. This means that it is also becoming more and more difficult for students to be able to claim (or even desire and care about) having pleasurable sex, never mind connective sex. To take a term from Aristotle, they are developing bad habits in the realm of sexuality, habits that are difficult to break, even if they wish to or if they realize they are unfulfilled.

For *Sex and the Soul*, I dealt with many topics and my job was to give an overview of the major findings of the study, which included findings about hookup culture. But for *The End of Sex* I got to focus on hookup culture in particular, and this time, give my opinion on what I think of hookup culture, as well as suggest some possible responses.

DORIS PIERCE AND ANNE SHORDIKE (EASTERN KENTUCKY UNIVERSITY), CLARE HOCKING AND VALERIE WRIGHT ST. CLAIR (AUCKLAND UNIVERSITY OF TECHNOLOGY), WANNIPA BUNRAYONG, SOISUDA VITTAYAKORN AND PHUANJAI RATTAKORN (CHIANG MAI UNIVERSITY)

ELDER WOMEN MAKING FAMILY THROUGH CELEBRATORY FOODS: KENTUCKY, NEW ZEALAND, THAILAND

Introduction

This study, which describes how older women of three counties experience the preparation of annual celebratory foods, is uniquely responsive to the theme of EKU's 2011-2012 Chautauqua Lecture Series, "Living with Others: Challenges and Promises." How women of different countries lead their families in preparing traditional foods together each year demonstrates how, although each culture is unique, the challenges and promises of living with others are fulfilled and managed in many similar and little-examined women's ways in countries around the globe.

Methods

The purpose of this study was to explore how elder women of three cultures experienced preparation of foods for annual celebrations. The foods being prepared in Kentucky and New Zealand were for Christmas and in Thailand foods were prepared for Songkran, or Thai New Year. Women in the study were 65 years or older in Kentucky and New Zealand and 60 years or older in Thailand and included only participants who were involved with their families at holiday time. In each country, three to four focus groups met to discuss their experiences, yielding a total of 336 pages of transcribed conversation. Analysis used a derived etic approach, a method that depends on the collaboration of local teams that have primary responsibility for analysis of the data from their own culture. Analysis was done through face to face meetings, e-mail, telephone and

teleconference.[63] In the following, analysis and testimonial excerpts are interspersed, in order to provide the reader with a rounded understanding of each set of cultural practices.

Preparing Christmas Foods in Eastern Kentucky

Coordinating and Anticipating

In order to produce the Christmas meal in the expected way in Eastern Kentucky, older women coordinate the activities of multiple female family members to a degree that is unusual in many families. Planning begins in November, often over the Thanksgiving meal, deciding who would bring what, where the meal would occur, and when. A sense of anticipation is built by this preliminary phase, in which the older woman is clearly the leader.

> Usually at Thanksgiving is when we all set down 'cause we're all cooking for Thanksgiving and kinda plan who's going to do what. And then after that we really start to work on getting the groceries for what I'm going to do and all the rest of them do the same thing.
>
> I usually bake a fruitcake in November. Let it age a little.

The level of formality used in offering Christmas food to the family varied in Kentucky, from paper plates and food served from the stove to a fancy table with china and a centerpiece. But the degree of formality always matched that of the older woman's childhood.

> But I've just always set my table earlier than Christmas maybe by the 15th of December maybe not time to get dirty, but still and I just set it like it is going to be on Christmas day
>
> If you was raised up to use fancy dishes, you're gonna use 'em. I was raised up to eat out of whatever we had.

[63] Shordike, A., Hocking, C., Pierce, D., Wright St. Clair, V., Vittayakorn, S., Rattakorn, P., & Bunrayong, W. (2010). Respecting regional culture in an international multi-site study: A derived etic method. *Qualitative Research, 10*, 333-335.

The Matrilineal Progression

> I used to cook it all, and now that I'm gotten a little older and a little more flabbergasted I guess I might say, about things, my daughters do bring things now, but basically I do the main things, I do the dessert and the meat, and the rolls… and all kinds of things like that and they bring a vegetable and a salad.

The quote above illustrates the general pattern of age-related roles in food preparation that exists in Kentucky families. The matrilineal progression serves not only to organize the work of preparing these large annual meals, but also to train the women of the family in the skills of preparing these traditional foods of Eastern Kentucky. In this progression, younger girls assist in simple ways, such as setting the table. Teenage daughters help to get foods to the table and clean up after the meal. Adult daughters bring increasingly meaningful foods to the older woman's home, beginning with the less critical and easier preparation of vegetables and salads and progressing with age to the most important key food elements, the meats and desserts. At the point in the shared aging of the family that the older woman can no longer prepare the turkey in her home, the meal is usually moved to an older daughter's home. After that point, the older woman brings a dish for which she has become known for as long as she can and often this is a dessert. This age-related progression in food preparation responsibilities among female members of Eastern Kentucky families maintains the continuity of this little-studied women's tradition.

> Well, my daughter has Christmas now and I help her, whatever she needs me to do. If she wants me to cook the ham… or I can do the dessert, you know, whatever she needs me to do.
>
> [84-year-old interviewee:] Well, my mother is 105 and she still says what are we having for Christmas? When are we going to bake the cake? …She says I will help you bake, I'll help you stir up the cake. I'll say ok and she'll stir up a couple of times and that's it. She can't, but she wants to.

One way in which the tradition can become disrupted or require adaptation is when the older woman does not have a daughter to whom she can pass the Christmas

meal. Having a daughter-in-law begin to host the meal can be problematic, since she was trained to a slightly different family tradition that may not meet the older woman's expectations for the quality and types of special foods that should be provided to the family.

Going Home for Christmas

Having the family together at the older woman's house is especially meaningful to both the older woman and her family. It gives everyone an opportunity to return to a place filled with memories, in the company of those with whom many of those memories were made. Much preparation goes into preparing and decorating the space, often to accommodate quite large gatherings. In Kentucky, being rooted in a home place is highly valued.

> (An older woman whose son had died): My kids all like coming for Christmas. There is nothing like going home and going to grandma's house. I mean if they had to bring all the food, they'd do it as long as I'd provide the house, cause it's just not the holidays unless you're at mom's or grandma's, and my kids have told me that. They were very patient with me though after I had the loss. And they just spoke up you know we are going to take it for you know a couple of years and I just thought, you know, that's not really fair to them, and now I feel better and I'm going to take Christmas now back over. They said oh, mom I always wanted to come home for Christmas. But they weren't going to ask until I was ready.

Special Foods Mark Cyclical Time

In many ways, what the older woman of Eastern Kentucky creates in the Christmas meal is a time capsule for her family to enter. She insures that the foods and space and timing of the Christmas meal are as like previous Christmas meals as possible. This gives the family a sense of repeating the same feelings and sensations as in younger years, through repetition of tastes, smells, emotions, and shared stories of previous Christmases. Meals involve special Christmas meats and desserts, homemade foods, and are fairly similar across all cases.

Q: Is there something special about Christmas or Christmas Food?

A: Let me think, usually it's rich. Butter and sugar. Butter and sugar.

Q: What makes the meal a successful meal?

A: Taking time to prepare the food correctly. You know what they like and usually when they set down and take that first bite and go ooooh like that, you have done ok.

A: A lot of it too, is just having family all together, and sharing.

Special foods that are prepared only at Christmas are offered to the family: usually turkey, sometimes also ham, and always a set of traditional Kentucky desserts. Regional desserts include jam cake, fruit cake, Christmas cookies, fudge, divinity, bourbon balls, nut pudding, custard, pumpkin rolls, and different desserts made with black walnuts. The older woman remembers the favorite Christmas foods of each family member and makes sure they are included in the meal. This adds to the complexity and labor involved in preparing the meal but makes the food special and the experience unique to the day. It also provides the older woman an experience that recalls her own childhood Christmases.

These are the things that you remember from a kid up. My daughter will make corn pudding and she'll make everything for everyone in the family. She knows what they all like and it is that way every year.

It gives you a time, not just the food, but to sit down, a time for memory, to think back at the times past. Family that's gone, and why we have Christmas.

I don't change nothing, what I cook one Christmas, I cook it for the next Christmas

It's something that you look forward to every year with your family.

I like to do just like I did when I growed up.

Remembering Family Matriarchs

A very important part of the Christmas meal tradition in Eastern Kentucky is sharing, both in the kitchen and at the table, fond memories of the women of the family who have prepared the Christmas meal in the past. This is accomplished in several ways. The vessels and pans they used to prepare and serve Christmas foods are used, and never without remarking on their memory. Each year, the same stories are told about former matriarchs at previous Christmases, foods they prepared or funny things they said. Their recipes are used and proudly "handed down," to prepare the special foods of Christmas. The older woman desires to serve the same food the women before them served, and honors those family matriarchs through her actions.

> I've got an old crock… it's old, I don't know how old, it was mother's and I always make the rolls in it.
>
> Don's mother had a cake stand that I always wanted very badly and every time I'd see it, she knew that I really wanted it, but I really didn't want it the way I got it, but anyway I put my cake on that cake stand and then I have a cranberry dish that an aunt always had cranberry sauce on.
>
> I have a roll pan that my mother had and every time she'd bring it over to our house in the later years she'd say "Now don't use that for anything else, you'll black my pan." So every time I get that out, and Mother has been dead thirty years, and I look at it and think, "Whoa it's kinda getting black," but I still use it for the rolls.

Preparing Christmas Foods in Auckland, New Zealand

The New Zealand team also studied Christmas foods. However, Christmas and Christmas foods are different in Auckland than in Eastern Kentucky. Christmas in Auckland falls in the middle of summer in the southern hemisphere. The women who took part in the New Zealand groups were middle and upper middle class from urban Auckland and were Kiwi—the white, immigrant New Zealanders, not the native Maori people. The ancestors of the New Zealanders in the study had emigrated fairly recently historically and brought

their various Christmas traditions with them and adapted these to their new land. Several themes emerged from the Auckland focus group participants.

Creating New Traditions for the Emerging New Zealand Identity

The Christmas food is the first food of summer, Brussels sprouts and fresh peas from the garden, potatoes and sweet potatoes and strawberries. While turkey and ham were often chosen as meats, they were typically served cold because no one wanted to be around the hot stove in the summer heat. There was also lamb, seafood. One of the women spoke of the concept of gathering the Christmas food:

> [Gathering is] a very New Zealand thing and a Maori thing to do isn't it? …Would the gathering be more what you would do in a rural community? Yes, that's right. We got vegetables. And the slaughtering of the lamb or pig or something. Right. Mussels from Waiheke and all that. Gathering too is to do with fruit off trees. Strawberries…

The elder women expressed pride in both keeping tradition and adapting foods and locations to suit New Zealand. There was much reminiscing about traditions now abandoned, with a few current traditions described. Christmas cakes and puddings (with the tuppence and sixpence in them) were the most frequent old traditional food survivors and much loved. Homemade foods were held in higher regard, and store bought foods were acceptable. Desserts might be made ahead or purchased. Emerging Christmas food traditions spoken of included barbeque, spring foods, seafood, going food gathering and spending Christmas at the bach (the summer cottage, pronounced 'batch') at the beach. One of the most significant newer traditions was the shared roles and responsibilities for the meal. Everyone may bring a dish.

> I would like to say too I think our modern habit of sharing all the preparation of the food and bringing it to the main house is a wonderful change.

The men have significant roles in cooking the Auckland Christmas meal—especially the barbeque.

> All the men in the family cook fortunately. Yes. So they are all as capable, we have shared roles now instead of the division of labor so we share roles. We can all do carpentry and that, and we can all cook so well, everyone in the family, grandchildren are like that too so all those traditions have changed because of New Zealand being you know do it yourself.

Thriftiness was also much spoken of and associated with being a New Zealander, especially juxtaposed with the materialism at Christmas.

Making and Remaking Family

In memories, and still when possible, the Christmas meal is at the older woman's home.

> They bring it to me, if it's going to be at my place and I get it ready to go in the oven, even though I hand it over to the boys to do. I do take care of setting the table.

Nowadays, it is often at the bach at the beach and family and select friends meet there to picnic and barbeque. Some of the ancestral dishware ends up at the bach as well.

> We have a whole mixture of things because when dinner sets broke up the remaining bits were always sent to the coast so there was always a great old mix… Little bits of china and some very handsome bits would come out every year and the enormous, I mean the enormous serving plates and big lots of stuff put on, lots of vegetable dishes, handles and the tops long since gone but still functional… belonged to my great grandmother and have always remained at the coast… it's all old stuff that's recycled sort of within the family.

Family members and select friends come to the meal from close and far away, and many are missed who have dispersed to distant parts and cannot return for the holiday. Favorite foods are made for those who are there and special attention is paid to favorite foods for the men (fathers, brothers, husbands).

Validating the Self

The kitchen stands as a focal point for women's ways of knowing and doing at Christmas, and women's identities are very much connected with their food work. Appreciation of the food expertise of others was significant with the Aucklanders and food/recipe compliments were frequently given and appreciated. This may have been most apparent in the desserts with the Auckland women as the recipes flew around the group. Each woman had at least one specialty.

> Mine was the Christmas pudding and I would like to tell you that these days I have a fabulous Christmas recipe for a Christmas pudding that is done in the microwave in 18 minutes and nobody wants anything else but that particular pudding. It's out of an American book and it is fantastic. And I've been doing it now for the last 8 years.

Recipe sharing was so important for the Auckland women that they created a recipe book as a result of the interview groups.

Preparing Songkran Foods in Chiang Mai, Thailand

The celebratory food for Songkran, the Thai New Year celebration, was studied in Chiang Mai. This centuries old Buddhist traditional celebration occurs from April 13th to April 15th. This is a very important holiday for the Thais with great spiritual, cultural and culinary significance. The women in the Chiang Mai groups were from both suburban and more rural settings, from an area in northern Thailand with a strong matriarchal tradition.

Buot Bath Tee Tum Prajum: Knowing and Doing the Same

Continuing the tradition is critically important. The ingredients for the foods are purchased or obtained at the same time and place each year. The foods are prepared in exactly the same sequence and way in every household.

> Every house makes the same. It is the tradition, we will do once a year… It is like this in every house. We cook similar food.

One woman clearly stated the importance of the continuity of the Songkran food tradition, echoing many others in the Thai focus groups, saying, "(I will) go on cooking until I die. If I die, the children will cook."

What the women know and do the same is the long tradition of how foods are prepared and given. Some preparatory work is done before going to the temple. For example, chili paste is prepared ahead, and women may travel to collect banana leaves. April 13th, Song-kan Long Day, is the day to chase the devil away by cleaning up the house, sweeping and washing clothes. April 14th, Naw Day or Da Day, is for shopping at the open air market, cooking though the afternoon and preparing the special containers for taking the food to the temples. The Songkran foods are the usual northern Thai foods and have very specific meanings. The main dish, hang lae curry, has many different ingredients and means "unity." Grass noodle curry has long rice noodles and means, "We will have long lives." The dessert, Khan am jok, is wrapped in a banana leaf.

> Kha nom jok means get together or wrap together, so every house will cook kha nom jok.

The women also prepare the favorite dishes of their ancestors.

> The reason for giving to the dead ancestors [is that] it is the tradition to remember and be grateful to the ancestors.

Kuam Eau-a-torn: Making a Generous Society

Making a generous society is an essential tenet of Thai culture. Everyone helps and supports each other, including during the Songkran food preparation.

> Each food has many steps so we must help each other, it makes us love and unite. People at every house will help each other.

The Thai women also understood the Songkran celebratory food preparation as spiritual work, in the concept of making merit, doing good works to make merit for themselves and their ancestors.

> We make merit for our ancestor who died, our father, mother, and for ourselves too… which will transfer merit to the next life.

Merit affects Thai life circumstances throughout lifetimes.

> We have to choose the best thing because in the next life we will be well born and smart.

Pai Tum Boon Tee Wat: Going to the Temple

The Songkran foods are primarily prepared for the monks and will be taken to the temple to feed the monks as well as the ancestors of those who have prepared the foods. The leftover food, the less perfect food, is given to the family, friends and neighbors. There may never be a sit down Songkran family meal. The food prepared on Song-kan day and Naw day is separated and taken to the temple on April 15th.

> Food is separated for making merit at the temple on the 15th. The good, beautiful foods were chosen.

The food is combined with the food from all of the preparers at the temple. A long table is erected in the compound of the temple where monk's alms bowls stand in a row on either side.

> Into the alms bowls we put sticky rice, food and Kha Nom Jok.
>
> We will be happy to give them.
>
> The monks can eat and we are happy and get a holy heart.

Older Women at the Center

The older woman was always the leader and orchestrator of the Songkran meal.

> We must be the leaders to arrange everything.

She accepted help from others, usually the younger women in the family.

> Children and young men and women help, but they do everything according to my order.

The elder Thai women missed some of their children and grandchildren who had moved away due to marriage of to get jobs in other places and who could not be home for the Songkran celebration.

Cultural Differences in Celebratory Food Preparation

The foods prepared for the two Christmases and for Songkran are, of course, different and specific to each culture. The meaning of the celebratory foods and food preparation also differ a cross the three groups. In Eastern Kentucky, family continuity and honoring the women of the family are of primary importance. In New Zealand, the emphasis is on creating new traditions to fit a new land and working together in an egalitarian way. In Thailand, it is important to make merit, honor ancestors and keep tradition.

Similarities across Cultures

In Eastern Kentucky, Auckland and Chiang Mai, highly coordinated multi-person actions over extended time create feelings of family unity and sacred experience. Older women are valued coordinators of preparing and sharing in eating or giving the special foods. Both Christmas and Songkran food-related occupations contribute to transcending linear time through regular repetition of action sequences, tastes, objects and shared memories of ancestors. The annual celebrations reflect the ways that elder women both hold to treasured tradition and manage the changes in family and society.

In Conclusion

The often taken for granted work of older women preparing annual celebratory foods creates family, expresses regional identity and maintains cherished traditions in Eastern Kentucky, Auckland and Chiang Mai. Over the world, we are so different, yet we all express ourselves through such basic occupations as food preparation in similar ways within each culture.

We would like to complete this offering of our research work to you with this thought. Let us move on from research and discourse that emphasizes how different we are to a more balanced view of how we all share basic occupations such as food preparation, caring for ourselves and others, work, play and rest. By understanding cultural differences in these occupations as diverse expressions of basic patterns of human doing, we can celebrate those differences and our common humanity.

MATTHEW P. WINSLOW

WALKING A MILE IN YOUR SHOES

At first glance, Americans seem obsessed with other people. From magazines like *People* to television shows like *Access Hollywood*, we seem to have an insatiable appetite for the details of other people's lives. Reality television differs from scripted television because it gives us the illusion that we are peering into the real life of other people. Much contemporary news coverage has a voyeuristic feel to it. We learn the details of the lives of people like Jerry Sandusky (child sexual abuser), Snookie (celebrity) and Whitney Houston (pop star) whether these details are relevant to an original story or not. I might assert that all this information gives us insight into the lives and perspectives of these people. From the popularity of these stories I might conclude that Americans are among the most empathic people on Earth. Data from psychological research, however, do not support this conclusion. Why not? Because people are consuming this information from a detached, objective perspective. At best, people feel sympathy for (some) of these people. But more often than not these stories provide the sweet sense of righteousness that we find so delectable. Passing judgment on others when they have done wrong is an addiction we have no interest in breaking. This addiction, like many others, has both benefits and costs. Fortunately, there is an antidote for this addiction: true empathy.

Empathy is a topic for many disciplines, including religion, philosophy, art, political science, and psychology. It would not be appropriate or feasible to try here to cover all of these treatments of empathy, and I am not qualified to do so. Thus, I will confine my description of empathy research to just psychology, and even this is a daunting task. Rather than providing a history lesson, I will describe our current understanding of what empathy is and how it works, inevitably smoothing over many and sometimes serious debates. One debate concerns the very definition of empathy. For the purpose of this discussion I will settle on the definition, that *empathy is the act of taking another person's perspective*. Many theorists argue for additional processes of accurately recognizing and appropriately responding to emotions in others, but I feel this is subsumed in the accurate taking of another's perspective.

Empathy emerges early in human development and develops through a series of stages or levels. Level 1 perspective taking involves understanding what another person sees. Infants initially believe that everyone sees the exact same thing that they see. If a baby was looking at an apple on a computer screen and you were sitting on the other side of the screen and could not see the apple, the baby would still believe that you could see the apple. Eventually, babies learn that others see things differently, and this lays the foundation for the next level. Level 2 perspective taking is a small jump to understanding that other people see the same objects in different ways. If you and a child were sitting at a table with box of cereal on it, the child might not understand that her view of the box and your view were not identical (you might be looking at the front and the child looking at the back). Once they get this, children are ready to move to the more abstract idea that other people have knowledge (and opinions and feelings) that they themselves do not have. This is called theory of mind. Secrets are favorites of children because they are learning that other people know things that they do not, and vice versa. Finally, recognizing (and some would say appropriately responding to) the emotions of others is another component of empathy. Ultimately, empathy requires the recognition of the subjectivity of other people—that other people experience the world in their own way, perhaps differently from us. And this points to the paradox of empathy: empathy is built on the idea that others understand their world differently than we do, but it is also true that we are more likely to experience empathy for those we believe are similar to us. More on this paradox below.

Despite the disagreement about the definition and process of empathy, many researchers have explored the benefits of empathy. The list of topics in this area impresses with both its breadth and depth. A rich and mature body of research suggests that empathy is the key not just to helping improve behavior, but also potentially to encouraging the rarer and morally desirable phenomenon of altruism. Dan Batson spent much of his long career attempting to demonstrate empathy's role in altruism (helping others when there is a cost but no benefit to the helper; Batson, Duncan, Ackerman, Buckley, & Birch, 1981). People with higher levels of empathy also tend to have more satisfying close relationships than people with lower levels. Empathy seems to also curtail some anti-social behaviors like aggression. Several anti-bullying programs have

incorporated empathy. And there is some promising evidence that empathy may reduce stereotyping and prejudice. Simon Baron-Cohen (2011) has proposed that a lack of empathy is at the heart of psychopathy and narcissism.

So if empathy is so beneficial, why is it apparently so rare? Two obstacles stand in the way of frequent empathy, and they both relate to the paradox mentioned earlier. One is that we see ourselves as distinct from others. This seems like an obvious statement that needs no defense, but I suggest the truth is otherwise. Several lines of thought and research speak to this self/other distinction, including cross-cultural work on collectivism/individualism (Triandis, 2001). It turns out that people in Western cultures typically see themselves as more distinct and separate than do people in non-Western cultures, who see themselves as more connected to others. Research suggests that people who hold more collectivist attitudes are more empathic than less collectivistic people. Much of Western culture reinforces this mantra of individuality, from advertising ("Have it your way") to pop music (Katy Perry's "Firework," and many others). The main thrust of these messages seems to be that you are a distinct person, independent of others, which leads to the second barrier: our perceived dissimilarity from others.

Many studies have demonstrated that we are more likely to feel empathy for others who are similar to us, as I mentioned earlier, so feeling dissimilar to others is a problem for empathy. To say that every person is unique is both true and misleading. Most people have unique DNA, and even those with identical DNA (identical twins, for example) have different experiences, so each person's uniqueness seems assured. However, this universal uniqueness often implies a degree of difference not borne out by the facts. An apple and an orange are certainly not the same, but they are quite similar when compared to a bicycle. For a variety of perfectly understandable reasons (e.g., self-esteem needs, identification) people want to see themselves (though not so much other people) as completely unique. My point is not that people are not unique, but that *people are not as unique as they think they are*.

Many studies in psychology attest to differentiation, indeed an entire area of psychology (individual differences, or personality) focuses on the ways that people differ. There are literally thousands of scales designed to measure variability in humans, on a

wide variety of dimensions from narcissism to one-with-all-humanity-ness (McFarland, Brown, Webb, 2013). Perhaps the most influential of these approaches is commonly called the Big 5. Hundreds of studies have used this approach to personality. This approach suggests that there are 5 major dimensions to personality: openness to experience, conscientiousness, extraversion, agreeableness and neuroticism. Studies have found these five dimensions not only in the U.S., but around the world. For example, a cross-national study (Schmitt et al., 2007) measured the Big 5 in more than 17,000 individuals from 56 nations. While they were able to detect cross-national differences on all Big 5 dimensions, the magnitude of the differences is worth examining. For example, the most extraverted country was Serbia (average score of 51.95) and the least was France (average score of 45.44)—a difference of just 6.51 on a scale that theoretically could range from 0-100. More to the point, the standard deviation for these scores were 8.59 for Serbia and 8.77 for France. Simplifying greatly, this means that there are many people in the "average group" in terms of extraversion in Serbia with the same scores as people in the "average group" in France. Similar statements could be made for the other four dimensions. Rather than emphasizing cultural differences, my interpretation of these data is that people all over the world are fundamentally similar. In addition, these researchers had little trouble translating the measure to all the various languages spoken in these countries, and their analyses indicate that the people in all these countries needed only 5 dimensions to describe them, not 4 or 13, and it was *these* five dimensions. These are apples and oranges comparisons, not apples and bicycles. This obsession with differences (and I do not mean to pick on these researchers, who have done solid and valuable research) is perfectly understandable, but comes with a cost in terms of empathy. If perceived dissimilarity is a barrier to empathy, then we as psychologists should carefully consider the ramifications of our focus on differences. To the extent that our research affects the culture we live in (and I am not naïve about the limitations of our research), we may in fact be making empathy less likely.

These are significant barriers to empathy, in my mind, but given the positive effects of empathizing discussed earlier, we can ask, what can be done to make people empathize more, and more accurately? Compared to the body of research on the effects of empathy (see above), the body of research on increasing empathy is less impressive.

Most interventions to raise empathy have targeted people with empathy deficits, such as bullies or child sexual abusers, who certainly need the intervention. But I assert that everyone could benefit from an increase in the frequency and quality of their empathy. To that end, my colleagues and I have been developing computer software designed to make people better empathizers. Our software is based on three principles: that empathy is a skill that can be improved, that the performance tests designed to assess empathy in children can become effective tools for increasing empathy, and that practice will drive that improvement. At time of writing, the plan is to create a game-like interface, with three modules each with increasing difficulty, each building on the previous module. The first module trains people in the very basic task of imagining what a series of objects would look like from a different viewing angle. This is based on the classic three mountains task designed by Piaget and Inhelder (1948) more than 70 years ago. The module starts out simply, presenting an image containing three simple objects (ball, cone, cube) with an arrow pointing at the image from one of the four cardinal angles (left, right, down, up). The task is to identify the correct image (from three options) that portrays the original image from that orientation. This is an easy task in the early stages, but we make it more complex by increasing the number of objects in the image, and adding impossible options they have to choose from (the objects are in the wrong relative order). Reaction time and response (correct or incorrect) are recorded. Again, people are told to go as fast as possible, and given feedback about their performance at the end of each trial. The second module is based on research by Keysar, Linn, and Barr (2003) and again requires people to understand that other people can or cannot see the same objects they see. The third module is based on the hidden-knowledge paradigm and requires people to understand that other people have or do not have the same information they do.

Our idea is to tap into people's competitive motivation. Currently the software is written for a web application, but we see this ideally as an app that people could play on mobile devices. That would allow us to provide users with other people's scores on the trial or module they are attempting. We could even manage Facebook or other social media integration so users could upload and compare their scores with their friends' scores, or perhaps narrow the comparison groups by region, age or interest. We hope that this information would motivate people to improve their performance, thereby improving

their empathy skill(s). We have at this point just developed and tested the first module, and the data are promising; people who completed the first module scored higher on related measures of empathy than people who completed a control task, and people who completed the module faster and more accurately scored higher than people who did worse on the module. We now need to secure funding to hire professional programmers to turn our student-coded proof-of-concept software into a slick mobile app.

To cycle back to Americans' voyeuristic obsession, can empathy transform our ridicule or revulsion into comprehension and compassion? Time will tell. The data we do have is promising; much more is needed. But there can be no doubt about the need for increased empathy in a world notable for depths of cruelty and outbreaks of violence.

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DOROTHY L. ESPELAGE

UNDERSTANDING THE COMPLEXITY OF SCHOOL BULLY INVOLVEMENT

Introduction

Bullying perpetration and victimization are issues of increasing concern for researchers, educators, clinicians, parents and youth today (Espelage, 2012; Espelage & Swearer, 2011). Bullying broadly refers to aggressive behaviors including *physical* aggression (hitting, shoving, tripping, etc.), *verbal* aggression (teasing, name-calling, threatening) as well as *relational* aggression (rumor spreading, exclusion, isolation from clique). Bullying is thought to differ from normal peer conflict in that it is often repeated and involves a difference in power between the bully and victim. Bullying behaviors also extend to the use of the internet and cell-phones to harass and intimidate recipients. Bullying through these mediums is commonly referred to as cyberbullying. Although initially studied in the context of schools, bullying research has since been extended to sibling relationships, workplace interactions and dating and intimate relationships.

Definition

A significant amount of research has been conducted on bullying and multitudes of bullying prevention programs are being developed. However, a standard definition of the term 'bullying' has yet to be agreed upon. One of the first predominant definitions of bullying that continues to be supported in the literature declares that "A student is being bullied or victimized when he or she is exposed, repeatedly and over time, to negative actions on the part of one or more students" (Olweus, 2010, p. 11). Other definitions have been more explicit. For example, Smith and Sharp write, "A student is being bullied or picked on when another student says nasty or unpleasant things to him or her. It is also bullying when a student is hit, kicked, threatened, locked inside a room, sent nasty notes and when no one ever talks to him" (Sharp & Smith, 1991, p. 1). More recent definitions of bullying emphasize observable or non-observable aggressive behaviors, the repetitive nature of these behaviors and the imbalance of power between perpetrator and victim

(Espelage & Swearer, 2011). An imbalance of power exists when the perpetrator or group of perpetrators have more physical, social or intellectual power than the victim. The American Psychological Association defines bullying more broadly as persistent threatening and aggressive behaviors directed towards other people, especially those who are smaller and weaker (VandenBos, 2007).

The lack of a clear and standardized definition of bullying is a barrier to advancing our understanding of the complex problem of bullying. Varying definitions are a symptom of a muddy construct. Inconsistent conceptualizations of a construct lead to poor operationalization. This creates discrepancies in research findings and interferes with strong theory building. This, in turn, hampers effective prevention and intervention efforts. In fact, a recent meta-analysis of the effectiveness of sixteen bullying prevention and intervention programs across six countries found small to negligible effects on bullying behaviors (Merrell, Gueldner, Ross & Isava, 2008). The meta-analysis included six studies on programs being implemented in the United States. Null findings could be attributed in part to the difficulty of operationalizing and measuring bullying, especially when most of the measures rely on self-report.

Participants of Bullying

Research on bullying broadly includes the study of six categories of individuals. The first three fall along a continuum and include bullies, bully-victims and victims (Espelage & Holt, 2001). Bullies are those individuals who are only involved in the perpetration of bullying behaviors. Victims are only on the receiving end of bullying behaviors. Bully-victims, on the other hand, are students who are both victimized and perpetrators of victimization. In addition to the individuals involved in the bullying, three additional categories of individuals have been implicated in bullying behaviors: bystanders, defenders and uninvolved students (Salmivalli, 2010). Bystanders are individuals who are not directly involved in bullying but report observing bullying behaviors. They do not interfere in the bullying they witness. Defenders are individuals who intervene within the observed bullying behaviors and aim to prevent or stop it. Uninvolved individuals are

those who are unaware of bullying occurring in their environment, either because they are not present when bullying occurs or because they do not perceive it as bullying.

Prevalence

The problem of bullying is common in American schools. A nationally representative study found that thirty percent of students were involved in bullying either as a victim, a perpetrator or a bully-victim within the last term of their school year (Nansel, Overpeck, Pilla, Ruan, Simons-Morton & Scheidt, 2001). Bullying is reported as early as pre-school and becomes an established phenomenon in elementary school. However, it is most prevalent in middle school populations. A recent study by the National Center for Education Statistics found that 32% of students between the ages of 12 and 18 reported being bullied within the 6 months prior to being surveyed (NCES, 2010). Of the students surveyed, 62% reported having been bullied once or twice a year, 21% once or twice a month, 10% once or twice a week and 7% reported being bullied *every day*. Bullying experiences did not differ by gender in these findings. However, 10% of students aged 12–18 years reported being called a derogatory word related to race, ethnicity, religion, disability, sex or sexual orientation within a period of 6 months (NCES, 2010). Thirty-five percent reported seeing hate-related graffiti at their school related to race, ethnicity, religion, disability, sex or sexual orientation within a period of 6 months (NCES, 2010). Despite these numbers, findings from other studies indicated that 71% of teachers or other adults in classrooms ignored bullying incidents (MPAB, 2000). Adults are often unprepared to intervene or hold beliefs that bullying is a normative experience in schools (Parker-Roerdon, Rudewick & Gorton, 2007). However, an analysis of high-profile school shootings revealed that 71 % of the shooters felt bullied, persecuted, attacked, or injured by their peers in school (Vossekuil, Fein, Reddy, Borum & Modzeleski, 2002). Several bullying-related suicides have also been highlighted in the media, shining a spotlight on the psychological harm bullying can cause. This attention undoubtedly reinvigorates and facilitates research on the topic of bullying. It also highlights the imperative to study this problem in an evidence-based, scientific manner.

Outcomes and Correlates

Bullying perpetration and victimization are associated with a range of negative emotional, psychological and educational consequences (Hawker & Boulton, 2000). Victimized adolescents experience more anxiety than their non-victimized counterparts, especially social anxiety (Cook et al., 2010; Gladstone, Parker & Malhi, 2006; Humphrey, Storch & Geffken, 2007). Although victims report more internalizing behaviors, bully perpetrators are more likely to engage in externalizing behaviors like anger and impulsivity. They also experience more conduct problems, engage in more delinquent behaviors and are more likely to engage in substance use as compared to their peers (Haynie, Nansel & Eitel, 2001; Luk et al., 2010; Mitchell, Ybarra & Finkelhor, 2007; Niemela et al., 2011; Sullivan, Farrell & Kleiwer, 2006; Tharp-Taylor, Haviland & D'Amico, 2009). Research also has indicated poorer psychosocial development and/or adjustment (e.g., making friends, unhappiness at school, self-esteem) among those involved in bullying (Eisenberg, Neumark-Sztainer & Perry 2003; Nansel et al., 2001; Wilkins-Shurmer, O'Callaghan, Najman & Bor, 2003). In the most comprehensive meta-analysis of the correlates of bully involvement among children and adolescents, Cook and colleagues (2010) found overlapping and distinct individual correlates across 153 studies of bullies, victims and bully-victims. Overall, bullies were found to have elevated levels of externalizing behaviors, social and academic challenges, negative attitudes and negative self-cognitions; whereas, victims were found to have elevated levels of internalizing behaviors, negative self-related cognitions and poorer social skills. Although there are negative outcomes for all individuals involved in bullying, bully-victims are potentially the most vulnerable group of the three because they experience the combined negative outcomes associated with perpetration and victimization. For example, Kumpulainen and colleagues (2001) found that 18% of bully-victims, 13% of bullies and 10% of victims in their study had been diagnosed with a depressive disorder.

Additionally, victimized youth have been found to have suppressed immune systems (Valliancourt, Duku, deCatanzaro, MacMillan, Muir & Schmidt, 2008) and consequently experience poorer physical health (Knack & Valliancourt, 2010). Fekkes and colleagues (2004) found a positive association between bullying and psychosomatic complaints (e.g., headaches, sleep disturbances).

Moreover, peer victimization through bullying has been associated with extreme violent behavior such as school homicides (Anderson, Kaufman & Simon, 2001; Kimmel & Mahler, 2003). Victims of bullying may be at increased risk for suicidal behavior, even into young adulthood (Klomek, Sourander & Niemela, 2009), but it appears the association between victimization and suicide behaviors is partially explained by depression and delinquency (Espelage & Holt, 2013). Bully perpetrators are at risk for long-term negative outcomes as well. Studies in Europe found that bully perpetrators are more likely to be convicted of crimes in adulthood (Olweus, 1993). They are also more likely to be involved in other forms of aggression (Espelage, Basile & Hamburger, 2012). Involvement in bullying, therefore, has significant negative consequences for youth, both in the short and long term.

Social-ecological Framework

Recently, the social-ecological framework has been applied to bullying and its associated risk and protective factors. This theoretical framework posits that the behavior of children and adolescents is shaped by a range of nested contextual systems, including family, peers and school environments (Bronfenbrenner, 1977; Espelage & Low, 2012). Table 1 (below) provides a summary of the variables that will be discussed as critical components of bully prevention as informed by the social-ecological framework. These contexts with which children and adolescents have direct contact are referred to as the *microsystem*. The interaction between components of the microsystem is referred to as the *mesosystem*. Parent-teacher meetings are an example of a mesosystem. The *exosystem* is the social context with which the child does not have direct contact, but which affects him or her indirectly through the microsystem. Examples would be parents' work environment or availability of recreational activities in the community. The *macrosystem* may be considered the outermost layer in the child's environment. This layer comprises abstract influences such as cultural values, customs and laws (Berk, 2000). The macrosystem impacts the child through its indirect influence on the microsystem, mesosystem and exosystem. Finally, the dimension of time is included in this framework as the *chronosystem*. This system exerts itself directly upon the child, through external events

(e.g., the divorce of parents) or internal events (e.g., puberty). It also can exert itself indirectly upon the child through social and cultural trends. Cyberbullying could be an example of the chronosystem's indirect influence on a child's bullying experiences because of the recent increase in social networking sites and the affordability of text messaging.

Table 1. Social-ecological variables associated with bullying involvement

Context	**Example of variables**	**Potential Intervention**
Demographics	age, gender, race, national origin, ethnicity, socio-economic status, special education status, sexual orientation, gender expression, homelessness	Developmentally-appropriate interventions, bias-based curriculum that addresses race, ethnicity, special needs, sexual orientation, etc.
Microsystem	Family and parenting practices, peer influence, friendship networks, school norms and climate, teachers' attitudes	Prevention and intervention that shifts peer norms that are supportive of bullying to those that are supportive of bystander intervention Teacher and support staff professional development and ongoing training School-wide positive behavior supports or social-emotional learning skills
Mesosystem	Parenting practices influence on friendship skills; family violence places child at-risk for victimization in other peer groups; school policies on risk for bullying involvement	Prevention of Child Abuse School-wide prevention program
Exosystem	Opportunities for recreational and extracurricular activities in school and community; access to mental health services in school or community; parental unemployment or stress on sibling relationships; coaching practices	Prevention efforts at community and recreational facilities, with coaches, youth leaders and promote access to mental health services Opportunities for volunteer experiences
Macrosystem	Gender norms in family; cultural expectations regarding aggression and defending oneself	Culturally-sensitive bully prevention programming
Chronosystem	Divorce of parents, puberty, economic recession, access to social networking	More research on transitions, disruptions and changes in access to media

Although complex, the social-ecological framework provides conceptual guidance for examining the equally complex problem of bullying. It is particularly relevant because it allows us to examine the direct, indirect and combined impact of these social contexts on bullying involvement. Although the social-ecological framework has been applied to child development issues broadly, its application to school-based bullying has been limited. In many ways, the framework has been studied as it relates to bullying in a piecemeal fashion. For example, some studies have found that individual attitudes and behaviors (micro) of bullying have been shaped by family and sibling relationships (micro), which represents a meso-system interaction, yet very few studies have examined comprehensively the social-ecological model. Thus, in this manuscript we will use the social-ecological framework to organize and inform our understanding of bullying perpetration and victimization, but will also point to major gaps in fully applying this framework.

Individual (Micro) Characteristics

Certain individual characteristics have been implicated in increasing the risk for being a victim of bullying. Boys are victimized more often than girls (Cook et al., 2010; Espelage & Holt, 2001), although this depends somewhat on the form of victimization. Boys are more likely to experience physical bullying victimization (e.g., being hit), whereas girls are more likely to be targets of indirect victimization (e.g., social exclusion) (Jeffrey, Miller & Linn, 2001). One of the few studies that addressed influences of race on bullying found that Black students reported less victimization than White or Hispanic youth (Nansel et al., 2001). Other factors increase the likelihood of bullying others. Boys are more likely to bully peers than girls (Kumpulainen, Rasanen & Henttonen, 1998) and individuals with behavioral, emotional or learning problems are more likely to perpetrate bullying than their peers (Kaukiainen et al., 2002). Bullies, particularly male bullies, tend to be physically stronger than their peers. Juvonen, Graham and Schuster (2003) found Black middle school youth more likely to be categorized as bullies and bully-victims than White students. Another study found that the reported incidences of bullying perpetration

were slightly higher for Hispanic students than their Black and White peers (Nansel et al., 2001).

Research from outside the United States has indicated that students who are enrolled in special education curricula are victimized and perpetrate more bullying than their general education peers (Whitney, Smith & Thompson, 1994). Few empirical studies have examined bullying and victimization rates among American schoolchildren within special education programs. However, a recent study by Rose and colleagues (2011) examined rates of bullying perpetration and victimization among middle school students (n = 7,331) and high school students (n = 14,315) enrolled in general education and special education programs. As hypothesized, students in special education reported greater rates of bullying perpetration and victimization than general education students. Students who were in self-contained classrooms reported more perpetration and victimization than those in inclusive settings.

Family (Micro) Characteristics

It has consistently been shown that characteristics of parents influence their children's well-being, including their potential to be involved in bullying as either perpetrators or victims. Bullies tend to have parents who do not provide adequate supervision or are not actively involved in the lives of their children (Georgiou & Fanti, 2010). Adolescents are likely to engage in bullying behaviors when their daily activities are not monitored by adults, when they are not held accountable for their actions, or when the family unit is not able to intervene and correct the bullying behaviors. In other instances, parents may encourage the use of aggressive and retaliatory type behaviors. Children who learn to be aggressive from their parents or learn that bullying is an acceptable means of retaliation, are more likely to be bullies in school (Georgiou & Fanti, 2010). The family environment can also influence whether children become victims of bullying. Children who are victims of bullying more often come from families with histories of abuse or inconsistent parenting (Espelage, Low & De La Rue, 2012; Georgiou & Fanti, 2010) potentially because they may not be prepared to counteract the bullying they encounter at school.

The family can also serve to aid in resiliency for children who are victims of bullying. When victims of bullying have warm relationships with their families they have more positive outcomes, both emotionally and behaviorally (Bowes, Maughan, Caspi, Moffitt & Arseneault, 2010). These positive parent-child interactions may provide children with the opportunity to talk about their bullying experiences, or can provide guidance on how to cope with these events. Bowes and colleagues (2010) also found that supportive relationships with siblings could serve to aid in bully-victims resilience.

Peers (Micro) Characteristics

Peers can be a source of enormous support for students, but when this peer connection is lacking this can make incidents of bullying more severe. Additionally, the way classmates respond to bullying has significant effects on whether the bullying continues. Bullying rarely takes place in an isolated dyadic interaction, but instead often occurs in the presence of other students (Espelage, Holt & Henkel, 2003). Students may serve to perpetuate bullying by actively joining in or passively accepting the bullying behaviors, while on the other hand students can intervene to stop bullying or defend the victim (Flaspohler, Elfstrom, Vanderzee, Sink & Birchmeier, 2009; Salmivalli, 2010). Inaction on behalf of other students seems to be more prevalent, where most students reinforce bullies by passively watching the bullying occur (Flaspohler et al., 2009).

Although decades of research point to the role of empathy in promoting prosocial behavior and inhibiting antisocial behavior, only recently have studies specifically extended empathy to willingness to intervene in bullying scenarios or defender behavior (Caravita, DiBlasio & Salmivalli, 2009; Endresen & Olweus, 2001; Gini, Albiero, Benelli & Altoe, 2007; Gini, Pozzoli & Haiser, 2011; Gini, Pozzoli, Borghi & Franzoni, 2008; Pozzoli & Gini, 2010; Nickerson, Mele & Princiotta, 2008; Stavrinides, Georgiou & Theofanous, 2010; Pöyhönen, Juvonen & Salmvalli, 2010). Taken together, these studies find that among early adolescent samples, defending behavior is associated with greater empathy (Gini et al., 2007; Gini et al., 2008; Nickerson et al., 2008; Stavrinides et al., 2010) and bullies appear to be morally competent but lack in morally compassionate behavior in comparison to victims or defenders (Gini et al., 2011). However, peer

influence appears to interact with individual behavior. Consistent with Rigby and Johnson's study, Pozzoli and Gini (2010) found that perceived positive peer pressure to defend a victim interacted with personal responsibility to predict defending. That is, students who held moderate or high levels of personal responsibility were more likely to defend a victim if they perceived their peers to hold a positive view toward defender behavior. Finally, only one recent empirical study found that greater bullying perpetration within one's peer group was highly predictive of less individual willingness to intervene, suggesting that any prevention efforts to address bystander or defender intervention must first reduce the level of bullying within peer groups (Espelage, Green & Polanin, 2011).

Increasingly, school-based bullying prevention programs are focusing their attention on encouraging bystanders to intervene (e.g., students and teachers who are watching bullying situations or know about the bullying). Interventions are likely to be effective in reducing bullying rates in schools (Newman, Horne & Bartolomucci, 2000; Rigby & Johnson, 2006; Polanin, Espelage & Pigott, 2012; Salmivalli, Karna & Poskipart, 2010). Indeed, a recent small-scale meta-analysis found support for the effectiveness of bullying prevention programs' ability to alter bystander behavior to intervene in bullying situations (Polanin, Espelage & Pigott, 2012). This meta-analysis synthesized bullying prevention programs' effectiveness in altering bystander behavior to intervene in bullying situations. Evidence from twelve school-based interventions, involving 12,874 students, revealed that overall the programs were successful (Hedges' g = 0.20, C.I.: 0.11, 0.29, $p < .001$), with larger effects for high school samples compared to K-8 student samples (HS ES = 0.43, K-8 ES = 0.14; $p < .05$). A secondary synthesis of seven studies that reported empathy for the victim revealed treatment effectiveness that was positive but not significantly different from zero (ES = 0.05, CI: -0.07, 0.17, $p = .45$). Nevertheless, this meta-analysis indicated that programs were effective at changing bystander intervening behavior, both on a practical and statistically significant level.

Despite this promising small-scale meta-analysis, much research needs to be conducted to understand the complex nuances of bystander intervention in order to give bystanders practical strategies for intervening effectively. In most of the prevention programs, bystanders or onlookers (sometimes called allies, upstanders, reinforcers) are encouraged to either report an incident of bullying or to confront students who are

bullying other students. In some states teachers can lose their teacher's license (see, for example, State of New Jersey, 2011) if they do not intervene effectively and in other states legislation is being considered for criminalizing students who do not intervene (Schneidau, 2011). Thus, it is imperative that both basic and applied research is conducted on bystander intervention.

Developmental considerations

The association between peers and bullying can also look different depending on the age of students. For younger students in primary school (or elementary), there tends to be a lack of stability for the victim role, while students who engage in bullying tend to remain in this role for a longer, more stable period of time (Schäfer, Korn, Brodbeck, Wolke & Schulz, 2005). At this age, bullying perpetration seems to be directed at multiple targets, which results in multiple victims and lower stability. The environment of primary schools is such that social hierarchies are not as pronounced; therefore, students will more often confront a bully or retaliate when bullied. By the time students are in secondary school (or middle school), the bully and victim roles are relatively stable (Schäfer et al., 2005). Those students who are in the victim role are less likely to be able to maneuver away from this. In addition, students who occupy the bullying role appear to continue to target the same individuals (Schäfer et al., 2005). The social structure of students in secondary schools is more visible, which makes maneuvering to different roles more challenging.

Social status and reciprocal interactions

The status that students have in school can also be an influential factor, particularly if they are younger students, such as 6th graders entering into middle school. Research indicates that lower status students tend to be victimized more frequently and likely fear ramifications including increased victimization if they chose to retaliate (Bradshaw, Sawyer & O'Brennan, 2009). Students who were victimized are also less popular with their peers. However, in contrast to bullies, victims were consistently preferred less regardless of whether the victimization rates were low or high (Sentse, Scholte,

Salmivalli & Voeten, 2007). While students who engage in prosocial behaviors are consistently liked by their peers, aggressive peers are accepted when the overall school climate is accepting of aggression.

Teachers, Administrators & Paraprofessionals.

It has been noted that there are discrepancies between how teachers and staff perceive bullying in comparison to their students. Many teachers are unaware of how serious and extensive the bullying is within their schools and are often ineffective in being able to identify bullying incidents (Bradshaw, Sawyer & O'Brennan, 2007; Kochenderfer-Ladd & Pelletier, 2008). Divergence between staff and student estimates of the rates of bullying are seen in elementary, middle and high school, with staff consistently underestimating the frequency of these events (Bradshaw et al., 2007). In a study conducted by Bradshaw and colleagues (2007), these differences were most pronounced in elementary school, where less than 1% of elementary school staff reporting bullying rates similar to that reported by students.

Very few teachers reported that they would ignore or do nothing if a student reported an incident of bullying, instead many teachers reported that they would intervene with the bully and the victim (Bradshaw et al., 2007). Despite the good intentions of school officials, many students feel that teachers and staff are not doing enough to prevent bullying (Bradshaw et al., 2007). This belief of students that teachers will not be able to help them, or if they "tattle" the situation may become worse, are reasons many students hesitate to report incidents to teachers, which may also explain why teachers perceive a lower prevalence of bullying (Craig, Henderson & Murphy, 2000).

The action, or inaction, of teachers and staff also influences whether bullying perpetration will continue. Passive attitudes towards bullying or a lack of immediate intervention effectively serves to reinforce bullying behaviors because the perpetrator receives no negative consequences (Yoon & Kerber, 2003). In addition, when the teacher acts in a passive manner and does not intervene on a victim's behalf, the victimized student can feel as though teachers and staff are uncaring or unable to provide protection

and support (Yoon & Kerber, 2003). In contrast, when students are willing to ask teachers for help, reports of bullying are lower (Bandyopadhyay, Cornell & Konold, 2009).

Classroom Factors

Students spend a majority of their school day in the classroom, which not only increases the opportunities for bullying in this area, but can also serve as an effective place to intervene. Evidence suggests that in classrooms where teachers separate students following bullying incidents (for instance changing seating arrangements if a student is picking on a classmate) there are lower levels of peer victimization (Kochenderfer-Ladd & Pelletier, 2008). Separating students is believed to help partly by preventing students from engaging in retaliatory aggressive behaviors, which then breaks a cycle of aggressive behaviors.

The environment of the classroom and adopted norms have an impact upon levels of both bullying perpetration and victimization. Additionally, when classrooms have rigid hierarchical social structures, victimization becomes more stable because there are few opportunities to maneuver into different roles or social positions (Schäfer et al., 2005). On the other hand, when classrooms are more democratic and the social power is more evenly distributed, a less hostile environment for students is created (Ahn, Garandeau & Rodkin, 2010). When there are clear levels of power amongst students, victimized children may not have the resources or support to retaliate against bullies and bully behavior remains unchallenged.

School Structure & Climate

The school climate has implications for not only how students perform academically and socially, but also how bullying is accepted or discouraged in schools. When schools have a "culture of bullying" this can serve as a catalyst to allow bullies to continue to behave aggressively without fear of sanction and while also encouraging passivity of bystanders (Bandyopadhyay et al., 2009). In schools where bullying is more prevalent, students are

less likely to seek help from teachers and staff than in schools where bullying is minimal (Bandyopadhyay et al., 2009). This can create a cycle where students who are bullied do not feel they can receive support or assistance from teachers and when students don't convey their concerns, teachers do not intervene and bullies are free to continue with their behaviors without consequences. Finally, the physical layout and structures of the school also plays a role in how bullying is carried out in schools. Across grade levels, the classroom and the cafeteria are locations where students are frequently bullied (Bradshaw et al., 2007).

Summary and Implications for Prevention Planning

As stated previously, very little research has *comprehensively* evaluated the validity of the social-ecological perspective in relation to bully prevention and intervention efforts. Rather, most of the research has been conducted in a piecemeal fashion, where many of the studies have focused only on the microsystem. Thus, there is a call for research that pays particular attention to examining the other systems and the interactions among them. It should be noted that in order to test the social-ecological theory comprehensively, it requires large scale multi-informant studies. Although there are many national, longitudinal datasets that could be used to test this theory, many of them did not collect bullying measures. Thus, there is an urgency to include bullying assessments in ongoing longitudinal datasets. However, because very little research has considered the cumulative, interactive nature of these systems in predicting bullying involvement, there are many inconsistent research findings in the extant literature. These contradicting findings have created difficulty in targeting the most salient risk and protective factors.

However, what the research does suggest is that prevention programs need to consider intervening at multiple levels. A few examples are provided in the last column in Table 1 (above). Unfortunately, there is not a single program available to schools or communities to address all levels of the risk and protective factors of bullying involvement within the social-ecology framework of bullying prevention. It is clear from this review of the literature and the examples provided in Table 1 that it will take parents,

schools, community agencies, faith-based organizations, coaches, etc to prevent bullying in our society.

In addition, we have to move beyond primary (or universal) programs that are situated just in schools. More specifically, secondary prevention (when there are signs of a problem) and tertiary prevention (when there is a noted problem) programs need to be developed in schools as well as communities. We need to raise community awareness that bullying is not a normal part of growing up and make sure every citizen understands that even good kids can be bullies or bystanders that fail to intervene on behalf of victims. In addition, bullies, victims and bully-victims need to have access to mental health services, parents need to have access to parent training and support, teachers need training in creating safe classrooms and to connect with their students, practitioners need to understand how bullying involvement is complicated and embedded in a peer group structure and coaches and other youth leaders need to engage in conversations with their youth about bullying and evaluate their own modeling of bullying or coercive language and behavior. As our lives are continually shaped by media, social network sites and texting, it is imperative that bully prevention programming includes ongoing conversations about responsible use of media. Only when the full scope of the social-ecology is represented in bully prevention efforts will the United States begin to see a decrease in bullying among youth and adults.

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MICHAEL W. AUSTIN

THE ETHICS OF FACEBOOK

In November of 2010, on his late night television show, *Jimmy Kimmel Live*, Kimmel said, "Remember five years ago when no one was on Facebook and you didn't know what the guy you took high school biology with was having for lunch? Remember how that was... fine?" There were over 900 million Facebook users at time of writing (now closer to 2 billion), and presumably this is not because they are all interested in the culinary habits of obscure people from their past. The popularity of Facebook is remarkable, especially given the fact that it went online in 2004. Why is Facebook so successful? Why do so many people use it, and use it so much? Cynically, one might think that its success is predicated on our desire to have others look at us and our accomplishments as we do the same. Less cynically, Facebook's success is plausibly a result of the human desire to connect with others. We long for community, and when so many people lack this it makes sense that social media have been so successful.

In this paper, I offer a moral analysis of Facebook. What are the morally positive features of Facebook? What are its morally negative features? I will limit my attention to the personal and interpersonal aspects of the use of this technology, and set aside an ethical analysis of the business practices, both past and present, of Facebook.[64] My analysis, then, is not comprehensive. I will argue for a particular thesis concerning Facebook, namely, that in many ways Facebook's moral value for a person depends on the character of that person, though the structure of this technology is not morally neutral. Before we examine some of the specific features of Facebook, however, it will be useful to consider some general issues in both the philosophy of technology and moral philosophy.

[64] This paper was finalized before the more recent reports of the misuse of Facebook data during the US Presidential campaign of 2016 came to light as well. [Editor's note.]

A Philosophical Approach to Technology

When we think about "technology," we may tend to think of artifacts, such as automobiles or hammers. Recently, many have tended to associate the term with information technology (computers, the internet, wireless communication). However, technology is more than this. Technology can be broadly defined as "the organization of knowledge, people, and things to accomplish specific practical goals" (Winston 2009, 2). Facebook clearly satisfies this definition of technology.

There are two distinct attitudes we tend to have with respect to technology in general, *techno-optimism* and *techno-pessimism* (Winston 2009, 13). The techno-optimist focuses on the benefits of technology, and has faith that whatever problems we face—some created by technology and some not—will be solved by technological fixes. For example, the techno-optimist may claim that the solution to global climate change will be technological, rather than behavioral. Or consider the risks posed by the Internet. With more widespread access to it comes the proliferation of viruses and spyware. The techno-optimist would point to the success of virus protection software as the technological solution to this technology-generated problem, and would have faith that this general pattern will repeat itself as future problems arise. The techno-pessimist, however, focuses on the risks of technology. She has less faith in technological fixes, and a deep concern for the social problems created by technology. In this paper, I will lean towards the pessimistic view with respect to Facebook, though it, along with many technologies, has the potential for both positive and negative moral value.

Philosophers of technology also explore the functions of technology. They are concerned with the ends, purposes or goals of a particular technology, some of which are intended, and some of which are not. Technology has both primary and secondary functions. The primary function is the intended use. For example, the primary function of a butter knife is to cut and spread butter. The primary function of Facebook, as its users likely know, is found within the following statement which used to appear on Facebook's main home page: *Facebook helps you connect and share with the people in your life.* However, technologies also have secondary functions, or applications that were unintended. For example, a butter knife can be used as a flathead screwdriver, and

Facebook can be used for stalking other individuals. With this in mind, it is important to see that the very structure of a technology is not necessarily morally neutral. That is, technology remains poised to function in certain ways, whether or not it was intended to do so by its designers (Johnson and Powers 2009).

Often, by virtue of both its primary and secondary functions, technology affects human agency. That is, we are changed in many ways, as technology can expand our powers to act on and have an effect in the world. Computer technology offers nearly instant access to vast information, automobiles and airplanes enable us to travel much greater distances in much less time compared to the past and Facebook expands our powers of communication with people of our own choosing. It also enables us to find people that would otherwise be very difficult or expensive to locate, including high school biology classmates, if we so desire. Since technology both reflects and shapes individuals and societies, it is important to consider its moral impact upon us. Before considering the moral impact of Facebook, I will first briefly explain the moral framework I will employ.

Virtue Ethics

In recent decades, many philosophers have rejected many of the assumptions of modern moral philosophy, with its focus either on moral law or the consequences of actions, and have instead returned to an ethic focused on character. While others such as Plato and Thomas Aquinas are important figures in virtue ethics, I will focus on Aristotle's views concerning virtue, vice and human flourishing and then employ them in an ethical analysis of Facebook in the next section.

Aristotle (1999), like other virtue ethicists, believes that what is most fundamental in ethics is one's character. Aristotle claims that our primary goal, as human beings, is happiness. He defines happiness in a particular way, however, and the word used by Aristotle (*eudaimonia*) is also translated as "human flourishing." The idea is that to be truly happy, to be fulfilled in all aspects of one's existence, requires that we exemplify both moral and intellectual virtue. Virtues, then, are states of character that are conducive to human flourishing. Our function is to reason well and be happy, in this Aristotelian

sense, which requires intellectual virtues like philosophical and practical wisdom. It also requires moral virtues, such as courage, generosity and temperance. Not only do these traits tend to foster true happiness, but they also make us good human beings. In contrast to this, the vices are states of character that hinder human flourishing. So we should avoid greed, foolishness, cowardice and a life lacking in self-control.

The pursuit of virtue is not an individualistic pursuit, according to Aristotle. Friendship is central to a life of virtue, because virtue is achieved as we are in particular kinds of relationships with others. We will return to this issue below, but at present it is important to understand that for Aristotle we need friends who will help us grow in moral and intellectual excellence, or virtue. Finally, many virtue ethicists, including Aristotle, emphasize the importance of the common good. While Aristotle would not endorse all of our contemporary notions of the common good, it is nevertheless the case that many current advocates of an ethic of character also claim that a truly virtuous individual will be committed to the formation of a socially just world in which the rights, interests and dignity of all people are taken into account and appropriately valued.

In addition to the foregoing, Aristotle offers a discussion of different character types which will be helpful as we consider the ethics of Facebook (Halwani 2001). The *virtuous person* is practically wise. She has the ability to use her mind in order to live intelligently, morally and in a goal-oriented way. She possesses and exercises virtues like courage, temperance, generosity, friendliness and wit. She can be counted upon to do the right thing, from a firm and unchanging character that includes her beliefs, desires and emotions. She has a disposition to do the right thing, and someone who knows her well would predict with confidence that she would do what is right. The *disciplined person* also does what is right, but struggles to follow his conscience. He has the virtue of self-control, and though in any given instance he may struggle to do what he knows he ought to do, in the end he successfully does what is right. The *undisciplined person* also struggles to do what is right, but because he does not have the virtue of self-control he fails to do what he should. He will likely be remorseful later. Finally, the *vicious person* is a mirror image of the virtuous person; she has a firm character oriented towards doing what is wrong. There is no inner struggle, and no later remorse. These descriptions are very general, and it is plausible to think that in some areas of life one may be virtuous

while in others one may be disciplined or even undisciplined. For instance, one person may be very honest and consistently so, have discipline with respect to drink, but be undisciplined regarding certain kinds of food.

What is the relevance of this brief foray into Aristotle's ideas about the character types? Given that most of us often fall in either the disciplined or undisciplined category in many areas of our lives, we should be more aware of and seek to resist the morally negative aspects of Facebook. Part of my thesis is that Facebook's moral status for a person depends on the character of that person. Given that in many realms of life, including (perhaps especially) our use of information technology, many of us tend to lack self-control, the morally good and bad aspects of Facebook related to human flourishing are important to consider.

The other part of my thesis is that the structure of Facebook is not morally neutral. It has both positive and negative moral features. We must be aware of these and be intentional about how we use Facebook, or forego using it altogether. Next, we will consider some of these positive and negative moral aspects of Facebook.

Some Positive Moral Aspects of Facebook

Facebook enables us to establish and sustain relationships with other people. It makes possible relationships that may otherwise be difficult or even non-existent. Facebook is useful for fostering relationships with friends and relatives who live far from us, and it enables us to connect with others around the world who have similar interests.

Facebook also provides opportunities for acquiring different kinds of knowledge. We can learn about other places, ideas, people and values. The limits of geography and culture can be overcome via interaction on Facebook. We can learn about political issues in different states and nations, about human rights concerns and about different perspectives concerning a variety of important issues.

Facebook can also act as a catalyst for personal change. At first glance, this might appear to be a strange claim, but we can use our interaction with others on Facebook as a way of cultivating and expressing virtue. For instance, we can intentionally seek to

encourage others rather than mock them, explore different ideas rather than merely interact with those who share our views, and we can in general employ Facebook in a way that helps us grow in unselfishness and other-centeredness. Aristotle claims that we acquire moral virtue through practice. In his *Nicomachean Ethics*, he states that "we become just by doing just actions, temperate by doing temperate actions, brave by doing brave actions" (Aristotle 1999, 19). Facebook is one limited realm in which we can cultivate and practice certain virtues. If one wants to be kind, there are opportunities to engage in acts of kindness. Perhaps one way to begin to cultivate these types of traits is to seek to consistently congratulate others for their accomplishments and say little (or at least less) about our own.

Facebook is not merely a potential context for personal moral development, it can also serve as a catalyst for fostering social justice and political change. Political revolutionaries in Tunisia and Egypt made extensive use of social media, including Facebook. As one Egyptian activist tweeted, "We use Facebook to schedule the protests, Twitter to coordinate, and YouTube to tell the world" (Howard 2011). Regarding social change, Asaf Bar-Tura, a philosopher in Chicago, has used Facebook in his work with Jewish and Muslim high school students (Bar-Tura 2010). He used Facebook to promote a bowling night that was planned for the purpose of enabling Jewish and Muslim teenage students in the Chicago area to get to know one another. According to Bar-Tura, Facebook was useful as students from the two groups were able to learn about one another prior to the social event. They found that they did in fact have common ground; their interactions on Facebook undermined some of the media-based stereotypes they held, and had other positive results. The ultimate lesson, however, was this:

> What I have learned from my experience of organizing in Chicago is that the wall-to-wall must result in face-to-face. Profiles must become people. The group must actually gather. Only then can divides be bridged, and social change be made possible (239).

Facebook can be employed to defend and advance important human values and causes. But as Bar-Tura points out, there are limits inherent in such virtual interactions.

Ultimately, we need to be physically proximate in order to overcome such limits. I would add that Facebook also has several negative moral features, to which we now turn.

Negative Moral Aspects of Facebook

There are several barriers to trust on Facebook that are inherent in the structure of this technology. First, online interaction is disembodied interaction (Weckert 2005). This is problematic because one's body anchors one's identity, is used to communicate information and is vulnerable to harm. The disembodied nature of online relationships, like those on Facebook, hinders one's ability to gather certain kinds of evidence for the belief that others are trustworthy. Online, we can be much more measured in our responses and less spontaneous, and there is no body language, tone of voice, or other non-verbal cues which can assist in effective communication. Online interaction may be more conducive to intolerance, fostering more extreme expression of one's views. For many, it is easier to be intolerant when you do not have to look into the eyes of the person you are verbally attacking on Facebook. There is a large body of anecdotal evidence for this, as anyone who has witnessed or engaged in a political or moral debate on Facebook knows. Online interaction also can tend to yield a lack of proper attention to the person with whom one is communicating. One can engage in a chat or interact on Facebook while doing several other tasks, or simply while watching television. Engaging in such activities while talking with one's friend about her fears concerning the future would be rude and insensitive when done in person, but communication via Facebook is marked by such a division of attention. Finally, there is potential for inauthenticity in how we represent ourselves and in how we communicate our thoughts and feelings. Online and on Facebook, we have greater control over our self-presentation, there is less spontaneity, and we possess the heightened ability to fashion an image of ourselves that is not accurate (perhaps intentionally, and perhaps not). It is easier to deceive on Facebook than in the physical world. However, there is evidence that close, meaningful and trusting relationships do develop online (Weckert 2005). Perhaps there are more pitfalls, and given this, the ways in which such relationships develop must be adapted to the online context. Nevertheless, the aforementioned problems are significant.

There are many problems with privacy related to Facebook. First, there is a risk of giving up too much of one's privacy. This risk is underscored by the fact that what one does on Facebook "feels" private, but of course it is not. The experience of entering information for the Facebook world to see seems private, as one interacts with a computer, smart phone or tablet device. But this is misleading. In sharing one's thoughts, experiences and feelings on Facebook, one is giving up control over this information. This may help one to connect with others on Facebook, but it also potentially leads to problems, given the permanence of one's profile, the presence of others who are not worthy of trust and the fact that prospective or current employers may gain access to this information.

It will be helpful to consider the value of privacy in our social relationships in order to deepen our appreciation for the significance of these problems of privacy on Facebook. The philosopher James Rachels (1975) argues that the reason we value privacy is that it enables us to carry on different types of social relationships with other people. These relationships are defined in part by the amount of information about ourselves that we allow others to have. Part of what distinguishes our close friends from our mere acquaintances is the amount and level of knowledge of ourselves that we choose to make available. The reason we value privacy, then, is that it enables us to retain a level of control in our relationships and pursue deeper relationships with others of our own choosing. Both the control and the relationships themselves have value for us. On Facebook, we can *tend* to give up too much control over that information, which can cause problems in our relationships and other aspects of our lives. This is a significant negative moral feature of Facebook.

Facebook also arguably creates the illusion of friendship. True and deep friendship requires something from both parties. The best form of friendship requires time, commitment, sacrifice, a shared vision of the good life and mutual assistance in the pursuit of virtue. Facebook friendship, or "the friendship that makes no demands" (Tedesco 2005), will likely fail to achieve this highest form of friendship because it is arguably the case that some real rather than merely virtual contact is necessary for this kind of relationship. This is less likely to happen with Facebook friends, or even with our

genuine friends via Facebook. Individuals cannot fully experience life together and support one another in the deepest ways through status updates.

There is also evidence that Facebook can encourage narcissistic tendencies. Studies show the presence of links between Facebook and such tendencies (Murphy 2012). I believe that the structure of Facebook can foster these tendencies. A Facebook user posts something for hundreds or even thousands of people to see; it is like standing up in front of a large crowd and announcing something about himself or his life. Research from Western Illinois University showed a link between the number of Facebook friends one has and how active one is on the site to the likelihood of being a "socially disruptive" narcissist. Those with more Facebook friends, who tagged themselves in photos and updated their status throughout the day were more likely to have narcissistic traits. The study found that people use Facebook as a way to feel good about themselves, and that it offers narcissists a way to obtain the attention they crave. A technology that invites you to easily share your significant and trivial thoughts, your dinners, your trips and the activities of your children is like a never-ending Christmas letter or high school reunion detailing your wonderful life for all to see. It can sharpen, enhance and even encourage the formation of narcissistic tendencies.

Facebook activity can undermine our happiness in a variety of other ways. For example, there is evidence that the more time one spends on Facebook, the more one will believe that others have happier lives compared to one's own (Jacobs 2012). When we view the lives of others as they are represented on Facebook, we tend to believe the illusion that they experience constant happiness. In fact, even when we know that the Facebook picture which others offer is inaccurate, the photos of happy people are still influential and tend to be what pops into our minds when we think of our Facebook friends. This can leave the false impression that others are happier than we are, which can increase dissatisfaction with our own lives. By contrast, those who spent more time in face to face interactions with their friends were less likely to believe that they were constantly happy. It appears that the face to face gives us a more realistic perspective regarding the lives of others than the wall to wall.

As any Facebook user knows, it can be a source of distraction from one's other responsibilities and other aspects of one's life. Facebook can hinder productivity at work and relationships at home. One problem with this is that distraction decreases our level of happiness (Tierney 2010). A study conducted at Harvard University showed that whatever people were doing at a given point in time—reading, shopping, etc.—they tended to be happier if they focused on the activity instead of thinking about something else while engaging in the activity. In fact, whether and where their minds wandered was a better predictor of happiness than what they were doing. Facebook can be an ever-present distraction as people access it via their smart phones and tablet devices.

There is also the potential for an addictive-type connection to Facebook and other media. A study of over 1,000 university students in 10 countries asked the students to go 24 hours without their electronic gadgets and media, including social media (Hough 2011). Most of them could not complete the task. They reported experiencing withdrawal symptoms similar to those felt by drug addictions and tobacco-users who abruptly stop consuming narcotics and tobacco. Students used words such as confused, anxious, irritable, nervous, jealous, insecure, depressed, jittery, addicted, angry, lonely, and paranoid to describe how they felt without their access to technology and social media. These are the same terms used by drug addicts as they struggle with their addictions.

An Objection

The defender of Facebook might argue, in response to the above, that the problem is not Facebook, but the person using it. I agree, to an extent. Nevertheless, it could be the better part of wisdom to avoid or at least limit our use of a technology that supports our self-centered tendencies. It might be the better part of wisdom to avoid something that increases mental distraction, eats up a significant amount of time and energy, decreases the quality of our friendships, and has potentially addictive qualities. The upshot is that if a particular technology has the potential to foster both moral and intellectual vice, then special care must be taken in how we utilize that technology. And we should think about whether in our particular case it should be used at all.

Conclusion: A Call to Action

Finally, I would like to ask the reader to consider doing something as a result of the foregoing discussion. This might seem strange in a paper of this sort, but given the fact that ideas have implications for our lives, I want to discuss one possible application: consider going Facebook-free for one month. I am not asking you to delete your account, just deactivate it for 30 days, and reflect upon the impact of this on your everyday life and relationships. Perhaps you will conclude that Facebook should play a different or smaller role in your life, perhaps not. Whatever you decide, you will likely benefit from this experiment in many ways. Susan Moeller, the lead researcher for the aforementioned study involving 1,000 students, recounted that "When the students did not have their mobile phones and other gadgets, they did report that they did get into more in-depth conversations... Quite a number reported quite a difference in conversation in terms of quality and depth as a result" (Hough 2011). A potential benefit is that this experiment will deepen your face to face relationships. And given the human need for deep interpersonal relationships, this alone is a sufficient reason for engaging in such an experiment.

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MARK ROWLANDS

THE WOLF AND THE PHILOSOPHER

Some years ago, I wrote a book called *The Philosopher and the Wolf* (Pegasus 2009). It should really have been called *The Wolf and the Philosopher*. The wolf is the star, the philosopher an insignificant extra bumbling around in the background. The book is about many things, but fundamentally, I suppose, it is about growing up. I've recently finished a sequel of sorts. It's called *Running with the Pack* (Pegasus 2013) and it's a book about growing old. There is, I suspect, a natural trilogy to be written here, but I hope I don't have to write the final part for some time yet.

The Philosopher and the Wolf is a *memoir*: a book of memories. In this paper, I shall talk about this book, but I shall also talk *with* it. I shall talk not just about the memories the book contains but use these to examine the idea of memory.

When I was twenty-seven, I did something a really rather stupid…

Actually, I almost certainly did many stupid things that year—I was, after all, twenty-seven—but this is the only one I remember because it went on to indelibly shape the future course of my life. When I first met Brenin, I was a young assistant professor of philosophy at the University of Alabama, and he was six-week old, a cuddly little teddy bear of a wolf cub. At least, he was sold to me as a wolf, but I think it is very likely that he was wolf-dog mix. Whatever he was, he grew up, and with this came various, let us call them, *idiosyncrasies*. If I left him unattended for more than a few minutes, he would destroy anything he could lay his jaws on—which, given that he grew to be thirty-five inches at the withers, included pretty much everything that wasn't screwed to the ceiling. I don't know if he was easily bored, had separation anxiety, or claustrophobia, or some combination of all of these things. But the result was that Brenin had to go everywhere I did. Any socializing I did—bars, parties, and so on—Brenin had to come too. If I went on a date, he would play the lupine gooseberry. I took him to lectures with me at the University. He would lie down and sleep in the corner of the lecture room: most of the

time anyway—when he didn't things would get interesting. For example, you can probably imagine the circumstances that caused me to append this little cautionary note to my syllabus:

> **Note:** Please do not pay any attention to the wolf. He will not hurt you. However, if you do have any food in your bags, please ensure that those bags are securely fastened shut.

I can't be certain of this, of course, but I strongly suspect that this was the first time these three sentences had ever appeared on a philosophy syllabus.

Allied to his destructive proclivities was his boundless energy. When Brenin was a cub, and then a young wolf, he liked to play a game: he would grab a cushion off the sofa or armchair on which I was sitting, and tear off out the garden, with me in hot pursuit. It was a game of chase, and he loved it. But when he started getting big, he decided to modify the game. One day, my reflections were interrupted by a sequence of loud thuds coming from the room that led out to the back yard. Instead of taking a cushion from the armchair and going out the garden, Brenin had decided that it would be far more rewarding to take the rest of armchair too. The thuds were made by the chair, locked firmly in Brenin's jaws, being repeatedly slammed against the doorframe. I think it was at precisely this moment I decided that it would be a *really, really* good thing if Brenin were constantly exhausted. That thud-thud-thud of an armchair against a doorframe marked the beginning of a life of almost daily running.

On Our Runs Together …

A passage from *The Philosopher and the Wolf* records a memory of running.

> I realized something both humbling and profound: I was in the presence of a creature that was, in most important respects, superior to me. My realization was fundamentally an aesthetic one. When we were running, Brenin would glide across the ground with an elegance and economy of movement I have never seen in a dog. When a dog trots, no matter how refined and efficient its gait, there is always a small vertical vector present

> in the movement of its feet, and this movement of the feet will transmit itself to the line of its shoulders and back. A wolf uses its ankles and large feet to propel it forwards. As a result there is far less movement in its legs—these remain straight and move forwards and backwards but not up and down. So, when Brenin trotted, his shoulders and back remained flat and level. From a distance, it looked like he was floating an inch or two above the ground. When he was especially happy or pleased with himself, this would be converted into an exaggerated bounce. But his default motion was the glide. Brenin is gone now and when I try to picture him it is difficult to furnish this picture with the details necessary to make it a concrete and living representation. But his essence is still there for me. I can still see it: the ghostly wolf in the early-morning Alabama mist, gliding effortlessly over the ground, silent, fluid and serene.
>
> The contrast with the noisy, puffing and leaden-footed thudding of the ape that ran beside him could not have been more pronounced or depressing. I wanted to be able to lope. I wanted to glide across the ground as if I were floating an inch or two above it. But no matter how good at running I became—and I became very good—this was always going to escape me. If you want to understand the soul of the wolf—the essence of the wolf, what the wolf is all about—then you should look at the way the wolf moves. And the crabbed and graceless bustling of the ape, I came to realize with sadness and regret, is an expression of the crabbed and graceless soul that lies beneath.
>
> (*The Philosopher and the Wolf*, 84-6)

As a result of having to share a life with a rootless and restless philosopher, Brenin became not only a highly educated wolf—the recipient of more free university education than any wolf that ever lived—but also, I suppose, a rather cosmopolitan wolf, moving with me from Alabama to Ireland, on to Wales, England, and finally to France. Here is a memory that is recorded in *Running with the Pack*: the memory of a run that took place a few days before we moved from Alabama to Ireland.

This is a run of sadness…

…a run of times that have gone and will never come again. This is a run of fear: a run of times as yet unknown. I will soon, in a few short days, be putting Brenin on a plane to Ireland, and quarantine, but at this moment he floats along beside me as we run through the early morning streets of Tuscaloosa. I was twenty-four when I moved here, fresh out of Oxford, and starting my first real job. I began Oxford-style. I went to work in blazer and flannels. I ended up grunge: t-shirts, shorts, flip-flops and a ponytail. I didn't anticipate my first job turning into a seven-year party, but sometimes things have a funny way of turning out. After seven years, over a hundred rugby games, thousands of tequila shooters, and more 25c longneck beers than I can number, I am ready to leave Alabama. When I arrived here, I was younger than many of my students. So, it was perhaps not particularly surprising that I found my way into the University's student rugby team, and the rather surreal sub-culture that surrounds it. But before I knew it I am thirty-one. I'm too old, and the party has moved on. There is only so long you can turn up at student parties—even student rugby parties—without it getting first a little sad, and after that a little creepy. I suspect I have already transgressed the borders of sad, and want to get the hell out of Dodge before I cross over into creepy. No one comes back from creepy.

It is an early Sunday morning. We had a game the previous day, followed by the inevitable festivities, and so I am running off the party of the night before. My memories of those streets are pallid. In this respect they are not inaccurate, for the streets were also pallid. Once the blinding white porched-and-pillared abodes of respectable southern gentility, this part of town has been taken over by the students of the University of Alabama, and the houses are grey and cracked and peeling from all the young lives that have burned brightly within them. But my memories are

> pallid and peeling for another reason. They were made in a time when I had little need for them. Age is not, in fact, the destroyer of memories; that belongs to youth. Age is the preserver of memories, the reverer of memories. The memories I make become stronger as I get older. The memories I made when I was young are sickly children.
>
> (*Running with the Pack*, Ch. 4, "American Dreams")

Glance and Gesture, Nameless

There is a memory I have that sits on my bookshelves, a memory frozen in time in the form of a photograph. It is a memory of Brenin and his dog friend, Nina, charging around the beach at Inchydoney, in County Cork, Ireland. On the back, some forgotten hand tells me that it is February 1998. I love this memory for many reasons. But the most important thing about this memory is not what it contains but what it does not.

A couple of years after Nina—a German Shepherd/malamute mix—had joined us, Brenin unilaterally decided to further augment the pack. An unsanctioned rendezvous with a white German shepherd a few miles away resulted—63 days plus around five weeks later—in the addition of Tess. When the photograph was taken, when this memory was frozen, Tess did not yet exist. And yet there she is. There is an absence—a raggedy absence—that you would see if you could turn your attention to the (missing) top right hand corner. Tracking left, you would see some scratches and indentations. I rescued this photograph from the jaws of Tess. This raggedy absence is Tess, present as absent. It is Tess, Brenin's daughter, impinging on a time before she was born. It is Tess saying, "I am here too," even though she was not yet a glint in her wolf-father's eye.

When she chewed away at this photograph, Tess didn't ruin it: she augmented it, added immeasurably to it. If the photograph were a memory, frozen in time, when Tess gnawed away at it, and thus encroached onto a time before she was born, she did not do so by altering the *content* of the memory but by altering its *form*. The content of the memory is what the memory is about, what it depicts. And this is till the same: it is still a depiction of two friends, charging around a beach on a rare sunny Irish day. If this

photograph were a memory, Tess would have altered its form—transformed it into a *raggedy* memory. Every memory has not just content but a form. Every memory has a *shape*.

Some people say that it is our memories that make us who we are. Indeed, there is a well-known philosophical theory that says just that: it is my memories that make me the person I am, the same person today as I was yesterday, a different person from anyone else. This is known as the *memory theory*. Perhaps the theory is right—although I suspect not—but it is certainly ambiguous. If my memories make me who I am, is this "I" to be found in the content of my memories or in their form?

The German poet, Rainer Maria Rilke, once said something that I think is both profoundly beautiful and profoundly true about memories:

> But it is still not enough to have memories. One must be able to forget them, if they are many, and have the great patience to wait for them to come again. For it is not the memories themselves. Only when they become blood in us, glance and gesture, nameless and no longer to be distinguished from ourselves, only then can it happen in a very rare hour, the first word of a line arises out of their midst and strides out of them.
>
> (*The Notebooks of Malte Laurids Brigge*, trans. Burton Pike, Dalkey Archive Press 2008, 14)

Rilke is talking here of the importance of memory for a poet, the role that memory plays in artistic creation. But I think his insight is true more generally. The most important memories are the ones that come again, and for this they must first be forgotten. When they come again, when they return to us, it is not in their original way. The memories that come again have become part of our blood, "glance and gesture, nameless and no longer to be distinguished from ourselves." Their content has gone, but their form remains. This form shapes us.

The Prejudice of Content over Form

Although I wasn't familiar with the work of Rilke at the time, this idea was a continuing theme of *The Philosopher and the Wolf*. There, I argued that when we think of memory, we fall victim to what I called the "prejudice of conscious recall." We might equally call it the "prejudice of content over form." There is, I argued, a deeper way of remembering than the mere recall of content:

> But there are different ways of remembering. And when we think of memory, we overlook what is most important in favor of what is most obvious. A bird does not fly by flapping its wings: this is merely what gives it forward propulsion. The real principles of flight are to be found in the shape of the bird's wings, and the resulting differences in air pressure on the upper and lower surfaces. But in our early attempts to fly, we overlooked what is most important in favor of what is most obvious: we built flapping machines. Our understanding of memory is similar. We think of memory as conscious experiences whereby we recall past events. But this is just the flapping of wings. These memories are not particularly reliable at the best of times, and are the first to fade as our brains begin their long, but inexorable, descent into indolence; like the flapping of a bird's wings that gradually fades in the distance.
>
> (*The Philosopher and the Wolf*, 45-6)

The raggedy absence through which Tess announces her presence to a time before she was born is a reminder that there is another way of remembering. Here, again, *The Philosopher and the Wolf*:

> But there is another, deeper and more important, way of remembering: a form of memory that no one ever thought to dignify with a name. This is the memory of a past that has written itself on you, in your character and in the life on which you bring this character to bear. You are not aware of these memories: often they are not even the sorts of things of which you can be conscious. But they, more than anything else, make you what you

> are. These memories are exhibited in the decisions you make, and the actions you take, and the life that you thereby live.
>
> It is in our lives, and not fundamentally in our conscious experiences, that we find the memories of those who are gone. Our consciousness is fickle, not worthy of the task of remembering. When someone is worth remembering, then being a person they have helped fashion and living a life they have helped forge: these are not only the ways in which we remember them; they are the ways in which we honor them.
>
> (*The Philosopher and the Wolf*, 46)

Nothing Brightly Embossed on Them …

These passages advert to the relative *persistence* of the form of memories over their content. Even when their contents are no longer available to us, memories have a form that continues to guide us, to shape our lives in various ways, for good or for ill. This is what Rilke meant when he wrote of memories becoming part of our blood. There is, however, more to it than merely the persistence of form. There is also an issue of *ownership*. I suspect the form of my memories is *mine* in a way that their content can never be. The form of my memories belongs to me in a way their content never can. This was also a theme of *The Philosopher and the Wolf*.

> Often my memories of Brenin are tinged with a strange sort of amazement. It's as if the memories are made up of partially overlapping images: one senses that the images are connected in an important way, but they're too blurred to make out. And then they suddenly converge—snap into focus—like images in an old kaleidoscope. I remember Brenin next to me, striding the touchlines of the rugby pitch in Tuscaloosa. I remember him sitting next to me at the post-match party, when pretty Alabama girls would come up and say: I just love your dog. I remember him running with me through the streets of Tuscaloosa; and when the Tuscaloosa city

> streets transformed into lanes of an Irish countryside I remember the pack running next to me, easily matching its stride to mine. I remember Brenin, his daughter Tess and his friend Nina, bouncing like salmon through the seas of barley. I remember Brenin dying in my arms in the back of the Jeep. And when the convergence of images happens, I think: is that really me? Was it really me that did those things? Is that really my life?
>
> This realization sometimes strikes me as a faintly surreal discovery. That I am in these memories at all is not given: sometimes it is a fortuitous bonus that must be discovered.
>
> (*The Philosopher and the Wolf*, 242)

Memories have both form and content. Their content is something I recall. But there is nothing brightly embossed on this content that reads: "Property of Mark Rowlands." Sometimes, the most I can hope for is that some forgotten hand will have scrawled something on the back.

A Wind Blowing Towards the World

Why would my memories show themselves to me in such a way that my ownership of them should sometimes strike me as a "faintly surreal discovery"? When I remember, I am—so I'm told—aware of the content of my memories—of what my memories depict. And, far from making me what I am, I suspect the content of my memories really is not part of me at all. The French existentialist philosopher, Jean-Paul Sartre, reached a similar conclusion: "All consciousness… is consciousness of something. This means that there is no consciousness that is not a positing of a transcendent object, or if you prefer, that consciousness has no 'content'" (*Being and Nothingness,* trans Hazel Barnes, Philosophical Library 1956, 11) Consciousness has no content—there is nothing in it. Consciousness is nothing—a little pocket of nothingness that has insinuated itself into the heart of being.

"All consciousness is consciousness of something." This has a clear, but striking, consequence: nothing I am aware of can be part of my consciousness. Everything I am

aware of is outside my consciousness. At one time, many years ago, I would have been standing on a beach with Brenin and Nina. Obviously, Brenin and Nina are not part of my consciousness. But, if Sartre is correct, neither is my memory of them. When I remember Brenin and Nina on the beach at Inchydoney, does an image flash before my mind, like an old photograph? But the image, in itself, could mean anything at all: it might depict two dogs on a beach. It might depict play. It might depict happiness. In principle, the image might mean any number of things. The image, taken in-itself, has no *intentionality*. In-itself it is not about anything. It can be about something—it can mean or signify something—but only when it is interpreted. And, for Sartre, what provides the interpretation is consciousness.

Consciousness is intrinsically *of* or *about* something. It is, as philosophers call it, *intentional*. But the content of memory is not about anything—not taken in itself. The conclusion, Sartre realized, is that the content of memory is not part of consciousness. And, if I am consciousness, this means the content of my memory is not part of me.

The Death Run

The final memory is really a juxtaposition of two memories, separated by a decade, and recorded in *Running with the Pack*.

> Brenin has lymphoma, the vet tells me, and the prognosis is what, in the profession, they call "guarded." In other words, he is going to die. It is going to be soon, and my primary duty now, the last important thing I can do for my old friend, is to make his death as easy as it can be. As easy as it can be for him, I mean. That probably means making it hard for me. If he could just slip away in the night, painlessly, unaware … but I suspect that is not the way it is going to be. I am going to have to make a decision, a final judgment. The judgment will be that Brenin's life is no longer worth living. Not a second less of a life worth living, and not a second more of a life that is not. That is the goal. Then I will have to take him to the vet, and I will have to ask the vet to kill him. I suspect that whatever decision I make will always be riddled with doubt. Years later, I will ask myself:

Was that the right day? Did I get it right? Was it too soon? Or was I too slow, already too late—too weak?

We have just returned from taking Nina and Tess to boarding kennels, for a few days. They are still young, exhausting to be around; and I decided Brenin might benefit from a short rest, a break from their grinding effervescence. Upon our return, I quickly notice a change in Brenin's demeanour. Brighter, more alert, more interested, hungrier than he has been in weeks—I offer him the spaghetti I had made for my lunch and he quickly devours it. Then he does something altogether unexpected. He jumps onto the sofa and howls.

When he was a young wolf, Brenin had a little party piece that he would perform most days. He would run, full tilt, at the settee, jump on to it, and then continue his run up the wall. When he had got as high as his momentum would carry him, which was typically around three-quarters of the way up a standard living room wall, he would spin his back legs up and around—a kind of canine cartwheel—and then run back down the wall. This was his way of letting me know we had been dawdling in the house for far too long, and that it was time for a run. Time had stripped him of this sort of outrageous athleticism—jumping on the settee and howling had become his middle-aged substitute. Still, I know exactly what he is suggesting.

There is a ditch at the end of the garden, and when we get there, Brenin begin to run up and down it, over to the trees on the other side and back again: a display of excitement of the sort I have not seen—not from him anyway—in a number of years. When we left the house, I had envisaged a gentle stroll, an opportunity to sniff a few smells, and mark a little territory. But something in his behaviour, perhaps it was a glint in his almond eye, convinces me that something strange is happening. And so we do something that even now I still cannot quite believe.

I had not been running for the best part of a year. Whenever I tried, Brenin, more than a decade old now, would soon start lagging behind. I think it had been the look of desperation on his face, the desperation that goes with understanding that your body will not do what you want it to anymore that convinced me to stop running. Nina and Tess could still run all day, of course. But I couldn't do this to my old wolf brother, and so my running with the pack had transformed into gentle walks.

So, this is how we begin our last run together. I quickly put on some shorts, dig out my neglected running shoes, and we set off through the woods, along a narrow path that brought us out to the *Canal du Midi*. For the first couple of miles we run in the shadows of the giant sycamores. If this had been July, the trees would have been a blessing. But it wasn't, and they weren't. This was January; we are only a few days into the New Year. The *tramontane*—the mountain wind—tasting of the snows of Lozère and Auvergne, sweeps down between the trees, a sycamore wind tunnel. This is a run as cold as death. Every run has its own heartbeat, and this is the beat of a heart that is cold. The barren, leafless branches of those giant plane trees dance to the wind of snow and mountains. Our feet are soundless; our breath, and the jingle, jingle, jingle of Brenin's chain are lost in the wind. We are not here.

I had expected Brenin to tire quickly. I had expected a quick return to the house. But he does not tire. Not a bit: he drifts, apparently without effort, over the ground beside me, almost like the Brenin of old—almost as if he was floating an inch or two above the earth; almost as if he wasn't dying.

There is a turn off from the Canal, down a little dirt track that runs along the edges of the village's vineyards. I was getting a little worried, because we were approaching the furthermost point of the run from our house. The cancer has robbed Brenin of a considerable amount of his weight. But, even so, he is still around 120 lbs., and I really do not relish

> the prospect of having to carry him three miles home. But he glides on, apparently inconvenienced by the death that grows inside him. After about a mile, the track swings south and brings us to the eastern edge of the *grande maïre*.
>
> The sun warms us slightly, now we have left the trees behind. Even the *tramontane* can't quite take that away from a sun that has begun its slow afternoon descent into the sea, and dances fiercely on the wind-worried waters of the *maïre*. After a mile or so of tracking the lagoon, we reach the *digue*, the dyke built to stop the storm surges of the winter Mediterranean. We run along here for half a mile or so, and then turn south again, and we soon reach the beach.
>
> It is here that we rest and sit in the dying January sun, watching the waves wash gently onto the golden sands. The sun sinks slowly over the snow-peaked Canigou, nestled in the mountains that wrapped around the coast, south down to Spain.
>
> The empty house is waiting for both of us. But, for a while at least, we sit and watch the sun.
>
> (*Running with the Pack*, Ch. 6, "The Digue")

Ten years later I find myself on that same beach. I have built sandcastles, surrounded by a system of moats that would not have embarrassed Pierre Paul Riquet, the man who built the Canal du Midi. The sole purpose of these sandcastles is to be destroyed at some subsequent time to be determined by my two sons. Running from distance, they perform graceless belly flops on the castles, hitting the sand hard, yipping like hyenas over and over again, aided and abetted by Hugo, the dog of their childhood, who bounds along beside them barking and frothing like a dog in the grip of *la rage*. I might have played this game once. But then I became old and didn't understand it any more.

I suspect children, and the dogs of children, understand what is important in life far better than adults. When I build the sandcastles, it is work. I do it for the enjoyment of my sons. When they destroy those castles, it is play: they do this for no other reason than

to do it. As the castles die the death of a thousand belly flops, I can think of no more emphatic affirmation of the value of play over work. There is a joy that goes with this—the joy of giving yourself over wholly to the activity and not the outcome, the deed and not the goal. Perhaps I can no longer understand the game; but I can see the joy, I can feel it: I can hear it echoing out across the water towards Africa.

And yet: we are not far away. I can see it. We're no more than a few metres away from the place where I once sat with a dying wolf, and watched the cold winter sun set slowly on his life. That this life, this single pathway through space and time should contain both memories: this is what seems so improbable to me. This is what, for me, is a "faintly surreal discovery."

A Raggedy Absence in the Real

The content of memory is *transient*. There is nothing brightly embossed on it that decisively indicates *ownership*. And when placed side by side, the contents of memories are dubiously *coherent*. If my memories make me who I am, I can only conclude they do not do so in virtue of their content. If I am to be found in my memories at all, it will be in their form. But what is the form of memory?

Here, we are at the limits of language: for the function of language is to express content. And so I can only fall back on metaphor. Form is what shapes content. If I am to be found in the form of my memories, then I am the traces left on the contents of memories. I am the scratches, indentations, and tooth marks left in these contents. The contents of my memories—they could be the contents of anyone's memories. What makes them mine are the marks I have left on them, the marks that shape them. Every mark, every trace: that is me saying, "I am here too!"

Content is what is the case. The world is a totality of content, a totality of facts not things. Shape is always, ultimately, a gap, a lacuna in content. If I am to be found in the form of my memories, then what I am, fundamentally, is a raggedy absence in the real.

LEE ALAN DUGATKIN

HOW TO BUILD A DOMESTICATED FOX: THE START OF A LONG JOURNEY

In 1959, outside of Novosibirsk, Siberia, Dmitri Belyaev and Lyudmila Trut began what remains one of the longest-running experiments in biology. For the last 59 years they have been domesticating silver foxes and studying evolution in real time. Belyaev died in 1985, but Trut has continued to lead this experiment up to this very day. Each generation they and their team have been selecting the calmest, most prosocial-toward-humans foxes and preferentially breeding those individuals. Today they have foxes that are calmer than lap dogs, and who also *look* eerily dog-like—floppy ears, wagging tail and all. Belyaev and Trut's results have fundamentally changed how we think of the process of domestication: to enumerate all their findings and discuss their importance would require a book, which is why Lyudmila Trut (now 84 years old) and I wrote *How to Tame a Fox (and Build a Dog)* (University of Chicago Press, 2017).

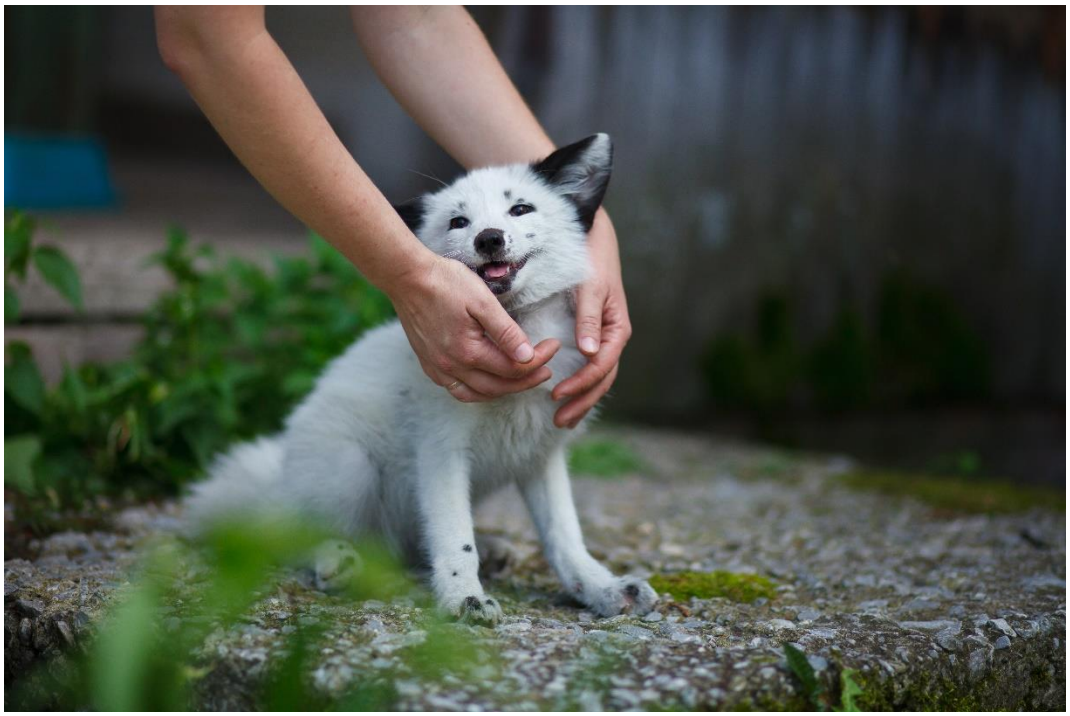

Figure 1: A domesticated fox pup today

Here, I want to take you back to the earliest days of the experiment, when some of the amazing transformations that would come to symbolize this experiment were only first emerging. To do that we need to join Trut, just three years out of her undergraduate days at Moscow State University, and her mentor Belyaev, with his mesmerizing blue eyes, on a train ride that they took from Novosibirsk, Siberia to Moscow in December 1961.

Like all December days in Siberia, the temperature was in negative double digits and dropping. The twenty-three-hundred-mile ride on the Trans-Siberian railway from Novosibirsk to Moscow would take two days and two nights. In the early years of the silver fox domestication experiment, there were many long train rides like this one, across the Soviet Union. With the brainpower and creative forces of the silver fox experiment residing at The Institute of Cytology and Genetics— a center that had literally been carved out of the forests around Novosibirsk—and the early experiments taking place in the Altay region of Siberia, some nine hundred miles away, there had been a lot of travel on the rails.

They were an unusual team stepping onto the train known as "The Sibiryak" that winter day in 1961. There was forty-four-year-old Belyaev, renowned scientist, director of The Institute of Cytology and Genetics and a key player in the Siberian Branch of the Soviet Academy of Sciences: "a true man, where dignity meets handsome" was the way one of his female assistants described him. He had a gentle face and piercing eyes, but he also emanated the sense of an individual who had seen the horrors of war up close and lived to tell about them. Twenty-seven-year-old Lyudmila Trut had been working with Belyaev for all three years of her professional life in science. Petite, she could be quiet or outspoken, depending on what the situation called for. Belyaev had conceived of the silver fox work, and remained fundamental to the project at every step along the way, but Lyudmila was doing the day-to-day work with the foxes and had already proven, through grueling travel and endless days of fieldwork, that she was not only brilliant and creative, but could also be as tough as nails.

This particular two-night train ride to Moscow was set in motion to gather key information about experimental protocol, rather than the foxes themselves. Belyaev and

Trut were heading to a national seminar on animal breeding. The fox experiment involved breeding dozens of foxes, and it would soon require hundreds of these animals, so practical issues about animal breeding were something the team always wanted to learn more about. The two days and nights on the train to Moscow seemed worth the time and effort. And unlike other research scientists of the day, Belyaev did not look down on animal breeders as some sort of second-class scientists—he himself had worked in that field for many years. He understood that he and Lyudmila could learn much from spending some time with breeders. On that train ride "he talked a lot," Lyudmila recalls, "about how in any scientific or practical field the most important part is people."

Not long after the Sibiryak departed from the Novosibirsk railway station, it traversed a huge bridge that spanned the frozen Ob River. The seventh longest river in the world, flowing north and west for 3362 miles, and a major transportation artery, the Ob River has willow trees, snowball trees, currents and wild roses growing along its banks; sturgeon, white fish, carp, perch, river otters and minks swimming in its water; and some 170 different species, including grouse, partridge, geese and ducks forming breeding grounds along its floodplains. Of course, most of the action along the riverbanks and in the water occurred during the warmer parts of the year, but the beauty of the windswept snow, hanging almost like a frozen mist over the ice-covered Ob was not lost on the two scientists. "We were standing by a window of a long hall," Trut recalled. "Belyaev was thinking out loud how huge Russia is and how beautiful and magnificent its nature. He was telling me that we should travel more often so that we can see and appreciate as much as possible."

The Trans-Siberian railroad runs for more than 5000 miles and in 1961 it was *the* artery that connected Siberia to the rest of the Soviet Union. The easternmost station on the railroad is the giant port city of Vladivostok, sitting on the Golden Horn Bay, not all that far from China. During the cold war, this city housed Russia's Pacific Fleet, and security there was tight. The westernmost terminal on the Trans-Siberian railway was one of cosmopolitan centers of the country, and Belyaev and Trut's destination—Moscow.

Traveling almost due west from Novosibirsk to Moscow, the Sibiryak made 14 stops along the way, including large cites like Omsk, Tyumen, Chelyabinsk, Ufa and

Yaroslavi. Passengers came and went, with fifteen or twenty departing, and about the same amount boarding, at each stop as the train trekked west. Both Trut and Belyaev were very familiar with the route, as they had traversed it, or sections of it, either as a team or alone many, many times.

The Sibiryak had about fifteen cars, and each car had nine passenger compartments. Most cars had compartments that slept four, but because Belyaev was already a highly respected scientist and an Akademician (a member of The Soviet Academy of Sciences), he and Lyudmila were put in a special car that had two-person, rather than four-person, sleeping compartments. Reserved for high-ranking passengers, this car was especially quiet and well heated. "In the mornings and evenings, "Lyudmila recalls, "the service lady brought tea to the compartments. In each compartment there was a speaker, so, if desired, we could turn it on and listen to news or music."

These trips gave Dmitri and Lyudmila a chance to get to know each other better. "We talked about what constituted our lives," says Lyudmila "His youngest son, Misha, and my daughter, Mariana, have the same birthday, December 29. We talked about them, how they were growing, what they said and did. We also talked about our mothers, who lived with us." They also talked about their hobbies: "He liked very much the Russian writer Leskov," Lyudmila recalled, "and when he found out that I hadn't read *The Amazon* and *The Enchanted Wanderer*, he said that I should read them as soon as possible." When quarters got too close, which was inevitable when two people travel together on a train for 48 straight hours, social interactions with others were readily available in the hall outside the sleeping compartments or at stops along the route. Dress in the train car was casual, as people slept in what they wore. Only when the train would stop at a large city, and there was time to pop off for a bit, did people put on their dress clothes.

"At night Belyaev slept very little," Trut recalled. "He was reading a lot—on the other hand I wanted to sleep." With a young child at home, and a full time career as a scientist, sleep was a valuable commodity for Lyudmila. As the train chugged along to Moscow, Belyaev sat in the small railroad car reading and occasionally nodding off, perhaps dreaming of his younger days in Moscow with his brother Nikolai.

The Sibiryak train had a restaurant car, but Belyaev's wife, Svetlana Argutinskaya, would do what she could to keep her husband and her friend Lyudmila out of that car for at least the first half of the trip. Svetlana, herself a well-respected biologist, prepared pierogi, cooked beef, hard boiled eggs, hard salami and vegetables for the team to take with them to Moscow. The home-cooked food was much appreciated and savored while it lasted, but by the second day it was gone, and so Belyaev and Trut would eat in the restaurant car or grab something there and bring it back to their compartment. On occasion they would pick up hot boiled potatoes and pickles from local women who would be waiting at the depot when the Sibiryak stopped in a major city.

The stops also provided a chance to get some fresh air and to stretch. And Belyaev thoroughly enjoyed meeting with and talking with the locals peddling food. He had a way of connecting to people, regardless of their social status, and people seemed to be innately drawn towards him, sensing a genuinely kind and caring man. It is not impossible that his foxes sensed the very same thing.

The causal, comfortable environment of the Sibiryak train car was the perfect backdrop for Belyaev and Trut to discuss and mull over their early work on the fox domestication experiment. Lyudmila recalls that shop talk included inspirational reminders from Belyaev—"He was telling me back then that the experiment will be very long, maybe as long as my life, encouraging me to be patient," but "most of our time during that travel we discussed data that I collected."

Preliminary data on changes to the foxes' behavior was encouraging, Lyudmila told him, as she had gathered evidence suggesting a genetic underpinning to "calmness," a big first step in the process of domestication and a linchpin in Belyaev's hypothesis of how domestication unfolded in real time. There were even a few foxes, like Laska ("Gentle"), that allowed Lyudmila to pick them up and hold them in her arms (Figures 2 and 3).

Figure 2. Lyudmila and Laska, circa 1961.

Figure 3. Lyudmila Trut with one of the domesticated foxes today.

Belyaev was also interested in the way that domesticated animals had very different reproductive cycles than their ancestors in the wild. Two things particularly fascinated him. Wild animals tend to have a fixed reproductive season—often a very short one—but their domesticated descendants often cast off that constraint and are capable of breeding during any time of the year. What's more, it isn't just that domesticated animals can breed any time of the year; in some cases, they are actually reproducing more than once a year. The entire reproductive biology of animals seems reshaped by domestication. If that was happening with his foxes, it meant he was on the way to unlocking the mysteries of domestication.

Belyaev and Trut looked through the data Lyudmila had collected on whether the earliest generations of foxes in the domestication experiment had shifted from a single short reproductive period toward a longer, less constrained breeding system. It was still early in the experiment, and while they weren't seeing definitive signs of a major shift in reproduction, there were hints in the data. Wild foxes almost always breed only from the

end of January to the end of March. Domesticated foxes were going into estrous a few days earlier than their wild foxes. There was reason for hope with respect to this one prediction about the dramatic effects of domestication.

On the final day of the trip on the Sibiryak, shortly before the city of Yaroslavi, the Sibiryak was winding its way through the residential areas of Ural, when Lyudmila "specifically remembers [seeing] the beautiful golden domes of old Russian churches in Murom… and [looking] at those places with excitement although we had seen them many times." Murom, a city that sits on the left bank of the Oka River, traces its origin back to 862 AD. The city, Trut reminisced, "was the birthplace of my parents." Parents who would have been very proud of their young scientist daughter, who in her everyday work had already come to adopt French explorer and writer Antoine de Saint-Exupéry's philosophical stand that "we are responsible for those who we tame."

The last leg of the journey on the Sibiryak always was special to Lyudmila Trut. "Every time when I travel to Moscow," she would say, "I feel almost like an anxiety inside of me because for me that is where I grew up and went to school and that is the place I left to go to Siberia." And though Belyaev was her mentor, her advisor, and seventeen years her senior, Lyudmila felt comfortable sharing her feelings with him. To her delight, Dmitri told her that he felt the very same way. He then proceeded to tell her stories of his childhood days in Moscow with his brother Nikolai and then his sister Olga, and how such memories "leave a lifetime impression in our memory."

As the train pulled into Moscow and Belyaev and Trut disembarked to head for the animal breeders' meetings, Dmitri had high hopes for the domestication work. It appeared that calmness in his foxes was linked to their genetic makeup. The workers involved with the fox experiment seemed to love what they were doing, always going far beyond the call of duty, forging deep bonds with their experimental subjects. And the speed at which his and Lyudmila's foxes were evolving, corresponding with massive changes to their behavior, anatomy and physiology, would soon come to make Belyaev and Trut understand just how revolutionary their experiment really was.

WILLIAM E. ELLIS

WHITHER EDUCATION IN KENTUCKY: CHALLENGES AND PROMISES OF THE 21ST CENTURY

From its founding in 1792, the Commonwealth of Kentucky, compared with the states north of the Ohio River, followed a typically southern style of education. Before the Civil War a slave oligarchy controlled the political destiny of the state. After the Civil War, ironically because two-thirds of Kentuckians who fought in that war were on the Union side, the state became even more southern in many ways. Racism and segregation prevailed until the mid-1950s when the state began making rapid and successful strides to integrate its public and private schools.[65]

Equity and equality have always been stumbling blocks for education in Kentucky. From the state's founding if you came from a middle class family your chances of getting a creditable education in Kentucky have been good. However, if you came from a poor family, a rural area, particularly in eastern Kentucky, or were female or African-American, your chances were considerably diminished. These problems appear to have abated in more recent years. More progress will be made, but only if funding by state government exceeds national averages, allowing the state to reach parity with those states which are also improving their systems.[66]

Kentucky stands again at a crossroads in educating its children, young people and adults. Educational performance tended to improve in the past two decades because of the Kentucky Education Reform Act (1990) and other important legislation. While elementary and middle school students have shown improvement in more recent years in math and science, there seems to be a disconnect when students enter high school, where too many drop out before graduation. Moreover, in the fall of 2011, Kentucky college and university enrollments stagnated.[67]

[65] William E. Ellis, *A History of Education in Kentucky*, Lexington: University Press of Kentucky, 2011, Chapters 1-7.
[66] Ibid., "Epilogue."
[67] *Lexington Herald-Leader*, September 29, 2011; *Richmond Register*, November 2, 2011.

As has happened many times in our history, and as chronicled in my book, *A History of Education in Kentucky*, the tendency has been to make progress but soon slide into a barren zone of complacency. And in many respects, Kentucky shares much the same problems as do other states. What one educationist has called "the leakiest segment of the education pipeline" is the dropout rate in grades 10-14 (with freshmen and sophomore higher education years considered as grades 13 and 14) is indeed problematic.[68]

Besides the deplorable dropout rate of high school students, nearly 50 percent of those Kentuckians who make it into higher education institutions are required to take one or more remedial courses as freshmen. Moreover, in 2007, 40% of Kentucky students did not make the required grade point average of 2.5 in order to keep their Kentucky Educational Excellence Scholarship provided by the Kentucky State Lottery. This proves that many Kentucky high schools have been graduating students who are not well-qualified for higher education academics.[69]

High school and higher education are connected. Though most Kentucky higher education institutions do not qualify as so-called "dropout factories," for example, nationally two-thirds of entering freshmen do not graduate in six years. A 2010 study indicated that only 37.5 % of EKU's entering freshmen graduated in that time frame. Even at the University of Kentucky, the state's flagship university, less than 60 percent of entering freshmen graduated in six years.[70] The grades 10-14 dropout rates severely handicap Kentucky's efforts to reach a goal of doubling the number of citizens holding a baccalaureate degree to 800,000 by 2020 or increasing EKU's undergraduate enrollment to at least 20,000 a year.[71]

This is a national problem. The United States, compared with other industrial nations, ranks 20th in high school completion and 16th in the number of its citizens

[68] Kevin Carey, "College for All," *The Atlantic* (Autumn 2011), 48-51.
[69] Ellis, 419.
[70] *Lexington Herald-Leader*, September 30, 2011.
[71] Ellis, "Epilogue."

finishing a four-year higher education program.[72] How do we find our way out of this educational impasse?

Not all American students can or should go to college, but all should receive the opportunity to achieve the equivalent of a high school diploma or its equivalent. Those who do go on to higher education should be well-equipped for the task and not need remedial work.

First, stress on preschool through grade 12 education should be improved with the most current electronic and education advances. Time in school is still mostly based on "seat time," whether completing units in high school or class hours in higher education. "Defined competencies" as used by the Western Governors University, including online courses, should find its way into the educational mainstream. Though "virtual schools" offer few boundaries to a well-motivated student, the classroom experience must remain the central cores of any level of education.[73]

The problems are daunting. Kentucky must develop a "culture" that appreciates educational attainment for all its citizens. This costs money and the commitment of the state government. Bob Sexton, longtime executive director of the Prichard Committee for Academic Excellence, once said: "I think the idea of getting every child in a situation where they have a highly talented, well-trained, well-supported teacher [in] a good learning environment, is just daunting." There is also a dropout problem among teachers, especially among beginning instructors, because of lower salaries for teachers entering the field.[74]

The key in public school education is placing a well-motivated teacher who does not have to worry about finances in a healthy classroom with an optimum number of students. Then the magic of education happens.

Completion of high school has far-reaching sociological implications. Studies in the United States, Britain, and Italy have shown that "one extra year of high school

[72] Charles W. Steger, "America's Global Economic Stature at Risk," *Virginia Tech Magazine*, 33 (Spring 2011), n.p.
[73] Carey, 51.
[74] Ellis, "Whither Education in Kentucky," *Kentucky Monthly* (March 2011), 56; *Richmond Register*, December 19, 2011.

reduced arrest rates for young men by about 11 percent." It is important for Kentucky to raise the high school attending age to eighteen. Prior to the 2012 meeting of the Kentucky General Assembly, Kentucky was one of only 19 states without an 18 year-old attendance law. Daily school attendance is also a problem in Kentucky. Many white middle class citizens do not realize that poorer students may work many hours a week at minimum wages as well as attend school. Often they are stressed to do both well. Studies show that students who miss more than 20 days a year are persistent low-achievers.[75]

Though not everyone can attain a college degree, it remains the best indicator of economic security for an individual. The repercussions since the beginning of the 2008 economic "meltdown" have particularly hit non-college educated males the hardest, even being called a "man-cession" by one writer owing to high unemployment in male-dominated construction and manufacturing trades and industry.

Women, particularly those with higher education degrees, have made great strides in recent years, numerically passing men with undergraduate and graduate degrees. Though still behind men in pay, the percentage moved from 64 percent in 2000 to 78.2 percent in 2011 for women with full-time jobs.[76]

The sociological implications of this are important. For some time, well-educated African-American women have found it increasingly difficult to find a similarly well-educated black spouse. This trend may now be developing in the white community. Many women are now opting out of marriage as their lives no longer depend on male financial support.[77]

Some pundits, both liberal and conservative, fear that the nature of the American middle class is in dire straits of being lost with the country increasingly divided into haves and have-nots. Depending on political persuasion, each is using this issue to their advantage in local, state, and national political campaigns.[78]

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[75] *Wilson Quarterly* (Winter 2011), 65; *Lexington Herald-Leader*, November 9, 2011.
[76] *Lexington Herald-Leader*, April 27, 2011.
[77] Kate Bolick, "All the Single Ladies," *The Atlantic* (November 2011), 116-36.
[78] Don Peck, "Can the Middle Class be Saved?" *The Atlantic* (September 2011), 60-78; *Lexington Herald-Leader*, November 6, 2011.

The author has other concerns about developments in education today. For example, has education been cheapened? Is America becoming a society where, as Garrison Keillor says: "All the women are strong, all the men are good-looking, and all the children are above average." Every time the author gives a talk about education to a group of older Americans, someone will always bring up the old adage that the best grading system is one based on the Bell Curve, or some such system.

The life of the child in America has always been in a state of flux. Have children forgotten how to play or do they ever learn on their own without direct adult supervision, what the author calls the result of the regimentation of "Little League Syndrome." Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn would have gone insane in today's world of the child. Other writers have expounded on what some of them term "the cult of self-esteem" that we have inflicted on children. David Brooks argues that "today's grads enter a cultural climate that preaches the self as the center of life." This, of course, leaves out the need to be a team player and having a concern for the well-being of others. Howard P. Chudacoff's *Children at Play: An American History* reads like *Brave New World* in many ways. Addiction to video games and childhood obesity are rampant.[79]

Other problems plague education in Kentucky and the nation at large. Cheating at all levels of education is also a major problem. I have read too many reports of students cheating on ACT and other tests, or having surrogates take tests for them, and outright lying to be admitted to prestigious colleges and universities. The pseudonymous "Ed Dante" who wrote "The Shadow Scholar" in *The Chronicle of Higher Education* told about how he routinely produced papers, including theses and dissertations, even for those students in seminaries, for a handsome fee. Because there is so much money involved and a lowering of the ethics of scholarship, there must be many more Ed Dantes than academicians would like to admit. With many students at all levels ascribing to what the author calls a "Wikipedia Mentality," the problem may be almost irreparable. The

[79] Lori Gottlieb, "How to Land Your Kid in Therapy," *The Atlantic* (July/August, 2011), 64-78; *Lexington Herald-Leader*, November 6, 2011; *New York Times*, May 31, June 2, 2010.

internet has produced a mentality among many that anything in the medium must be of academic quality.[80]

There are other specific deficiencies that plague Kentucky education. Kentucky is a relatively small, poor state. There was no Duke family as in North Carolina or Vanderbilt family to found a great private university. Many Kentuckians do not realize that the commonwealth is a federal tax negative state. In other words, Kentucky receives back about $1.25 or more for each dollar that its citizens contribute to federal revenue coffers. Education at all levels in Kentucky heavily depends on federal money.

As it affects public higher education, state historian James C. Klotter wrote in 2006: "Currently the state ranks fourteenth nationally in highway spending, but last in education spending per person. The will to build better roads, and to fund other things, still remains stronger than the will to build—and maintain—a better higher education system. Asphalt often seems more valued than a young mind."[81]

Kentucky politics and education have been inextricably mixed since the late eighteenth century. The founding, funding, and manipulation of Transylvania University until the early 20th century brought great promise in its early years, but that institution nearly foundered on the pyre of Kentucky political and sectarian religious strife. Though not solely a Kentucky trait, we should be reminded of the words written by James H. Mulligan (1902), who after extolling the many wonderful things about the commonwealth concluded: "And politics, the damnedest in Kentucky."[82]

A reading of *A History of Education in Kentucky* reveals the inherent dangers of the nexus of politics and education in Kentucky. For many years a school trustee and then sub-trustee dominated particularly the rural one-room schools. This system Thomas D. Clark called the "black beast of Kentucky educational history from 1838-1920." Violence has sometimes attended the election of local school officials. County governments have often-times been ruled as "little kingdoms" by one person or a small clique. With the school system as the largest employer in a county, the local school superintendent, for

[80] *Richmond Register*, November, 24, 2011; Ed Dante, "The Shadow Scholar," *The Chronicle of Higher Education,* (November 12, 2010) as read on *The Chronicle Review* Website.
[81] Ellis, 422.
[82] Ellis, 147, 158, 209, 264.

good or ill, became the major political broker, developing his or her personal fiefdom. The system to the present day has been corrupted by unethical and sometimes criminal officials. Even now, school boards are elected and they in turn appoint the school superintendent. The reforms of later years have not rationalized this system into one that is still not fraught with political considerations.[83]

Though altered somewhat by the reforms of the administration of Governor Paul Patton (1997), politics still plays a role in the appointment of regents and trustees and presidents serve at the behest of those boards. However, Kentucky governors no longer personally strong arm boards into appointing their choices as presidents.[84]

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Kentucky is at a crossroads. What can be done to advance education at all levels in the commonwealth?

It cannot be emphasized enough that the problems of equity and equality still exist. The odds have always been stacked against the poorest citizens of our state. Deitrich Bonhoeffer once said: "The test of the morality of a society is what it does for its children." Nearly one in four Kentucky children lives in poverty. In 2011 more than 556,000 Kentucky students relied on the School Lunch Program. Children from a background of poverty in Kentucky do worse on statewide achievement tests. Today, nationwide, if family income is $90,000 or above the chance is one in two of graduation from college. If family income is less that $35,000, the chances diminish to one in seventeen.[85]

Kentucky is divided into the Golden Triangle, from northern Kentucky to Madison County to Jefferson County, and the Problem Crescent, which covers all of the Kentucky mountain counties over to the Mississippi River. Within the latter are cities and towns that are prosperous, but many small towns and counties in the Problem Crescent are losing population, tax base, and have declining school age children.

[83] Ellis, passim; *Kentucky Encyclopedia*, 744-77.
[84] Ellis, Chapters 2, 4, 6, 8.
[85] *Lexington Herald-Leader*, September 29, October 29, November 30, 2011, February 4, 2012; *Richmond Register*, October 19, 2011; Ellis, "Epilogue."

Great gains have been made nationally, particularly since the mid-twentieth century when only half of white and one-quarter of black students graduated from high school, but there is still so much to be done to give educational opportunities to all Kentuckians.

Though school desegregation has at least followed the letter of the law and school consolidation has created more efficient public school systems, not all of this is of a positive nature. With 120 counties and over 50 independent school districts is it time to combine these for greater efficiency. Consolidation of districts (often richer and poorer ones share a border) would be a more efficient system of funding schools by reducing administrative costs. There are still too many poor districts that have to overly depend on SEEK funds to fund their schools.

It is time to consolidate school districts with several counties and the independent districts within then into single districts. While districts should be consolidated the trend should continue of having smaller schools. Bigger is not always better in school size.

The dropout rates of grades 10-14 can only be drastically reduced with innovation. At the time of the writing of this article new methods of computation for high school dropout rates were being explored by the Kentucky Department of Education. However, the "graduation rate" for Kentucky high school students in 2008-09 was 83.91 percent, a figure indicating a "dropout rate" of slightly over 16 percent statewide. More should be done to integrate a system into which "seat time" is not the primary measure of student success. An 18 year-old school attendance mandate, if well-funded by the General Assembly, will go a long way to alleviate the grades 10-12 dropout problem. Students who are college bound must be identified as early in their school careers as possible. When they enter a public or private school of higher education they should not need remedial work if their high schools were properly doing their business.[86]

Thomas D. Clark used to maintain that an inherent problem in Kentucky was what he termed "rurality." As Kentucky has become more urban, rurality may have diminished. Many citizens of the commonwealth identify as "Kentuckian," in no small

[86] *Lexington Herald-Leader*, July 31. 2011.

part because of their attachment to University of Kentucky basketball, but they still have an immediate allegiance to what I term "localism."

There are other problems of education in Kentucky that can be alleviated by thoughtful reform. The school day and the school year must be lengthened to keep up with (actually catch up with) the educational systems of the industrialized developed world. School facilities are not used efficiently. What one critic has called the "three sacred cows of June, July, and August" continues to waste time and taxpayer money. These months of school inactivity made sense when Kentucky and much of the nation was rural and children were needed for farm work. We are now an urban society for the most part. Why not make better use of schools year-around? (With only a hint of sarcasm, one might think that the school year now depends on athletic schedules and not the needs of a postmodern society.)[87]

The testing of students is becoming increasingly expensive and a big business. Many critics believe there is too much testing to the detriment of quality instructional time. The rule of testing should be "what gets tested is what gets taught," according to Richard P. Phelps. In the wake of the overturning of NCLB, Kentucky and the nation must soon arrive at one method of assessing student progress and teacher efficiency.[88]

Why not use the ability to pass Algebra II as a primary, but not the only prerequisite, for admission to college? Why not use PISA, the Program for International Student Assessment, as our basic way of assessing student achievement? This would also tell how our teachers are performing.[89]

Public higher education is being priced beyond the means of many poorer Kentuckians. The average debt for a college graduate today is approaching $25,000 nationally. Many students who do not graduate from college are defaulting on their loans. The increasing costs of attending even a "School of Opportunity," where historically the poorest students attended such as Eastern are outpacing the abilities of many students to attend them. In the fall of 2011, Kentucky public undergraduate enrollments showed only

[87] "The Conversation," *The Atlantic* (September 2010), 16.
[88] *Arkansas Democrat-Gazette*, August 9, 2011; Richard P. Phelps, "Teach to the Test?" *The Atlantic* (Autumn 2011), 42.
[89] Amanda Ripley, "The World's Schoolmaster," *The Atlantic* (July/August 2011), 109-10.

a one percent increase and graduate enrollments no increase. Eastern Kentucky University undergraduate enrollment was 2 percent below the fall of 2010. Even KCTCS, which in the not too distant past increased by double digits from one year to the next, only increased by 1 percent in that time period. The old maxim that in poor economic times more young people automatically return to college may be a thing of the past.[90]

There appear to be some bright spots in education as Kentucky moves into the second decade of the 21st century. The "Quality Counts" assessment of early 2012 gave the state a C+ overall on its public school education performance. While the state received excellent grades for school accountability, higher teacher quality, and educational standards and testing, it received an F for "actual education funding," the old bugaboo that has plagued Kentucky throughout its history. Higher education graduation rates appear to be rising with the state moving from 44th to 35th in six-year graduation rates for four year institutions in 2011. However, still only about 17 percent of Kentuckians have bachelor's degrees.[91]

In the lifetime of the author such programs as the G.I. Bill of Rights, the Minimum Foundation Program, KERA, and the higher education reforms of the Patton administration gave an added boost to educational opportunity in Kentucky.

It is time again to make bold moves to improve educational opportunity in Kentucky. Not to do so would be to allow Kentucky to lapse into the old pattern of taking a step backward for every two steps forward in education achievement.

[90] *Lexington Herald-Leader*, July 17, September 23, October 19, November 27, 2011.
[91] *Lexington Herald-Leader*, September 8, 2011, March 5, 2012.