

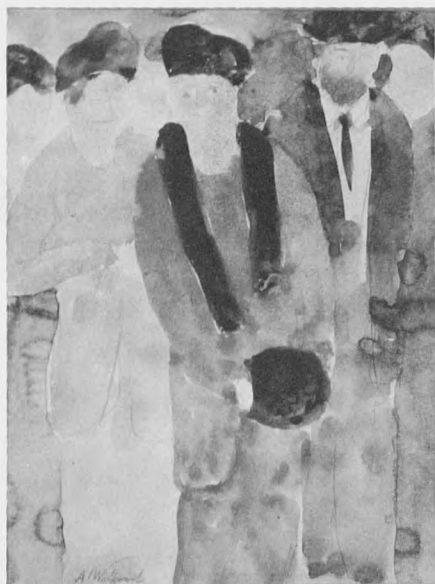
# WILLIAM & MARY

THE ALUMNI GAZETTE MAGAZINE ■ WINTER 1985



WHAT THEY DON'T  
TEACH YOU AT HARVARD  
BUSINESS SCHOOL  
P. 2





#### ON THE COVER

The cover illustration is a watercolor by Abraham Walkowitz (American, 1878-1965), recently acquired by the Joseph and Margaret Muscarelle Museum of Art at the College.

Executed around 1920, *Ladies Strolling* (pencil and watercolor, 9¼ x 7¼ inches) is related to a series of drawings and watercolors Walkowitz produced on the theme of "Promenaders."

The purchase of the painting for the Museum collection in 1983 was made possible by a generous gift from Mr. and Mrs. John H. Duer.

Photo by Thomas L. Williams

#### ON THE BACK COVER

"Spring," a lifesize sculpture group cast in bronze, occupies a small clearing just off one of the paths around Crim Dell Pond on the William and Mary campus. The work of J. Seward Johnson, Jr., the sculpture was given to the College in 1979 by the artist.

Photo by C. James Gleason

# WILLIAM & MARY

January/February 1985

THE ALUMNI GAZETTE MAGAZINE • WINTER 1985

Volume 53, No. 5



## 2 WHAT THEY DON'T TEACH YOU AT HARVARD BUSINESS SCHOOL

By Mark H. McCormack '51

## 7 THE SOUTHAMPTON INSURRECTION OF 1831

By David Carl Brown '80

## 14 WILLIAM AND MARY: THE IRISH CONNECTION

By Alan J. Ward

## 17 HANDEL: RETOUCHING THE PORTRAIT

By Margaret Freeman

## 21 BORNEO: STEREOTYPES OF A VANISHING WORLD

By Vinson H. Sutlive, Jr.

## 25 TODAY'S STUDENTS: FACING AN UNCERTAIN WORLD

By Peter Garland '77

## 29 CHARLES McDOWELL'S CAMPAIGN DAIRY

By Charles McDowell



## The College of William and Mary

Editor: H. Westcott Cunningham '43

Associate Editor: S. Dean Olson

Design: June Skalak

Composition: Sylvia Colston

Austin L. Roberts III, '69, *President*, Newport News, VA; William A. Armbruster, '57, *Vice President*, Blackstone, VA; Aubrey M. Harris '60, *Secretary*, Richmond, VA; S. Warne Robinson, '37, *Treasurer*, Williamsburg, VA; James W. Brinkley, '69, Towson, MD; Stewart Gamage, '72, Alexandria, VA; James E. Howard, '43, Richmond; Bernard J. Nolan '51, Cincinnati, Ohio; Andrew D. Parker Jr., JD '69, Dallas, Tex.; Charles L. Quittmeyer, '40, Williamsburg, VA; G. Elliott Schaubach Jr., '59, Norfolk, VA; Helen T. Stafford, '48, Princeton, NJ; Harriett L. Stanley, '72, Brooklyn, NY; Jerry Van Voorhis '63, Chatham, VA; Dr. Leslie Ward '63, Bronxville, NY.

---

---

MARK H. McCORMACK '51

---

---

WHAT  
THEY  
DON'T  
TEACH YOU  
AT HARVARD  
BUSINESS  
SCHOOL



NOTES FROM A  
STREET-SMART  
EXECUTIVE



**L**et me tell you two stories. One involves a future president, the other a high-living golf pro, and though the incidents happened nearly a decade apart, they are linked in my mind.

In 1963, I was in Paris for the World Cup golf tournament, where I happened to have two chance meetings with Richard Nixon, once at the golf club when he came by my table to speak to Gary Player, the other, only a few days later, at the Tour d'Argent, when he stopped to speak to Arnold

*Mark H. McCormack '51, named by Sports Illustrated "as the most powerful man in sports," was educated at William and Mary and Yale Law School. A collegiate golfer, he was an associate at a Cleveland law firm when he began representing a young unknown named Arnold Palmer. A host of celebrities in golf, tennis and other sports followed, as did wide diversification. McCormack's innovations in merchandising, licensing and TV programming are credited with being the single most important influence in transforming sports into big business, and more than anyone else he has been responsible for bringing leisure activities and big business together in his role as consultant to more than fifty of the Fortune 500 companies. Today, IMG, with offices in New York, Cleveland, Los Angeles, Toronto and nine other cities worldwide, represents such major and diverse events and entities as Wimbledon, the NFL and the Nobel Foundation. IMG is a major producer of television programming. Recently, McCormack and IMG made business history again as the first corporation to be named television consultants for the Organizing Committee for the 1988 Olympic Games in Calgary and Seoul. Mark McCormack never attended Harvard Business School, but the success of his company has been taught there as a case study and he is a frequent lecturer to Harvard and other B-School students.*

*The accompanying article is excerpted from chapters on "Reading People" and "Getting Ahead."*

*From WHAT THEY DON'T TEACH YOU AT HARVARD BUSINESS SCHOOL: NOTES FROM A STREET SMART EXECUTIVE by Mark H. McCormack; published by Bantam Books, Inc., Copyright (c) 1984 by Book Views, Inc. Reprinted by permission of Bantam Books. All rights reserved.*

Palmer and Jack Nicklaus, with whom I was having dinner.

Nixon's remarks were pleasant enough. What stayed with me was that on both occasions he used the same words, the exact same five or six sentences. It was as though he were talking to stick figures rather than to real people, as though he had a fund of stock phrases for every type of person he was likely to meet — five or six sentences for a sports personality, a paragraph for a business leader, another for a religious figure.

The other incident involved the flamboyant golfer Doug Sanders. When we first started representing Doug a lot of people told me we had made a mistake. Doug did have some "Vegas" in him. He ran with a fast crowd, got into his share of scrapes, and was known to make more than just a friendly wager every now and then. Some people thought he was too controversial for us and asked why I trusted him. Quite frankly, I trusted Doug Sanders a lot more than some of the people who were questioning me. Which brings me to my story.

Once Doug played a golf exhibition up in Canada. He made all the arrangements himself. I didn't know anything about it, and since apparently he was

paid in cash I probably never would have known anything about it. But about a week after the exhibition took place, we received an envelope from Doug. There was no letter or note inside, only our commission — in cash.

I recall these incidents now because they demonstrate something important about reading people. What people say and do in the most innocent situations can speak volumes about their real selves.

My accidental encounters with Nixon, for instance, indicated a certain insincerity and a degree of phoniness that I remembered ten years later, when he was forced to resign the presidency. Nixon's troubles probably had as much to do with his phoniness as they did with Watergate. People don't like phonies. They don't trust them, and they certainly don't want one running their country.

In Doug Sanders's case, the fee for the exhibition was so insignificant it might not have seemed worth the bother. But to this day I can see Doug going back to his hotel room, pulling a wad of cash out of his pocket, counting out our commission, sticking it in an envelope, and scribbling out our address. This was so totally in keeping with Doug Sanders's character that



Mark McCormack poses with two of the clients, tennis pros Virginia Wade and Bjorn Borg, that he manages through his International Management Group.



*McCormack has been a devotee to golf since his college days at William and Mary, and his first client was fellow golfer and long-time friend, Arnold Palmer.*

nothing else would have occurred to him.

One would like to believe that it was a future American president who exhibited quality of character and a golf hustler who came off as a con man. But the facts in these cases belie those conclusions.

What does this have to do with business? Everything. In the business world it is easy enough to adopt a corporate persona, or several corporate personae, depending on the situation. Some people will act one way with their subordinates, another way with their boss, and a totally different way with people outside their company.

But the real self — one's true nature — can't change color to suit its environment. In any ongoing business situation, sooner or later — either subliminally or out in the open — you are going to find that you are dealing with that person's real self.

If nothing else, you want to hear what people are really saying, as opposed to what they are telling you; you want to be able to put someone's deeds — his own business activities — into the larger context of character. Whether I'm selling or buying, whether I'm hiring or (in our capacity as consultants) being hired; whether I'm negotiating a contract or responding to someone else's demands, I want

to know where the other person is coming from. I want to know the other person's real self.

Business situations always come down to people situations. And the more — and the sooner — I know about the person I am dealing with, the more effective I'm going to be.

---

## GOLF COURSE INSIGHT

---

I am passionate about the game of golf. I have played it most of my life and have spent more time than I should trying to figure out what I find so intriguing about getting a small white ball into a small dark hole.

Part of the reason, I'm sure, is the range of emotions a round of golf can bring out and the complex array of personality traits it reveals.

I have often said that I can tell more about how someone is likely to react in a business situation from one round of golf than I can from a hundred hours of meetings. Maybe golf cuts more directly to the psyche than other games and situations. Or maybe it's the venue itself — green grass and rolling hills. It's astonishing how so simple a game can reveal so much.

### The Gimme Putt

A "gimme" (give me) is a short putt conceded to the golfer by his playing partner or opponent. It's interesting to observe the broad behavioral spectrum relating to this tiny aspect of social golf.

Some people refuse all gimmes, insisting on putting everything in the hole and accurately recording the results.

Business translation: It's hard to do a favor for people like this.

Others don't even wait and assume it's a gimme — even if it's six feet from the cup. These are usually the big egos who, if they stopped to think about it (which they never do), would figure they could "command" the ball in the hole anyway.

Business translation: They won't ask you for a favor either; they *expect* it.

Most intriguing to me are the people who "half try" to sink the putt, sort of sweep at it one-handed. If it goes in, fine; if it doesn't, they "weren't really trying" and count it as a gimme.

In business, these people are hard to pin down. They have a capacity for self-deception, tend to exaggerate, and may give you a rounded off version of what they originally said.



**"What Did You Shoot?"**

I've played golf a number of times with the CEO of a major corporation. When he's had a bad round he always shoots the same thing: "I had a seventy-nine." Of course, that seventy-nine includes a few post-gimme putts (after they rimmed the hole) and a couple of memory lapses in counting up strokes. What's interesting is that he really *believes* he shot a seventy-nine.

This kind of individual makes me nervous in a business situation. He has a capacity for creatively interpreting facts, then sticking to them until they become gospel.

**"What's Your Handicap?"**

Most people will be reasonably accurate about their handicap. But some will inflate it, maybe even double it. These are the people who want to con you, the ones who won't enjoy the round unless they take your money. That's also the way they will probably want to do business.

Others will tell you their handicap is less than it actually is. These people are trying to deceive the world about how good they actually are. They tend to dismiss their bad performances: "I'm having an off day today." How many times have you heard *that* in business?

**Winter Rules**

Winter rules — improving your lie in the fairway — are invoked when the fairways are in bad shape. It's kind of funny how wide the fairways can become for some people, particularly if there's a tree in the "fairway" between their ball and the green. No great psychological insights needed here: These people cheat!

**The Rules of Golf**

A course's local rules — or how the rules of golf apply to that specific course — are clearly stated on the back of the scorecard. What's amazing to me is not so much the interpretations that some golfers give to local rules but the mental contortions they go through in getting there. I'd much rather deal with someone who says, "See that white out-of-bounds marker over there? Screw it," than I would with someone who is still explaining his interpretation to me three holes later.

**WATCHING PEOPLE/  
REACHING PEOPLE:  
MY SEVEN-STEP PLAN**

Obviously, there aren't 7 steps or 70 steps or 700 steps to learning to read people by opening up your senses. That's the whole point: If it were that categorical it could be learned in a classroom. Nevertheless, what I can say categorically is that learning to read people involves a few basic fundamentals:

**Step 1: Listen Aggressively**

Listen not only to what someone is saying but to how he is saying it. People tend to tell you a lot more than they mean to. Keep pausing — a slightly uncomfortable silence will make them say even more.

**Step 2: Observe Aggressively**

Have you ever said to yourself when watching a talk show or a news interview, "Oh, that person's nervous," or "Aha! That question made him uncomfortable"?

You don't need to read a book on body language to interpret certain motions or gestures or to "hear" the statement someone may be making simply by the way he or she is dressed.

**Step 3: Talk Less**

You will automatically learn more, hear more, see more — and make fewer blunders. Everyone can talk less and almost everyone *should* be talking less.

Ask questions and then don't begin to answer them yourself.

**Step 4: Take a Second Look at First Impressions**

I usually go with my first impressions, but only after I've carefully scrutinized them. Some sort of "thinking out" or contemplative process has to take place between your initial impression and your acceptance of it as a tenet of a relationship.

Muhammed Ali once said to me, "I'm more famous than Jesus Christ" (a line he perhaps borrowed from the Beatles). I was appalled at the statement, dismissed it as braggadocio, and let it go at that. But months later for some reason I got to thinking about it

and started counting up all the Moslem, Hindu, and other non-Christian countries in which Ali was extremely well known. The statement was still braggadocio, but I realized it was also possibly true.

**Step 5: Take Time to Use What You've Learned**

If you're about to make a presentation or a phone call, take a moment to think about what you know and what reaction you want. From what you know of the other person, what can you say or do to be most likely to get it?

**Step 6: Be Discreet**

Discretion is the better part of reading people. The idea of using what you have learned properly is *not* to tell them how insecure you think they are or to point out all the things you have perceptively intuited that they may be doing wrong. If you let them know what you know, you will blow any chance of using your own insight effectively.

You don't owe anyone an insight into yourself for every insight you have into him. Remember, you can only use what you've learned if he's learned less about you.

The surest way to let people in on your own security quotient is to tell them all about your accomplishments. Let people learn of your qualities and achievements from someone else.

**Step 7: Be Detached**

If you can force yourself to step back from any business situation, particularly one that is heating up, your powers of observation will automatically increase. When the other person gets a little hot under the collar, he or she is going to be more revealing than at almost any other time. If you come back with an equally heated response, you will not only be less observant, you will be revealing just as much about yourself.

I am practically a missionary for the importance of acting rather than reacting in any business situation.

Acting rather than reacting allows you really to use what you have learned. It allows you to convert perceptions into controls. By reacting, by failing to step back first, you are probably throwing this powerful advantage away.

If you don't react you will never overreact. You will be the controller rather than the controllee.

### THREE HARD-TO-SAY PHRASES

Many people will say certain things because they wrongly assume they are creating the right impression and will equally wrongly avoid certain other statements for the same reason.

There are three hard-to-say phrases which I find myself saying quite often. In fact, most chairmen and CEO-level executives I've dealt with know how and when to say these three little phrases:

#### "I Don't Know"

It's amazing how many people are afraid of these words, who think that by using them they will somehow appear inadequate.

When I first shook hands with Arnold Palmer, I told him I could make only two guarantees. First, that if I didn't know something, I would tell him. Second, that when I didn't know something, I would find someone who did.

Today, I probably know more than I did twenty years ago, yet I find myself saying "I don't know" more and more all the time. I'll use it even when I really do know, sometimes to get more information or to compare versions of what is already "known," but mostly because I believe the self-effacing approach is almost always more effective than the know-it-all approach. Even when you have a definite opinion, it is often better to soften it by allowing for the possibility that you may not be omniscient: "I don't know, but it appears to me that . . ."

The inability of people to say "I don't know," even in innocent social situations, can give you an insight into their business character. I really do enjoy watching these people squirm sometimes as they try to bluff their way through conversations.

What these people fail to realize is

that not admitting what you don't know can lead to suspicion about what you do know.

#### "I Need Help"

People are often afraid to ask for help or to accept it because they believe that somehow this will show that they are inadequate in their job. If they would think about it for a moment, they would realize that the system is set up for getting and receiving help. The whole corporate assumption is that certain tasks, and effectiveness in accomplishing these tasks, are sometimes better achieved by groups than by individuals. We have an executive who insists on being the "Lone Arranger." He won't bring in a deal, or involve anyone else in it, until he has it totally wrapped up because he is afraid he won't get all the credit. On several occasions both he and the company would have been far better off if he had asked for help and used some of the talent available to him.

Not asking is such a short-sighted and narrow-minded view. Asking for help is the way to learn, the way to expand your knowledge, your expertise, and your value to the company. It also demonstrates a willingness to work with others.

There are limitations, of course. Asking for the same kind of help repeatedly might indicate some sort of learning disability. Nevertheless, more often than not, particularly in aggressive companies, people tend not to ask for enough help rather than for too much.

Equally important is knowing, when asked, how to give help. Those who don't suffer from the same kind of deal paranoia that afflicts the Lone Arranger. People who are reluctant to share their knowledge, their contacts, their trade secrets with others within their own company are simply not going to have a very strong support system when they need one.

Your accepting help and your giving it are going to be remembered and acknowledged by any sort of enlightened management. There is nothing wrong with self-interest, even selfish interest. In fact, the best-run companies all seem to have a way of combining self-interest with corporate interest. But acting in a way that

*sacrifices* corporate interest for self-interest limits your effectiveness and will be noted.

#### "I Was Wrong"

The chairman of a medium-sized company recently expressed to me his frustrations over the conservative attitude of his management-level employees. "The problem," he said, "is that they're all afraid to make a mistake."

There is a business philosophy I subscribe to which says that if you aren't making mistakes you aren't trying hard enough. I believe that to get ahead in business you have to be constantly testing the edge. This means that often you are going to be wrong. The good executives are right most of the time, but they also know when they are wrong and are not afraid to admit it.

The people who are least secure about their abilities have the hardest time admitting their mistakes. They fail to realize that making a mistake and admitting it — owning up to it — are two totally separate acts. It is not the mistake itself but *how a mistake is handled* that forms the lasting impression.

These people would be so much better off, and would look so much better in the eyes of management, if they could admit their mistakes and get on with it rather than waste everyone's time trying to rationalize them, cover them up, or lay the blame elsewhere.

I have seen some very capable executives get excited about their mistakes. They feel that by doing something wrong they may have learned something right and can't wait to try again.

An ability to say "I was wrong" is essential to success because it's cathartic. It allows these successful executives to "get on with it," to put their mistakes behind them, and to move on to other things which may contribute to their next big success.

To order your copy of *WHAT THEY DON'T TEACH YOU AT HARVARD BUSINESS SCHOOL: NOTES FROM A STREET SMART EXECUTIVE* please send check or money order for \$15.95 plus \$1.25 postage and handling charge to Bantam Books, Inc., 414 East Golf Road, Des Plaines, IL 60016.





*“And about this time [1825] I had a vision — and I saw white spirits and black spirits engaged in battle, and the sun was darkened — the thunder rolled in the Heavens, and blood flowed in streams — and I heard a voice saying, ‘Such is your luck, such you are called to see, and let it come rough or smooth, you must surely bare it.’”*

—Nat Turner  
from *The Confessions of Nat Turner, 1831*

# THE SOUTHAMPTON INSURRECTION OF 1831

by DAVID CARL BROWN '80

Nat Turner had a vision —  
and it turned into a long night of terror for  
the people of Southampton County

Six years later, in the quiet of an August night in Southampton County, Virginia, that vision became reality in the bloodiest and most notorious slave revolt in United States history.

On 2 October 1800, Nat Turner was born a slave in the household of Benjamin Turner who owned a modest plantation seven miles southwest of Jerusalem (now Courtland), the county seat of Southampton. Benjamin Turner died when Nat was ten years old, and Nat became the property of Benjamin's eldest son, Samuel, and his wife, Elizabeth, who was murdered in the insurrection. Upon Samuel's death in 1822, Nat was sold for \$450 to Thomas Moore, who died in turn in 1828. In 1829, Moore's widow, Sarah, married Joseph Travis, a carriage maker by trade, and Nat thereafter served as the slave of Sarah's ten-year-old son by her first marriage, Putnam Moore. In 1831, then, Nat Turner was living on the Joseph Travis estate, nine miles southwest of Jerusalem and a short distance southeast of a stagnant pool of water known locally as the Cabin Pond. At the young age of thirty, he had already outlived three masters;

through violent means he was destined to outlive his fourth and last.

Nat retained far more from his early years with Benjamin Turner than simply the Turner surname. The seeds of his insurrection were sown, in large measure, during his ten short years with Benjamin Turner. Even from his birth, Nat was considered to be no ordinary slave child. His parents interpreted several birthmarks on his head and chest as signs of his future greatness; at the age of three or four, when Nat had astonished his parents by recalling an event that had occurred before his birth, they declared that he would be a prophet, for the Lord had revealed these things to him. As young Nat grew, his parents continually instilled in him the belief that he "was intended for some great purpose."

Nat possessed an intelligent and inquisitive mind. He learned to read and write with only little formal education, and he read whatever he could obtain. In a world of manual labor, his learning and intellect commanded the respect and admiration of his fellow slaves. Even his first master, Benjamin Turner, noted the difference and once remarked that Nat "had too much sense to be raised, and if [he] was, [he] would never be of any service to any one as a slave."

But despite Benjamin Turner's remark, Nat Turner was raised a slave, and a common field hand at that. Given his intelligence, it is not surprising that Nat turned to religion for an intellectual outlet. The entire society in which he lived, both black and

white, was religious; and ministers and preachers received universal respect. So, as Nat later deposed, "Having soon discovered [myself] to be great, I must appear so, and therefore studiously avoided mixing in society, and wrapped myself in mystery, devoting my time to fasting and prayer." His reclusive lifestyle only increased his renown among the slaves. Above all else, religion and solitude gave Turner the opportunity to ponder the nagging question of why he, a man "intended for some great purpose," remained a slave in bondage. In the end, Nat's ultimate answer was the Southampton insurrection.

By this time, Nat was fast approaching twenty years of age. He had become increasingly captivated by the biblical verse, "Seek ye the kingdom of Heaven and all things shall be added unto you," and prayed daily to know its meaning. One day in the fields, while praying at his plough, Nat heard a voice repeat to him the same verse: "Seek ye the kingdom of Heaven and all things shall be added unto you." He was so greatly astounded that he spent the following two years, when his free time permitted, praying for heavenly guidance. At the end of this time, he heard the spirit once again speak the identical verse of scripture. This solidified in Nat's mind the growing feeling that he was God's chosen instrument to carry out some great task. And thinking back over all that had transpired in his life — from the prophetic marks on his skin, to his parents' declaration that he would be

used for some "great purpose," to even his former master's acknowledgment of his uselessness as a slave — he came, in the ensuing three years, to believe that his great purpose was to free both himself and his fellow slaves.

Though Nat now knew his goal, the means to obtain it had not yet been revealed to him. So Nat continued seeking God's guidance and began fomenting unrest among his fellow slaves, as he later recounted, "to prepare them for my purpose, by telling them something was about to happen that would terminate in fulfilling the great promise that had been made to me." For the moment, however, he told no one exactly what this "great promise" was.

In 1825, Turner had his first vision in the heavens: of black spirits and white spirits engaged in battle, and of blood flowing in streams; and as he gazed on the sight, a voice spoke to him, saying, "Such is your luck, such you are called to see." He reacted by withdrawing himself even further from any contact with other slaves, to determine better the will of the spirit he had heard. A short time afterwards, Nat found drops of blood on the corn as it grew in the fields; and the spirit revealed to him that just as the Savior's blood had been shed for sinners and thereafter had ascended to heaven, so now it was returning to earth as a harbinger of the great judgment day that was close at hand.

On 12 May 1828, Nat Turner had his second great heavenly vision. Years later he described it:

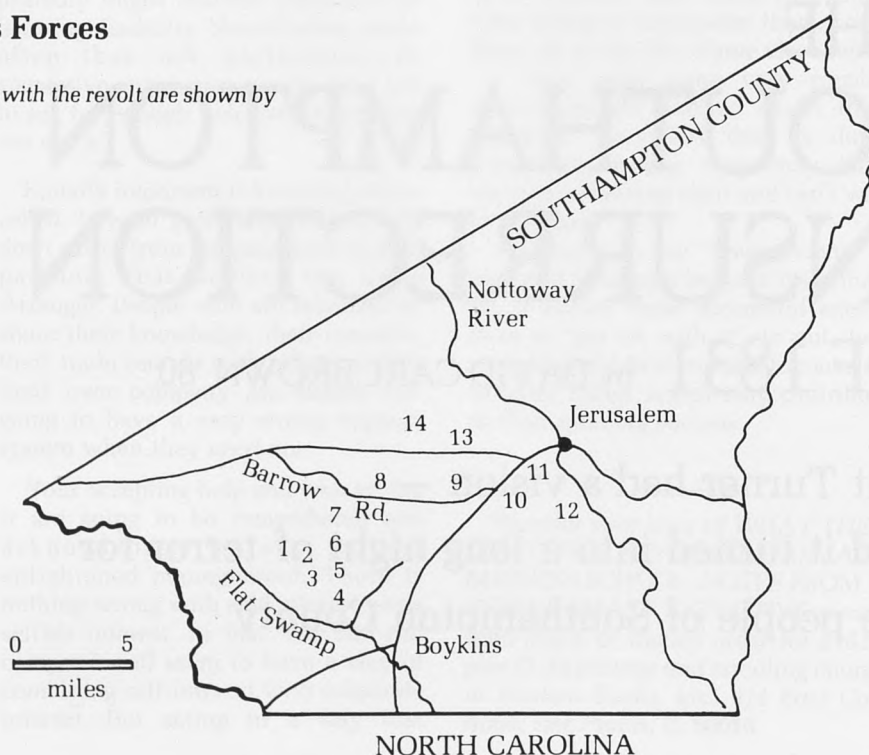
## The Route of Nat Turner and His Forces

Locations of existing buildings and sites associated with the revolt are shown by letters.

### Nat Turner Country Southampton County, Virginia

#### Key

1. Giles Reese House
2. Cabin Pond
3. Joseph Travis House (Site)
4. Catherine Whitehead House
5. Richard Porter House
6. Nathaniel Francis House
7. Peter Edwards House
8. Levi Waller House (Site)
9. Rebecca Vaughan House
10. "Blackhead signpost"
11. Parker's Field
12. Cypress Bridge, over Nottoway River
13. Buckhorn Quarter
14. Belmont, home of Dr. Simon Blunt





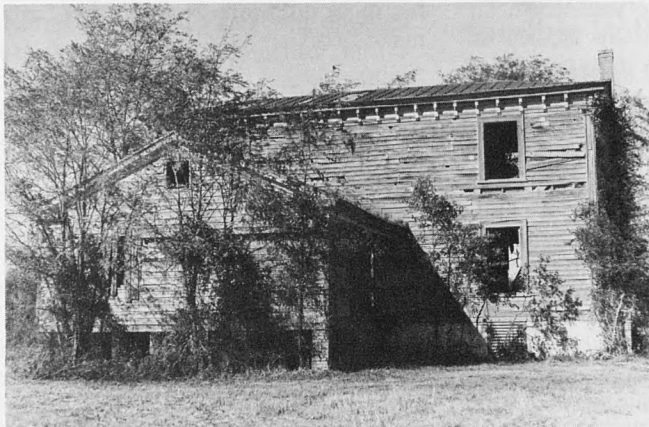
# Nat Turner's Infamous Trail of Terror



Giles Reese owned this house and the land around Cabin Pond where Nat Turner and his fellow slaves plotted their insurrection which began on the night of 21 August 1831. The band bypassed Reese's house and struck their first blow at the Joseph Travis house where they murdered Travis, his wife, two boys and an infant.



Arriving at the Catherine Whitehead farm, Nat Turner and his band murdered seven members of the family. Only a daughter, Harriet, escaped by concealing herself beneath the mattress of her bed. The seven are supposed to be buried in a garden near the house which has been deserted for several years.



Nat Turner had a rude surprise awaiting him at the Richard Porter farm, about a mile from the scene of the Whitehead slaughter. Forewarned by neighboring slaves, the Porter family fled into the woods and escaped.



Leaving the Porter farm, the Turner band rode to the home of Nathaniel Francis and from there to this house, the home of Peter Edwards, where they discovered that the Edwards family had already fled. Tradition has it that Turner was kept prisoner in this house for a short time after his capture in October 1831.



The last house in which any whites were murdered was the home of Rebecca Vaughan, a widow who was expecting a visit from a fox-hunting party and made no attempt to escape. The insurgents murdered Mrs. Vaughan, her son, Arthur, an overseer, and an 18-year-old niece, who was reputedly the prettiest girl in the county.



Turner hoped to attack the town of Jerusalem after crossing the Cypress Bridge over the Nottoway River. But when he found the bridge guarded, he veered south and then northwestward along a route that eventually brought him to the home of Dr. Simon Blunt, known as "Belmont," where the insurgents met a volley of gunfire from the windows of Blunt's home. Several of the insurgents were captured and one was wounded. Soon after, Turner's reign of terror ended.

Photographs by author

*... 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.*

The voice instructed Nat to watch for a sign in the heavens; and on the appearance of that sign, he was to rise up and slay his enemies with their own weapons.

Turner interpreted the solar eclipse of 12 February 1831 as the signal for him to commence with the insurrection. Shortly after seeing the eclipse, Nat confided his mission to four of his most trusted confederates, all of them fellow slaves: Hark Travis, Henry Porter, Sam Francis, and Nelson Williams. Their respective owners — Joseph Travis, Richard Porter, Nathaniel Francis, and Jacob Williams — all lived in the area of land between the Cabin Pond and Jerusalem. Each of them would be visited on the fateful ride of the insurrectionists.

The five plotters initially planned to strike on 4 July 1831, practically five months after the sign had appeared to Turner. In the interim, they discussed strategy and tactics, continually formulating and then rejecting possible plans of attack. The strain of plotting, however, proved too great for Turner's constitution. He became ill from the stress and 4 July passed with nothing done.

On Saturday, 13 August 1831, a second sign appeared in the heavens. The sun, on rising, underwent a remarkable change in colors: first gold, then pale green, followed by sky blue, and finally, silvery white. Nat Turner interpreted this as a second command from the spirit to begin that work which had been set before him. He and his confederates acted with haste and chose the following Sunday as the day of rebellion. Even then, their scheme was almost discovered. Six days before that final Sunday, Nelson Williams blurted out to a white overseer that "the whites might look out and take care of themselves — that something would happen before long."

On Sunday morning, 21 August 1831, the insurrectionists gathered in the woods by the Cabin Pond. They intended to eat dinner there and formulate a final plan for their impending uprising. Sunday was generally a free

day for the slaves and served as an opportune time for their meeting because they would not be missed by their respective masters. Hark brought a pig to the feast and Henry, apple brandy. A short while later they were joined by Sam, Nelson, Jack Reese, and Will Francis. Jack was Hark Travis's brother-in-law and had come at Hark's bidding. Will Francis, who had accompanied Sam, would prove to be the most cold-blooded murderer of the insurrection.

The six men ate and drank into the early afternoon when, at about 3 p.m. Nat Turner strode up and saluted the group. In order to preserve the aura of detachment and mystery that he had cultivated for so many years, Nat had deliberately refrained from joining them until now. On coming up he spotted Will Francis and, not expecting Will to be among them, circumspectly asked Will why he was there. Will answered that "his life was worth no more than others, and his liberty as dear to him," and that, if he could not obtain his liberty, he would lose his life. The seven men rapidly drew up their plan. They would begin the insurrection that very night, striking first at Mr. Joseph Travis's house and, as Nat Turner later reported, "until we had armed and equipped ourselves, and gathered sufficient force, neither age nor sex was to be spared." The men remained at their feast by the Cabin Pond until about 10 p.m. and then departed.

The Joseph Travis place lay a short distance southeast of the Cabin Pond. When the group arrived there, they met a third Travis slave named Austin and recruited him. Except for Turner, all the men then slaked their thirsts at the farm's cider press, which was used for making homemade apple brandy. The potent apple brandy of Southampton County was to prove one of the whites' greatest allies throughout the insurrection. After plundering each white farmhouse, the insurgents routinely quenched their thirsts with brandy, and the resulting disorder facilitated their ultimate defeat.

The eight blacks went to the main house and there debated tactics. Hark proposed breaking the door open with an axe but was overruled. Since the insurgents sought to avoid any commotion that might alert neighboring whites, they resolved to murder the Travises in their sleep.

Hark obtained a ladder and propped it against the chimney. Nat climbed up, entered the house through a second-

story window, came downstairs, and unbarred the door. The blacks then removed the guns from their places, and Nat, with Will Francis at his side, entered the Travises' bedroom. As their leader, Nat knew that he must strike the first blow as an example to his men. Armed with only a small hatchet, Turner struck at Joseph Travis's head; but in the darkness he delivered only a glancing blow. Travis sprang from his bed and called his wife, and Will, armed with a broadaxe, quickly finished him off. The blacks then murdered Mrs. Travis and two young boys in the house while they slept. One of the boys was Putnam Moore, Turner's legal master. In their excitement, the insurrectionists forgot a small infant, the only child born to Joseph and Sarah Travis. Turner remembered the baby, however, and sending Will and Henry back inside to murder it, Nat justified its death with his most notorious remark, that "nits make lice."

The spoils of war at the Travis place proved to be four guns, several old muskets, and one or two pounds of black powder. Nat armed his men and for awhile that night paraded them back and forth in the Travis farmyard, putting them through, as Nat later recalled, "all the manoeuvres I was master of." The group then marched one-half mile southeast to the farm of Salathiel Francis, the brother of Sam and Will's master, Nathaniel. Sam knocked on the door and announced that he had a letter for Mr. Francis who unwittingly opened the door, was seized, dragged outside, and "dispatched by repeated blows on the head."

The insurrectionists continued their march southeastward to the farm of Mrs. Piety Reese. They found the door unlocked and, entering the house, murdered Mrs. Reese and her son, William, in their beds. Resuming their line of march, they arrived at sunrise on 22 August at the farm of Mrs. Elizabeth Turner, the widow of Nat's former master, Samuel. The Turner farm lay about one mile east of the Reese property and just north of a marshy area known as the Flat Swamp.

Several insurgents went immediately to the farm's brandy still where they found and shot dead Mrs. Turner's overseer. By this time, however, the family had spotted the insurgents and had locked themselves inside the main house. Nat Turner later described what happened next:



*Will, with one stroke of his axe, opened [the door], and we entered and found Mrs. Turner and Mrs. Newsome in the middle of a room, almost frightened to death. Will immediately killed Mrs. Turner, with one blow of his axe. I took Mrs. Newsome by the hand, and with the sword I had when I was apprehended, I struck her several blows over the head, but not being able to kill her, as the sword was dull. Will turning around and discovering it, despatched her also.*

After the murders, the insurgents ransacked the house for weapons, money, and other valuables.

At this juncture, Turner's band amounted to some fifteen men: six on foot and nine mounted on purloined horses. The insurgents had been only moderately successful in recruiting fellow slaves from the farms they visited. Many slaves remained loyal to their masters and, fleeing from the insurgents, helped carry the news of the insurrection to other white farmers. Monday, 22 August 1831, would be an ongoing race between early news of the uprising, which permitted the whites time enough to escape, and the speed of Nat Turner's horsemen.

After the slaughter at Turner's farm, Nat divided his forces. He sent his six footmen several hundred yards northeast to the farm of Henry Bryant, while he, with his remaining men, rode one mile northeast to the farm of Mrs. Catherine Whitehead, a widow.

When Nat and his horsemen arrived at the Whitehead farm, they found Catherine's son, a Methodist minister named Richard, working with his slaves in a cotton patch by the lane leading up to the main house. The insurgents ordered him to come to them; and when Richard complied, Will axed him to death, while the rest of the band looked on and shouted, "Kill him, kill him!"

The blacks then proceeded up the lane to the main house where they murdered almost the entire Whitehead family. Will dragged Mrs. Whitehead out the main door of the house and nearly decapitated her on the porch. Nat discovered one of Mrs. Whitehead's daughters, Margaret, hiding outside in a niche between the house's chimneys. She fled at his approach; but Nat overtook her and, his sword again proving too dull, beat her to death with a fence rail. Margaret was the only white victim whom Nat later admitted killing.

Only Harriet, Margaret's sister,

escaped death. She had concealed herself beneath the mattress of her bed and overheard the screams of a third sister who was murdered in the same room. In all, seven whites were killed at the Whitehead farm. When soldiers discovered the bodies two days later, they noted that the trees, fences, and roof were covered with buzzards feasting on the remains. The bodies were buried in a mass grave in the garden near the house.

Nat's horsemen at Whitehead's farm were now rejoined by the six footmen who had gone to Henry Bryant's and murdered the family there. Turner

---

**In their excitement, the insurrectionists forgot a small infant, the only child born to Joseph and Sarah Travis. Turner remembered the baby, however, and sending Will and Henry back inside to murder it, Nat justified its death with his most notorious remark, that "nits make lice."**

---

then divided his forces a second time, sending some men west to the farm of Trajan Doyle while he, with the remainder, set out for Richard Porter's farm, about one mile north of the Whitehead place.

Nat had a rude surprise awaiting him at the Porter farm. The Porter family, having heard reports of a slave uprising, had fled to the woods and escaped. The alarm had spread, and Nat now realized that he had to move with all haste if he was to overtake the whites before they could flee. He ordered his men to proceed north to the Nathaniel Francis place while he galloped west to bring up the detachment he had sent to Trajan Doyle's.

The horsemen at Richard Porter's farm, now under the command of either Hark or Will in Turner's absence, rode north to the Nathaniel Francis place. There they murdered the overseer, two of Francis's nephews, and a young woman who had been visiting the farm that morning. Mr. Francis, having ridden off earlier that morning to investigate a disturbance at the Joseph Travis farm, managed to escape death. His wife also escaped by concealing herself in a narrow crawlspace in their dwelling's second story.

The insurgents rode from there to the farm of Peter Edwards, and, finding it deserted, they continued on to Capt. John Barrow's place. Barrow, a veteran of the War of 1812, had heard that the blacks had risen; but according to tradition, his young wife was unwilling to leave the farm until she finished with her morning toilet. The delay proved fatal. Barrow saw the insurrectionists ride up, and after ordering his wife to flee, he armed himself with several muskets and positioned himself outside on the porch. He first fired at his attackers and then, with no time to reload, wielded the butt of his musket against the nearest insurgent. Although Barrow fought valiantly, he was gradually forced inside the house and finally killed by a black who opened a window, reached inside, and cut his throat. His wife, however, was saved.

By this time, with recruits from the Francis and Edwards farms, the insurgent ranks had swelled to about forty men. They traveled next to the farm of Capt. Newitt Harris, about one mile to the northwest, where they discovered that the whites again had fled. So they paused to ransack the house. The most important items they found were several casks of Southampton apple brandy, which they rolled outside, opened, and began drinking.

A short while later, Nat Turner rode up, together with the men he had retrieved from Trajan Doyle's farm. They had followed the insurgents' bloody path and now joined up with them. The men at Harris's "shouted and hurraed as I rode up," Turner later recalled. "Some were in the yard, loading their guns, others drinking." Nat ordered them to mount up, and departing immediately, they rode northeast in the direction of Levi Waller's farm, three miles away. It was by now about ten o'clock that Monday morning.

A short distance from Levi Waller's there stood a small boarding school for the white children of that region. News of the insurrection had only recently reached the school, and the pupils were dismissed moments before the insurgents arrived. In short order, the blacks murdered Mrs. Waller and ten children. One small girl escaped by feigning death after being slightly wounded. The insurgents left her for dead. Mr. Waller, unarmed, ran into the woods and eventually took refuge in a plum orchard. From there he was able to watch the murders and could later give eyewitness testimony at the insurgents' trials.

The blacks now struck eastward toward Jerusalem, where Turner

hoped to find supplies and ammunition. Moving along the Barrow Road (named for the same Captain Barrow they had murdered, it is today Virginia Route 658), they came first to the home of William Williams, a newlywed, whom they killed together with two young boys named Johnson. Williams's wife managed to flee, but she was pursued and captured. After forcing her to view her husband's mangled corpse, the insurgents shot her dead.

Continuing eastward they reached the farm of Jacob Williams, whose slave, Nelson, was one of Turner's four original confederates. Williams escaped only because he had the good fortune to be away that morning. The insurgents murdered his entire family, together with the family of his overseer, Caswell Worrell.

The last house in which any whites were murdered was the home of Rebecca Vaughan, a widow who lived at the eastern end of the Barrow Road. Mrs. Vaughan was expecting a visit from a fox-hunting party that August morning; the insurgents, when they came into view, were mistaken for this party, and the family made no attempt to escape. Mrs. Vaughan's son, Arthur, and her overseer were cut down outside the house. The widow herself was murdered on her porch while praying. Her eighteen-year-old niece, Anne Eliza — reputedly the prettiest girl in the county — was visiting her aunt that day and was murdered when she came downstairs to investigate all the commotion.

A short distance east of the Vaughan farm, the Barrow Road intersects with the main road connecting Jerusalem and Boykins. This intersection is known to this day as the "Blackhead signpost," for following the insurrection, an insurgent's head was impaled here as a warning to any slave contemplating insurrection.

Nat and his followers, who now numbered about sixty men, turned north at the "Blackhead signpost." Nat intended to reach Jerusalem with all haste before news of the insurrection mobilized the whites into preparing an adequate defense of the town. He desperately needed arms, ammunition, and recruits to carry on and expand the insurrection.

After traveling three-quarters of a mile on the road to Jerusalem, Nat's band came to the gate of James Parker's farm. The Parker house itself stood about one-half mile east of the Jerusalem-Boykins road and was obscured from the view of those at the gate. Some of Turner's men, having relatives among Parker's slaves,



*Remnants of the Cypress Bridge across the Nottoway River recall the events of more than 150 years ago when Nat Turner went on his rampage in Southampton County.*

expressed a desire to go to the farmhouse and recruit their brethren. Nat, anxious to reach Jerusalem, reluctantly agreed to the delay. Keeping eight men with him in the road to guard the gate, Turner sent his remaining men off to the Parker farmhouse.

For some time Nat Turner awaited their return at Parker's gate; but when they failed to return, he became impatient. Leaving his eight companions at the gate, Nat rode off in search of the main body of his force. He found them scattered about the Parker farmyard. Some were drinking, others were recounting their horrible deeds from that day, and still others slumbered peacefully on the ground. His men, having found no victims, had instead plundered the house, and finding several barrels of Southampton brandy, had had refreshments.

Nat ordered them to march immediately and led them back toward the gate. They never reached it. In the distance, between them and the gate, the blacks saw a small party of armed whites moving steadily toward them. These were eighteen men of the Southampton militia, under the command of Capt. Alexander Peete. They had been following the insurgents' bloody trail from Waller's and, on reaching the Parkers' gate, had fired on and dispersed the eight men Nat had stationed there.

The appearance of armed resistance created havoc in the black ranks. With the exception of Captain Barrow, they had managed to murder over fifty people that day while encountering only minimal resistance. Nat ordered his men to adopt a defensive posture and prepared to receive the militia's attack.

The whites advanced until they were about one hundred yards from the insurgents' line, when one of them, against orders, opened fire. The militia also became disorganized at this point, and half of their number beat a hasty retreat. Nat, seeing his opportunity,

ordered a counterattack. "Fire!" he reportedly bellowed, "and God damn them, rush!" The remaining whites stood their ground until the charging blacks were within fifty yards, after which they fired and withdrew. Several of Nat's men were wounded in the exchange.

The insurgents pursued the whites for over two hundred yards, but when they came to the top of a gentle rise, they saw that the white militia had regrouped and was reloading its guns. A party of white reinforcements had also arrived on the scene. The sight of these reinforcements threw many of the blacks into a panic, and seeking to escape capture, over two-thirds of Nat's force deserted the field. No doubt fear of white retribution, with a little help from Southampton brandy, turned many of the insurgents into cowards. The whites renewed their assault, wounded several more of Nat's men, and shot Hark Travis's horse out from under him. The insurgents were driven from the field.

Although he had been defeated at Parker's field, Nat Turner's insurrection was not yet at an end. Turner still hoped to reach Jerusalem; but with only twenty men, and the militia out in force, it was now impossible to approach the town from the southwest. So Nat turned his men to the southeast. He hoped to cross the Nottoway River on the Cypress Bridge and attack Jerusalem from the southeast, where he believed the militia would not be watching. But Cypress Bridge was guarded; unable to cross Nottoway River, the insurgents veered south.

Turner's force was now too weak to permit an attack on Jerusalem. So Nat decided to return to the area of the insurrection and gather together the men who had deserted him at Parker's field and then returned home to their masters' farms. Turning northward and recruiting as it went, the black army crossed first the Jerusalem-



Boykins road, then the Barrow Road, and at dusk bivouaced at Buckhorn Quarter, west of Jerusalem. By nightfall the insurgents amounted to some forty strong.

After posting sentinels, Nat lay down to sleep, but a moment later he was up again. A lookout had given a false alarm that the camp was about to be attacked. Confusion again reigned among Turner's men. Nat ordered some of his men to ride out, reconnoiter, and report back. When they returned, they were mistaken for the phantom attackers and panic seized the black ranks. In all the confusion about half of Turner's men slipped away, reducing him to some twenty men.

In the early morning hours of Tuesday, 23 August, the insurrectionists were once more on the move. Nat planned to continue recruiting slaves and then march once more on Jerusalem. Moving west, they first came to Belmont, the home of Dr. Simon Blunt. The insurgents came only to recruit Blunt's slaves, for they believed that the whites had fled and had sought protection at Major Ridley's house, a nearby white stronghold. As the blacks rode up to the house, Hark fired his rifle to ascertain if any whites were still at home.

His salvo was answered by a volley of rifle fire from the windows of the house. Earlier that morning Dr. Blunt, crippled with gout, had organized the defenses of his house. He had armed his sons and overseer and had garrisoned them inside, while he armed his slaves with farm implements and positioned them outside by the sides of the house. When the first volley was fired, the slaves rose up and counterattacked the insurgents, capturing several. One of those captured was Hark Travis, who had been wounded by gunfire.

The insurgents retreated southwestward, eventually arriving back at Capt. Newitt Harris's farm, which they had visited the previous day. Here they were discovered by a detachment of cavalry from Greenville County, which had ridden over to Southampton to help quash the insurrection. In the ensuing battle, nearly all the remaining insurgents, including the cold-blooded Will, were wiped out. Their bodies were left to rot in the woods.

Nat Turner managed to evade capture. Yet how great must have been his disappointment! His insurrection, that "great purpose" for which he had been placed on earth, lay in ruins. Many of his most trusted friends were either

dead or captives. Years before, when Nat saw the black and white spirits fighting in the heavens, how little could he have imagined that the black spirits would lose.

Turner made his way back to the Cabin Pond, hoping that his lieutenants would join him there. White patrols came so close to his hiding place, however, that he moved his den to a nearby open field. There he dug a hole in the earth and, covering it with fence rails, lived inside for almost two months, daring to venture forth only in the dead of night. Ironically, he provisioned himself with foodstuffs taken from the now-deserted Joseph Travis house, which stood in the immediate vicinity.

---

**The aftermath of Turner's insurrection was a nightmare for the slaves of Southampton County. No one will ever know how many blacks, guilty or innocent, were murdered by vengeful whites in the days following Nat Turner's ride: estimates range anywhere between forty and one hundred.**

---

The aftermath of Turner's insurrection was a nightmare for the slaves of Southampton County. No one will ever know how many blacks, guilty or innocent, were murdered by vengeful whites in the days following Nat Turner's ride: estimates range anywhere between forty and one hundred. Those insurgents who were captured and not summarily executed were later tried by a special Court of Oyer and Terminer in Jerusalem between 31 August and 18 October 1831. Of forty-three slaves brought to trial, sixteen were sent to the gallows.

Nat Turner remained at large for over two months. One night in mid-October, just after Nat had left his hole for his nightly walk, two slaves came walking by with their dog. The dog spied Nat and barked. Thinking himself discovered, Nat identified himself and begged the two slaves not to reveal his whereabouts. When the two men heard that he was the infamous Nat Turner, they fled for their lives.

Knowing he would be betrayed, Nat moved on, and dug a new hole in the

woods about one mile away from his former den. The hunt for him now intensified, however, and on Sunday, 30 October, he was captured single-handedly by Benjamin Phips, a poor farmer. Phips had been out walking on that Sunday morning, and, after pausing for a moment's rest on a stump near Nat's hole, he saw Turner stick his head out of the ground. Nat surrendered without a struggle when he found himself staring down the barrel of Phips's rifle.

Nat was imprisoned in the Southampton jail. While a prisoner there he gave a full account of both the conception and the course of his insurrection to a Jerusalem lawyer named Thomas Gray. Turner's account, later published under the title of *The Confessions of Nat Turner*, is to this day the single most important source on the Southampton insurrection. On 5 November 1831, Nat was placed on trial for "conspiring to rebel and making insurrection." He was found guilty and hanged six days later from an old gum tree that stood in a field northeast of Jerusalem.

Over 150 years have passed since Nat Turner's two-day ride of terror. But Southampton County remains geographically much the same. It is still a land of fields, woods, farms, and gently rolling hills. Its population, which stood at 16,074 in 1830, has increased by only two to three thousand since then, and its rural aspects have remained essentially untouched. One can even find many of the homes that Turner visited: Catherine Whitehead's, Richard Porter's, Peter Edwards's, and Rebecca Vaughan's — all ghosts from the past. Most of them now lie empty, abandoned, and in ruins; but the house at which the insurgents were finally defeated — Belmont, Dr. Blunt's farmhouse — has been in use to this day, and is currently listed on the National Register of Historic Places. And one can still go to the shores of the Cabin Pond and think of what once transpired there one August evening, so many years ago.

*David C. Brown '80 is a student at the University of Pennsylvania School of Medicine who pursues his hobby, the study of history, in his spare time. The author of a number of scholarly articles, he recently published a new book on witchcraft entitled "A Guide to the Salem Witchcraft Hysteria of 1692," which is the first comprehensive guide to the sites and events of the Salem witchcraft hysteria in Massachusetts.*



This portrait by Sir Godfrey Kneller of King William III hangs in the President's House at William and Mary.

## WILLIAM AND MARY: THE IRISH CONNECTION

BY ALAN J. WARD

*The glorious, pious and immortal memory of the great and good King William, not forgetting Oliver Cromwell, who assisted in redeeming us from popery, slavery, arbitrary power, brass money, and wooden shoes.*

*A Protestant Toast of 1690 (1)*

The Northern Irish, it is said, do not simply study history, they live it. The events of four hundred years ago, a siege in Derry, a massacre in Wexford, a battle in the Boyne Valley, are not just events in history books; they are indelibly etched into the minds of living Irish men and women. This is an exaggeration, to be sure, but one with more than a grain of truth because for many people in Northern Ireland, people who know little about formal history, the past is still alive in their imaginations. One figure who arouses a particularly strong response in such people is King William III, the William of the College of William and Mary and an important element in the College's Irish connection.

Students who pass through the College of William and Mary rarely have much appreciation of its history and few associate its name with people and events from long past capable of arousing real passions in Ireland in our own time. However, a conference held on the William and Mary campus in September 1984, on the topic, "Northern Ireland: The Mind of a Community in Crisis," served to remind us of how our past is related to the Irish present. (2)

\* \* \*



In 1171 the first attempt was made to bring Ireland under the control of the King of England, who was then a Norman, Henry II. It was

not until more than four centuries later that Queen Elizabeth I committed sufficient military power to conquer Ireland. By then a new element had been added by her father, King Henry VIII, to the imperial relationship. The conquerors were Protestants and the conquered were, and would continue to be, Catholics. One staunch anti-Catholic who participated in the conquest, and enriched himself in the process, was Richard Boyle, the first earl of Cork.

In 1691, the Rev. James Blair was in London, seeking a royal charter and financial support for a college in Virginia, when he discovered that Robert Boyle, a distinguished scientist and Irish-born fourteenth son of the earl of Cork, had left money in his will to be used to promote the Christian religion. Blair secured two hundred pounds from the estate, which he invested in an English property, Brafferton, and he used the income to help to support the college in Virginia. Boyle's legacy came from the sale of his Irish properties, lands inherited from his father, and it was, therefore, the Irish endowment of the new college, which was named after King William III and Queen Mary.

Visitors to the Great Hall of the Wren Building can see on the wall a rather lifeless picture of William and Mary, but there is a much more dramatic image of King William in Ireland. For example, across a busy road from the front gates of Trinity College, Dublin, is a fine Georgian building, the Bank of Ireland, which housed the parliament of Ireland until the Act of Union of 1800. One can still visit the chamber of the Irish House of Lords, and on its wall is a large tapestry depicting King William with his army, the victors in 1690 at the Battle of the Boyne. A train ride north brings one to Belfast, where painted reproductions of the Bank of Ireland tapestry and of William arriving in Ireland at Carrickfergus, County Antrim, decorate the end walls of terraced houses in working-class Protestant sections of the city. The murals depict the man known locally as "King Billy" who saved Ireland from Romanism!

What these pictures in Dublin and Belfast represent is a William who was a very important actor in the central tragedy of Irish life, the bitter conflict between Catholics and Protestants that



erupted in the seventeenth century. To explain why William still appears on gable walls in Belfast is to explain why conflict still rages in Northern Ireland.

\* \* \*

In 1610, to help control the rebellious and resolutely Catholic Irish, King James I (1603-25) began to settle English and Scottish Protestants in Ireland. Settlements were particularly successful in Ulster, the most Gaelic part of Ireland until the seventeenth century, and they were carried out, as in Virginia, by City of London companies. One of these, the Drapers Company, has had a long association with the College of William and Mary in modern times, and Draperstown, County Londonderry, still carries its name.

The seventeenth-century settlement of Ulster contained the seeds of the present discontent in Northern Ireland. The settlers occupied the best lands, and with the aid of laws discriminating against Catholics, they came to command the economic, social and political heights of the province.

In 1641, during the English Civil War, the leading Catholics of Ireland staged a revolt that was only suppressed, very brutally, when Oliver Cromwell came to Ireland in 1649. His retribution included the seizure of Catholic estates in most of Ireland, other than in Connacht in the west, the most isolated part of the country. The cry, "to hell or Connacht," represented a choice between death, conversion or exile for Catholic landowners, who anticipated emancipation when Catholic King James II came to the throne in 1685. But their hopes were dashed in the English revolution of 1688 when parliament replaced James with the Protestant William of Orange and his wife, Mary. James sought to return to the throne through Ireland, but he and his army were defeated by William at the Battle of the Boyne, a river valley north of Dublin, in 1690. The Catholic army finally surrendered in 1691 at Limerick, and thousands of Catholics, the "Wild Geese," left Ireland forever.

These events of the seventeenth century are still remembered in Northern Ireland — the massacre of Protestants on the bridge at Portadown in the rebellion of 1641, Cromwell's terrible retribution at Drogheda and Wexford in 1649, the Catholic siege of Londonderry in 1688 and 1689, and the "flight of the Wild Geese" in 1691. Indeed, the two major festivals of Protestant life in Northern Ireland today celebrate the heroism of thirteen apprentices of

Londonderry who locked the gates of the city against the forces of King James in December 1688 and the defeat of James by King William at the Battle of the Boyne in July 1690. The rest of Ireland has much to remember too, but it is only in Northern Ireland that these events of the seventeenth century are recalled so viscerally.

The explanation for the resilience of the Northern memory lies in the development of Catholic Irish nationalism in the nineteenth century. By the early twentieth century Catholic nationalists had won control of four-fifths of the Irish seats in the British parliament and in 1912, with the support of a Liberal British government, they were poised to take control of a new Irish parliament in Dublin. It was to be a parliament legally subordinate to the British parliament at Westminster, but it was to take control of most aspects of Irish life.

The Protestants of south and west Ireland were outnumbered by more than ten to one and had no choice in the end but to reconcile themselves with Catholic nationalism. In the north and northeast, however, Protestant descendants of the seventeenth-century settlers were a majority in four of Ireland's thirty-two counties. Determined to remain British, anxious to protect their social and economic privileges, and fearful of a Catholic parliament, they decided to fight rather than be incorporated into a Catholic

state. For their slogan they adopted the cry of the Protestant citizens of Londonderry during the siege of 1689, "No Surrender!" Only the outbreak of World War I in 1914 saved Ireland from a bloody civil war.

By the time the war had ended, the sympathetic Liberals had been replaced by the Conservative-dominated coalition government of Prime Minister Lloyd George. Conservatives had been closely tied to the Protestant resistance in Ireland before the war, and the government now yielded to the Protestants' threats. Six counties in Northern Ireland, the maximum area that could produce a Protestant majority, became a self-governing region of the United Kingdom in 1921, with a parliament at Stormont, outside Belfast. Once the Protestants were secure within their own minstate, the rest of Ireland could be granted independence, and the Irish Free State, now known as the Irish Republic, came into existence in 1922.

From the beginning, Northern Ireland was an unhappy state. Its two populations, one-third Catholic and two-thirds Protestant, were divided by much more than religion. They represented two different cultures. They worshipped in separate churches and studied in separate schools. Furthermore, they had their origins in different traditions, one Gaelic and the other British, and they interpreted the past in quite different ways. For the



*This tapestry of King William III at the Battle of the Boyne in 1690 is a grim reminder to Catholics of "King Billy's" role in the history of Ireland. Photo courtesy of the Bank of Ireland, Dublin.*

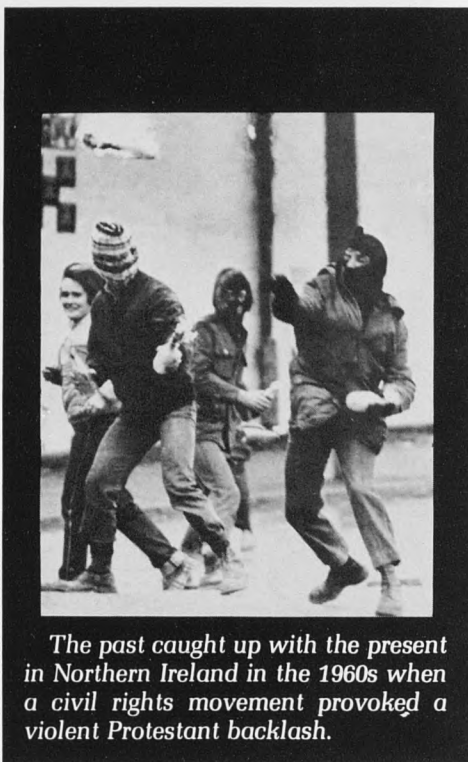
most graphic symbols of their differences both communities turned, in quite different ways, to the bloody events of the seventeenth century. From its creation, Catholic nationalists challenged the legitimacy of the northern state and this simply encouraged the Protestants to regard all Catholics as disloyal.

In the south, in the Irish Free State, the Catholic majority and the Protestant minority lived easily together because the Protestant minority, only 5 percent of the population, posed no threat to the Catholic majority. But in the north, Catholics were one-third of the population, and they identified themselves with the Catholic majority in the south. They posed a clear threat to the Protestants who therefore installed in government a regime that regarded political power as a trust to be used to defend Protestantism and the British Union from revolutionary Catholicism. They also established what Conor Cruise O'Brien described as "an institutionalized caste system, with the superior caste — Protestants — in permanent and complete control of government, and systematically ensuring special privileges for its members in relation to local franchise, police, jobs and housing." (3)

In the 1960s the past caught up with the present in Northern Ireland when a civil rights movement, designed to correct long-standing discrimination against Catholics, provoked a violent Protestant backlash. In 1969 British troops intervened to police the area, but far from bringing order, they provided the catalyst for the military revival of the long-dormant Irish Republican Army. By 1972 Northern Ireland was in the grip of major violence involving paramilitary groups from the Protestant and Catholic communities and the British army. Four hundred and seventy-four lives were lost that year, the worst on record, and the British government finally decided to abolish the Protestant-dominated Northern Ireland parliament.

Since 1972 no attempt to bring the two communities together in harmony has succeeded, and there is no prospect of a settlement. At the simplest level, the Protestant majority refuse to share power with Catholic nationalists committed to a united Ireland. Meanwhile, a generation has grown to adulthood in a community scarred by sectarian violence, military occupation and political collapse.

In September 1984 a conference was convened at the College of William and Mary to consider the impact of these years of violence on the life and



*The past caught up with the present in Northern Ireland in the 1960s when a civil rights movement provoked a violent Protestant backlash.*

the mind of the community in Northern Ireland — on its law, religion, mental health, economy, political institutions and cultural life. The participants, all experts on Northern Ireland, were drawn from the United States and Ireland, and their task was not to find solutions to the problem of Northern Ireland but to assess the condition of Northern Irish society.

What emerged from the conference was surprising, even to many experts, because daily life in Northern Ireland appears to have been affected by the political crisis far less than has been suggested in British and American press reports. The level of deaths from violence in Northern Ireland is very high by British standards but not by global or even American standards and the population in general appear to have become habituated to it. Newspapers now restrict the quantity of news about the crisis because their readers are bored with the subject. There is no evidence, either from polling data or clinical records, that there is extreme psychological stress amongst either children or adults in Northern Ireland as a result of the crisis, nor is there evidence that sectarian violence has exacerbated the already distressed economy of Northern Ireland. While it is clear that the local political system has collapsed, that the legal system has undergone changes that threaten its credibility, and that there are pockets of crisis-related distress, the balance of the evidence suggests that the people of Northern Ireland can continue to

live with the present level of violence indefinitely.

The daily lives of the people of Northern Ireland testify to the triumph of the ordinary in Northern Ireland, but this cannot be said of the arts. Writers in particular have responded to the political crisis in wonderfully creative ways. The poetry of Northern Ireland, for example, represented in person at the Williamsburg conference by John Montague and Paul Muldoon, has been inspired by the deep conflict of identities in which the political crisis is rooted. Novelists and playwrights have also been prolific and profound, Brian Friel above all, but lesser-known writers too. Catholic and Protestant writers differ in interesting ways, Catholics by their attachment to their past, Protestants by their lack of commitment to a distinctive Northern Protestant identity. However, it is in the intellectual life of the arts that one finds the most successful bridging of the gap between the two communities and the most penetrating analysis of the tragedy of Northern Ireland.

*Sing a song for the people,  
so grimly holding on.  
Protestant and Catholic, fingered  
at teabreak, shot inside their home:  
the iron circle of retaliation.*

John Montague,  
*The Dead Kingdom* (4)

#### ENDNOTES

1. Charles Carlton, *Bigotry and Blood: Documents on the Ulster Troubles* (Chicago: Nelson Hall, 1977), p. 37.
2. Supported by grants from the National Endowment for the Humanities and the Virginia Foundation for the Humanities and Public Policy, an affiliate of the National Endowment for the Humanities.
3. Conor Cruise O'Brien, *States of Ireland* (New York: Pantheon, 1972), p. 129.
4. John Montague, *The Dead Kingdom* (Winston-Salem: Wake Forest University, 1984), p. 50.

Alan J. Ward is Professor of Government at the College of William and Mary. His many publications on Irish history and government include two books, *Ireland and Anglo-American Relations, 1899-1921* (Toronto: University of Toronto, 1969), and *The Easter Rising: Revolution and Irish Nationalism* (Arlington Heights, Ill., 1980). From 1981 to 1983 he was President of the American Committee for Irish Studies. He was Director of the conference, "Northern Ireland: The Mind of a Community in Crisis," held at the College in September 1984.





An eighteenth-century engraving after a portrait by Thomas Hudson. Courtesy, Music Division, The New York Public Library at Lincoln Center. Astor, Lenox and Tilden Foundations.

What each age likes to believe about its heroes tells us, in turn, a great deal about the age. How did Parson Weems' tale of Washington and the cherry tree so long persist unquestioned? Certainly in part because the tale combined the values of honesty and patriotism; the childhood of a great hero could teach perfection to imperfect children. In a similar way the robust, contentious, brilliant figure of George Frideric Handel (1685-1759), whose three-hundredth anniversary we celebrate this year, was altered and diminished by the nineteenth-century English public to fit the pattern they wished to impose upon him. In the process, some traits had to be exaggerated, some transformed, and some suppressed. The resulting figure, reduced to a pious template, fit a public taste that accepted from his large productive life only a few oratorios, two or three suites, a coronation anthem, and a keyboard piece or two. Gone were all the operas, with as little reason to revive them, as one nineteenth-century essayist writes, "as would follow upon a reproduction of a Saxon dwelling or a Briton's hut." Moreover, "It is to be hoped that no management will ever rescue the scores from the oblivion into which they, with a hundred thousand others, have deservedly passed." Gone, too, were most of the oratorios, and within the remaining works the more puzzlingly passionate or sensual portrayals were trimmed and altered to fit a more refined taste. The transformation of Handel into the pale figure that stalks the pages of nineteenth-century writers tells us more about the century than it does about Handel.

When Handel burst on the English scene in 1711 with his new Italian opera *Rinaldo*, the public was ready for a foreign flirtation. It could easily ignore the scoffing of Joseph Addison, who wrote in the *Spectator* that "our great Grand-children will be very curious to know the Reason why their Forefathers used to sit together like an Audience of Foreigners in their own Country, and to hear whole Plays acted before them in a Tongue which they did not under-

# Handel:

## RETOUCHING THE PORTRAIT

The nineteenth-century view of Handel tells us more about the century than it does about Handel.

By Margaret Freeman

stand." After all, Addison's own opera *Rosamund* had just failed, and attack was an understandable response. Italian opera brought with it such a dazzling array of high-spirited singers and intrigues and temperaments that the public was vastly entertained, and if the new German could provide this so well, then by all means let him do so.

And Handel provided: over forty operas in three decades. He was an able impresario, forming opera companies, hiring halls, raiding the continent for singers, and managing the myriad details of performance. For a time, the presence of the rival composer Bononcini gave the operatic scene a bit of extra zest. In fact, Frederick Prince of Wales, who later became George II and a warm proponent of Handel, expressed his hostility against his father the king by supporting a rival opera company starring Bononcini. To a public that loved contest, the two for a while appeared indistinguishable. One jingle of the period ran:

Some say that Signor Bononcini  
Compared to Handel is a ninny;  
Others aver that to him Handel  
Is scarcely fit to hold a candle.  
Strange that such difference should be  
"Twixt tweedledum and tweedledee.

The Royal Academy even commissioned an opera, *Muzio Scevola* (1720), in which one act was written by Amadei, one by Bononcini, and one by Handel. The music heard in such close conjunction made the verdict clear; Handel briefly and unquestionably triumphed.

His musical skill and fine organizing ability were not enough, however; his fortunes rose and fell with his fickle public. Never bankrupt, though part of his legend insists that he was, there were nevertheless many times when the public turned against him with spite and strong feelings, or simply with neglect. Do you recall Squire Western in Henry Fielding's *Tom Jones*? He "might have passed as a connoisseur, for he always excepted against the finest compositions of Mr. Handel."

Opera itself was doomed in England to a fitful but sure decline. Extravagantly expensive to produce, dependent on a novelty-seeking and unpredictable public, and subject to the whims and temperaments of a colorful variety of singers, opera pursued its own inevitable termination. One special problem was that the castrato voice, for which Handel's principal operatic male parts were written, began at last to seem too much of an exotic, a plant that could not thrive on English soil.

In 1728 the clever and tuneful *Beggar's Opera* became an overnight success. Drawing on popular tunes of the day, John Gay collaborated with composer-arranger John Christopher Pepusch to produce a satire attacking Italian opera, along with such targets as Prime Minister Walpole, the romantic novel and the smug belief in class differences. For a decade, ballad opera drew the paying crowds until it, too, dimmed and disappeared.

For Handel, oratorio was to be the path to unshakeable public favor. But while nineteenth-century Englishmen liked to think of a sudden conversion, Handel in fact clung stubbornly to the Italian operas he liked to write. At first, the oratorios were primarily a way to fill theaters during the season of Lent. The first performance of *Esther* makes clear that Handel had in mind a variety of biblical opera. But that was performed in a tavern, and by the time the second performance came round, scheduled for the Royal Theater, the Bishop of London forbade the use of costumes, action, and staging. And so public theaters continued through Handel's lifetime to be the performing places for both operas and oratorios, but always with this distinction.

Not all of Handel's oratorios met with applause. *Messiah*, so successful in Dublin, was slow to find acceptance among the English, who preferred more action and color in their scores. *Judas Maccabaeus* in particular caught the special English combination of patriotism with religion. The public found itself mirrored in this story of a people favored by God, and saw clear parallels between the victorious heroes of the oratorio and the recent Battle of Culloden. Coming as this did a very few years after Handel's *Dettingen Te Deum*, celebrating George II's victory at the Battle of Dettingen, it secured his place in public favor.

Handel's own robust age found much in him to satirize. His German accent, his gruffness, his imperious

refusal to compromise, his profanity, his large frame and vigorous appetite and his devastating wit all provided fodder for his detractors. One cruel caricature that circulated widely was entitled "The Charming Brute," and

**N**ot all of

*Handel's oratorios met with applause. Messiah, so successful in Dublin, was slow to find acceptance among the English, who preferred more action and color in their scores.*

was created by the cartoonist and stage painter Goupy who had fallen out with Handel. In it Handel, with a pig face and thick solid legs, is pictured sitting on a wine barrel, surrounded by bottles, oyster shells, poultry and a joint of ham. The banner at his feet, which reads "I am myself alone," might seem to us now an apt motto, though to his times it suggested those qualities of independent action that seemed most unsocial. The poem beneath the title runs:

The Figure's odd — yet who wou'd think?

Within this Tunn of Meat and Drink  
There dwells the Soul of soft Desires  
And all that Harmony inspires.

Can contrast such as this be found?  
Upon the Globe's extensive Round:  
There can — yon Hogshead is his  
Seat,

His sole Devotion is — to Eat.

In the year following his death John Mainwaring, his first biographer, excused his large appetite on the grounds that he worked so incessantly that "this rendered constant and large supplies of nourishment the more necessary to recruit his exhausted spirits. Had he hurt his health or his fortune by indulgences of this kind, they would have been vicious: as he did not, they were at most indecorous." Later ages have been caught between justifying the healthy appetite that Handel undoubtedly had and at the same time allowing their hero one frailty, and passing along the anecdote

about it. In one, for example, Handel orders three dinners and, when the waiter hesitates to serve until the company arrives, insists "I am de gombany — pring up de tinner brestissimo."

Hardest for the nineteenth century to accept was the clear evidence of Handel's light-fingered approach to other composers' music. The protests began early. Here is Samuel Wesley in 1808: "We all know how he has pilfered from all manner of Authors whence he could filch anything like a Thought worth embodying." Well. Harsh language. But even his most ardent admirers saw as "a great blot on an otherwise honourable artistic career" what his own contemporaries ignored or faced with equanimity.

We have difficulty, too, in understanding conventional traits among eighteenth-century artists because of the ways we define and value originality. The concept of writing down "what oft was thought, but ne'er so well expressed" can seem to us an assignment for lesser men. Handel did indeed borrow, and that with a liberal hand. Why should Handel's fertile and busy mind require more than its own resources? The answers are many, and essentially innocent. His early training with F. W. Zachow, for example, consisted in large part of writing into a copy book the works of other composers, much as an apprentice painter might set up an easel before a respected painting and study its technique through imitation. The habit stayed, and so did the music. Also, as a mature artist Handel often worked in great haste. Because of weak copyright laws, he might revise an earlier work in a matter of days to confront a threat from a pirated production. Here's the way it would work. After the first production of *Esther* in 1732 at the Crown and Anchor Tavern, Handel was urged to produce it at the King's Theatre. Before this event could take place, a rival performance of the work was suddenly announced for April 20 at a different theater. Handel responded in spirited haste, issuing advertisements that promised a changed and expanded score so that audiences would want to bypass the rival performance and come, instead, to his new presentation on May 2. To meet this sort of deadline Handel often transferred music from earlier scores, most frequently his own. Similar rapid alterations might be made to meet the strengths or limitations of a new singer, or to tempt a novelty-hungry public to a new entertainment. The editors of Handel's



manuscripts find thorny thickets all the way in attempting "authentic" editions.

Beyond all this, the contemporary touchstone in borrowing seemed to be the extent to which a composer repaid his debt with interest. Handel is supposed to have replied to a comment on one borrowing, "Well, it's much too good for him, he did not know what to do with it."

The air was crowded with tunes, and Handel gathered them in, sometimes knowingly, and sometimes not. A work of impressive unity might turn out, on examination, to be a tapestry of many threads, indeed. In *Israel in Egypt*, for example, more than half of the choruses come from earlier sources. From Alessandro Stradella he borrowed a *Serenata*, from Dionigi Erba, a *Magnificat*, from Francesco Antonio Urio a *Te Deum*. An organ canzona of Johann Casper Kerll turned into "Egypt was glad." His own "Dixit Dominus," an early work from his Italian days, yielded "He rebuked the Red Sea," and a portion of his anthem "The Lord is my Light" became "But the waters overwhelmed their enemies." A dotted rhythm here, a counter melody there, a quick excision here, a change of density there, and all was changed. The materials floated free; to trace their sources is simply a way of admiring the remarkable artistic skill of their transformation.

In lesser hands, borrowing was the style of an age. Dr. Charles Burney, writing a few years after Handel's death, comments that after the appearance of *Ottone*, "indeed, there is scarce a song in the opera, that did not become a general favourite, either vocally or instrumentally. And the passages in this and the other operas which Handel composed about this time, became the musical language of the nation, and in a manner proverbial, like the *bons mots* of a man of wit in society. So that long after this period all the musicians in the kingdom, whenever they attempted to compose what they called Music of their own, seem to have had no other stock of ideas, than these passages."

To these attitudes one must add the public affection for *pasticcios*, medleys of familiar tunes set to new librettos, and we get a picture of a common currency in music, cheerfully and openly passed from hand to hand.

To Handel's nineteenth-century biographers, however, all this was most distressing. W. S. Rockstro, in his 1883 *Life*, faces the issue with ardent indignation. *Israel in Egypt*, "the most



From a rare print.

*The Figures odd, yet who would think?  
Within this Tunn' of Meat & Drink!  
Here dwells the Soul of soft Desires,  
(And all that HARMONY inspires:*

THE  
Charming  
BRUTE.

*Can Contrasts such as this be found?  
Upon the Globes extensive Round:  
There can you Hoghead in his Seat,  
His sole Devotion is - to Eat*

*Pub according to Act of Parliam March 27/74*

The cartoonist and stage painter Goupy, who had fallen out with Handel, created a cruel caricature of Handel as "The Charming Brute," depicting him with a pig face and thick solid legs.

sublime and masterly" of all oratorios, is rumored to be "largely indebted to other composers." The suggestion of Erba's *Magnificat* as one source draws this passionate rejoinder:

Is it possible, that a Composer, of whose works not one single note has been preserved in any other form than this — of whose very name our best critics were ignorant until this strange discussion brought it to the surface. . . . can have so far anticipated his age as to have taken this extraordinary share in the production of an Oratorio universally regarded as the nearest approach to the sublime that has ever yet been reached in Music? . . . If Erba can be proved to have composed the *Magnificat*, we must rewrite our whole history of the progress of Art, and describe the last ten years of the seventeenth-century as a period the

brightness of which has never yet been fully understood.

Forgiving or explaining away perceived faults was only part of the retouching needed to turn Handel into that sublime figure "whose lips the Seraphim had touched and purified with the hallowed fire from the altar." His rivals had to be ridiculed and blackened, his fortunes had to be given more dramatic dips and rises, and his early life had to be seen through a gauzy filter of improving anecdotes. The little child smuggling a clavichord into the attic (how?) and playing by moonlight, the boy running after his father's conveyance so that he, too, could go to Weissenfels where the duke could hear him play, the duel where an irritated friend could be described as an "assassin," and many more. Most remarkable, though, was

the halo placed on the Handel portrait.

What were the religious views and attitudes of this man whom nineteenth-century writers described as "the giant theologian of music," one who "never set a verse of the Bible to music, without preaching a sermon upon it"? To begin with, it would be hard to find a man who was less of a mystic than George Frideric Handel. Pragmatic to the core, he was not a man to see visions. He did attend church regularly, particularly in his last years, although he neither retained the Lutheran affiliation of his early years nor joined the Church of England. The Protestant belief in inner freedom ran strong in him. His faith was deep, but he had no patience with dogma. John Hawkins, who knew him, wrote in 1776 of his "solid and rational piety" and said "he would often speak of it as one of the great felicities of his life that he was settled in a country where no man suffers any molestation or inconvenience on account of his religious principles". This generous and tolerant man spoke only rarely of religion. He gave up opera only grudgingly, and except for the Bishop of London would undoubtedly have written "biblical operas." Rooted in this world, and a theater man to the last, his sanctification would have perplexed and troubled him.

The nineteenth century preferred a different Handel. There should have been a conversion, a sudden turning away from earthly things. The Hallelujah chorus might thunder "The Kingdom of *this* world" but in the new pattern Handel was to be "the apostle and converter of the universe to the faith of sacred musical art" in a work that "has probably done more to convince thousands of mankind that there is a God about us than all the theological works ever written."

Two supposed sayings of Handel's were most widely quoted. In one, Handel was to have said on completion of *Messiah*, "I did see all Heaven before me and the great God Himself!", an exclamation that confirmed his achieving "those uplands reached only by the higher qualities of the soul." Perhaps. Or perhaps, as a recent biographer writes, "The mental conditions described in these stories are wholly uncharacteristic of both the man and the composer. It is remarkable that in this trance-like state, that marvelous apparatus, Handel's memory, worked so superbly, for *Messiah* is studded with the most imaginative adaptations of Italian love lyrics."



*The French sculptor Roubiliac was twice commissioned to portray Handel. His 1738 statue was placed "in a grand Nich, erected on Purpose in the great Grove" at Vauxhall Pleasure Gardens.*

In another frequently quoted phrase, Handel is supposed to have said to one who congratulated him on the fine entertainment of *Messiah*, "My lord, I should be sorry if I only entertained them; I wanted to make them better." Here our problem lies in the meaning of "better." Anyone who responds to greatness in music or literature or art is in some way stretched to a finer or a wider receptivity. Here is a good comment by a 1910 biographer: "Unfortunately, to the average Englishman to be good means only to go to church or chapel on Sunday morning," and that Handel's words must mean "that he wrote with a definitely evangelistic purpose, and in consequence he was held up as an example of a composer who had consecrated his genius to the service of a religion."

To fit the new portrait, a few more brush strokes were needed. Handel's earlier airs must have been at least potentially sacred, and so the love song "Dove sei amato bene" from *Rodelinda* became "Holy, Holy, Holy." Solomon's appealing young wife is perhaps too eager to retire with him to the pleasures of the night, so her part was omitted, leaving the Queen of Sheba, faced in the shortened version with an unseemly declaration of love from the King, treating him with cold courtesy. And so the revisionary work went on, until Handel could emerge clean of faults, his enemies confounded, and his gaze turned ever heavenwards.

The shrinking of Handel to a more meagre concept and a few sanctioned works coincided with the enlarging of Handel to performances of mammoth and ponderous size. The trend began with the Commemoration Festival of 1784 in Westminster Abbey and by the great Crystal Palace Festival of 1859 had swollen to enormous proportions. The orchestra alone had almost 400 players, with more than 300 strings, a specially constructed twenty-ton four-manual organ, and huge drums of seven-foot diameter. With 2000 singers and an immense estimated audience, only the transept of the Crystal Palace would do. The effects were broad and grand and, indeed, "the 'Hallelujah Chorus' could be distinctly heard nearly half a mile from Norwood, and its effect, as the sound floated on the wind, was impressive beyond description, and sounded as if a nation were at prayer." Handel's own combined forces of soloists, chorus and orchestra came to a total of about fifty. He was a theater man and would have been much taken with the logistics of the huge performance; it is doubtful that he would have found his music enhanced.

The French sculptor Roubiliac was twice commissioned to portray Handel. His 1738 statue was placed "in a grand Nich, erected on Purpose in the great Grove" at Vauxhall Pleasure Gardens. In 1762 a second statue was installed in Westminster Abbey. To his eighteenth-century public, the chosen spots were equally appropriate.

If we can recognize the limiting way an age can treat its towering figures we go a long way toward being able to see them with fresh eyes. What is important for us in this anniversary year must be the music that Handel left for us, in all its variegated richness. The barbs and squabbles of his time are easy to dismiss. Much harder and more necessary is our obligation to challenge the restricting vision of the last century.

*Margaret Freeman received a B.A. degree from Brown University, an M.A. in Musicology from Smith College and an M.A. in English Literature from Middlebury College. She joined the faculty of William and Mary in 1967, teaching first in the English Department, until 1977, and then in the Music Department, where she is an Associate Professor.*

*Her interest in the social history of music presently centers on musical taste in England in the late nineteenth century.*





# BORNEO:

## Stereotypes of a Vanishing World

---

WHAT HAS TAKEN EPOCHS TO EVOLVE AND MILLENIA TO CREATE LIKELY WILL BE GONE IN THE TWINKLING OF A GEOLOGIC EYE.

---

By Vinson H. Sutlive, Jr.

**B**orneo evokes a variety of images: dense jungles, exotic plants and animals, headhunters, and White Rajahs. Until the middle of this century, many of the images were accurate. But within the past three decades, rapid changes have taken place throughout the island. Borneo, as other regions of the Third World, has been altered by modern Euro-American cultures, which impinge upon technologically simpler peoples.

The reality of a different Borneo struck me forcibly this past summer when I returned to the island for three months research. In a sense it was a trip home to the East Malaysian state of Sarawak where I had worked between 1957 and 1972. Though much was the same, much was so different as to defy description. The primary forests which covered three-fourths of the island in 1970 are on the verge of destruction. The movements of native peoples into the cities parallel processes occurring throughout the world. And the rich fabrics of native cultures are being reduced to a familiar ready-to-wear sameness of Western origin.

From June through August 1984 I undertook research on the movement of Iban, the largest tribe on Borneo, including about 500,000 people for whom Iban is the first language, from rural areas into the port city of Sibul, Sarawak. At the request of the Sarawak Museum, I also made a trip to an area in north central Borneo to investigate Iban-Kajang (Kajang is a term applied to eleven linguistically related societies), who live in the vicinity of an area to be affected by the construction of a hydroelectric dam, only slightly smaller than the Hoover Dam (600 feet high and 1100 feet across). Both research projects required analysis of changes that have occurred and are likely to occur.

Lying astride the equator, Borneo is part of the humid tropics, the most diversified region in the world. It is not in Africa or South America, as some of my acquaintances have assumed, but on the other side of the world, located about halfway between China and Australia. Borneo is dominated by a mountain range, which separates Brunei and the East Malaysian states of Sarawak and Sabah in the north from Kalimantan, or Indonesian Borneo, in the south. The third largest island in the world, Borneo is drenched by the southwest and northeast monsoons with more than one hundred inches of rain annually.

Continuously high temperatures and abundant moisture have provided optimum conditions for a proliferation of plant life. In a fragile ecological system, forest giants over 250 feet high tower over "an undulating carpet" of middle-level trees,

Photographs by author

below which grow in profusion vines, ferns, mosses, and breathtakingly beautiful orchids.

Conditions that nurtured the rich plant life have supported a commensurate wealth of animal forms. Thousands of insects, hundreds of birds, and scores of mammals have prospered on the energy and efflorescences of Borneo. Humans entered the island about 50,000 years ago, and today number more than 200 autonymic societies.

The wealth of life forms has been paralleled by the rich fabric of cultures. In "the wild, wonderful world" of Borneo, where phosphorescent mushrooms glow eerily in the dark and pitcher plants ingest their insect prey, where weaver-ants hang their nets in the air and snakes "fly" from tree to tree, human beings have created elaborate cultures with intimate knowledge of their universe from plants to heavenly constellations, complex patterns of social organization best known in the Bornean longhouse, and folklore that in sheer volume exceeds the literary products of Greeks and Romans.

And what has taken epochs to evolve and millenia to create likely will be gone in the twinkling of a geologic eye! And the irony is that the changes occurring in the wild, wonderful world of Borneo are taking place in the name of development.

Iban and other indigenes adapted successfully through familiarity of the Borneo ecosystem. As with other tropical systems, it is fragile, and deceptively so. "The richness above belies the poverty below," wrote Marston Bates. So long as the system is undisturbed, it remains a viable one. For example, the soils of the tropics are generally poor in nutrients and depth. Nutrients in the tropical forest are in the plants — the "biomass" or living material — and minimally in the soil. When covered by vegetation, the soils support luxuriant plant growth. But as soon as the vegetation is removed, the soils are exposed to the twin terrors of the tropics, sheet erosion and leaching. Once exposed and disturbed, the soils support grasses and weedy vegetation, but the conditions which produced the original forests cannot be recreated.

Iban adaptation included shifting cultivation and headhunting. Shifting cultivation, sometimes called "slash-and-burn," involves clearing a site, allowing the felled trees and other cut material to dry, and then torching the dried vegetation to release the nutrients for rice and other food plants. When practiced by farmers in situations of low population density and



*Symbolic of the push of events in Borneo is this log raft that heads toward port on one of the country's main waterways. As recently as the early '70s Borneo was called "the evergreen island," and 76 percent of its land was still covered by forests. But at the present cutting rate, the island's commercial timber will be entirely gone in four to eight years.*

with enough land to permit a fallow period during which vegetation may recover, shifting cultivation has been an ecologically sound strategy. Farmers who practice it have avoided clear-stripping their fields, so that root systems of trees and shrubs have held soil and minimized erosion. They have avoided "farming out" fields, and rarely is a field cultivated more than two years in succession.

Headhunting was a terror tactic for which Iban became world famous. Among other things, it was a strategy designed to drive out other people and to procure the most desirable lands by the most aggressive people. By acquisition of lands and enslavement of former occupants, the Iban became the most populous and one of the most mobile societies on Borneo. Headhunting was suppressed by the colonial government from a series of forts, around which grew up the towns into which present-day descendants of warriors are moving.

The agrarian life of Borneo's natives might have continued unchanged were it not for two major developments: logging and the new affluence in the towns made possible by income from timber. As recently as the early 1970s Borneo was called "the evergreen island," and 76 percent of Sarawak was still covered by forests. This situation has been changed dramatically in the last decade by one principal industry: logging. The commercial extraction of timber by Georgia Pacific and Weyerhaeuser in Kalimantan, local and Japanese companies in northern Borneo, has accelerated in the past fifteen years threatening the depletion of marketable hardwoods and destruction of the very environment. One

knowledgeable forester estimates that if current rates of felling continue, Sarawak's commercial timber will be entirely gone in four to eight years.

One of the lessons of systems theory is that to change part is to change all. And the ripple effects of deforestation bode ill for most of the population of Borneo.

In addition to these "real" losses, the damage to Borneo's natives is symbolic. In fact, it may well be that the symbolic losses are fully as significant in the lives of the people as the real losses, because removal of forests impresses upon these previously egalitarian, independent people that their lives and futures are controlled by people and forces beyond their understanding. As one exceptionally astute Iban summed up his feelings: "We aren't quite sure who is cutting our forests and who is going to flood our lands, but we know they live in towns, where the rich people are getting richer, and we poor people are losing what little we have."

Losses to the people of Borneo were most dramatically apparent in the combination of natural and technological forces that produced the greatest forest fire in recent history. Between late 1982 and early 1983, fire swept over 14,000 square miles in East Kalimantan, the largest of Indonesia's provinces of Borneo. The fires were the result of natural conditions and human activities. Borneo suffered the most extensive drought in a century, ten months without rain, probably as a result of the ocean-warming system off Peru and Ecuador, known popularly as "el Nino." El Nino "locks up" large amounts of moisture in the eastern Pacific, thus resulting in



drought in the western Pacific. The conditions that made the fires possible required human activities for their outbreak — logging and the annual burning of fields. Annual burns occasionally get out of control, and evidence from Kalimantan indicates that fires were enhanced by the drought and the proximity of logged-over areas. Fires unquestionably burned unlogged stands of forests, but with less intensity and damage. Surveys show that the fires burned logged-over areas with greater heat and burned them more thoroughly, unrestrained by the moisture in the vegetation.

The perceived losses of resources and the belief that to stay in rural areas is to remain poor are among powerful forces that are influencing thousands of Borneo natives to move to the towns and cities. "When the forests are gone," asked one Iban, "what will we live off? Everything for miles around is gone. Why, if you want to get a vine to tie your boat, you have to go half-a-day's walk into the forest." In the words of another, "It used to be that you could 'live off the land.' We could get along just fine without money. But now, you must have money. You can't live without it."

Cash, "the universal solvent of human relations," has become the *summa bonum*, "the highest good," for many people on Borneo. Participation in the monetized economy has psychologically, sociologically, and culturally revolutionized them. Illustrations of this revolution abound. I recall being in Iban longhouses when an eleven-foot python was killed, when deer were bagged, when pigs were killed swimming a nearby river. All shared equally. But no more! "I would like to share this deer with the people of my community," said an Iban of Punan Biau, "but I need the money. Besides, why should I share with them? If they had been lucky enough to shoot it, they wouldn't share it with me."

The strong sense of community and interdependence that has characterized premodern people has been subverted by the introduction of money. Money is not readily available in the country. But it is in the towns. And people are coming in increasing numbers to get it and the other benefits of urban life.

It must be emphasized even at the risk of exaggeration that most urban migrants could continue to live and survive in rural areas. But they choose to abandon a region and a way of life for towns, money, and the physically easier life.



*This Punan father and son face a bleak future in Borneo with the loss of their forests, game and fish that they have lived on for centuries. "When the forests are gone, what will we live off?" asks a native in frustration. "Everything for miles around is gone."*

The logistical challenges of current urban migration boggle the mind and defy the imagination, and the potential for competition with long-established city-dwellers is enormous. To put it very simply, it is almost impossible for city-folk to recognize what is occurring. And, if they do, their responses include some form of resistance. During the first week in Sibiu, I talked with a member of the Department of Statistics about the number of Iban in Sibiu. To my question, "How many Iban are living in Sibiu?" he re-

plied, "Three of four hundred." There are well over 10,000, and maybe as many as 20,000, in a total urban population of 140,000.

When I first suggested that there were 10,000 or more Iban in Sibiu, the same staff member responded, "There can't be. They are 'upriver people.'" During presentations to the local Rotary Club and to secondary school students, I encountered similar stereotypes and even more explicit denial or rejection of the possibility of Iban migration:

- "I do not believe Iban are coming to town? Where are they?" (Wherever one looks!)
- "Do you encourage them to come to Sibü? Is it good or bad? (I don't encourage them, and I don't know whether it is good or bad.)"
- "The Iban should not come to Sibü. They should stay in rural areas. How can we stop them?" (Why shouldn't they come to Sibü? Why should they stay in rural areas? Why do you want to stop them?)

According to the 1980 census, 66 percent of Iban urban migrants moved into Sarawak's towns to take up jobs. The primary and compelling attraction for urban migrants is cash income — a steady supply of money in contrast to the irregular cash flow they experience in rural areas. In Sibü, Iban fill a broad range of occupations. The highest ranking administrative officer, the Resident of Sarawak's Third Division, is an Iban, as are professionals such as lawyers, doctors, and teachers, businessmen, and a majority of the police, Field Force, and Border Scouts.

About 80 percent have little or no education, and few marketable skills. As Iban move into the labor market, usually at the lowest stratum, they replace Chinese and Malays who move on to better paying jobs. Even when members of the three societies do the same jobs, Iban are paid less. "Sibü is being developed by the blood and sweat of Iban," one observed colorfully if not accurately. "The developers and the capital are Chinese," he went on, "but the building of the Sibü Plaza (a new shopping mall) is profitable because of cheap Iban labor."

A cruel irony in light of the primary attraction of cash is that there just is not enough to cover all the expenses. Having left the country where cash is not readily available, they quickly discover that what is available in town is not enough because, as many commented, everything costs money.

The desire for an urban life style has quickly led to "the two-paycheck family" among a small number of Iban, and this is likely to increase. Most migrants want the fruits of the good life. More than half have radios and televisions, and all want them. One family's eight-by-ten foot living room is dominated by a 24-inch screen. Credit has been quickly grasped by Iban who are eager to enjoy now and pay later.

Housing is a particularly vexing problem. It is provided for some

government employees as one of their benefits. But it is most difficult for those who can least afford it: day-laborers, sawmill hands, low-level government employees. Government is constructing "low-cost" housing, but it is priced far beyond the ability of almost all migrants to afford it. Renting is expensive and unsatisfactory for people who feel their long-term future is in the city.

**The agrarian life of Borneo's natives might have continued unchanged were it not for two major developments: logging and the new affluence in the towns made possible by income from timber.**



*Squatters with little or no education and few marketable skills have poured into the towns and cities of Borneo, glutting the labor market and creating vexing problems for government authorities.*

The alternative is squatting. And a majority of migrants who are not provided with quarters are occupying four "squatters settlements," three built illegally on public land, one with permission of sawmill owners. Squatters are remarkably innovative and take far more initiative in solving their problems than do government officials who are not directly affected by housing needs.

Squatters also are skilful in playing politicians off against government officials. In the elections of 1983, leaders of the squatters' settlement east of Sibü pledged their community's support to

two Sarawak United People's Party candidates for parliament. Victorious, one provided running water to the community, the other, ironwood walkways linking the community to a nearby road. Beyond the amenities, the squatters procured recognition and a degree of legitimacy.

There is a wide range of education among the squatters — from none to form six (first year college). But there is a singular determination on the part of parents that their children must be given every opportunity for education if they are to compete successfully in modernizing Borneo. The general impression one takes away from conversations with squatters is that they are naturally intelligent, articulate, industrious, far-sighted, and resourceful. And, above all else, irresistibly determined to improve their families' situations.

The wisest solution for Sibü squatters, and squatters in most cities, is provision of free or low-cost land along with basic services and permission for squatters to build and develop their own communities. Squatters, as the rest of us, usually do what they consider best for their own situations. When government does more, as William Mangin has written about intervention of South American administrations with squatters, "the problem is the solution is the problem."

Problematic or not, squatting is the last in a series of choices which is rapidly and irreparably changing Borneo. The choice has been made to remove the forests rather than conserve them; to abandon old values for new valuables; to leave farm and hinterland for cash occupations and town. Human choices in prehistory and the recent history of Borneo have helped preserve the diversity of floral and faunal forms on the island. Current choices seem destined to destroy, or, at best, impoverish, the rich natural system and to reduce the distinctive cultures to an undistinguished modern sameness.

---

Vinson H. Sutlive, Jr., is professor and chairman of the Department of Anthropology at the College of William and Mary where he edits the *Borneo Research Bulletin*. A specialist in Southeast Asian Studies, he lived in Borneo from 1957 to 1972 and returned last summer for three months on a Fulbright Grant.



# TODAY'S STUDENTS: FACING AN UNCERTAIN FUTURE

---

By Peter H. Garland '77

College students today are worried. They are worried about themselves and their future. They are worried most about becoming successful, of achieving that which they have been led to expect out of life, of establishing stability in an uncertain world. Born in the wake of the postwar baby boom and into the computer revolution, they must compete and sacrifice to get ahead. The American Dream of owning a home, advancing in one's career, and providing for one's children will not necessarily become a reality for them as it has for other student generations. As a result, it is understandable that this generation is very conservative. In their personal lives they attempt to avoid risks that might jeopardize or postpone success, and in their political behavior, unlike more radical student generations of the recent past, they support conservatives who seek to preserve, not change; as such, they were a part of the recent landslide reelection of the president. To them, Ronald Reagan held out a vision of an economically secure future; with him at the helm, the American Dream could be achieved.

To those who were part of other student generations, today's students may appear to be uninformed, selfish, hedonistic, and overly vocational. I would suggest that they are confused, pressured by a more competitive world, and everywhere bombarded by changes that are demanding responses of them all too quickly. Facing an uncertain future, they are just trying to anticipate it as best they can. In this they are no different than other student generations. Like other student generations they reflect society at its best and its worst.

This generation grew up with the horrors of Vietnam as nightly TV fare, experienced double-digit inflation, and watched interest rates climb even as unemployment grew. They shared our disillusionment with public officials in the aftermath of Watergate. It should come as no surprise that their interests, behaviors, values, hopes, and fears reflect that upbringing.

College generations of the fifties, sixties, and seventies reflected the changes and forces of the society in which they lived and so, too, does this generation. Students were affected and changed by the major social issues and changes as they occurred, and they as students, and later as adults, influenced society. The students of the 1950s reflected a society seeking peace and economic security after a generation of depression and war. The sixties generation reflected an increasingly affluent and well-educated society fueled by optimism, which sought to change society for the better. Similarly, students in the 1970s mirrored a society disillusioned by its failures, which retreated inward to the development of the self. And now, the eighties generation has come to reflect a society that may well have realized the limits of expansion and idealism; one that seeks to preserve and protect as much of what it has gained as possible.



If we are to be able to understand the students of this decade, we must first understand the challenges, pressures, and issues with which these students are coping as members of society. In order to do this, we must interpret the major changes in society and their effects on students. What follows are five significant changes or trends that I feel have the greatest effects on college students today.

*The evolving information society:* It is evident that we no longer dominate the world economic system as we once did. Japan and other industrialized nations have challenged our once unshakeable position as the greatest industrialized nation in the world. The traditional anchors of our industrial might — steel, auto, and other heavy industries — are suffering from stiff overseas competition. However, at a time when our large industrial corporations are declining and we are turning to other nations for steel, cars, and consumer products, we are also witnessing an expansion of our information-based industries and services. These include the production of computer and other high-technology equipment, software, and sophisticated communications systems. Our dependence on industrial production is waning; it is being replaced by an information/service economy. Clearly this represents a profound change in our economic order.

More of us than ever are working in information-intensive occupations. In his recent bestseller, *Megatrends*, John Naisbitt suggests that only 17 percent of the work force was employed in jobs where information was the product in 1950. Thirty years later, more than 60 percent of us work in information-intensive jobs as lawyers, clerks, secretaries, managers, programmers, teachers, and the like, while only 13 percent of us are engaged in industrial production. For the majority of us, information and knowledge are the "raw materials" of production as well as its product. According to Naisbitt, this evolution from an industrial to an information society will be as profound as our earlier conversion from an agricultural to an industrial society.

The symbol of this new information age, the computer, is causing significant changes in the ways in which we work, the ways in which we learn, and the ways in which we communicate and relate to one another. Computer equipment and software are revamping industrial production (including the use of robots for production), the content and methods of educating our youth, and the ways in which we record and interpret ourselves and our society. Traditional jobs and careers are becoming obsolete or redefined, while others are created apparently overnight. Thus, while we need to reeducate and retrain significant portions of our workforce, we must also acknowledge the difficulty for students trying to select a satisfying and marketable career in such a rapidly changing environment.

Students in colleges and universities today are recognizing this evolution in the economic order and its implications for their education and career preparation. Majors that capitalize on new information technologies such as computer science and management information systems and others in the information-intensive professions of medicine, law, and engineering are increasing, while the more traditional arts and sciences attract fewer students. Computer literacy is stressed for all majors. Over one-third of entering college students have written a computer program in high school, and each year more institutions follow the lead of Carnegie-Mellon, Clarkson, and Drexel in requiring entering students to purchase a computer. On other campuses, adequate numbers of computer terminals is the hottest student issue; waiting in terminal lines is a phenomenon of the eighties.

---

## **While students attending colleges and universities possess many of the same expectations as their older brothers and sisters, many soon realize that the dreams once thought to be guaranteed by a college education may be difficult to achieve.**

---

*Dealing with the legacy of the "baby boom":* The 74 million men and women born in the 1946-64 postwar baby boom represent almost one-third of our nation's population. This boom generation, according to Landon Jones in *Great Expectations*, has swelled and strained our institutions as we have attempted to accommodate and absorb it. Students graduating today are entering an increasingly competitive workforce crowded with well-educated, ambitious "boomers." Today's students may no longer assume — as they once did — that finding a satisfying career, advancing within it, or supporting a family, a home, and a lifestyle equal to or better than that of their parents will be earned easily. With so many seeking to gain so much in an economy no longer fueled by a high birth rate, today's students may be the first in recent history unable to expect many of the traditional elements of the "American Dream." For many students, choices will have to be made: postponing marriage and family while attempting to solidify career advancement, sacrificing career advancement for other lifestyle considerations, and the like. And for many, the prospect of underemployment will be all too real.

In short, while students attending colleges and universities possess many of the same expectations as their older brothers and sisters, many soon realize that the dreams once thought to be guaranteed by a college education may be difficult to achieve. Thus many students must "guess" which careers will lead to a job and to a secure future after college. Now those careers appear to be business management, accounting, marketing, engineering, and the health professions. Courses and programs that promote general education and intellectual training (such as English, history, biology, and sociology) are often eschewed in favor of those courses and programs that provide attractive and directly applicable technical skills (accounting, engineering, and computer science). During their senior year expectant students await campus interviews with the anxiety of lottery ticket-holders; they too are hoping that they have picked a winner.

*Sex roles and expectations are changing:* The traditional roles of men as providers and women as nurturers are being challenged today. More and more women are becoming breadwinners, while more men are assuming greater responsibility for the other needs of their families. Women in particular are being called upon to assume a greater range of roles than in the past, a situation that provides opportunities for many and role confusion and ambiguity for others. Women may now exercise greater freedom of choice over the selection and pursuit of a career, whether or not to marry or to have children, and may participate more fully in relationships with men, in the home and the workplace.

For the first time ever, in 1980 more women than men



were enrolled in colleges and universities. While many women are still attracted to traditional female majors — education, library science, nursing, and the helping professions — there are strong indications that this is changing. Increasingly women are entering such nontraditional fields as engineering, business, applied technologies, and the pure sciences. There is also evidence that women are making headway in professions once dominated by men such as medicine, dentistry, and law. In the decade from 1971 to 1980, the number of women earning degrees in these professions increased six-fold. Today women make up half of the student body at the nation's most influential law and medical schools.

In the past many have doubted whether women in higher education have actually pursued the careers for which they were prepared. Recent studies have demonstrated that women are in fact entering the workforce in their chosen fields. Studies have shown between 50 and 90 percent of women college students today desire either to pursue a career after graduation or to have both a career and a family. While there is considerable evidence that women are still not paid as well as their male counterparts and are unable to advance at the same rate in many fields, it is certain that women are becoming represented in a wider variety of careers and professions, and that the home is no longer a woman's sole realm of experience.

As women participate more fully in careers and in society, their traditional and often restricting roles are evolving. Women in nontraditional careers have been shown to view their role choices as less constrained. As women's roles become more varied there are similar oppor-

---

*Ronald Reagan was a big hit with college students in the recent presidential election because he held out a vision for them of an economically secure future in which the American Dream could be achieved.*

tunities and pressures for men to choose from a wider range of roles. Choices and priorities concerning careers, marriage, and children are increasingly made by both men and women, taking into consideration both individual and joint concerns. In her recent book, *The Second Stage*, Betty Friedan suggests that we may be starting to transcend the polarizations between male and female in the family and society and that synergy between male and female roles may be growing.

While it may appear that we are becoming more androgynous, some experts believe that this androgyny may be false. Even among couples where both are pursuing career goals, traditional lifestyle patterns and family roles may often prevail. The economic necessity for dual careers may make some superficial changes, but traditional roles may remain and be reinforced, according to some observers.

Regardless of which view one takes, there are growing pressures on both men and women to view their roles differently. There is an opportunity, more than in previous generations, for men and women to look at and change their roles and lifestyles. There are stresses for both men and women. As more women pursue careers in an increasingly competitive world, the competition for all increases. Relations between men and women on the job are often strained; dating within the office is becoming an important issue for supervisors. More importantly, choice among different and often conflicting roles, particularly for women, may lead to ambiguity, confusion, and stress. As opportunities have increased, so too have expectations; for many women in college there is pressure to do it all, to become the "superwoman": attractive wife, effective businesswoman, and nurturing mother.

*Narcissism is growing:* Our society has moved from a period where the primary concern of people seemed to be with society (its priorities, directions, and development) to one where, today, the primary focus is on the individual (his or her priorities, directions, and development). Christopher



---

---

**The increasing rate of change often leave us with little time to understand it or respond to it before things have changed again. This rapid rate of change is affecting our society in many ways.**

---

---

Lasch has chronicled this growing narcissism and the reasons for its appearance in his recent volume, *The Culture of Narcissism*. Arthur Levine, in describing today's students in *When Dreams and Heroes Died*, suggests that society may be in a period of "individual ascendancy," which promotes hedonism and the primacy of duty to oneself, as opposed to "community ascendancy," which supports asceticism and the primacy of duty to others. In supporting this conclusion, Levine reports that over 90 percent of students hold high hopes for themselves, while less than half hold similar hopes for society in general.

There is ample evidence of narcissism around us. We have become perhaps all too obsessive about our bodies: jogging, aerobic dancing, and dieting to trim down our waists while building up our muscles. Appearance is everything. We walk around oblivious to the world, enveloped in the music of our walkmen. Our interpersonal relationships are more transitory, trivial, and even violent, and we are more willing than ever to sacrifice those relationships while competing for financial security and career success. We want immediate gratification. Unable to wait for clothes, cars, and vacations we live today on what we hope to earn tomorrow and often become embittered when the success to support those desires is not realized soon enough.

All of this is not lost on today's college students. The frequency of plagiarism, computer piracy, and deliberate sabotaging of projects at some schools has increased. Personal and academic honesty is often compromised all too quickly. Today's students are more competitive in class, less willing to help one another, indignant at getting less than the best grades. Optimistic about themselves even while pessimistic about society, they are struggling to go first class on the Titanic.

*Change is overwhelming our society:* We all understand that change is inevitable, that it is occurring as fast as it is may be beyond our powers of comprehension and ability to adapt. The increasing rate of change often leaves us with little time to understand it or respond to it before things have changed again. This rapid rate of change is affecting our society in several ways.

First, the rate of change is getting faster and is placing pressure on us to absorb its products. According to Naisbitt, scientific and technical knowledge now doubles every five and a half years but soon may begin to double every two years. Perhaps more disturbing is the fact that the delay between the creation of a technological change and its application is decreasing, leaving us less time to adjust to new technologies. This increasing rate of technological change is placing daily stress on society and individuals.

Second, a rapid rate of change is demanding more insightful, adaptable generalists. Unfortunately, in the past twenty or thirty years we in higher education have become much more adept at producing narrowly trained specialists. Generalists who are able to understand and interpret a complex and changing society will be more valuable to us than

those trained in a specialty that may radically change or become obsolete in a few years. Today's narrowly trained specialists may be tomorrow's displaced workers.

Third, rapid change is demanding that we rethink the notion of a discrete educational period followed by employment. It is not unusual to think of holding a series of different jobs and pursuing two or three careers in one's lifetime. And the route to new jobs and careers is very often through education and training. Already we have seen the number of adults entering or reentering higher education increase rapidly in the past decade. At the same time, the amount of participation in corporate, professional, and university sponsored training programs has increased greatly. IBM alone spends nearly \$500 million a year in this effort.

Fourth, rapid change is challenging our values. Traditionally we have understood change in relation to the past and to our value systems that have emerged from the past. This may no longer be practical or possible. As society changes and knowledge expansion alters the ways in which we think, communicate, and relate to one another, new or altered value systems may be called for that are more sympathetic to a rapidly changing world.

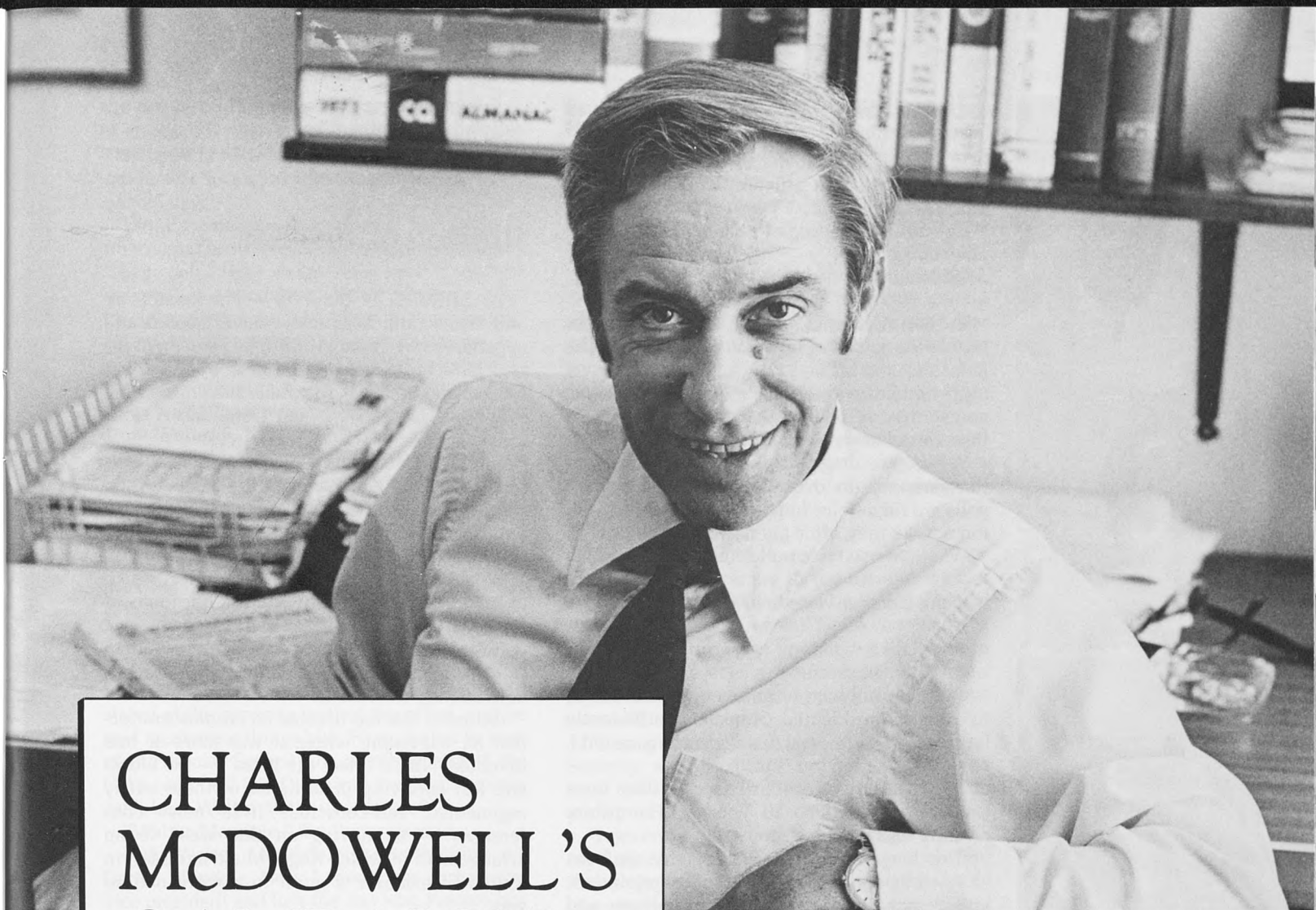
Finally, as a result of this, we must become more adept at looking to the future for guidance rather than to the past in our planning. More than a decade ago in *Future Shock*, Alvin Toffler suggested that a coherent image of the future may offer more valuable insights in understanding the present than the image we hold of the past. Put simply, the future must be understood in its forward-moving context, rather than in the context of a previous era. Future planning, now more than ever, will demand greater skills in forecasting, in interpreting trends, and in communicating this to society.

Even as we attempt to anticipate it, the future is at best uncertain, and the rapid rate of change is bringing it to us sooner. Students are naturally worried that a major chosen in the freshman year may be unmarketable four years later. Similarly, when confronted with choosing a mate for life they are worried he or she will not be the "same" in five years and the relationship will fall apart; the divorce rate confirms that. An uncertain future and unmanageable change may be two of the reasons we are witnessing the return to traditional values among students today.

To those who feel that today's students compare negatively with those of the past, I suggest that we should not be so hard on them. Granted, they are different in many ways from the popularized image of previous generations, but in one very important way they are the same: they are the product and reflection of the society of which they are a part. That this generation may be perceived as narcissistic, vocational, confused about roles, and even fearful of its future should come as no surprise; those same claims may be made about society today. Similarly, it can be argued that students are confused, pressured by expectations and competition, and bombarded by change; the rest of society can be explained in those terms. Therefore, if we accept the notion that students reflect society, in our attempts to understand them better we may also be better able to understand the society of which we are a part.

*Peter H. Garland '77 is completing his Ph.D. in Higher Education at the Pennsylvania State University where he recently received an M.A. in Political Science. He is currently completing a monograph on the changing role of student affairs to be published by the Association for the Study of Higher Education.*





## CHARLES McDOWELL'S CAMPAIGN DIARY

By Charles McDowell

I have been watching presidential campaigns professionally since 1952. My astonishment is undiminished, but my approach changes. In 1964, for instance, I covered the Johnson-Goldwater campaign close-up and personal, as they say on television. I rode the airplanes and the press buses, listened to the speeches until I could sing the words, interviewed the voters, and consulted the great political thinkers and talkers in the city halls, the universities and the campaign motels. My objective, which was foggy, had something to do with documenting campaign folkways in the age of electronics. The resulting columns for *The Richmond Times-Dis-*

*Charles McDowell is a syndicated columnist for The Richmond Times-Dispatch and a frequent panelist on the popular PBS show Washington Week in Review. He has spoken on several occasions to student journalists at the College of William and Mary which awards the Kays Gary-Charles McDowell scholarship each year to an outstanding student journalist.*

*patch* became a book, *Campaign Fever*.

Twenty years later, I made a point of not being intimately involved in the Reagan-Mondale campaign. Oh, I went to the New Hampshire primary and the Republican and Democratic national conventions; those are fraternal rites for political reporters. But my basic technique for covering the 1984 campaign was to watch it on television and read about it in the papers. My objective was clear: to survive as an optimist. The resulting columns (here excerpted by editors at the College of William and Mary) seem to me now to represent what could be called grim optimism about the contemporary political process.



## How long, oh Lord?

WASHINGTON (Sept. 6) — The campaign for president began officially this week, and it will last until the first Tuesday in November.

Or until the people revolt against being allowed to vote.

Whichever comes first.

\* \* \*

In two centuries, the United States has refined its presidential-election process to the point that the official campaign does not even begin until the voters are exhausted, frazzled, and so tired of politics that they almost sob at the sight of any politician.

We keep reading polls that measure President Reagan's margin over Walter Mondale. Such polls are ridiculous. In probing the sentiment of the nation, they offer too narrow a choice.

What we need is a poll like this:

If the election were held today I would vote for . . .

- Ronald Reagan
- Walter Mondale
- Either one who promises to do something to shorten presidential campaigns sufficiently that I don't feel trapped in democracy gone wild.

Think back if you can bear it. The Iowa caucuses were on Feb. 20. The New Hampshire primary was on Feb. 28.

How long, oh Lord, how long have we been battered by contenders, contentions, rejoinders, votes, exit polls, projections, analyses and renewed rhetorical excess?

We have been subjected to democracy in action much longer, of course, than the six months since Iowa and New Hampshire introduced a relentless succession of primaries and caucuses that subsided only in time for the national conventions in July and August.

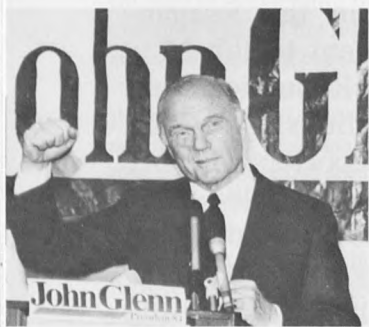
Actually, the presidential campaign season began long before the opening crises in Iowa and New Hampshire. The candidates, political writers and pollsters were working those states throughout 1983. We are slogging along, dazed and desperate, in the second half of the second year of the so-called 1984 presidential campaign.

Remember John Glenn?

If somebody asked me when John Glenn ran for president I would have to pause and make conscious calculations to avoid saying what seems about right — back in the 1950s sometime, or was it the early 1960s?

Remember Reubin Askew? He really does take you back.

Anyhow, the campaign has been going on for a generation, and millions of babies have been born, and wars have been fought, and styles have changed, and the Baltimore Colts have moved to Indianapolis, and Canada has changed prime ministers a couple of times, and my tennis serve has been through three clearly different stages of the aging process, and still the same presidential campaign goes on.



It is more surreal than that. The campaign is officially beginning. That is the worst of it — in a sense that is almost plausible, the thing is just starting.

## Illusion of debates

WASHINGTON (Sept. 16) — The Republican and Democratic negotiators have labored and apparently have brought forth an agreement for two joint campaign appearances by President Reagan and Walter F. Mondale, and one by Vice President George Bush and Geraldine A. Ferraro.

The negotiators and the news media are calling this a tentative agreement to debate. When the format is settled and announced, perhaps tomorrow, we will almost certainly discover that nobody is going to debate anybody.

What we can expect is panel shows. A squad of reporters will sit in rows to ask questions of the candidates under strict limitations on time, on the questioners' batting order and freedom to follow up, and on the possibility of exchanges between the candidates.

Actually, this has become an obsolescent format on television, where it was more or less invented. NBC's "Meet the Press" — the oldest and last surviving practitioner of these stiffly regimented, self-conscious little news conferences — is moving on this week to an arrangement in which Roger Mudd and Marvin Kalb will examine a guest in a more natural way.

Panel shows sometimes have done a pretty good job of interviewing one guest, although often the shifts from one questioner to another and one subject to another have been counterproductive. In any case, I know of no serious argument for a panel show as the format of choice for bringing out the crucial differences between two adversary guests.

\* \* \*

I used the word "guests." That is one of the problems. These are not guests; they are the principals in a presidential election. They should meet under conditions that allow them to challenge each other, to respond to each other, to pursue what seems most important to each of them in the presidential election of 1984.

The panel of reporters gets in the way of direct discussion. The reporters themselves — their manner, their individual reputations, their real or imagined biases, their collective reputations as self-important scolds — are almost hopelessly distracting. At the same time, the familiar look of that row of reporters somehow softens and diffuses the reality of the whole enterprise and turns it into another show on television.

During the Democratic primaries, several "debates" were held without panels of reporters. A moderator was there to keep order, introduce subjects and ask questions, but the principals were able to put in their own questions and



comments and to have some real discussion.

Except for the unwieldy number of Democrats usually involved, I thought the one-moderator format worked much better than a panel show.

But the one-moderator format reportedly is unacceptable to President Reagan's managers. They don't like what they call "cat-fight debates" — candidates going at each other directly, maybe saying things that are undignified, maybe provocative, even damaging.

What all that means is, the Reagan managers want the reporters there to ask the questions. They want to avoid confrontational questions from Walter F. Mondale.

Who can blame them? The president is miles ahead in the race. Although he has an excellent record in "debates," guarding him against desperation tactics and the chance of a lapse is what managers are for.

## Overdosed on the news

WASHINGTON (Oct. 11) — The man clearly was addled. He sat there on the couch and stared at the opposite wall of the office, and he said incoherent things like "How can we be sure of our Social Security or anything else if the Cubs can't beat San Diego and President Reagan can't beat Walter Mitty in a debate?"

"Walter Mondale," the therapist said.

"Oh, Walter Mondale. I keep thinking it's Carter Mondale. Now I remember — he's the vice president and he's the one Mrs. Ferraro has to debate. But which is it we have to watch Thursday night, the vice president debate or the World Series?"

"Lie down!" the therapist said rather sharply.

Turning and stretching out on the couch, the troubled man said, "Answer me one question, Doctor. If you were Dallas and you were coming into the World Series against the Redskins, would you go with Gary Hogeboom or Danny White at quarterback?"

"Close your eyes and just lie there quietly for a moment. Think about something that makes you feel calm, like a stream flowing through a green meadow."

The man suddenly twisted himself around on one elbow, looked wildly at the therapist, and said, "I know! Hogeboom and White could have a debate."

\* \* \*

"Lie down," the therapist said. "Now try to tell me calmly why you are so concerned about these people named Hogeboom and White."

"Because, to tell the truth, doctor, I have this awful feeling that either one might beat the Redskins. But that's not what really worries me."

"Try to tell me what really worries you."

"It's the system of choosing the umpires. You know, the panel. If the debaters get to veto everyone who knows anything about Social Security and Medicare, then no wonder the Cubs lost. By the way, do you know why the

San Diego Padres are likely to tire in the late innings of a debate against the Detroit Tigers?"

The therapist shrugged and decided to play along: "Why?"

"Because Garvey and Nettles, the Padres' stars, are getting pretty old. The age issue was bound to surface, doctor."

"Try being quiet again," the therapist said. "We are going to have to differentiate among several things that seem to trouble you: the debates, presidential and vice presidential, the baseball playoffs, the World Series, and the Redskins-Cowboys game coming up this weekend. Now . . ."

The patient turned on one elbow again and said, "If they are all different, then why is George Will, that columnist, always on television analyzing all of them?"

\* \* \*

"Lie down and shut up for a minute," the therapist said. "You are in trauma. But we can deal with it together. In my opinion, you are suffering from what we call News Overload. Or, to put it another way, you have overdosed on national media events. Your expectations, your loyalties and your sense of proportion all have been strained."

"Yes, and they are trying to cut my Social Security and Medicare besides. Doctor, you don't think my medical insurance is affected, do you?"

"I devoutly hope not. But let me go on with my diagnosis. In cases like yours we often find that a single incident has triggered the whole trauma. Tell me, has any one thing happened recently that seemed to destroy your grip on reality?"

"Yes, doctor," the man said calmly. "Just before everything quit making sense to me, I was reading a pro-Reagan explanation of Mondale's success in his debate with the president. The explanation was that Mondale scored a triumph of style over substance."

"Mondale relied on style over substance?"

"Yes, doctor."

"That's it then. You are a victim of Extreme Irony Shock. In this case I would call it World-Class Extreme Irony Shock."

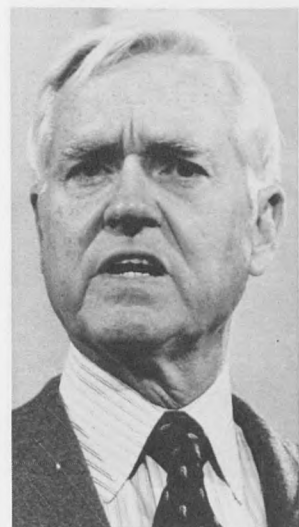
"Can it be cured, doctor?"

"Probably. But you'll have to come back next week. Suddenly I feel a little mixed up myself. Maybe we all need a few days to get a grip on reality."

## On coaching candidates

WASHINGTON (Oct. 18) — As President Reagan and Walter Mondale prepare for their second debate on television Sunday night, we are treated to amazing insights on how the candidates are coached for these things.

I have read a good deal of journalism about the two camps' rehearsals for the first meeting and their evolving game plans for the second. Having reread some of the reports and made inquiries of my own to confirm some of the most





astounding details, I still resist the obvious conclusion.

The conclusion I am resisting is this: These candidates are surrounded by idiots.

\* \* \*

The New York Times tells us that Mondale's advisers attribute his success in the first debate to the choice of the tactical "high road." That meant Mondale would come on as a positive, polite, even good-humored adversary of President Reagan.

Right? Right. Why is anything so obvious worth telling to the New York Times?

Well, the implication is that the advisers were not always sure the "high road" was the right way to go.

We are left to imagine the arguments among the advisers over whether Mondale should be negative, grumpy and rude in order to win the favor of the American people.

That sounds far-fetched. But is it? We are told that an outsider, not a staff adviser at all, has to be credited "with devising the successful performance strategy for the debate on Oct. 7."

This was Patrick Caddell, who was a strategist for Sen. Gary Hart. He submitted a memo to Mondale on how to approach the debate. Mondale was so impressed that he called in Caddell as counselor, and apparently listened to him rather than to the regular advisers. They resented it, and there is still tension in the Mondale camp about Caddell's role.

The advice Mondale took from the outsider apparently included, along with being pleasant, playing down old-politics themes and playing up some sense of hope for the future. That this was imaginative, revolutionary thinking in the Mondale camp is more than I wanted to know.

In any case, they have taken the bold if grudging decision that for the next debate Mondale should try to make a good impression again.

\* \* \*

What we have learned about the Reagan camp in the aftermath of the first debate is more than we learned from the sometimes faltering performance of the president himself. He did fairly well, compared with the ineptitude of his seconds.

An unidentified aide told Time magazine: "We assumed Mondale would come in whining and strident. Instead, he was warm and knowledgeable. He out-Reaganned Reagan."

Sen. Paul Laxalt, the campaign chairman, said the president had been "smothered" in statistics and "brutalized by a briefing process that didn't make sense."

Michael Deaver, the White House deputy chief of staff, said, "We overscheduled him with preparations. We gave him no time to sit and think about what he wanted to say in his own words."

The Reagan briefers, coaches and prompters were dealing with a president whose supreme talent is to speak authentically for himself. So they overloaded his circuits. And they did worse than that — they patronized him. Still worse, in terms of the Reagan image, various

Republicans said openly to the press that the White House staff is in the habit of condescending to the president by insisting that he has to be propped up with facts and figures.

Whatever his ability with facts and figures, the president has an instinct for themes that get through to people. It turns out, in this case, that the advisers developed the themes and passed them on to him. (He apparently did not object.)

So the president's friends not only did a poor job of preparing him for the first debate, but they ran down his performance and scuffed up his dignity by talking about it. And some of them had the nerve to say the news media manipulated the perception of his performance.

## The last round-up

WASHINGTON (Oct. 23) - One television watcher's last round-up of his own reactions to the presidential campaign debates of 1984:

Two long sessions in the country's living rooms in two weeks' time rehabilitated Walter Mondale to a degree that might well be unprecedented.

We must try to remember what a pitiful figure he was — the whiner, the dull and dour journeyman Democrat who inspired much pessimism, some embarrassment and more than a few snickers.

Now, after two appearances of about an hour and a half each on television, Mondale is a respectable candidate for president. He has been seen to be a man of some grace and conviction, well-informed, articulate and decently representative of what the Democratic Party has been about during the past 50 years.

The prospect for him is that he will lose the election by a large margin, but respectably.

\* \* \*

President Reagan demonstrated the authentic personal qualities, the plainly felt conservative themes and the sense of national pride that have marked his presidency.

He also demonstrated a certain remoteness from detail, a tendency to bumble and ramble on and a naive quality that, come to think of it, is an essential part of his style of leadership.

Few viewers of the debates will ever forget again that the president, for all his usual vigor, is in his 70s. Perhaps nobody will vote against him for it; nearly everybody will be more realistic about it.

Whatever his mistakes and shortcomings, Ronald Reagan remains a remarkably popular and forgivable man — as long, anyway, as the economy is good for most people.

The economy held up nicely during the debates. Ronald Reagan himself held up well enough, I would guess, to be safe from anything like the tremors of disillusionment required to displace an incumbent president.

\* \* \*

The president had a huge lead in the polls going into the second debate and was seen as the winner — or no worse than even — in the quickie surveys and analyses that followed.





Nevertheless, it is a pretty fair bet that the Reagan lead will narrow in the two weeks before the election. That is because Mondale's good showing will bring in Democrats and some independents who had been inclined against Reagan all along but were turned off by the pre-debate Mondale.

A perhaps substantial narrowing of the Reagan lead could be unsettling for his partisans, who don't realize how poorly Mondale has stood with his natural constituency.

\* \* \*

Mondale, who triumphed over low expectations in the first debate, did not really make much of an effort to triumph over President Reagan in the second.

For the kind of victory he needed, Mondale would have had to attack relentlessly. He would have had to characterize many of the president's statements as symptomatic of fundamental inadequacies and wrong-headedness. To provoke the president into some disastrous response, Mondale would have had to risk seeming mean and desperate.

He took no such risks. He clearly preferred to be a respectable candidate for president.

## The end is near

ALEXANDRIA (Oct. 28) - You would have difficulty, I think, finding two voting-age Americans anywhere in the country who could sit down together at this late stage of the presidential campaign and talk about it quietly, rationally and objectively, without even a trace of partisan emotion.

Yet there we were, Mr. Bumbleton and I, doing precisely that. On an Indian summer day, we were sitting in two chairs in my neighbor's side yard, looking at October's bright handiwork in the woods below his house.

"It is hard to imagine that Armageddon is almost upon us," Mr. Bumbleton said.

"You mean Election Day?" I asked.

"No, the End of the World."

"Maybe it's not coming yet. The enlightened thing to do is to keep an open mind," I said.

"Yes. President Reagan himself said the Old Testament prophecies of Armageddon might mean it is the day after tomorrow or a thousand years away. But he did mention that some theologians are getting a rather urgent sense of Armageddon."

"We can assume, I guess, that the president has talked to the Rev. Jerry Falwell about it. I wonder what Walter Mondale's theologians are saying."

"I thought it was interesting — when Armageddon came up in the second debate — that Mondale turned it into a complex argument about technology," Mr. Bumbleton said. "The issue of Old Testament prophecy was never really joined, alas."

\* \* \*

"Mondale seized the moment to reject the president's notion of sharing Star Wars tech-

nology with the Soviet Union, as I recall. He took a hard line and tried to turn the president into a kind of astral freezenik. It was an unexpected tactic," I said.

"Yes. It seemed to confuse everybody and obscure Mondale's argument against developing the Star Wars technology in the first place," Mr. Bumbleton said.

"He seems to think it might bring on Armageddon," I said.

"But we never really got to a direct exchange on the End of the World," he said. "Here we have an issue of potential interest to a considerable number of people, and the issue was not clarified."

"Name me an issue that has been clarified in this campaign," I challenged.

"Maybe taxes," he said.

"And maybe not," I said.

"We have clarified that Mondale would raise taxes. But we haven't clarified the realities of the budget and the deficit and the probability that the president himself will have to go along with raising taxes."

"How about Social Security, Medicare, veterans' pensions — have we confronted that whole issue?"

"Only in the sense that both sides have demagogued it."

"We are having trouble finding any issue that has been clarified in the campaign, Mr. Bumbleton. What are people going to remember from the campaign?"

"That for two weeks Ronald Reagan was suspected of being old, but he got over it," Mr. Bumbleton said.

\* \* \*

"What else will be remembered?"

"George Bush's kick-ass remark after his debate with Geraldine Ferraro."

"What else?"

"That Bush couldn't let it go, and kept saying it was just a typical thing we he-men say all the time."

"Did it really matter in terms of the End of the World and all?"

"It only mattered in the way it seemed to matter so much to George Bush."

"Anything else voters will remember from this campaign, Mr. Bumbleton?"

"I, for one, will always remember with amazement that Mondale's advisers actually seemed to think the term 'Fighting Fritz' conveyed something besides silliness."

"He deserved better advisers. They didn't even learn how to use balloons until the last few days," I said.

"The Reagan people were absolutely superb with balloons from the first. Maybe that tells the story," he said.

"In any case, the margin of votes on Election Day looks like it's going to be huge. Mr. Bumbleton."

"I will be thankful for a landslide," he said. "Surely the country wouldn't want to have on its conscience that a close election turned on such a bad campaign."





SOCIETY OF THE ALUMNI  
P.O. Box 1693  
Williamsburg, VA 23187

Non Profit  
Organization  
U.S. POSTAGE PAID  
Permit No. 1390  
Richmond, Va.



THE COLLEGE OF WILLIAM AND MARY