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Welcome To Skaru're

There is a spring of fresh water along Upper Mountain Road, on Indian Hill, where centuries ago the Tuscaroras chose this spot to settle down after many years of wandering. The people know the spring as one of the gifts of the Creator, as one of the waters upon whose constant flow their lives depend, and they are thankful. They say that the living waters in the rains, the streams, the lakes, and the springs serve to keep the Earth alive just as the woman's bloodline keeps human beings alive from one generation to the next. In the Thanksgiving Address, repeated aloud by the students in the Tuscarora Elementary School, "we say that the Waters are the bloodlines of our Mother Earth." The Tuscarora spring has nourished for hundreds of years the travelers who pass along what is now called Upper Mountain Road, which follows a branch of the great central path that ran from east to west through the towns and cornfields and orchards of the Iroquois, from the Hudson to the Niagara River. There it joined the portage that skirted the great falls of Niagara and connected Lake Erie and Lake Ontario. Around the spring today are thickets and brush and woods and farmers' fields, and along the roads stand houses and Christian churches and thriving little emporia where people come to buy untaxed gasoline and cigarettes. The woods and bushlines are laced with hidden trails where children play and hunters roam, tracking deer and small game. And in the mystic woods there live the Little People, guarding the medicine plants and scaring folks who walk along the roads at night.

I stayed with a Tuscarora family for two summers long ago, and recently came back to stay for another year-and-a-half with their descendants. The Tuscaroras themselves first came here more than two centuries ago, refugees from war, disease, and depredation by Whites in their homeland in Carolina, and displacement by colonial

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militias during the American War of Independence. Now only about a thousand survivors remain, a sovereign nation, uncertainly protected from intrusion by the legal boundary of their nine square miles of reservation land.

The Reserve is a little green oasis on the edge of a chaotic industrial landscape. To the west of the Reserve, Upper Mountain Road meets the ancient portage route between Lake Ontario and Lake Erie. The portage route itself is a strip of long-fought-over land, a few miles wide, that runs alongside the Niagara River from old Fort Niagara to the north to the great city of Buffalo to the south, with the pretty, historic towns of Youngstown and Lewiston, the city of Niagara Falls, and the famous Falls themselves in between. Among the towns and surviving businesses in the helter-skelter landscape of this peninsula, scarred by four hundred years of war, militarization, and industrial fluorescence and decay, lie the wastelands of rusting abandoned factories and dumps of toxic waste, mobile home parks scattered among fields and woods, an active military airport and old battlefields, the vast Niagara Power Authority's generating station whose reservoir juts onto the Reserve, a web of electric transmission lines strung between giant towers, and endless strip malls along Military Road and the other boulevards that transect the region. But to the east of the Reserve, on the flat plateau above the Niagara escarpment, the land is a checkerboard of farmers' fields, suburban lawns, and pleasant villages like Sanborn, Pekin, and Ransomeville. The Reserve, a mixture of fields and bushlines and patches of forest, preserves the outlines of an old and prosperous ecology of hunters and farmers, even though the log cabins are gone and the Indian people nowadays live in standard suburban frame houses and mobile homes and support themselves by working in the surrounding world of commerce and industry.

Our Visit in 1948–1949

The Indian nations known as the Haudenosaunee or Iroquois have been famous since colonial times for their Six Nations Confederacy. The members consisted of, from east to west, the Mohawks, the Oneidas, the Onondagas, the Cayugas, and the Senecas, with the sixth nation, the Tuscaroras, who joined the Confederacy about 1722, resid-

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ing on lands of several of the other nations, particularly the Oneidas and the Senecas. But little in the way of scholarly attention had been paid to the Tuscaroras by the 1940s, nearly one hundred years after Lewis Henry Morgan had published his classic ethnography, *The League of the Hodenosaunee, or Iroquois.* As a graduate student at the University of Pennsylvania, I was chosen by my professors to fill, at least in part, this gap in anthropological knowledge. The subject of my doctoral dissertation would be the long-neglected Tuscaroras, including their history, their culture, and in particular their national character.

In June of 1948 I drove up to Tuscarora in a battered old prewar Terraplane. I was carrying a letter of introduction from one of my professors, Frank Speck, to Clinton Rickard. Rickard was a prominent Indian activist, one of the founders of the Indian Defense League of America (IDLA), and he had extensive connections in the White community. Speck was an authority on Native American communities along the East Coast and had recently been doing research at Six Nations on Grand River. Rickard found temporary lodgings for me with his sister-in-law, Mrs. Nellie Gansworth, a widowed farmer's wife, and there I met Rickard's son Eli. I stayed there for a couple of weeks. Then I went back to Philadelphia to pick up my wife Betty and our two-year-old son Monty, and we all drove to Tuscarora; we moved in for the summer with the Indian family of Dan Smith, Clinton's best friend.

Our host family consisted of the father, Daniel Smith, his wife Mina, and their widowed daughter Pauline and her own three-year-old daughter Terrie, who for some reason was called Terrie Bear. When we came back the following year, the household had been augmented by Pauline's second child, Wendy (with whose family I was to find a second home fifty years later).

Dan Smith was a quiet-spoken man in his sixties, retired as a result of ill health from his job supervising a state road crew, but he carried on his practice as an herbalist of wide repute with a mixed White and Indian clientele. He kept his medicines in an old log house next to the main house. In front of the log cabin stood a totem pole, which Dan and his friend George Nash had carved, and a wooden statue of a fearsome reptilian monster on which the children climbed and played. The totem pole was, I have been told, years later acquired by the Smithsonian Institution's National Museum of the American Indian, at whose opening ceremonies Pauline's daughter Wendy and

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her husband Jim participated. The log house eventually moldered away or burned down.

Mina was a short, busy woman in her late forties, with jet black hair, which Betty greatly admired. When her mother died in 1904, Mina had been sent to the Thomas Indian School on the Cattaraugus Reservation, like so many other Iroquois children, where she was trained as a housekeeper and learned to resent and at the same time to emulate the cold and restrictive boarding school system, which had left emotional scars on many of its survivors. She later emerged as a strong supporter of the Tuscarora chiefs and clan mothers in their struggle to prevent the state's takeover of Tuscarora land for the reservoir. She had a sly and sometimes ribald sense of humor. Her daughter Pauline Mt. Pleasant was a good-looking young woman in her twenties, mourning her husband, who had recently died at the age of twenty-two of cardiac tamponade brought on by untreated strep throat. She held numerous jobs, drank too much, and came and went on an irregular schedule. When she was at home, she played sentimental popular music on the old upright piano in the living room, sometimes practicing pieces that she had composed. Betty, who was an accomplished pianist and music teacher, was impressed by Pauline's playing and thought she had real talent.

The Smiths lived in a small, square, two-story house, sheathed in black tarpaper, and set solidly at the corners upon four large boulders. It fronted on Mount Hope Road, a busy, dusty dirt-and-gravel thoroughfare familiarly known as "Dog Street" for its large number of canine residents. The house contained a kitchen with a massive iron wood-burning cook stove that heated the whole house, summer and winter, and an oil-cloth covered kitchen table for eating and visiting; a large general-purpose front room with the piano and cots where Mina, Pauline, and Terrie Bear slept; and two upstairs rooms, Dan's room over the kitchen, and a large bedroom for the Wallaces, furnished with a double bed, a cot, and chairs and a table where I kept my books and papers. We paid $25.00 a week for room and board, eked out of a small grant from the American Philosophical Society to whom at their librarian William Lingelbach's suggestion I had agreed to give any recordings I might make of the Tuscarora language. There was no electricity, no telephone, no running water (a pump and well and a rain barrel served instead), no trash collection (trash and garbage were placed onto a midden-mound, some got burned), and there

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was an outhouse in back, but despite these limitations Mina was able to keep a clean and tidy house. Between the house and the woods lay perhaps an acre or two of cultivated garden where the Smiths raised raspberries and rhubarb for Mina's delicious pies and an orchard of pear, cherry, plum, peach, and apple trees.

Betty, who was accustomed to urban living, was a good sport about life in the country, and I, having come out of three years in the army, had no problem with the accommodations. Once we were visited by Bill Fenton, an authority on the Iroquois and one of my mentors, his wife Olive, and the Canadian ethnologist Marius Barbeau, who had a special interest in Iroquois beadwork for which the Tuscaroras were famous. They took a dim view of our living arrangements, and Olive whispered to Betty, "You poor dear. I feel sorry for you." Betty did not always get along with Mina and vice versa. Once Betty chased Terrie Bear out of the front room, where she was changing Monty's pants after a mistake, because Terrie had entered the room, held her nose, and said "Pew!" This enraged Mina, who told me that we had no right to scold and man-handle her grandchild, especially not in her own house. Monty did his part in upsetting the household, throwing the cat into the rain barrel, which earned him an unlikely swat on the behind from Dan. Betty in turn, the next year, resented being asked to babysit Pauline's new-born Wendy, and matters wound up with my having to drive Betty and Monty back to Harrisburg to her parents' house, and then having to return by myself.

The house is gone now, burned down in 1979 it is said, by a person angered over a drug deal gone wrong. The lot sits vacant, overgrown with weeds and brambles, the subject of some lingering property dispute. Dan did not long survive after we left in 1949. He died two years later in a hospital, suffering rare complications of a skin disease called pemphigus. With Dan gone, Pauline frequently absent, and an unreliable source of family income, Mina was left to fend for herself and to care for the two granddaughters. She remarried a brother-in-law and told her granddaughters it was a business deal, but this did not last as he was not used to children and the situation became intolerable. The Tuscarora community pitched in and helped Mina in raising her granddaughters. Wendy escaped being sent to the Thomas Indian School, which closed in 1954; she counted twenty-five reservation households she had lived in by the time she was twelve.

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It is worth reciting some of the details of Wendy's early years because they show the strong solidarity of the Tuscarora community, including chiefs and clan mothers of virtually all of the clans in the nation, in helping Mina to raise her granddaughters. (One may recall anthropologist Margaret Mead's famous remark about child-rearing, "It takes a village.") Most of the time the two sisters were separated, living in different households. Wendy recalls living with Chief David Patterson (Sachem of the Wolf Clan) and his wife Juanita, although they already had four children of their own. With Chief Eleazar Williams (Sachem of the Turtle Clan, which was Wendy's own clan, and famous as a medicine man) and his wife Amelia (Wolf Clan mother), who kept her wooden leg under the bed at night and introduced future nurse Wendy to the concept of prosthesis. She recalls also living with Chief Edison Mt. Pleasant (a Pine Tree chief) and his wife Ruth, a Wolf Clan mother; with Turtle Chief Tracy Johnson and his wife Norma Jean, whom I remember as one of Monty's babysitters; wth Deer Clan Chief John Hill and his wife Debbie; with Turtle Clan mother Harriet Pembleton, who did beadwork (Wendy remembers picking up fallen beads on the floor); and with Matilda Hill, Deer Clan mother. Wendy recalls visiting with Bear Chief Harry Patterson and his wife Barbara, another clan mother, and riding a pig while at their home.

She also lived with the missionaries at the old Tuscarora Indian Mission on Walmore Road, formerly the Presbyterian Church that had been moved from its former site beside the cemetery on Upper Mountain Road. One of the missionaries was a Seneca woman, Miss Rena Button, and there was also Miss Hughes, who was White. She also spent time at the Seneca Reserve at Tonawanda with the family of Homer and Ruth Abrams, and with Louis and Anna Lazore, a Mohawk family at Akwesasne. Eventually, after she and Jim were married, roles were reversed and Wendy took in some members of her own family and cared for them. Her nephew Emmett lived with them from age ten onward.

All of this experience gave Wendy not only a deep feeling of attachment to the Tuscarora community but also an excellent knowledge of a diverse array of Tuscarora customs, values, and personalities, and an extraordinary understanding of the Tuscaroras' genealogy, a subject that has become her passion.

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Wendy married James Bissell when she was sixteen. In 1979 Mina died, and Pauline, who had for a time stopped drinking, lived in various homes on the reservation, babysitting to help support herself. In later years she lived in Niagara Falls, until in 1995 when she too passed away and was buried with her mother on the fringe of the Mt. Hope Cemetery, where non-enrolled Indian residents are interred, rather than in the clan rows. Wendy eschewed alcohol and drugs, completed a GED, went on to become a registered nurse, served nine years as a nurse lieutenant in the army reserves, and then went on to become a certified Family Nurse-Practitioner. For many years, until recently, she worked in a Family Practice Residency program for Niagara Falls Memorial Medical Center, covering the indigent patients of the twelve resident doctors. She has now been married for forty-five years, with three children, ten grandchildren, and five great-grandchildren.

Landscape

Tuscarora is a small nation. The land of the Tuscarora Reserve was, in 1948, a rough rectangle, about ten square miles, 6,249 acres to be exact, of fertile loam, stretching along the edge of the precipitous Niagara escarpment, and for a short distance plunging down the cliff-side in a wilderness of timber, rocks, and trickling springs. The edge of the escarpment is associated with various occult traditions: there is the rock on the very edge of the cliff where the Creator left a footprint in stone at the beginning of the world; somewhere at the western end is a buried treasure, which many have looked for but none have found; in a fallow field where orchards used to stand lie ancient burial mounds, where, as Dan told me, the victims of a legendary battle are said to have fallen and been interred.

The plateau is a gently rolling plain, laid out in rectangular fields where such crops as berries, corn, squash, and beans, wheat, hay, and apples were grown. The fields were divided by hedgerows and stands of trees and were usually several acres in area. Some were already lying fallow, growing up in weeds and brush, because the younger men were taking jobs in nearby industries off the reservation and commuting to work daily. The privately owned farmland, with its houses, barns,

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and sheds, is to be distinguished from the "nation lands," which are unexploited tracts owned by the Tuscarora Nation and administered by the Chiefs' Council. Among the national lands is "the swamp," a tract of tangled timber and underbrush covering perhaps a square mile on the southern edge of the Reserve. The swamp, in which deer and small game are hunted, is regarded as a kind of primeval forest, an almost impassable jungle, in which a person might be lost for hours or days; and like the escarpment, it is invested with stories of ghosts and skeletons and malevolent flying heads. Thus Tuscarora society lived and operated on a long, narrow strip of farming land running east and west through the Reserve, flanked on the north by the escarpment and on the south by the swamp.

Mina's house stood near the geographical and social center of the reservation. To the left of her home on Mt. Hope Road was the Council House, a large white frame building reminiscent of a Longhouse, where the Chiefs' Council met and where other community functions were held. The building was then in occasional use, such as for showing movies; it was burned by an arsonist. Next to the old council house is the gymnasium ("the old gym"), which provides a basketball court for the clan league and space as a dining hall and forum for special events. In 1948 I never had formal communication with the Chiefs' Council. As I learned later, Clinton Rickard was not a condoled member of the Council, and thus in their view was not entitled to be called a chief, and his Indian Defense League was not endorsed by them. The principal chief, Elton Greene, Sand Turtle, was a friend to students of Tuscarora history and culture, however, and William Patterson, the council secretary, was willing to talk with me about the Council and Tuscarora culture and genealogy. Perhaps the Council silently endorsed my presence. A few years later F. Roy Johnson, a historian from North Carolina, worked closely with Greene on research at Tuscarora for his two-volume history of the Tuscarora Nation and also made use of my Tuscarora recordings and notes at the Library of the American Philosophical Society.[1]

A few hundred yards to the right of Mina's, at the intersection of Mt. Hope and Walmore roads, were two other important buildings: the elementary school, a small white frame building, and across the street Lormsey's Store. Lormsey's was the only general store on the Reserve, and Mina used to buy groceries and other necessaries there. Every other weekend, when the welfare check arrived, Mina would

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pack everyone, including Marge and Chet's daughter from next door, into my old Terraplane and we would drive down to Lormsey's. She would cash her check there, pick up some food, and buy everyone soda pop. This was a highlight of the week. I thought it was wasteful for a needy grandmother to squander a few dollars on soda, candy, and cookies for the kids, but I came to realize that when one is very poor, perhaps a generous and spirit-lifting splurge is just as important as anything else on the budget. Lormsey's business is long gone but the ramshackle old building remained, a decrepit unpainted wooden wreck, falling down into the weeds, riddled with raccoons but apparently untouched by vandals and graffiti artists, let alone casual arsonists, which would most likely have been its fate in communities off the Reserve. As has become the norm everywhere else, mom-and-pop stores like Lormsey's have been replaced by off-the-reservation shopping malls and most recently by, of course, a nearby Wal-Mart. Alas, despite the survival of the building into the twenty-first century, still standing when I came back in 2004—a testimony to the community's respect—it at last burned down in June 2011, a victim of careless play with fireworks by outsiders.

Across the street now, replacing the old white schoolhouse, stands a new brick school built in 1954, modern in style, decorated with Indian art on the walls, and up-to-date with college-educated Indian and White teachers and computers and classrooms equipped with projection devices and other twenty-first century teaching technology. The reservation clinic is located in the basement, staffed by accredited professional staff, including Wendy's daughter Susan (and said to be inhabited by a spirit named Abigail).

Behind Lormsey's was the lacrosse box, where the semi-pro teams of the Iroquois League contended before screaming crowds in the rickety old grandstand. In 1948 we would go over to watch the home games, which were rough affairs, no pads or helmets, with brutal body contact on the field and against the sides of the box. Players were distinguished by scars and missing teeth, and at times tempers got so high among the spectators—a large proportion of them women—that some of them would pour out of the stand and down onto the field to beat up offending officials or visiting players. The old lacrosse box is no more, instead the teams play in a new lacrosse box down the road and also off the Reserve in well-maintained arenas under more disciplined conditions. Local high schools have even taken up the

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sport. In the 1990s Iroquois lacrosse teams also played against, and often beat, college teams. The Iroquois National team was invited to compete in tournaments in England and Australia and on these trips the National team equipment was managed by my host Jim Bissell. Terrie Bear's son Emmett, whom Jim and Wendy raised, has two gold rings which he received while playing on the national championship Syracuse University Lacrosse team. Jimmy Bissell (Jim's son) played for a professional lacrosse team, the Buffalo Bandits, when they won the World Lacrosse Championship.

Another feature of the reservation center was the picnic grove behind the school, a stand of trees with a large parking lot where the Tuscarora Nation Picnic, a drug-and-alcohol free event, has been held in the summer of each year for the past one hundred sixty years. In 1948 and 1949, as I recall, the Picnic was a rather bleak affair, set in a dusty field with a few food stands, particularly featuring Indian corn soup, made without salt. The Nation Picnic is still held there fifty years later, now on a green and landscaped site, with more attractions to lure visitors: sales of traditional arts and crafts, such as beadwork; a slide-show of reservation historical scenes; a dance contest featuring native Smoke dances and traditional Iroquois social dances; the presentation of the Tuscarora Princess; Native singers and country-western guitarists; and even traveling Aztec professional dancers from Mexico. The Nation Picnic is hosted by the chiefs and clan mothers, raises money for council expenses, and is an extremely important affirmation of national unity and community life. And farther down Mt. Hope Road, beyond Lormsey's, was the Tuscarora Baptist Church, where Mina and the kids attended Sunday services. It was a frame building with wooden pews set in a dusty lot, and on a hot summer morning, it was intolerably stuffy and noisy with crying babies. I wasn't much for church services anyway, having had enough of that in the little college town where I grew up, but I respected the faithful and went to church on Sunday with Mina and the kids. A few years later, while the faithful were clearing the churchyard, a burning leaf blew up to the roof and the old church burned down. A new commodious brick structure was erected by the congregation, with space for meetings of various community groups, such as the Temperance Society and Awana, the Christian youth group, and the Seniors organization. The reservation population in 1948 was for the most part avowedly Christian, as they had been since the mid-nineteenth

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century, when the struggle between the Christians and the "pagans," as the followers of the old religion were called by the Christians, was supposedly ended by the flight of the traditionalists to Canada, some say after their Longhouse was burned. Nevertheless, there were those who privately eschewed Christianity and held fast to the old beliefs and some of the ritual practices, such as could be performed privately, allegedly in a Longhouse discreetly hidden in the woods. Dan Smith, I discovered, was one of these religious traditionalists, and he made it his business to educate me as best he could in the old ways and to introduce me to friends who retained some parts of the ancient heritage. Once I developed a summer cold and Mina sent me to a White physician in nearby Sanborn, who gave me an antibiotic, which did no good. I turned then to Dan, who made an herbal tea that tasted like a cup of aspirin, but it seemed to soothe the sore throat and the next day I felt well again. It is a familiar role for anthropologists to become the inheritors of knowledge from traditionalists who fear that the coming generation will not preserve the legacy of the past. Dan had no son to whom to entrust what he knew, but he did confide some of his herbalist secrets to Pauline, whom alone he allowed to join him in the log house where he kept his *materia medica.*

Fitting In

My own position in the Smith household was a twofold one. On the one hand, I was "the Professor," who spent much of his time driving around with Mina, collecting Rorschach protocols, and with Dan, interviewing people and recording texts. But on the other hand I was a friend who was expected to be available to provide automobile transportation for the Smith family to places on and off the Reserve for shopping and social visits. These trips gave me an opportunity to view the Tuscarora landscape, a green-and-brown checkerboard of residential lots of an acre or so on average, houses and outbuildings set among fields of corn and garden vegetables and berry patches, often with a car or truck or farm machinery in the driveway or on the lawn. The houses ranged from the one or two comfortable Victorian mansions to small frame houses like Dan and Mina's to trailers and cabins. In back, usually, there stood a line of trees or a woods, which provided shelter for wildlife; the everyday diet of most people was

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enriched by small game—rabbit, squirrel, formerly pheasant—and the occasional deer. A few small farms produced grain, milk, or fruit for the market in Niagara Falls, but for the most part the families consumed their own produce or exchanged it with friends and neighbors. There was one large farm spreading, in its heyday in the nineeteenth century, over about one square mile of land. But the zenith of the agricultural economy was a generation past and now the cash economy depended largely on wage work in the surrounding white community, particularly in Niagara Falls and Buffalo, where until recently defense industries had flourished and a uranium processing plant supplied materials to the Manhattan Project at Los Alamos and Oak Ridge, leaving behind radioactive waste that allegedly was used to pave a road on the reservation. Although this toxic material was eventually dug out and removed, some residents claim that there has been a high incidence of cancer in houses along the road. There was a Bell Aircraft plant nearby from which experimental planes like the X-1 were occasionally seen leaving white contrails across the blue sky. All in all, the Reserve was not unlike many semi-rural White communities, complaining of neglect by their politicians and of persistent poverty, but also sharing an ethic of quiet neighborliness.

Running the taxi service, however, could introduce me to unexpected abrasive encounters. I recall once waiting at Lormsey's while Mina was shopping in another part of the store. As I quietly sipped my Coke, a young woman opened the screen door and confronted me. "Are you that Professor who came here to pick our brains?" she demanded, or words to that effect. I tried to mumble an explanation but she proceeded to give me a tongue-lashing as just another White man who was here to exploit the Indians after all these centuries of genocide. I didn't have much to say and finally Mina or Lormsey came onto the veranda and rescued me. Fifty years later, she was still remembered as a woman with a sharp tongue who terrorized hapless White visitors. This was the only occasion when I was publicly attacked on racial grounds, whatever the private sentiments of some people might have been, and most households where Mina or Pauline or Dan introduced me were friendly and cooperated readily with requests to take the "ink-blot test," which became almost a fad. I learned from Mina that there were some wild rumors about my presence, however. One woman, whom I had never met, circulated stories that my upstairs room at the Smith's house was a mad scientist's laboratory with test tubes and bottles of chemicals and gleam-

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ing skulls. Some suspected me of being a Russian spy who reported nightly to the KGB by means of his "radio" (the wire recorder). Some thought I had great influence with statesmen and politicians. Most people, however, I believe took me for what I really was, a somewhat naive graduate student gathering material for his doctoral dissertation.

Being the taxi-driver could also be a walk on the wild side. One afternoon while I was doing some paperwork at the house, Pauline asked me if I would mind driving her to Niagara Falls where she had to meet someone on some business matter. It would only take a little while. I drove her to Niagara Falls and she directed me to a place called the Wonder Bar, which turned out to be an Indian hangout. We went in, she told me she would be back in a little while, and she disappeared into a room behind the bar. I sat at a little table on a rickety wire chair and drank a beer while I waited to drive Pauline back. There was a couple at the bar, a fat woman with straggly black hair, whom I took to be an Indian, and a scruffy young man hunched up on a bar stool at her side. After a while a couple of young Indian men came in and sat down with me. They explained that the woman at the bar was from Tuscarora and that the young man with her was her slave. Then they said she had murdered several of her boyfriends and buried them in her yard. Time went on and I nursed another beer and the young men told me that Pauline's boyfriend was an Italian guy who owned the bar and he would probably pick a fight with me when he came in. One of the boys from Tuscarora privately whispered that he would fight on my side. This kind of conversation went on for a while, and I was wondering if they were putting me on, and also what I could use for a weapon if there really was a fight and somebody pulled a knife. At last, after several hours and several more beers, the fellows from Tuscarora advised me that I wouldn't see Pauline again that night and offered to drive me home, an offer I gladly accepted. Pauline showed up in the morning at the house, without comment. A few months later, after I was back in Philadelphia, Mina wrote to say that someone had thrown a Molotov cocktail through the big window at the Wonder Bar and burned the place down.

The Rorschach Project

When I arrived at Tuscarora, I came with a scholarly mission: to collect a sample of Rorschach protocols to compare with similar

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psychological tests previously collected by A. I. Hallowell, my mentor and thesis supervisor, from Ojibwa Indians in Canada and the United States. The Ojibwa were an Algonkian-speaking people, whose northern bands were hunters-and-gatherers, residents of the forests and tundra north of the corn-line, with no community institutions larger than the congregation of extended families who gathered in the summer along the shores of lakes and rivers for fishing, socializing, and conducting ceremonies, particularly the Midewewin. Hallowell's interpretation of his Ojibwa samples emphasized what he regarded as the tightly controlled, introverted, emotionally isolated, suspicious nature of the typical Ojibwa individual. He had also done some respectable historical research on Ojibwa social organization and manners that seemed to confirm his impressions (although later scholars, particularly Harold Hickerson at the University of Buffalo, would question both the Rorschach interpretation and the historical evidence).[2] Hallowell expected that the Iroquois, well-known for their sophisticated political institutions that were epitomized in their famous League of the Haudenosaunee or Six Nations (Mohawk, Oneida, Onondaga, Cayuga, Seneca, and Tuscarora), would display in their Rorschach responses a more open, more inclusive, more sociable, and less introverted personality type. In the summer of 1948, Hallowell sent out a team of two graduate students to Iroquois reservations in New York, Augustus "Pete" Brown to Onondaga and me to Tuscarora, to test this hypothesis.

I already had some sense of familiarity with and admiration for the Iroquois. Before the war, I had spent many days with my father, Paul A. W. Wallace, as his assistant in research for his biography of the eighteenth-century Pennsylvania Indian agent Conrad Weiser.[3] Weiser had learned to speak passable Mohawk as a youth during a winter's sojourn with a Mohawk family, and he also spoke German and English. Hour after hour, in the days before the invention of the copy machine, I copied Weiser and other manuscripts longhand from the archives at the Historical Society of Pennsylvania and the Library of the American Philosophical Society in Philadelphia, and on a couple of occasions I went along with my father on visits to the Iroquois Reservation on Grand River in Ontario, where he was received by the distinguished Mohawk family of Chief William Loft. My father's admiration for the Iroquois led him to compose a version of the Iroquois' own history of the founding of their League,

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The White Roots of Peace, which is still valued by the Iroquois on both sides of the border and led to his adoption by the Mohawk family of Ray Fadden at Akwesasne in northern New York. After the war I went up again to Grand River, in the winter of 1946–47, this time with Frank Speck, whom I had gone to study with at Penn in the first place, and we met another distinguished custodian of Iroquois tradition, Deskaheh (Alexander General), who told me a version of the creation story. During that period I was working also on a life and times of the eighteenth-century Delaware Indian leader Teedyuscung, many details of whose career had been preserved in the manuscripts I had been copying as part of the Conrad Weiser research.[4]

These experiences did not, however, provide me with much in the way of advance knowledge of Tuscarora, or the circumstances of life on an Indian reservation. The Tuscaroras had been almost totally neglected by Iroquoianist anthropologists, who had focused mostly on the Mohawks and the Senecas since they figured so prominently in the Colonial and Revolutionary War historical records. The only substantial account was an article by J. N. B. Hewitt, senior ethnologist in the Bureau of American Ethnology in the Smithsonian Institution, in the 1912 *Handbook of the American Indian* (the revered "Bulletin 30" of ethnohistorians). Hewitt was himself a Tuscarora but most of his collections and publications dealt with Seneca and Onondaga myths and legends. Speck and Hallowell hoped that I would be able to record more Tuscarora texts and contribute to the scanty literature on Tuscarora language, history, and culture.

To carry out this mission, I needed help. The person who helped me with collecting the Rorschach sample was Mina. Mina and Dan were well-respected members of the Tuscarora community, although Mina's maternal lineage was so-called Canadian Tuscarora and she was not an enrolled member of the Tuscarora Nation on the American side. Mina as a four-year-old child was taken from her father and sent to the Thomas Indian School, a boarding school for Indian orphans at the Seneca reservation at Cattaraugus, where she learned the three R's, became proficient at the piano, and was trained in the domestic arts, a process that prepared the students to be "farmed out" to prosperous White families in need of cheap labor as housemaids and farmhands. The school was also devoted to expunging the Indian-ness out of "the poor dumb Indians," as she put it, a process which no doubt helped to motivate her to join the protests against

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the Power Authority later in the 1950s. Mina completed the eighth grade. I asked for her help and without difficulty she directed me to prospective Rorschach interviewees among her friends and acquaintances, both enrolled and non-enrolled. We spent hours in the car and in people's houses doing the Rorschach research. I explained to Mina what the test was intended to do—to learn how the Tuscaroras viewed the world—and told her that I needed a broad and diverse sample, male and female, teenagers to the elderly, educated and illiterate, in effect as close to random as possible. Ultimately, over the two summers we collected about seventy protocols, a very respectable sample from a small universe of a few hundred souls (I counted a total of 352 adult resident Indians at Tuscarora). Mina was an indispensable research associate.

The Rorschach test employs a standard set of ten cards, about the size of a sheet of typewriter paper, on each of which is printed a design (five in black and five in color) originally produced by folding a piece of paper on which has been dropped a puddle of ink. Folding produced a roughly symmetrical bilateral image. The respondent is asked to tell the interviewer what the picture reminds him or her of; more than one answer is allowed. After the answers are collected and written down, the respondent is asked what it was about the card that prompted each answer. Instead of interpreting the symbolism of the image according to principles of psychoanalysis originated by Freud's student Carl Jung, the Klopfer method developed by Bruno Klopfer, a student of Jung's, aimed for a more abstract delineation of the subject's mental functions by focusing on formal properties of the image on the card which the subject used in developing his concept: whole card versus part, color or black-and-white only, linear outline, seeming movement, apparent texture, and so on. These choices were later tabulated and quantified and a bar graph was constructed to display each subject's psychological profile. Whether the response to Card 1 was the familiar butterfly, or bird, or bat, or whatever was not the most interesting issue; whether the figure seemed to be flying, whether it had a fuzzy skin, and so on, were the significant features of a response.[5]

At the time of this study, the field of culture and personality was a burgeoning one in cultural anthropology. Franz Boas, the dean of American anthropology (and at one time a teacher of my mentor Frank Speck) had encouraged investigation of the nexus of personal-

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ity and culture among his students at Columbia. National character studies had become popular during World War II with influential analyses of Japanese, German, Russian, and even American personality types. The Columbia school emphasized the formation of personality in childhood, as the young person experienced the cultural molding of character, making use of more or less diluted versions of Freudian psychoanalytic thinking. The best known of Boas's students were Margaret Mead, who produced the well-known study *Coming of Age in Samoa*, and her friend Ruth Benedict, who wrote *Patterns of Culture*, both of which I had read with initial enthusiasm, later tempered by, among other things, the results of my Tuscarora study. Mead in particular was somewhat contemptuous of the use of the Rorschach and other psychological tests in field research, feeling that they did not get close to the realities of life and culture, and she was similarly dismissive of historical research into the lives of "dead people." This cavalier indifference to the grubby work of historians contributed to the celebrated, if posthumous, controversy with Derek Freeman, who used historical data to contradict Mead's assertions about the sexually uninhibited and therefore peaceful nature of Samoan life before European colonization. Freeman found historical records showing the Samoans to have been both sexually prudish and bloody warriors.[6] The other critique was that these so-called "projective techniques" imported the researcher's own culture into the testing situation, requiring the respondent to react to stimuli that were not familiar in his own cultural setting. This criticism was most appropriate when applied to another of the more popular tools, the Thematic Apperception Test, which confronted the subject with images on cards that virtually required familiarity with American middle-class urban culture: for example, a picture of a boy practicing on his violin, while in the background, through his window, he can see other kids playing football. For American respondents, this might indeed evoke a story involving conflicting issues of masculinity, group membership, obedience to parents, ambition, love of music, and so on—familiar stuff to a Boston clinical psychologist, but to an Eskimo youth these images would presumably be baffling. I tried out the TAT on a few respondents but did not find the results useful. The relative advantage of the Rorshach—to my mind, anyway—was that it used culturally more nearly neutral stimuli that could be presented in any cultural setting and be interpreted by the respondent in his or her own culturally appropriate terms.

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In any case, the Tuscarora study revealed a distribution of personality profiles that might have been elicited in any White American community, albeit most of them sharply different from Hallowell's typical Ojibwa profiles. What struck me was that the modal Tuscarora profile (as determined by a statistical technique described in the subsequently published monograph) was characteristic, at the widest stretch of confidence limits (about two standard deviations on a dozen or so variables) of only a third of the sample. This was a very different situation from that implied in the by-then traditional view of national character as developed by Margaret Mead and her associates, some of them neo-Freudian psychoanalysts, whose description of typical patterns of child-rearing leading to typical patterns of personality seemed to allow only for two types of personality in any one culture: normal and deviant. I went on to argue that the focus should not be on the "replication of uniformity" but rather on "the organization of diversity" as the principle governing the relationship of individuals and their cultures. All Tuscaroras were not shaped in the same mold and neither were the individuals in any sample of other Native American or immigrant European cultures.

There was resentment expressed at Tuscarora, however. It was said that the Rorschach study invaded the community's privacy and some believed it showed Tuscaroras in a negative light. I regret having published any interpretation of the modal Rorschach profile and want to apologize to Mina and to the Tuscarora Nation and community. The publication provided no benefit to the Nation and, although I meant to show no disrespect, it conveyed a sense of treating people impersonally as subjects in a scientific experiment. Although sophisticated users of the Rorschach and other projective techniques might regard the clinical language of the description of personality as a neutral, technical jargon commonly used to discuss psychodynamics, others may hear it as mere "psycho-babble," or references to personality traits in terms of infantile stages of behavior as insulting and denigrating.

Actually, by emphasizing the diversity of the responses, the monograph helped to close down the psychological stereotyping of social groups, a practice that had been applied during World War II both to enemy nations and our own citizenry. I turned over my Rorschach and other materials associated with the study to the Library of the American Philosophical Society, with the stipulation

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that the original Rorschach interviews be sequestered until the year 2025, unavailable to any inquirer, whatever his credentials or purpose. This sequestration, like concealing the names of some of the persons who had helped me, was something of a compromise with the rules of scholarly and scientific conduct, which require that any published research be falsifiable: that is, that another student should be able to examine the scholar's sources, or, in the hard sciences, repeat the experiment and evaluate the research design. The invocation of privacy seemed to be called for here, however, because the Rorschach test and the language in which it is interpreted has a clinical flavor. In any case, the original interviews should be treated as confidential communications.

More fallout from my presence at Tuscarora was coming. In the 1950s, after I had completed the Tuscarora work and was beginning an historical study of the life and times of Handsome Lake, the "Seneca Prophet," Robert Moses and the New York Power Authority declared that they needed a substantial part of the Tuscarora Reservation to build a reservoir to supply water to the turbines at a new hydroelectric power generating plant on the Niagara River. After Tuscarora refused to surrender part of its territory, the state of New York sued in court to exercise the right of eminent domain to seize the land it said it needed. In the course of these proceedings, I was asked by an attorney for the Power Authority to appear as an expert witness in the state's case against the Tuscarora Nation. I declined to appear and was then threatened with a subpoena. Having already had experience as an expert witness employed by Felix Cohen's Joint Efforts Group on behalf of Indian plaintiffs in land claims cases, I replied that the state's attorneys could not control what I said on cross-examination. At this point the matter was dropped. I wondered why the New York Power Authority wanted me to testify anyway. What possible relevance could Rorschach tests have in this case? I speculated that the one thing that I had written, accurately enough, was that some of the old farm land was going uncultivated, as Tuscarora workers found jobs in defense industries off the reservation. It was not until fifty years later, when I read transcripts of the testimony introduced by Arthur Lazarus, the Tuscaroras' attorney, that I realized that the state had probably wanted me to rebut the testimony of real, live Tuscarora farmers that the land the state wanted was still being used productively and that the reservation continued to serve

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the purpose envisaged by the federal government when it was created under federal supervision in 1797 and 1804. Lazarus's strategy failed, however. The case was ultimately decided by the U.S. Supreme Court on other grounds, the majority in the split decision declaring that the language of the governing statute merely prohibited the condemnation of Indian land on "federal reservations." The Tuscarora Nation's land was not a federal reservation because it was owned in "fee simple," like other privately owned land, in contrast to the status of the land of many other Indian nations that had been "reserved" for native use out of public lands that had been purchased by the federal government in the territories west of the original thirteen colonies. I might have been able to introduce a somewhat larger definition of the concept of "federal reservation" by citing historical records of how Tuscarora land was assembled under federal supervision according to the requirements of the 1790 Trade and Intercourse Act, but I was not called on by the defense.[7]

Recording Tuscarora Texts

Let me return to Tuscarora in 1948. The other half of my research program was to record text materials, if possible in the Tuscarora language with English translation, including traditional mythology and historical legend. My guide and chief informant in this mission was Dan Smith, who regarded me and my wire recorder as a means of preserving knowledge of the old ways for the coming generations of Tuscaroras, and of sympathetic White people as well. Dan recorded hours of his own formally delivered text, as well as more casually contributed anecdotes and commentary that I wrote down in pencil, and introduced me to acquaintances of his who possessed knowledge of the traditional culture. We spent much time over the two summers driving along dusty roads to visit old men who remembered this or that story or custom. Along the way, now and then, Dan would order me to stop and he would get out to pluck some wild herb from the side of the road. One time he wandered off a few yards into a field, where he plucked a plant from the ground, examined the root, and then threw it away. He explained to me that he was following the behest of a dream or vision that he had experienced when he was a young man. A woman dressed in white had appeared to him, car-

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rying a basket whose contents were covered with a white cloth. She pulled back the cloth and showed him the roots of a plant, but not the leaves, and told him that if he could find this medicine, it would be "a sure cure for tuberculosis." Dan had spent his life seeking this herbal remedy, frustrated however by an inability to recognize it by its leaves.

One time Dan took me to a site along the edge of the escarpment. We had to park the car in a lane overgrown with underbrush and walk the rest of the way along a trail that seemed to have been worn down half a foot into the ground, I imagined by the constant passage of moccasined feet. Along the way he stooped over and plucked what looked like a human long-bone out of the bank. He told me that this was the place where lay the remains of many men, slaughtered in a great battle long ago, but he did not know who fought. I was reminded of the English poem about the grave-digger who picked a skull out of the ground and told the poet he did not know who fought the battle, "but it was a famous victory." Later I went with Wendy and her family to visit what I thought had to be the same site, where once stood Kienuka, the fabled castle of the Squakihows or Neutral Nation. Now I associate that ossuary with the story of the fall of Kienuka, an almost Shakespearian melodrama of a peace queen, murder, deception, and holocaust, and the associated account of that queen's ancestress, Jiconsaseh, who advised Dekanawidah on his mission. Her descendant, Caroline Parker, was given the name Jiconsaseh out of respect for her services to her people, the Tonawanda Senecas, in the legal struggle to retain their Reserve after the Treaty of Buffalo Creek in 1838, She later married Chief John Mt. Pleasant, reputedly the richest man on the Tuscarora Reserve.

Another story having connections and implications I did not fully realize until later was the legend of "Crossing the Ice," which I recorded from a relative of the Tuscarora ethnologist J. N. B. Hewitt, and was re-recorded later by a linguist colleague William Reyburn. Crossing the Ice is a migration legend describing how the Tuscaroras, starving in their old country, were traveling eastward when they came to a great frozen sea. They sent out runners, who traveled for days until at last they saw a dark undulating line, like a huge snake lying on the horizon. They went ahead and at last came to land, with a forest teeming with game. But when they sent back for the others, they could not reach them because the ice had melted. What was

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striking about this legend was its similarity to a famous Delaware Indian legend, the famous (and later infamous) *Walam Olum*, which purported to describe how the ancestors of the Delaware and Iroquois Indians crossed the Bering Strait into North America, destroyed the noble civilization of the Mound Builders, and then fell to warring among themselves. Reyburn and I published the text and translation of Hewitt's folktale, with commentary drawing attention to its similarity to the *Walam Olum* but also pointing out possible origins in Tuscarora historical oratory in the eighteenth century. Although it is tempting to see in the twentieth-century Hewitt text merely a borrowing from Daniel Brinton's well-known 1885 publication of the Delaware epic, the story continued to haunt me and resurfaced while I was planning to return to Tuscarora.

With Dan's help, during the first season alone, I was able to make about seven hours of wire recordings from half-a-dozen speakers, including five hours of texts in Tuscarora, some with spoken or written English translations, on subjects involving supernatural phenomena, traditional history, genealogies, and personal reminiscences. These materials and other notes and documents were deposited with the Library of the American Philosophical Society in Philadelphia, where they now reside, happily now re-recorded in digital format from the infernal old wire spools onto compact discs. A brief catalogue of the first summer's material was published by the Society in its 1949 *Proceedings* and a catalogue is accessible online.

My second son was born in August 1950 and I named him Daniel after Daniel Smith. When Mina told him in the hospital that I had named my son after him, she wrote, "He smiled."

In reviewing the Tuscarora research that I did in the late 1940s, and comparing it with my perspective today, I am struck by the lack of attention that I was paying then to what might broadly be called political issues. Perhaps this owed in part to the circumstances of the times. The war had just ended, the men in uniform were coming home, including Tuscaroras and other Iroquois who had served either in the Canadian or American armed forces, and the tide of complaint against White governmental institutions was perhaps at a low ebb. Nor was I fully aware of impending political schisms on the Reserve. I was missing the signals, being preoccupied with trying to formulate a psychological profile, on the one hand, and on the other carrying out the traditional anthropologist's mission of salvage eth-

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nography—recording Native American mythology and ritual before it disappeared. Also, the kindness of my reception perhaps helped to blind me to a re-invigorated nationalism that was already surfacing in the insistence of Clinton Rickard's Indian Defense League that the border crossing rights of Native Americans under the Jay Treaty of 1794 be fully recognized by the United States and Canada, and to simmering factional disputes that would eventually burst forth in protests and demonstrations. The issue of Tuscarora nationalism would emerge in full force in a few years, in the resistance to the Niagara Power Project.

It is to Tuscarora nationalism, and by implication to the national aspirations of many small polities in the world uncomfortably embedded in larger nations and empires, that I turn my attention now as I return to Tuscarora. My perspective on this issue has been guided in part by the insight provided by the Tuscarora Rorschach study, which emphasized the diversity of the Tuscarora population. I did not, however, consider the psychological concepts and technical jargon of the Rorschach test as useful in discussing Tuscarora values and social organization and since 1952 had not used it in other community studies either. It is Tuscarora society's public culture, its tolerance of its own diversity, its preference for settling disputes by negotiation, its minimal government regulation and acceptance of the consequent factionalism, and the ethic of forbearance and volunteerism, that have been major factors in its survival as a small but sovereign nation in a world of empires.

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