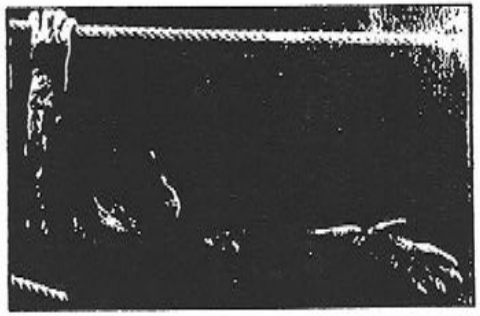

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Peacemaking among Primates

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CHAPTER SIX

Humans

Who can one hit, if not one's friends?

—Sir Ralph Richardson to Sir Alec Guinness, before punching him in the jaw

Studies of human aggression are to an unfortunate degree beset by another difficulty: investigators are urged, either by their sponsors or by their consciences, to find out what to *do* about some problem before they have formed any very clear opinion of what the problem *is*.

—Paul Bohannan

If four different primate species routinely make up after they have fought, similar behavior in another, closely related species probably has the same origin. No one would object to this extrapolation if the fifth species were another animal, but because the fifth species I refer to is the "Crown of Creation," controversy is bound to arise. Animals are considered slaves of their instincts, whereas humans are believed to be creatures of intellect. The distinction is not so clear-cut, however. Animals do not respond automatically, and people are by no means free of deep-seated desires and emotions.

To understand the human species is a particularly challenging task. Because a truly objective view of one's own kind is impossible to achieve, it is not surprising that so many schools of thought and so many conflicting theories exist. Even though there is room for all these viewpoints, one approach meets with

general hostility from scientists specialized in human behavior—the approach of the biologist. Yet it seems to me that if the biological perspective is so much at odds with all the others, there is all the more reason to consider it. It is not through ignoring divergent views that scientific progress is achieved.

The purpose of this final chapter is twofold: first, to stress the amazing lack of data on peacemaking in private human relationships; second, to reflect on this aspect of ourselves in a new and potentially enlightening way—by juxtaposing animal and human behavior. Because of my high regard for the psychological complexity of monkeys and apes, I believe that similarities to human behavior can arise in many ways, most of which we can only guess at. Two species may act the same because they share a long genetic history, be· ıse they have learned similar solutions to similar problems, for both reasons or neither. Hence, the parallels drawn here are not to be taken as proof that our actions are inescapable dictates of nature. Social behavior is in all species a blend of inborn tendencies, experience, and intelligent decision making.

Human behavior is unquestionably affected by the sociocultural environment. Golda Meir, former prime minister of Israel, once said in an interview with Oriana Fallaci that Palestinian schoolbooks pose arithmetic problems like this: "You have five Israelis. You kill three of them. How many Israelis are left to be killed?" We can hardly expect a desire for peace to develop in children fed on such hatred, and obviously this is exactly what is intended. On the other hand, the fact that parents and teachers can mold a child's attitudes is not a valid argument against genetic influences on behavior. One influence does not exclude the other. Many aspects of human behavior are so universal that they are best regarded as the combined product of biological raw materials and cultural modification, rather than as the independent invention of each culture. It is these raw materials, not the finished end products, that appear to be the same for the five primate species treated in this book, the special complexity of one species notwithstanding.

The Paucity of Knowledge

Three boys were interrogated at an Amsterdam police station after having drawn suspicion on themselves by spending more money than is normal for ten-year-olds. The youths admitted that they had found a wallet containing five thousand-guilder notes, but they had in their possession only a little over two thousand guilders. Where had the rest of the money gone? The answer made headlines. The boys had thrown two of the five bills into one of the city's age-old canals—their solution to the indivisibility of five by three. This is a dramatic illustration of how much people value good relationships.

I should qualify this. We value good relationships only to a point. The three boys must have been close friends. If one of them had been an outsider—new to the neighborhood, for example—an entirely different division might have been arranged. Who cares about an outsider, unless he is a very tough fellow? The goal of conflict settlement is not peace per se; it is the maintenance of relationships of proven value. This value is a highly variable item, not only across relationships but also across time within a particular relationship. Thus, a married couple who have successfully reconciled thousands of conflicts may nevertheless reach a point where it does not seem worthwhile to go through the same ritual again. They will increasingly place self-interest above marital harmony.

One compelling goal of people is to have relationships that work to their own advantage. If this occurs in perfect harmony, fine. If it requires coercion and threats, followed by soothing remarks, often this is fine too. Even if one party exerts constant pressure, we stay in the relationship as long as we need it. We do everything possible to keep our social network operative, not necessarily with the most agreeable methods. Some of the best relationships are riddled with squabbles, in that the two parties fluctuate between reinforcing their bond and getting the best possible deal from it. It is comparable to the way a drawbridge serves two kinds of traffic. Keeping the bridge down

causes a jam-up of boats in the canal; keeping the bridge open brings auto traffic to a halt. Just as a drawbridge can never stay in one position, relationships continually go through ups and downs to ensure that issues do not remain unresolved and that hurt feelings are mended.

While aggression is part of each and every human relationship, social scientists treat it as an inherently evil behavior. "Aggression is arguably the most serious of human problems" is a typical opening sentence of books on the topic (this particular one is by Jeffrey Goldstein). Authors support such a statement by a review of derailed aggression and all the misery it causes. I am certainly not of the opinion that aggression is unqualifiedly good—I have seen my share of blood and injuries—but I would prefer that scientists take a more encompassing look. Beyond the excesses of murder, rape, and child abuse, there is an entire spectrum, including the everyday hostilities with which we are in fact quite comfortable. Rather than start with the assumption that aggression shapes our lives in a negative manner only, we would be wiser to leave all options open, including the possibility of constructive outcomes of conflict.

I speak from years of frustration with the literature on human behavior. How do people actually behave? Available are answers to questionnaires, which at best reveal how people perceive themselves and at worst how they wish to be perceived. Available, too, are data on the behavior of human subjects in experiments. People who do not know one another are brought together in a laboratory room. All variables supposedly are under tight control in such settings, but the link with real life is lost. The observed social relationships have neither past nor future. We might as well investigate the swimming of fish by taking them out of the water. Where are the basic observations of human conduct within the family, at work, at school, at parties, on the street, and so on? Granted, there are methodological problems, but it should not be too difficult to take notes on people in action—not more difficult, surely, than fieldwork on dolphins or arboreal primates. In the natural sciences, sim-

ple descriptive data form the bedrock on which theories are built. Linnaeus preceded Darwin. The social sciences, however, seem to be trying to skip this tedious phase. Studies matching the descriptive detail of ethological work on animals are not easily come by.

Reconciliation behavior in humans is a case in point. Except for reports on preschool children and an occasional anthropological account, I am unaware of data in this area. It simply is not recognized as important. The subject indexes of major textbooks give abundant citations of "violence" and "aggression," but I have yet to find a single reference to interpersonal "peacemaking" or "forgiveness" (the clinical literature, which treats the process as it is mediated by therapists, is an exception). If the massive, well-funded aggression research of the 1960s and 1970s has failed to illuminate mechanisms of conflict resolution, it is largely because of a strong bias against the notion that aggression can be, even should be, *integrated* into our lives. During the era of Flower Power human aggression was regarded as a purely cultural product—and a highly undesirable one—the existence of which was entirely in our hands. To get rid of it, people needed only to control their material possessiveness, their desire for dominance, and their sexual jealousy. Why should humanity settle for the canalization, sublimation, or integration of such "diabolical" traits if eradication was within its power? Many social scientists were and are scarcely interested in checks and balances on aggression, simply because they refuse to believe that aggression is here to stay. Today in the 1980s, in the wake of total failure to shake off the unwanted heritage, we are still waiting for a revision of such optimistic theories.

I recently asked a world-renowned American psychologist, who specializes in human aggression, what he knew about reconciliation. Not only did he have no information on the subject, but he looked at me as if the word were new to him. I do, of course, speak with an accent, but this was not the problem. He reflected on my remarks, yet the concept had evidently never taken center stage in his thinking. His interest turned to irrita-

tion when I suggested that conflicts are inevitable among people and that aggression has such a long evolutionary history that it is logical to expect powerful coping mechanisms. He did not see what evolution had to do with it and argued that the most important goal is to understand and remove the causes of aggressive behavior.

To view aggression exclusively as an ugly, maladaptive trait requires that buffering mechanisms be ignored. If a mother monkey slaps her infant, then immediately embraces and consoles it, she has in one breath taught her child whatever she deemed necessary and demonstrated her continuing affection. The effect on the mother-child relationship is not necessarily what we think. For example, rhesus mothers, who are quite severe with their young, develop lifelong bonds with their daughters. Chimpanzee mothers, who hardly ever punish their offspring, rarely develop close-knit matrilines; most daughters migrate to other communities. If aggression were our sole criterion, we might call rhesus mothers "bad" and chimpanzee mothers "good." The judgment would be reversed if bonding were our favorite measure. And what if we preferred the loose bonds of chimpanzees over the close but strictly hierarchical ties of rhesus monkeys? The more we reflect on these issues, the less sense moral categories begin to make.

Am I, by trying to bypass the moral issues, condoning all forms of aggression? Do I believe that violent abuse is tolerable as long as it is followed by apologies, promises, or presents? Of course not. My point is that concern about the harmful effects of aggression is too narrow a basis for the study of such a broad behavioral complex. It is a matter of degree. We can handle some snowfall, not an avalanche. Until now scientists have looked at aggression as an avalanche. Anyone speaking of less disturbing, or even pleasurable encounters with it must, in their view, be deranged. I am convinced, all the same, that by opening our inquiries to include nondestructive forms of aggression, we may, in effect, also gain a better understanding of the forms that trouble us.

Our human societies are structured by the interplay between

Rhesus mothers treat their offspring quite strictly. This infant responds with a fear grin to his mother's bite; he had resisted her attempt to remove him from her belly. (Wisconsin Primate Center)

antagonism and attraction. Disappearance of the former is more than an unrealistic wish, it is a misguided one. No one would want to live in the sort of society that would result, as it would lack differentiation among individuals. A school of herrings is a good example of an aggregation predominantly based on attraction: the fish move together without any problems, but they have no social organization to speak of. If certain species, such as humans, reach a high degree of social differentiation, role division, and cooperation, this occurs because the cohesive tendency is counteracted by internal conflict. Individuals delineate their social positions in competition with others. We cannot have it both ways: a world in which each individual attains his or her own identity, and a world without clashing individual interests.

"When the focus of research is exclusively upon aggression, without measures of affiliation, there is a tendency to exaggerate its antisocial consequences," concluded Heidi Swanson and Richard Schuster from their experimental demonstration that cooperation is promoted, rather than hindered, by a moderate level of aggression among rats. Such research should not be limited to animals. It is time that we learn how people use aggressive behavior to reach their goals, and how they subsequently deal with the consequences. Insight into these processes will undoubtedly blur the distinction between positive and negative acts, for all acts are fused in the relationship and it is only the end result that counts. For example, I would not be surprised if reconciliations do more than merely rescue human relationships from undermining conflicts and tensions. Is not willingness to overcome hostile feelings the ultimate proof of commitment? Screaming and shouting followed by tenderness may actually strengthen a bond, in that the sequence assures both parties of the viability of the relationship. We do not trust a ship before it has weathered a storm. In the same way, a history of happy making up may give people the courage to be truly open with each other.

What makes the issue of forgiveness and reconciliation so intriguing is the paradoxes: bickering but cooperative rats, competitors unified in hierarchies, food struggles resolved through sex, battered wives attached to their husbands, the sympathy of hostages for their captors, and so forth. One explanation of the last riddle, given by Charles Bahn, is the emergence of feelings of extreme gratitude to someone who has made a credible threat on one's life without acting on it. In other words, terrorists who kill are murderers; those who almost kill are cavaliers fighting for a just cause, at least in the eyes of some of their victims.

Paradoxes disturb the neat dichotomies that we set up to clarify our thinking. For this reason, paradoxes are often treated as oddities. Still, their number may reach a size such that the dichotomization loses its usefulness. Evidently I believe that this has happened to the division between antagonistic and affectionate behavior. Not because of a lack of distinction—everyone can distinguish a slap in the face from a kiss on the cheek—but because of the intertwinement of the two in the long run. The condemnation of aggression as antisocial behavior is, like all morality, a simplification. If scientists do not detach themselves from such value judgments, they will never reach a full understanding of the way conflict shapes our social life.

Degrees of Sophistication

Monkeys and apes adapt their behavior to circumstances, achieving great sophistication in conflict resolution. They may not hold preliminary negotiations about the shape of the table at which the parties will meet, or set up so-called proximity talks with a go-between for delegations in different rooms, yet chimpanzees know what mediation is. In the Arnhem colony it is not uncommon for a female to break the ice between adult males who, after a fight, stay close to each other but seem unable to reopen communication. Avoiding eye contact, the two males play the familiar game of glancing over when the other looks away. A female may approach one male, briefly

groom or touch him, and walk over to the other with the first male following closely. This way he need not face his adversary. When the female sits down next to the second male, both groom her. Only a small shift is necessary for them to groom each other after the female has walked off. That the mediator knows what she is doing is clear from the way she looks over her shoulder and waits for a male who is reluctant to follow. She may even go back and tug at his arm.

Although I have never observed conflict mediation among macaques, this is not necessarily because of a lack of social awareness in these monkeys. Once the second-ranking rhesus male, Hulk, chased one of the younger males, Tom. Immediately afterward, Tom's mother approached Hulk to groom him. While she was doing so, Tom came closer and closer until he sat less than a meter behind the two. As soon as his mother noticed him, she stepped aside and looked away. She left the scene when her son took her place against Hulk's back. We have witnessed a number of similar situations, in which monkeys made room for contact between former opponents. These observations warn that the mediation skills of chimpanzees and humans may not be totally without antecedent. Our monkeylike ancestors may already have possessed an important prerequisite—the ability to recognize and facilitate reconciliation attempts between others.

Loss of face is a calamity that we humans easily recognize, yet find hard to define in objective behavioral terms. I am convinced that face-saving tactics are as important among our simian relatives as they are among ourselves. If two male chimpanzees are reluctant to make up, but without hesitation grab the opportunity to make an approach behind a mediator's back, it seems as though pride has prevented initiatives of their own. Occasionally males solve this problem without help from a third individual. Yeroen, for example, would feign interest in a small object to break the tension and attract his adversary. He would suddenly discover something in the grass and hoot loudly, looking in all directions. A number of chimpanzees, including his adversary, would rush to the spot. Soon the others would

lose interest and leave, while the two male rivals would stay. They would make excited sounds as they sniffed and handled the discovery, focusing all their attention on it. While doing so, their heads and shoulders would touch. After a few minutes the two would calm down and start grooming each other. The object, which I was never able to identify, would be forgotten.

The principle of a collective lie is that one party deceives and the other acts *as if* deceived. It is tempting to interpret the foregoing incidents in this manner. The fact that, in addition to Yeroen himself, his rival was fascinated by a discovery that induced so little interest in the others suggests that both males understood the purpose of their actions. In humans, collective lies are a familiar face-saver. Colin Turnbull described a beautiful example in the BaMbuti pygmies of the Congo. Among these forest people it is always the women who build the huts, so they are able to make a point during matrimonial disputes by demolishing part of their home. Usually, the husband gives in when a fight escalates to this level. One time, however, a particularly stubborn man did not stop his wife and even remarked to the camp at large that she was going to be dreadfully cold that night. To avoid being shamed, the woman had to continue the destruction. Slowly she started pulling out the sticks that formed the framework of the hut. She was in tears because, according to the anthropologist, the next step would be for her to pack her belongings and return to her parents. The man looked equally miserable. Things were clearly getting out of hand, and to make matters worse, the entire camp had come out to watch. Then the man suddenly brightened and told his wife that she could leave the sticks alone; it was only the leaves on the roof that were dirty. She gave him a puzzled look, then understood. Together they carried the leaves to the stream and washed them. Both were in a much better mood when the woman put the leaves back on the hut, and the man went off to hunt food for dinner. Turnbull comments that although no one believed the pretense that the woman had been removing leaves because they were dirty, everyone played along. "For several days women talked politely about the insects in the

leaves of their huts, and took a few leaves down to the stream to wash, as if this was a perfectly normal procedure. I have never seen it done before or since."

Collective lies allow compromises to be reached without creating definitive winners and losers. It is the opposite strategy of an explicit reconciliation, during which both parties openly refer to the matter that divides them. Excuses for rapprochement add an extra layer of intentions to the peace process. When we peel back the layer of declared motives, we may find a very different set of motives. In humans, the hidden motives are usually less noble than the ones presented to the outside world; self-interest is at the root of virtually every olive branch. What we discover may even be positively malicious. Individuals may go so far as to feign a conciliatory mood in order to reach exactly the opposite objective: revenge. Among the Arnhem chimpanzees this extreme form of deceit occurred on six separate occasions in the years that I watched them, all perpetrated by adult females who had been unsuccessful at catching their opponent during a previous aggressive incident. The female would approach her escaped victim with an invitational gesture, such as an outstretched open hand, and maintain her friendly attitude until the other, who was attracted by it, had come within arm's reach. Then the female would suddenly grab and attack her naive opponent.

Instead of calling this a deception, we could cite the alternative explanation that the female had changed her mind; that she really had wanted to make up, but that when her opponent came close, hostile feelings flared up again. This interpretation has weak points, however. Why were the victims in all cases low-ranking individuals capable of outrunning the female? Why did she wait until the last split second to change her mind? And why did she need to physically punish her victim, when a soft grunt would have sufficed to stop the approach? My impression is that the attacks were much too abrupt and vicious to have resulted from hesitation and conflicting emotions. I believe, in short, that these were premeditated moves to square an account. The chimpanzee's capacity for pretense is supported by other observations, both in captivity and in the wild, and by experimental research.

The above anecdotes make clear that a connection between human and animal behavior by no means implies that our conflict-resolution skills are "instinctive" in the narrow, colloquial sense of the word, that is, inborn stereotypical behaviors that we perform without thinking. If our fellow primates apply so much intelligence to these situations, would humans not do the same or more? Foresight and planning permeate all segments of our social life, including the way we deal with tensions and aggression. I still remember how, as a child, I would hurry to make up with my younger brother if I heard one of my parents coming, realizing full well whom they would side with. And my older brothers did the same when they had squabbled with me. Since early experiences never leave us, I immediately recognized the mechanism when I saw it in a chimpanzee family at the Yerkes Primate Center in Atlanta, where I recently conducted a study.

The family there comprised a female named Lolita and her two offspring: a fully adult daughter, Sheila, and a six-year-old son, Brian. The three of them lived in a group of twenty chimpanzees. Although Lolita is, by chimpanzee standards, fairly petite, she is the colony's alpha female (perhaps because she is the oldest individual). Unlike her mother, Sheila is unpopular in the group. She proved extremely selfish during the tests that I arranged to record food-sharing behavior, and she was the favorite target of two boisterous adolescent males when they were in the mood to test their fighting skills on females. One of these males was her younger brother, Brian. When his pal was around to back him up, Brian frequently teased Sheila by throwing sand, spitting at her, or giving her an unexpected poke in the back. Obviously, this did not go over well with Sheila. If she encountered Brian alone, she would push him if he slept, refuse to groom him if he invited her, or act in other subtly negative ways that sometimes led to a quarrel. Although Sheila still physically dominated her brother, she had to be careful. As soon as Brian gave a little scream, Lolita would look

up. I never saw her in a hurry to correct the situation, but she would keep an eye on her children and often approached the scene. She would sit down a few meters away, diplomatically acting as if nothing was the matter. This was just the kind of pressure to make up that Sheila needed. She would embrace Brian, groom him, or pull at his leg with a play face (she never usually played). All the while the two would throw glances at their mother. Only twice did Lolita actually interfere. Both times Brian took advantage, helping his mother chase his big sister.

Strategic reconciliations are quite common among chimpanzees. In Arnhem, Nikkie would make peace in the midst of a conflict with his coalition partner if the third male started an intimidation display. At the Yerkes Field Station, I observed a few unusually quick reconciliations between females who had had a fight before the keeper arrived with the bundle of branches that I used for my food-sharing tests. Upon seeing the keeper, the female rivals hurriedly kissed and embraced. I suppose neither wanted to run the risk of not being on friendly terms in case her rival got the food.

In short, several basic variations on the theme of peacemaking—including third-party mediation, opportunism, and deception—can be found in both humans and chimpanzees. No doubt humans surpass apes in their degree of sophistication, taking into account more options and consequences when deciding whether to settle a dispute. The salient point, though, is that both species make decisions based on experience and calculation. For this reason the observed similarities may have more to do with the way the brain solves problems than with the genetic programming of behavior.

Conflict resolution in monkeys seems a simpler and more straightforward process. But in comparing them with humans and apes, we should not stress contrasts at the expense of continuity. All five primate species seek contact with former adversaries. They do so in entirely different ways, ranging from the GG-rubbing of female bonobos to culture-specific human patterns, such as an aloof handshake. Each species applies all the

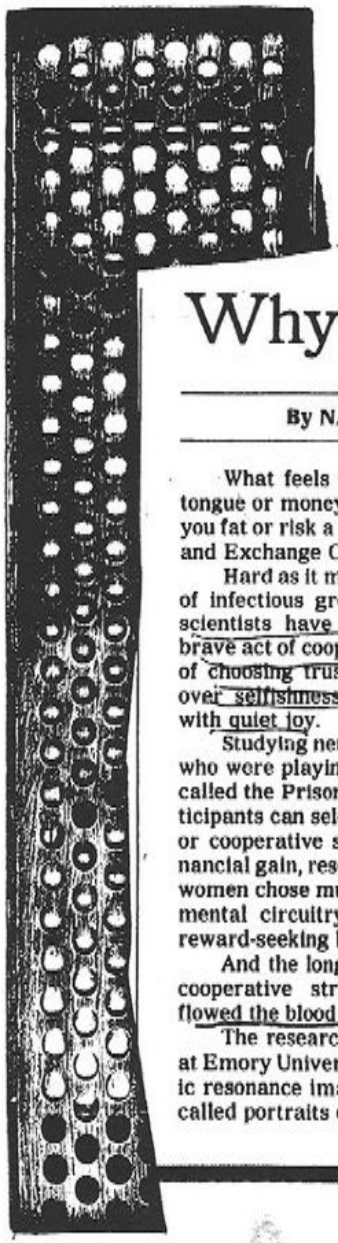
social awareness and intelligence at its disposal. The complexity of the approach can range from a simple grooming contact between two rhesus monkeys to the typically human strategy of testing, via intermediaries, the feelings in the opposing camp before representatives of the two sides meet.

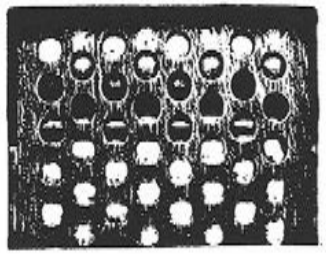
Only a few ingredients of reconciliation need to be inborn for the mechanism to work. An absolute minimum requirement is, of course, individual recognition; members of the species have to be able to remember with whom they fought. Other necessary ingredients are the ability to make fairly rapid emotional shifts from anger to friendliness, and the ability to be soothed by body contact and certain gestures, such as withdrawal of the lips from the teeth in a grin or smile. But even these aspects are influenced by the environment. For example, a monkey raised in isolation will be thoroughly disturbed the first time he or she is touched. So the search for the "immutable bedrock" of reconciliation is a bit like the search for the Holy Grail. It is much more profitable to think in terms of *potential*. With our simian relatives we share a psychological template that, filled in through interaction with parents, siblings, and peers, allows us to develop the social skill of reconciliation.

The possession of this template is not self-evident, and nature has produced it in different shapes depending on the environment and life-style of the species. The characteristics of the human template are undoubtedly related to our long history as hunter-gatherers. In view of the close-knit community life and strong interdependency among extant hunter-gatherers, we can speculate that the capacity to find alternatives to overt aggression, and to restore the social fabric after disruption, must have been of critical value in human evolution.

Conditions of Peace

"The most general effect of fighting is to cause an injured animal to move away from another, with a resulting regulation of the use of space," wrote John Paul Scott, voicing the tradi-





Why We're So Nice: We're Wired to Cooperate

By NATALIE ANGIER

What feels as good as chocolate on the tongue or money in the bank but won't make you fat or risk a subpoena from the Securities and Exchange Commission?

Hard as it may be to believe in these days of infectious greed and sabers unsheathed, scientists have discovered that the small, brave act of cooperating with another person, of choosing trust over cynicism, generosity over selfishness, makes the brain light up with quiet joy.

Studying neural activity in young women who were playing a classic laboratory game called the Prisoner's Dilemma, in which participants can select from a number of greedy or cooperative strategies as they pursue financial gain, researchers found that when the women chose mutualism over "me-ism," the mental circuitry normally associated with reward-seeking behavior swelled to life.

And the longer the women engaged in a cooperative strategy, the more strongly flowed the blood to the pathways of pleasure.

The researchers, performing their work at Emory University in Atlanta, used magnetic resonance imaging to take what might be called portraits of the brain on hugs.

"The results were really surprising to us," said Dr. Gregory S. Berns, a psychiatrist and an author on the new report, which appears in the current issue of the journal Neuron. "We went in expecting the opposite."

The researchers had thought that the biggest response would occur in cases where one person cooperated and the other defected,

Experts find a way to light up your life (and your brain).

when the cooperator might feel that she was being treated unjustly.

Instead, the brightest signals arose in cooperative alliances and in those neighborhoods of the brain already known to respond to desserts, pictures of pretty faces, money, cocaine and any number of licit or illicit delights.

"It's reassuring," Dr. Berns said. "In some ways, it says that we're wired to cooperate with each other."

The study is among the first to use M.R.I. technology to examine social interactions in real time, as opposed to taking brain images while subjects stared at static pictures or thought-prescribed thoughts.

It is also a novel approach to exploring an ancient conundrum, why are humans so, well, nice? Why are they willing to cooperate with people whom they barely know and to do good deeds and to play fair a surprisingly high percentage of the time?

Scientists have no trouble explaining the evolution of competitive behavior. But the depth and breadth of human altruism, the willingness to forgo immediate personal gain for the long-term common good, far exceeds behaviors seen even in other large-brained, highly social species like chimpanzees and dolphins, and it has as such been difficult to understand.

"I've pointed out to my students how impressive it is that you can take a group of young men and women of prime reproductive age, have them come into a classroom, sit down and be perfectly comfortable and civil to each other," said Dr. Peter J. Richerson, a professor of environmental science and policy at the University of California at Davis and an influential theorist in the field of cultural evolution. "If you put 50 male and 50 female

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Why We're So Nice: We're Wired to Cooperate

Continued From First Science Page

chimpanzees that don't know each other into a lecture hall, it would be a social explosion."

Dr. Ernst Fehr of the University of Zurich and colleagues recently presented findings on the importance of punishment in maintaining cooperative behavior among humans and the willingness of people to punish those who commit crimes or violate norms, even when the chastisers take risks and gain nothing themselves while serving as ad hoc police.

In her survey of the management of so-called commons in small-scale communities where villagers have the right, for example, to graze livestock on commonly held land, Dr. Elinor Ostrom of Indiana University found that all communities have some form of monitoring to gird against cheating or using more than a fair share of the resource.

In laboratory games that mimic small-scale commons, Dr. Richerson said, 20 to 30 percent have to be coerced by a threat of punishment to cooperate.

Fear alone is not highly likely to inspire cooperative behavior to the degree observed among humans. If research like Dr. Fehr's shows the stick side of the equation, the newest findings present the neural carrot — people cooperate because it feels good to do it.

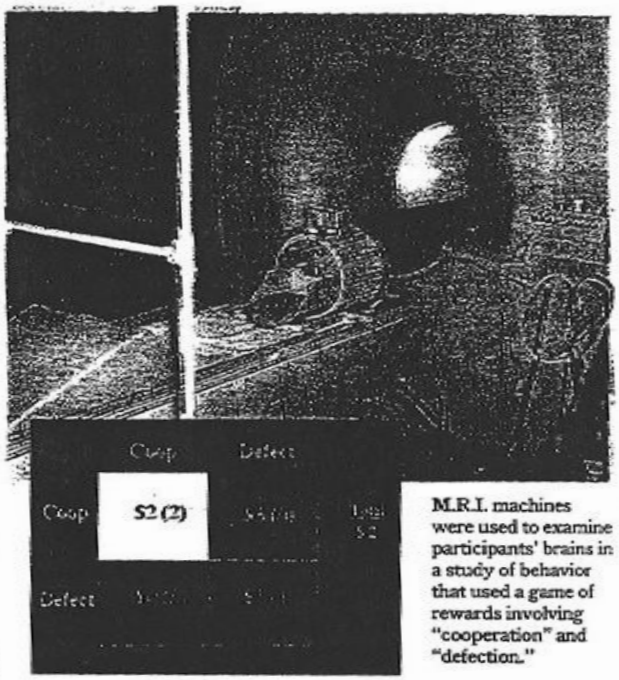
In the new findings, the researchers studied 36 women from 20 to 60 years old, many of them students at Emory and inspired to participate by the promise of monetary rewards. The scientists chose an all-female sample because so few brain-imaging studies have looked at only women. Most have been limited to men or to a mixture of men and women.

But there is a vast body of nonimaging data that rely on using the Prisoner's Dilemma.

"It's a simple and elegant model for reciprocity," said Dr. James K. Rilling, an author on the Neuron paper who is at Princeton. "It's been referred to as the E. coli of social psychology."

From past results, the researchers said, one can assume that neuroimaging studies of men playing the game would be similar to their new findings with women.

The basic structure of the trial had two women meet each other briefly ahead of time. One was placed in the scanner while the other remained outside the scanning room. The two interacted by computer, playing



M.R.I. machines were used to examine participants' brains in a study of behavior that used a game of rewards involving "cooperation" and "defection."

button to indicate whether she would "cooperate" or "defect." Her answer would be shown on-screen to the other player.

The monetary awards were apportioned after each round. If one player defected and the other cooperated, the defector earned $3 and the cooperator nothing. If both chose to cooperate, each earned $2. If both opted to defect, each earned $1.

Hence, mutual cooperation from start to finish was a far more profitable strategy, at $40 a woman, than complete mutual defection, which gave each $20.

The risk that a woman took each time she became greedy for a little bit more was that the cooperative strategy would fall apart and that both would emerge the poorer.

In some cases, both women were allowed to pursue any strategy that they chose. In other cases, the nonscanned woman would be a "confederate" with the researchers, instructed, unbeknown to the scanned subject, to defect after three consecutive rounds of cooperation, the better to keep things less rarefied and pretty and more lifelike and gritty.

In still

a machine. In other tests, women played a computer but thought that it was a human.

The researchers found that as a rule the freely strategizing women cooperated. Even occasional episodes of defection, whether from free strategizers or confederates, were not necessarily fatal to an alliance.

"The social bond could be reattained easily if the defector chose to

In a real mind game for women, greed was the loser.

cooperate in the next couple of rounds," another author of the report, Dr. Clinton D. Kilts, said, "although the one who had originally been 'betrayed' might be wary from then on."

As a result of the episodic defections, the average per-experiment take for the participants

Analyzing the scans, the researchers found that in rounds of cooperation, two broad areas of the brain were activated, both rich in neurons able to respond to dopamine, the brain chemical famed for its role in addictive behaviors.

One is the anteroventral striatum in the middle of the brain right above the spinal cord. Experiments with rats have shown that when electrodes are placed in the striatum, the animals will repeatedly press a bar to stimulate the electrodes, apparently receiving such pleasurable feedback that they will starve to death rather than stop pressing the bar.

Another region activated during cooperation was the orbitofrontal cortex in the region right above the eyes. In addition to being part of the reward-processing system, Dr. Rilling said, it is also involved in impulse control.

"Every round, you're confronted with the possibility of getting an extra dollar by defecting," he said. "The choice to cooperate requires impulse control."

Significantly, the reward circuitry of the women was considerably less responsive when they knew that they were playing against a computer. The thought of a human bond, but not mere monetary gain, was the source of contentment on display.

In concert with the imaging results, the women, when asked afterward for summaries of how they felt during the games, often described feeling good when they cooperated and expressed positive feelings of camaraderie toward their playing partners.

Assuming that the urge to cooperate is to some extent innate among humans and reinforced by the brain's feel-good circuitry, the question of why it arose remains unclear. Anthropologists have speculated that it took teamwork for humanity's ancestors to hunt large game or gather difficult plant foods or rear difficult children. So the capacity to cooperate conferred a survival advantage on our forebears.

Yet as with any other trait, the willingness to abide by the golden rule and to be a good citizen and not cheat and steal from one's neighbors is not uniformly distributed.

"If we put some C.E.O.'s in here, I'd like to see how they respond," Dr. [illegible] said. "Maybe they wouldn't [illegible] re-

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From Reyna and Downes, Studying War: Anthropological Perspectives.

Chapter
THREE

Management of Violence Among the Ju/wasi of Nyae Nyae: The Old Way and A New Way

Elizabeth Marshall Thomas

Beginning in 1950, my parents, Laurence and Lorna Marshall, my brother, John, and I were privileged to live for periods of time in Nyae Nyae in South West Africa, now Namibia, as guests of the Ju/wasi. One of the most striking things about the culture of these remarkable people, who in the 1950s lived entirely as hunter-gatherers with little or no contact with other cultures, was the great emphasis which the people placed upon peacekeeping. Among the factors contributing to peacekeeping was a meta-

phoric carrot: The people's reliance upon each other for physical and emotional well-being. There was also a metaphoric stick: their possession of an ultimate weapon of sorts, a readily available nerve toxin that is lethal even in minute quantities. This poison, found in three species of Diamphidia beetles and their parasites, is used by all Ju/wa men on their arrows and is ever present in any Ju/wa community, readily at hand. No antidote is known.

As other cultural influences impinged upon Nyae Nyae, as the old economy of the Ju/wasi began to deteriorate, and as the once sparse population became concentrated in one place, some of the old mechanisms for peacekeeping vanished. The result has been an alarming increase of violence among the Ju/wasi during which the murder rate has soared. To avoid the climate of violence that pervades the settlement at Tsumkwe, the administrative capital of Bushmanland, most of the Ju/wasi who are able to do so are, with the aid of two self-help organizations, dispersing back to their traditional homes.

A Note on the Term "Bushman"

Some readers will notice that the term 'Bushman' is used here instead of the term 'San,' which is preferred by some scholars. Some time ago, 'San' was chosen by a group of American scholars as a substitute for 'Bushman' because of the pejorative quality that these scholars felt in the term 'Bushman.' The choice of 'San' was very well intended, and I respect it. Nevertheless, for a number of reasons I don't use San. Firstly, San is evidently a pejorative after all — not in English, perhaps, but in Nama, from which it was taken, and which, incidentally, is more widely spoken in Namibia than English may ever be. The term San evidently describes people without livestock, or poor people, in Nama terms. Anyone can be San, if he or she falls so low. Perhaps such deprivation once seemed true of the Bushmen, but it does no longer, so San no longer applies.

Secondly, as a term for the Bushmen, San is known only in academic circles, and is never heard in southern Africa except, of course, when used pejoratively by the large population of Nama people. In contrast, the term Bushman is known everywhere and is in general use without pejorative intention.

Thirdly, and most importantly, the term Bushman is used by and is acceptable to the Ju/wasi themselves, when they refer to themselves in non-Bushman languages or when nowadays they refer to the members of the different Bushman groups collectively — a linguistic

and cultural assemblage that used to be significant only to non-Bushmen. For these three reasons I will continue to use the term Bushman as long as the Ju/wasi themselves use it as a term of choice.

INTRODUCTION

Much has been written about the innate aggressiveness of human beings, a characteristic which our species is believed to share with other animals, particularly with other primates. While there is little doubt that we are often aggressive, or even that aggression can be useful, there is also little doubt that we are fully equipped with the intellectual and emotional facilities to curb and mitigate aggression, and that often we are strongly motivated to do so, perhaps innately. In his important studies of aggression and its counterbalances in chimpanzees, Frans de Waal shows that chimpanzees have inclinations for peacemaking which are as fully developed as their inclinations for fighting, if not more so. Numerous other mammals share peacemaking inclinations with chimpanzees. Among these mammals are human beings.

Shortly after the publication in 1959 of my book on Kalahari Bushmen, *The Harmless People*, certain scholars began to express difficulty with the concept that the Bushmen we had visited in Nyae Nyae in the 1950s were as peaceful as we claimed — in other words, that they did not fight openly, but instead made every effort to avoid fighting. They had no policemen, no jails, no external controls of any kind for outbreaks of aggression. Nevertheless, aggression did not break out. Hence the observations presented in my book (which by coincidence was published at about the same time as a spate of pop sociology books about the territorial instincts of our savage ape forebears) may have seemed improbable to some scholars. But pop sociology has grown more sophisticated in the intervening years, and behavior biology has grown infinitely more so, so that by now, the importance of peacekeeping, not merely as a social nicety but as an evolutionary adaptation for survival, is better understood.

Ironically enough, this development has coincided with a profound change in the Bushmen's way of life. In the forty years between 1950 and 1990, the Ju/wa Bushmen of Nyae Nyae in Namibia have found it increasingly more difficult to deal with inter-group aggression. That this change accompanies a dramatic change in economic conditions suggests that the old ways of coping were part of a

long-term economic and cultural stability that the Ju/wasi of Nyae Nyae once enjoyed and that the new ways of life are disrupting.

DISCUSSION

The isolation of the interior of the Kalahari in the 1950s has been described at length elsewhere. Suffice it to say in this context that in 1950, when we found the community of people with whom we eventually centered our study, the Ju/wasi of Nyae Nyae, they lived exclusively by the old way, hunting and gathering, with no domestic plants or animals, and no exotic items except tobacco, beads, wire, and other small bits of metal. Of these items, only the tobacco was not a direct substitute for something already in use. The other materials — the metal wire and the beads — replaced items already in use but made of indigenous materials. The wire was coldhammered into arrowheads, which substituted for the traditional bone arrowheads, and the beads accompanied or replaced the traditional and much prized beads which Bushmen women made of ostrich eggshells. Otherwise the people used only the items that a dry savannah provides.

In those days, the Bushmen chose to have only the most minimal contact with non-Bushmen. Perhaps because the homes of sedentary people are easy to find whereas the camps of hunter-gatherers can be highly inconspicuous, it was the Bushmen who customarily sought whatever little contact they occasionally experienced, not the non-Bushmen with whom contact was made. To trade with their Bantu neighbors, giving cured skins for wire and tobacco, the Bushmen would travel beyond the bounds of Nyae Nyae to the various Bantu villages and cattle camps. Thus, the Bushmen came to know certain Bantu individuals. Of course, all Bushmen had heard of white people, at whose hands most nonwhites almost invariably suffered. The Bushmen tended to avoid the whites. As a result, few of the Nyae Nyae Bushmen had even seen white men, and fewer still had seen white women or white youngsters, although one or two of the oldest people remembered seeing in the late 1800s the families of Angola Boers trekking north in their ox wagons.

In consequence of the isolation, until the old way of life came to an end in the 1970s, the Bushmen of Nyae Nyae lived, economically speaking, as mankind had traditionally lived on the African savannahs. We often feel (and not without reason) that the presence of human beings in an environment has a detrimental effect. By our

reasoning, an environment such as, say, the interior of Baffin Island, where at one time no people had ever lived, was "unspoiled," while environments inhabited by people are often seen as contaminated. In most environments, of course, this had been painfully true. A detrimental effect is usually noticed whenever our species or any other living organism pioneers into a new environment, to wreak havoc until the older residents have time to adapt. Today, we experience this effect from any number of famous imports, such as, for example, the gypsy moth. In some circles, the hand of man is implicated in the mass extinctions of the Upper Pleistocene — the mammoths and the mastodons, the Irish elk, the giant beaver, the giant sloth, and dozens of other creatures of the holarctic where, during the past glaciations, human hunters pioneered.

In the Kalahari, however, human hunter-gatherers did not necessarily appear as something new. Mankind presumably evolved on the African savannah. Nyae Nyae is but a few weeks' hike from a known cradle of humanity: Olduvai Gorge. In just one rainy season of one year, when water would have been available all over the savannahs, a band of hominids could have walked from Olduvai to Nyae Nyae to make their camps by the ancient rivers, the large, dry beds of which are still to be found.

The Ju/wasi are of course directly descended from the ancient people, as are we all, but nobody, least of all this author, has the slightest idea whether or not Ju/wa culture represents some kind of continuum from the deep past. Nearby archaeological findings date back about 35,000 years, and the site shows continuous occupation by people whose objects were very like the Bushmen's objects. But the limits of that site have not yet been found.

So we don't know how long the Ju/wasi have been in or near Nyae Nyae. What we do know is that the hunting and gathering practices of the Ju/wasi in the 1950s were of sufficient antiquity as to count as ecologically indigenous. For a number of reasons, efficiency being one of them, the Bushman way of gathering did not denude an area of plants, not even of any one kind of plant, while the methods of hunting and the weapons used were sufficiently well understood by the game animals so that the Bushman hunters were pushed to the limits of their skills. As hunters, the Bushmen probably ranked among the best. Even so, the technology was extremely familiar to their favorite prey species, who know the range of the arrows, were highly wary of human beings on foot, and became more than careful when people were sighted. Giraffes knew to keep the top of a tree between themselves and a hunter — a defense that would not help

against any weapon but a lightweight arrow such as those the Bushmen used. That using a tree as a screen was an adaptation of the giraffes became quite clear as soon as the people's hunting technology changed — a hunter on horseback could ride right up beside a giraffe and stick a spear into it. The giraffes and other antelope were unafraid of people on horses no matter how near, or of people within rifle range. Against such new technology, the Kalahari game animals fell easy prey.

But in the 1950s, horses and rifles were still in the future. Until then, the most recent addition to the technology appeared to be the bow and arrow and the lethal arrow poison. We felt that the Ju/wa technology was very successful and in part explained their very successful and very stable way of life.

We believed that other explanations for their apparent cultural stability were their cultural prerogatives for peacekeeping, and the atmosphere of cooperation that virtually always prevailed. This is not to say that people always felt peaceful, and certainly not to say that they always felt cooperative. Nevertheless, cooperation was fostered and encouraged by society. Cooperation rendered each individual useful to the group, enhanced the success of resource gathering, eased the rearing of children and the care of the elderly, thus assuring a better chance at life for everyone. Among the most significant factors of Ju/wa culture were, we felt, the numerous cultural mechanisms to encourage cooperation, and of these, surely among the most important were the mechanisms by which aggression was suppressed.

Interestingly, suppression began early in life and was instilled by very soothing methods — the occasional infant who would lay about himself or herself with a stick would experience nothing more traumatic than the gentle removal of the stick by an adult who seemed almost indifferent, and who would do nothing as dramatic as throwing the offending stick far away but would simply place it gently on the ground. Children were handled so gently that they themselves were gentle. Children were never punished physically, never handled roughly, never shaken or slapped or shouted at. Most adults seemed endlessly patient with their children. The few people I knew who might manifest occasional disapproval of a child's behavior did so with quiet, belittling remarks that apparently went over the child's head, leaving him silenced and confused, as if any pain the remarks might have occasioned could not be readily identified.

We knew of no instances of sexual abuse. One young man tried one night to force his bride to have sexual intercourse, but he was

driven off by her objections, which alerted the other people sleeping nearby. We heard few loud arguments while we were there, we heard no uncontrolled shouting, and we saw no physical fighting. We were told of an argument between a young husband and his wife which resulted in his pinching her cheeks together and throwing her to the ground. Other people separated them. One of the most interesting things about this event was that it had taken place nine years earlier and people were still talking about it. Customarily, anger was expressed with quiet if bitter remarks rather than with raised voices. Arguments tended to take the form of tight-lipped discussions that more and more people would join, sometimes to add grievances of their own but often to try to defuse the situation.

Culturally and individually, the Ju/wasi identified peacekeeping as desirable. Quick temper was not admired. Nor were forceful, aggressive personalities. Indeed, there seemed to be none. Rather, the cultural ideal was a steady, reasonable, open handed personality, whether that of a man or of a woman. Megan Biesele, in her collection of Ju/wa folklore, finds an admirable figure in a python woman, who is sleek, calm, slow-moving, and very strong. In contrast is her sister, a jackal. Thin inside her rough, dry coat, the jackal is hungry, yammering, jittery, treacherous, and anxious.

It seemed to us that Ju/wa culture was centered on peacekeeping. Sharing of food was important, especially of major foods, which were the meat obtained by hunting and nuts obtained in quantity from remote groves. The rules governing sharing served to extend the food throughout the community, rather than restricting them to the people who were physically strong enough to obtain them. Like the sharing of important foods, the circulation of objects was also a significant social lubricant, because the giving and receiving relieved jealousies and reaffirmed the currents of goodwill.

Perhaps the most important cultural factor in the valued peacekeeping practices of the Ju/wasi was the phenomenal self-control that was practiced by everyone but the smallest children. Lorna Marshall, in her book *Nyae Nyae !Kung Beliefs and Rites* (in preparation), suggests that one purpose of food avoidances may be to provide training in self-discipline and self-control. Self-discipline pervaded everyday life, so that people virtually never showed hunger or pain, let alone anger. One day, far from any help, a girl of about eleven caught her foot in a steel-jawed trap which a zoologist had set for a hyena. Unable to sit down because of the position of the trap, she balanced herself on the other foot for over an hour, until her uncle happened to see her from afar and bring her his spear to lean

on while he found the zoologist. Many hours later, when the girl was set free, although the teeth of the trap had sunk deep into her flesh just as if she had been a hyena, it was impossible to tell from the girl's bearing, her tone of voice, or her facial expression that anything untoward had happened to her. Thus the Ju/wasi dealt with negative personal experiences.

I must add a personal note to these observations of Ju/wa self-control: firmly brought up never to whine or complain, never to be a crybaby or a sissy, I was thoroughly aware of bravery, of stiff upper lips, of pretending that nothing was the matter (as someone of a similar cultural milieu once put it: "I was sixteen years old before I realized that people had facial expressions"). But the Ju/wasi are an animated people, with much self expression. Their faces seem mirrors of their minds. It is in that context that they practice their extraordinary self-control, which is so complete, so all encompassing, that when I first saw it to full effect — when a man whose broken bones were penetrating his skin chatted mildly with another man who was twisting the bones to set them — I was forced to a hypothesis: either the people had a strange Central Nervous System disorder whereby they felt pressure, heat, and cold, but not pain, or else their nervous systems were considerably more highly developed than ours, and much stronger. That the Ju/wasi could be the same as us literally seemed impossible.

When situations arose that put peacekeeping to the test, the Ju/wasi had a number of ways of dealing with them. The most frequently used, perhaps, was talking. Group discussions might involve only the people in question, who would keep their voices within an acceptable range if sometimes sounding excited, or the discussions might involve many people, sometimes including the entire population of an area. Sometimes the tone of certain participants might become insistent to the point that other participants felt unheeded, but again, shouting or very angry voices were virtually never heard.

Or the rare occasion when someone might have been too deeply angered to refrain from considering violence, other people were likely to intervene. In the one such event that took place while we were there, when a man felt he had no choice but to get his weapons and follow his wife after she had eloped with her lover, most of the other men present talked with him quietly until they had dissuaded him from the desperate course of action. Then some of them went with him to help him find his wife, who, as it turned out, was willing to return to him.

If the above methods of peacekeeping failed, the people always had the recourse of going somewhere else. After prolonged disagreements or in the face of long-term, unpleasant rivalries, some participants might simply move to live with other relatives. To the best of my knowledge these rivalries usually began with triangles of married people, two co-wives and their husband, perhaps, or a husband and wife and another man, as seen above.

I believe that the most serious risks to peacekeeping among the Ju/wasi at Nyae Nyae — the greatest strains on human relations — were brought about by jealousies. Once or twice such jealousies involved the entire group at Nyae Nyae, and occasioned group discussions in which participants recalled former grievances from the distant past. The worst of these was started inadvertently by us, in part if not entirely, through our efforts to help a man who had lost part of his left leg from a snakebite. When we found him, gangrene had started, so we made preparations to take him to a hospital in Windhoek. As part of the preparations we gave him many supplies, including our kind of clothing for himself and his family, partly because he might have to provide his own food in the hospital and partly because we did not want his family subjected to the derision with which many white South Africans in those days treated the Ju/wasi who wore skins. With cloth clothing, the family would blend in among the other urban dwellers.

The other members of this family's group didn't necessarily know about the hospital's meal plan or the derision felt for back-country people, and were shocked and angered to see us — to their way of thinking — heaping goods on his family without giving equally to all. The blame fell partly on him, and a major discussion followed with people sitting in a circle, vehemently reminding each other of past failures in sharing and generosity. The talk went on most of the day, and was the closest we had seen to aggression.

Very soon thereafter the Ju/wasi did what they often did to defuse bad feelings — they held a trance dance. Trance dancing, which cannot take place without many people cooperating, draws upon the strength of factors in the environment, such as rain and the rising sun, by way of songs which are given in dreams to sleeping people, who then share them. With its powerful engines of cooperation and sharing combined with music, dance, and shamanic trancing, trance dancing is said to cure "star sickness." We took "star sickness" to be the atmosphere of ill will that prevails when people are quarrelling. After trance dancing, people feel emotionally cleansed.

Surely as a consequence of their many, rigorous methods of stopping aggression before it rightly got started, the Ju/wasi of Nyae Nyae enjoyed an extremely low level of violence. We heard of three episodes of violence, all of which had happened in the past. In them, people were killed, always by poisoned arrows. In the first episode, which was all but an accident, two men were arguing when the child of one of them shot the other with a poisoned arrow. Efforts to save the victim failed, but no stated blame or stigma attached to the child later.

In the second episode, a man apparently went berserk one night, shot his wife and ran out into the dark, only to come back later and shoot two of his male in-laws while the group was trying to suck the poison from the wounds of the woman. At that point, the men in the group got their weapons, hunted down the killer and dispatched him in an action which cannot properly be called vengeful or aggressive — the killer was dealt with in the only way open to his associates who had no way to confine him or even to escape from him if he decided to kill someone else.

In the third act of violence, a group of men similarly killed a man named /Kwi Dibade (which means, I believe, Insane /Kwi), who had abandoned human society and taken up residence in an aardvark burrow. When people went past his burrow, /Kwi would burst out of the ground and shout, presumably to frighten them. His assassins said to his corpse, "You frightened us; this is what we do to you."

We felt that these six killings represented a very low level of violence, since the first was all but an accident because the boy was so young, the second, third and fourth were the work of one person, while the fifth and sixth seemed to be the only ways open to a society that needed to manage highly dangerous people who could not be dealt with otherwise. That three out of six killings were the work of one person who was probably insane may explain the serious view which the Ju/wasi took of people who seemed out of control. How serious, I feel, was suggested by the way the people dealt with /Kwi Dibade.

The transition of the Ju/wasi from a hunting and gathering economy to a money economy, a transition which began in 1969, was accompanied by a certain amount of change in the culture, not to mention the profound stress, the deprivation, the poor nutrition, the new diseases, and the high mortality rate that attended the change. The transition itself has been discussed at length elsewhere. I happened to witness some of the transition when I revisited Nyae Nyae

in the 1980s. As a result of the transition, the Ju/wasi became for all intents and purposes more sedentary than before, and were forced into larger communities with fewer resources. Outsiders who came to administer their area saw them as a degraded people and treated them accordingly; they had become the poorest of the poor.

Into the new setting came the South African Army with its recruiting policies by which all soldiers were paid equally by rank, not by race. This commendable if necessary practice lured a number of young Ju/wa men, who had never imagined such high wages, into enlisting for the same reason most of the other soldiers had enlisted — they were poor and black. (Only white South Africans are drafted — the majority of the soldiers are found through recruitment among black people.) Behind the army came alcohol, which, with the aid of a government loan, became sold in Bushmanland's only store.

The consequences of all this to the Ju/wasi were extreme. The death rate began to climb. Adding to disease and malnutrition was a massive outbreak of violence, which eventually claimed the lives of at least twenty of the two hundred people we had known best in the hunter-gatherer days. Alcohol was overtly responsible for the violence. To the Ju/wasi, who formerly had made no alcoholic beverages and used no intoxicants except marijuana and tobacco (not ordinarily an intoxicant, perhaps, but used more or less as such by the Ju/wasi who inhaled tobacco smoke deeply enough to lose consciousness) alcohol came as a great surprise. People liked it but had neither practice nor guidance in handling its effects. Virtually every one of the many killings of which I have any knowledge were done by people who were drunk.

The man who in the 1950s had lost his leg, for example, overcame his disability heroically and against great odds, only to be killed by his son-in-law, a soldier, on the soldier's return from a drinking party that he did not remember the next day. Sick from the alcohol and from remorse over what had happened, the soldier then tried to kill himself by stabbing himself in the arm with a poisoned arrow. He was rushed to the clinic, where a doctor saved his life by amputating his arm. In another family, a man came home drunk and found that his wife, who had passed out from drinking, had rolled on and suffocated their baby. Blaming his mother for not taking better care of the family in his absence, he beat the elderly woman into a coma from which she never awoke.

Among the people we had known, it seemed, violence not only became the single greatest cause of death, but also became a common ingredient in everyday life. In Nyae Nyae in 1988, for example, I saw

a young woman holding a strap with which she threatened her two very young children (about two and four). That she used it on them seemed obvious from the way they reacted to the sight of it, and from the way they themselves played with it — seriously whipping some very young puppies, too young to walk. The woman herself had apparently been beaten — her face was bruised and one of her eyes was swollen. She seemed ill, too, and she wouldn't look at anyone. These are but a few examples of the new, widespread violence — instances that could not have occurred in the 1950s. Other recent instances are tragically similar. What went wrong?

It became my impression that the new violence came about because of the very factors that had once suppressed it: when they were removed, all means of containing it were gone. No longer was it possible to move away from trouble — most of the Nyae Nyae Ju/wasi were all but forced to remain near the government post which was the source of jobs. No longer did everyone share — the money economy which impoverished the Ju/wasi also provided the commodity of cash in coins and bills which are of course very small, can be easily hidden, and therefore need not always be shared. No longer was it possible for everyone to contribute to the general good. In the old economy women provided most of the food, but in the money economy, in which, at the government post, only men held jobs, women became dependent economic burdens. So no longer did all individuals enjoy the same respect. And perhaps because trance dancing became something of a tourist attraction and even somewhat commercialized so that a troupe of near-professionals would stage dances for a fee, the Ju/wasi didn't hold trance dances any more.

I couldn't help but compare the situation of the Ju/wasi to that of the Dodoth of northern Uganda, a pastoral people whom I was privileged to visit in 1961. To the warrior Dodoth, violence was a normal part of life and was accepted in a matter-of-fact way. Children were punished physically, often severely; adolescents were mutilated with tooth extraction and lip-piercing; and women were frequently forced sexually by their husbands and boyfriends or even by their husbands in cooperation with the husbands' brothers and/or friends. (If a woman withheld sexual favors from her husband, her brothers-in-law might hide outside the door of her house, and catch her when she was exiting on her hands and knees. Then the men would hold her in the doorway while her husband raped her from behind, inside the house.) Thieves in Dodoth, when caught in the act of stealing, (even if the thieves were merely stealing from gardens

because of hunger), could be killed without provoking much social censure, although the act might invite retribution from the thief's family. Finally, the Dodoth raided their pastoral neighbors for cattle, and were raided by them. Obviously the Dodoth were comfortable with the aggression and easily expressed as much or as little as the occasion seemed to demand. Dodoth men had one type of weapon for fighting enemy tribesmen, for instance, and another type of weapon for fighting each other. Thus was violence rationed. It is hard to imagine an episode of violence which would bother the Dodoth (although I must say in this context that Idi Amin soon managed to provide exactly that).

With the Ju/wasi, however, the violence was new, and its eruption seemed to take people by surprise. No one was prepared for the way in which alcohol destroyed a person's self-control, the very cornerstone of the Ju/wa peacekeeping mechanisms. Yet when alcohol was added to the stress felt by people who were ill or poorly nourished, who were uncertain and anxious for their loved ones, who were dismayed by their poverty and by the disappearance of old values, the resulting violence seems to have been almost inevitable.

Why had the Ju/wasi of Nyae Nyae been so set against overt aggression that they had all but erased it from their society? Other people permit violence at various levels. Why didn't they? Surely the answer to this question is far from simple, but perhaps at least part of the answer is obvious, and can be found in weaponry. In no way meant for fighting or even for self defense, the Ju/wa weapons are small and light, ideally suited for hunting. The knives are rather clumsy with wide, flat blades, well suited for skinning and scraping. The spears are short and fairly inconsequential, designed to deal a coup de grace to a dying animal while enabling the hunter to stay out of reach of its horns. The primary weapon, which all Ju/wa men keep handy at all times, is a rather small bow, about 36" unstrung with a 25 lb pull, and a collection of equally small arrows, each weighing about 1/4 oz. These arrows are coated with an arrow poison, obtained from the grubs and parasites of three Diamphidia beetles, which produce one of the strongest poisons known. No antidote is known. A few drops in the blood stream will, in a matter of days, kill an animal the size of a cow, and will kill a person or a small animal within 48 hours.

That the avoidance of violence is an ancient practice may be suggested by the fact that the Ju/wasi have no shields. As if they never expected trouble, they never prepared for it. On the contrary, their weapons are hunting tools all — it would be hard to devise better.

Conversely, it would be hard to devise a worse set of weapons for aggression or combat. In the great amount of time it would take a victim to die from the poison, the victim could inflict much damage on his adversary. As further evidence of the undesirable nature of poison arrows as weapons of aggression, if more is needed, is the fact that until very recently the Ju/wasi of Nyae Nyae apparently never shot them at lions. Wounding a lion, who may then go on the offensive, is a much riskier proposition than wounding an antelope, who will almost certainly run. The extraordinary relationship which once existed between people and lions has been discussed in detail elsewhere. For now, suffice it to say that the rules governing aggression toward lions resembled the rules governing aggression toward other people, suggesting, in the view of this author, that both were considered by the Ju/wasi to be potentially dangerous.

The Ju/wasi of Nyae Nyae seemed to have poison arrows very much on their minds. They took strenuous precautions when poisoning arrows (since even the smoke of the burning grubs can be poisonous) and they treated the arrows with the greatest care. However, unlike our personal weapons such as handguns, which are usually kept hidden, the Ju/wa arrows, as tools for hunting, could not be put away but were always at hand. Perhaps in consequence, during the few instances where peacekeeping broke down and fights started, poison arrows rather than spears or knives seemed to be the weapons of choice. Poison arrows are always the instruments of choice for suicides — which incidentally, due to the delayed action of the poison, can only serve to reemphasize the fearful consequences of losing control. I think in particular of a teenaged girl who, in an emotional state, impulsively stabbed herself in the thigh with an arrow, but then lived on for several days while her people did everything they could to save her, and while everyone including the girl bitterly lamented her tragic outburst. This heartbreaking episode could not have been lost on young people who might otherwise at some point have considered suicide.

CONCLUSION

In conclusion, it was my impression that the peacekeeping efforts of the Ju/wasi of Nyae Nyae, in the past if not in the present, were not so much the products of a people who in some state of Utopian idealism had assigned negative moral values to violence, but rather the products of a people who were highly pragmatic and realistic,

who understood full well the kind of devastation that violence could unleash, and who — until cultural destruction and alcoholism arrived in Nyae Nyae to erode Ju/wa society — had the will and the self-control to block violence before it got started.

EPILOGUE

Thanks largely to the strenuous efforts of several people, among them John Marshall, the late /Toma /Ko, his son, Tsamko, and Claire Ritchie, and also, more recently, Megan Biesele, the community at Nyae Nyae has started the Ju/wa Development Foundation (now the Nyae Nyae Development Foundation) and the Ju/wa Farmer's Union. With the help of these organizations, many of the Ju/wasi are starting farms at places where the participants have rights to use the water. So far, this effort has been quite successful, not only because the husbandry is succeeding, but because the participants are able to move away from the government center with its diseases, alcoholism, and violence. It now remains to be seen if the government of independent Namibia will honor the ancient and traditional land-rights of the Bushmen, and will respect their efforts toward self-help and self-preservation. It is sincerely hoped that the new government (and all that may follow) will respect the rights of the Ju/wa communities.

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11 Justice without Domination

from Stuart A. Schlegel, Wisdom from a Rain Forest

(Univ. of Georgia, 1998)

About a three-hour hike through the forest from Figel—not really far as the Teduray reckon distances—was a settlement called Keroon Uwa. This was the home of Mo-Sinew, a well-known legal specialist. Four months into my first year in the forest I accompanied a large group of Figel people, including Balaud and several other Figel legal specialists, to Keroon Uwa for an overnight stay. The people there expected us; there were to be several judicial discussions—what the Teduray called *tiyawan,* which I translate as "sessions."

We hiked at a relaxed pace, with singing and much laughing. I had no inkling at the time that a complex story was taking shape elsewhere that would bring Balaud and Mo-Sinew, and many others, into extremely serious legal discussions.

At Keroon Uwa, while many of the local people busied themselves with cooking, fetching wood and water, child care, and chatting, others from both communities joined the legal sages who had gathered in the house of Mo-Sinew. I had not met Mo-Sinew, though I had often heard his name; he struck me as a rather tired man of perhaps sixty. About five foot six—average size for a Teduray male—he wore the traditional pajama-like clothes and sported a brilliant purple bandanna around his

head. When Mo-Sinew spoke, his voice was like gravel and carried a weariness that was reflected in his face. He emanated little of the fire or wit characteristic of Balaud and many other legal specialists I had seen.

The sessions themselves were to begin the following morning, but the legal sages talked late into the night about old cases, about illustrious and well-remembered legal specialists of old, about troublesome Maguindanaon outlaws from outside the forest, about the ways of the homesteaders in the Upi Valley area, about pending issues to be discussed the next day, and—of course—about me, the young American who had taken up living in Figel. I was hard to miss—I was whiter, taller, and incredibly awkward whenever I sat on a bamboo floor surrounded by folks who had learned as children to sit gracefully.

During the course of the evening Balaud spoke at length about a situation that concerned one of his brother's grandsons, a rather hot-headed young man from Figel neighborhood named Mo-Ning. He was not with us in Keroon Uwa, but Balaud was concerned about Mo-Ning's fears that his wife, Ideng-Nogon, might be sexually involved with Mo-Sinew's oldest son, Sinew. She had run off with him a year or so before, but soon regretted her act and returned to her children and husband.

"Ever since," Balaud said, in a soft and indirect manner, "Mo-Ning has been suspicious of Sinew. I'm afraid that he has good cause to feel that way. We all know that bad food can upset the strongest stomach. I am quite worried that if the situation continues, Mo-Ning's gut may hurt him and affect his gall bladder." Then, speaking straight and with feeling, he said: "My grandson's gall bladder could turn against Sinew and Ideng-Nogon. This could be very dangerous, because Mo-Ning can be a very explosive young man."

Mo-Sinew apparently knew of the possible affair between

his son and Mo-Ning's wife. He sat back when Balaud finished speaking and began to prepare betel. After a moment's silence he said firmly, "You are right; it must be stopped. It is very bad." The talk then turned to other matters.

Early the next morning, the legal sessions we had come to Keroon Uwa for were easily settled. In a happy mood, we left for home an hour or so after midday. Balaud's and Mo-Sinew's concerns about Mo-Ning and Ideng-Nogon seemed very remote.

The elders were right to be worried, however. Just three months later, in the middle of October, Ideng-Nogon left her husband and eloped with Sinew for the second time, taking her youngest child with her.

She and Mo-Ning had lived in a small house just across the Dakel Teran from Figel, about two hundred yards upstream, in a settlement called Birà. I knew him slightly, but had never spoken at any length with Ideng-Nogon. The women and men of Figel regarded her as a good mother as well as a great beauty.

Aliman and I were away from Figel the night the elopement was discovered. When I arrived back a few days later, Mer told us that people were upset and worried. Mo-Ning had gone directly to Balaud as soon as he discovered that his wife had run off with Sinew. Mo-Ning was something of a hothead under the best of circumstances, and everyone who knew him went to great lengths to respect and protect his gall bladder. That gall bladder was certainly bad now: Mo-Ning was furious. Balaud talked to him calmly, as he had almost constantly since the elopement. He persuaded him to eat something and to bring his bedding and his two remaining children to the big house, where he could calm down. Balaud assured Mo-Ning that his angry gall bladder would be well taken care of and that he would get everything that was coming to him. All the exchange goods that made up the se-

curity settlement would be returned to his kindred, and Sinew's kin would have to pay an appropriate fine.

Mo-Ning ranted nonstop for several days, going around from house to house in Figel, fussing and shouting about his bad gall bladder for Ideng-Nogon and her lover, and even occasionally picking up a spear and emphatically thrusting it into the ground. He spoke of the fierce revenge that he and his brother would surely visit upon the eloped couple's kindreds if his bad gall bladder were not well cared for by Balaud and the other legal specialists. Everyone empathized with his anger and desire for vengeance, even bloodshed, but they urged him not to do anything violent, which would be "no way to live." To the satisfaction of all, Mo-Ning, though agitated, stayed in Figel and did not attempt to pursue the couple.

By the third day Balaud had calmed Mo-Ning enough to begin the legal work, so he sent a message to Mo-Sinew urging that a session be scheduled so that the matter of Mo-Sinew's wayward son could be settled without delay. He also sent messengers to Terefunon, beyond Keroon Uwa, to find Mo-Nanah, Ideng-Nogon's father and a legal specialist himself, and call him to a session that would arrange the return of the security settlement given at his daughter's wedding. Balaud's two messages spoke sternly of his own anger at what had happened to his kinsman, as well as of Mo-Ning's rage at the insult he had suffered. Balaud also made known that Mo-Ning had trusted his gall bladder to his care and was not seeking blood vengeance. Both Mo-Sinew and Mo-Nanah sent word back that they would come to Figel for the sessions as soon as possible.

Mo-Ning returned to his home in Birà after eight days with Balaud in the big house, considerably calmed down.

Even though he was no longer present, his situation was the main topic of discussion among the Figel people and those who

stopped for a rest when passing by on the forest trail. Late into the night, Balaud and others talked and shouted, alternating stories of how such an affair can lead to ruthless revenge with comments on the virtue of restraint, the foolishness of Sinew and Ideng-Nogon, and the absolute necessity of getting every bit of their security settlement back "home" to Mo-Ning's kindred along with a substantial fine. Most of the talking was done by Mo-Ning's kinfolk. People unrelated to Mo-Ning mostly listened, nodded in agreement from time to time, and asked an occasional question. Eventually, legal specialists from other places could be expected to join in the sessions and help seek a just outcome.

Mo-Ning stormed back to Figel in a rage the morning after he had gone home to Birà. When would his legal session be settled? If he didn't see his security settlement come home to his kindred soon, he would surely kill someone. As he strode around the yard in front of the big house yelling, his relatives and others gathered about him, softly urging him to calm himself. Balaud came down to the yard and cajoled Mo-Ning to trust him: "When you think we are not interested in fixing your gall bladder, that's the time to go killing people. Not now. Not as long as you trust us. You watch how we are doing this for you." Mo-Ning quieted down a bit and was again persuaded to stay in the Figel big house until his case was settled.

That evening a large group of Figel men and women gathered in the big house for a long and serious discussion of the situation. Balaud began with a lengthy lecture to Mo-Ning, advising him not to travel around the forest but to stay close to the house, so that he would not be blamed should any misfortune occur to relatives of Sinew or Ideng-Nogon. He could not carry any weapons or even tools that could be construed as weapons.

Above all, he should be patient and wait, trusting the various justice-givers who would be working to set things aright. The old man stressed that what they wanted was to get everything settled justly and to get the kindred's exchange goods back before anyone was hurt or killed. He recalled that Mo-Ning's grandfather, himself a legal specialist, had once been unable to contain his rage and had killed someone before a session could be settled. "That," he said, "was not the right way."

Then they discussed the various coming sessions, of which there would have to be four. In addition to the ones settling Mo-Ning's kindred's hurt and anger toward the kindreds of the two elopers, a session would have to take place to create the new marriage between Ideng-Nogon and Sinew and to establish a new settlement to secure that union. Finally, the fact that Ideng-Nogon and Sinew had grieved each other's kindreds by putting them at risk of possible blood vengeance would have to be adjudicated. These latter two legal sessions would not involve Figel people or Mo-Ning's kin.

A few more days passed, and Mo-Ning hiked half an hour downriver to the house of his mother and stepfather, both of whom happened to be important legal specialists. He said it had been almost two weeks since the elopement and that his gall bladder could not tolerate waiting any longer for justice. He would get his homemade shotgun, and he and his brother would "fix" the matter themselves. His threat had the effect he doubtless desired: his stepfather, whose name was Mo-Anggul, and his mother, Ideng-Amig, urged patience in the most serious terms, then hurried to Figel to confer with Balaud. Mo-Ning went too, as did some other neighbors—about twenty people in all.

Ideng-Amig was respected without qualification as a major legal sage, one who could be trusted and who knew how to speak

with grace in the roundabout rhetoric of sessions. Her husband, however, was another story. Close to eighty years old, white-haired, foxy, and strong, Mo-Anggul was a man whose actions often belied the gentle look on his face when it was in repose. In 1927 he had lost his temper during a legal session and speared a man, for which the American colonial authorities put him in prison for several years. His reputation as a legal specialist was a curious mixture of admiration and contempt. On the one hand, his skill in oratory was known throughout the Dakel Teran area, and everybody agreed that he was an important legal sage. On the other, most also agreed that he was untruthful and self-seeking.

One of the principal features of the forest Teduray legal system was that legal specialists did not compete during a session to "win" for "their side." They all worked together to find the just outcome, to determine who truly had "the fault" and who had "the right." Although legal specialists represented their kin and stood ready to "accept the fault" when their kinsperson had done wrong, the proceedings were thoroughly cooperative and in no way adversarial.

Mo-Anggul, however, was known behind his back as a "cheater," one who seemed to contend for his own kinsman and not for the actual truth of the situation. More than that, he was considered a "liar": one who would make promises or agreements just to conclude a session, then not abide by them. People therefore seldom entrusted their gall bladders solely to Mo-Anggul, and other legal specialists would generally not agree to discuss matters in sessions with him unless he had companions to share responsibility for his side. Mo-Anggul was somewhat prickly about all this, so some people tried to avoid him in sessions, giving the most elaborate and carefully euphemistic rea-

sons for not showing up. For these reasons alone, it was not surprising that Mo-Ning went first to Balaud for help and not to his stepfather.

The talk in Balaud's house was once again long and heated.

Mo-Anggul, offended that Mo-Ning had not approached him first, was bristling. "Mo-Ning now says that he will call his brother and they will settle this matter themselves." As if Mo-Ning was not in the room, he continued: "Do those two feel their elders are not doing anything? Don't they have any respect for Balaud and me? For his own mother? Can we elder legal specialists not talk well? Can he not trust us?"

At this point Ideng-Amig addressed her son directly. In a strong voice and with a tone of authority, she echoed her husband's concerns about Mo-Ning's open threats: "You keep talking such foolishness. If you and your brother cannot be stopped from revenge killing, even I can't help you!"

But Mo-Anggul was not finished blustering. "When Mo-Ning and Ideng-Nogon's security settlement was first arranged years ago," he said, "there were many disputes. I worked hard to ensure that there would be no bad feelings, even going so far as to confess an old, nonexistent fault in hospitality to Ideng-Nogon's father and giving an extra hunting spear to make it right." He looked around the room before continuing. "Now, after all that help, Mo-Ning should surely trust me with his gall bladder. Instead he talks about stabbing or shooting."

Ideng-Amig's approach was more direct. Looking deep into her son's eyes, she said, "It is not your security settlement but your kindred's. If you go stabbing anyone, you will not only put your elders in grave peril of counterrevenge, but you will cause them to lose all rights to their exchange goods. If you go to the place of your in-laws to stab someone, you should not expect any

further help. You must be patient and hold the anger in your gall bladder. Do not threaten vengeance."

Mo-Anggul, unable to contain himself, jumped to his feet, something he would never do in an actual session. I thought his own gall bladder must have been so badly hurt by Mo-Ning that, if the younger man hadn't been close kin, he would surely have demanded satisfaction in a session himself. "It was only this morning, thirteen days after the foolishness, that you came to me. You have no respect!" The hurt was clear in his voice. "If you do not respect me as your father, I will forget you as a son and give you no help at all with your session." He would have gone on, but Balaud gestured to claim the floor.

The revered elder spoke softly to Mo-Ning, looking him directly in the eyes the whole time. "My grandson, you have already been wronged by Ideng-Nogon and Sinew once before. You should not now be this bothered by what those perpetually foolish people have done. You should cool down and permit your elders to get their exchange goods back and to free you from Ideng-Nogon." Balaud glanced briefly at Mo-Anggul, then back at Mo-Ning. "Once your stepfather, Mo-Anggul, killed a man, you know, and the municipal judge sent him to the provincial prison. I don't want that to happen to you." Everyone present knew that the shouting was now over. The room was hushed as he went on. "Moreover, grandson, you are young. All you have in this is the woman. The security settlement belongs to your kindred, not to you. If you will just hold your gall bladder, then we will see that Mo-Nanah and his kin return the entire security settlement or, if that isn't possible, that they urge another of their women to marry you to justify keeping it. But, my grandson, that can only happen if our side is calm, not if we go stabbing." He looked intently at Mo-Ning.

Mo-Ning looked down for a moment, then said quietly, "I am cooler, and I want the session. I want our exchange goods back."

Mo-Ning was far more concerned with those goods than with the loss of a particular woman. Though I had seen this time and again, it always seemed strange; I know that, if it had been Audrey who eloped, I would have been hurt and furious with *her*. But anger about the security settlement was the normal response in Teduray society. Among them, a man's or woman's honor didn't rest on a spouse's continued loyalty, but on everything being just-right with regard to the security settlement that his kindred had given and her kindred held. Mo-Ning was much more outraged over what had been done *symbolically* to his family's standing than over how Ideng-Nogon had betrayed him personally.

All three judicial sages had worked hard to redirect Mo-Ning's anger away from revenge. The same concern was being played out among Sinew's kin in Keroon Uwa and among Ideng-Nogon's in Terefunon.

Early the next afternoon, messengers came from Ideng-Nogon's father, Mo-Nanah, saying that he was sorry for the delay in his coming to settle the session. He fully acknowledged his daughter's fault (her lover's equal culpability was not his issue) and said that he intended either to return the security settlement or to seek another unmarried kinswoman as wife for Mo-Ning.

Mo-Nanah and a group of people, mostly part of his daughter's kindred but including some unrelated legal specialists who came to join in the session, arrived just before noon on the following day.

I was curious to meet Mo-Nanah, who had been the subject of such lengthy discussion. He was thin and bony and dressed in

ragged shorts and a T-shirt. Although he had an appropriately serious demeanor, he did not look particularly aged, but neither did he seem strong physically.

The session began at once. It was what Teduray called a "hot session," in that it concerned Mo-Ning's angry gall bladder. Mo-Nanah came into the big house and, without the traditional handshake of greeting, immediately sat down on the floor, five feet to the left of Balaud. Mo-Anggul, Ideng-Amig, several minor legal specialists from Figel, and a couple of others from a neighborhood farther up the Dakel Teran sat down in a rough circle about twelve feet in diameter. Also in the room, just out of the circle with their backs against a wall, sat a number of other interested Figel and Terefunon people. There were several minutes of silence while everyone prepared betel. Then, speaking quietly, Balaud noted in an indirect way that Mo-Nanah had been a long time in coming. "You may be hungry," he said, "it is very late in the day."

This roundabout, often allegorical manner of talking in legal encounters was called *binuwayà*. It enabled participants to speak openly of sensitive issues, matters that could hurt feelings if they were addressed head on, and some facility in it was required of anyone who sought to be a legal specialist. Skill in using such rhetoric with insight and wisdom separated the great sages from the lesser ones and was a source of pride and reputation.

Using the same indirect speech, Mo-Nanah quickly replied that he had been held up trying to collect the exchange goods he needed to "send home" during this session. His actual words were "I would have come at once but the way was terribly grassy. I don't know why the way had to be as grassy as it was. My people are slow to cut. I finally decided to disregard the high grass. I knew I had to proceed."

The session was not long or drawn-out. Ideng-Amig and Mo-Anggul both made speeches recounting, in metaphorical stories, the anger of Mo-Ning and the patience of Mo-Ning's kindred. The speeches were stern, without being hostile. In both of them, indirect reference was made to Mo-Nanah's having said that he was prepared to accept the fault of his daughter. Mo-Nanah listened solemnly, and when Mo-Anggul finished he spoke out straightforwardly, saying, "I accept my daughter's fault."

All the other adjudicators said, "Just-right."

A typical hot session like this could readily take many hours to reach the point where one or more of the legal specialists accepted that their kinsperson had the fault. Even then it would still not be over until the other justice-givers present agreed that fault and right had been truly and justly determined. This case was sufficiently clear-cut that fault was acknowledged within the first hour.

There was a moment of silence, then Mo-Nanah began, in direct Teduray speech, to ask the patience of everyone present. "Here is my plan," he said softly and with evident anguish. "I intend to go to Keroon Uwa and ask Mo-Sinew to help me. His people must soon give us a security settlement, so that Sinew and my daughter, Ideng-Nogon, will be properly married. I will ask him and Sinew's kindred to give the settlement to your kindred instead, with an amount of items fully equivalent to the one which you gave us when Mo-Ning married my daughter." He studied the other faces in the room, but they were all still without expression. "I will then consider that to be Sinew's security settlement for Ideng-Nogon."

There was a dramatic pause, broken only by the voice of Ideng-Amig, who said softly, almost in a whisper, "Just-right."

Mo-Nanah seemed to catch his breath. He looked solemnly

at all the women and men in the judicial circle, and continued: "We cannot wait any longer for me to gather the necessary exchange goods from my kindred. This is the second time my daughter and Sinew have been the cause of danger and shame to us, and furthermore, I am ill. If you agree with my plan, I will show my good faith by presenting Mo-Ning's kindred with a *fegefefiyo fedew* [an exchange item designated as 'something to make the gall bladder good']." In a soft but dignified voice Mo-Nanah asked, "May this settle our dispute with Mo-Ning and his kindred? If so, Ideng-Nogon and Sinew will become Sinew's kindred's responsibility alone." Then he placed his kris in the center of the circle as the *fegefefiyo fedew*.

The others conferred and agreed. Balaud spoke for the consensus when he said, "Yes, well-planted rice can only grow if granted sun and rain." And, as all the other legal sages present said, "Just-right," he handed the kris to Mo-Anggul and Ideng-Amig.

Balaud's point was clear. With evident concurrence of other legal specialists, he had acknowledged Mo-Nanah's acceptance of his daughter's responsibility for Mo-Ning's bad gall bladder, he had trusted Mo-Nanah's assurance that the security settlement would be returned ("would come home") from Mo-Sinew, and he had recognized the kris as sufficient to satisfy Mo-Ning's and his kindred's immediate need for public vindication. In using the metaphor that he did, of benevolent natural elements offering life to well-planted grain, he was enunciating the opinion of all the sages that, given the circumstances, Mo-Nanah and his people had done all in their power to make things right. There was little more discussion; the other specialists assented to that judgment and endorsed it as their own. When Mo-Nanah asked if the session were finished, Mo-Anggul answered for them all: "Finished."

Mo-Nanah was served food, but ate only a few bites before he left with his group for Mo-Sinew's community. As he left the big house he exchanged the traditional handclasp with everyone present.

The first of the sessions brought on by Ideng-Nogon and Sinew's elopement was finished. Peace was restored between Mo-Ning and Ideng-Nogon and between their kindreds. Mo-Ning and his people harbored no more grudge toward her or her kin. His hurt was vindicated and his gall bladder healed, at least toward his ex-wife and her family. In the days following, Mo-Ning and his relatives were calm as they awaited the coming of Mo-Sinew for his session a couple of weeks hence. In the evenings, the Figel people gathered regularly in the big house to talk, but during the day they attended to their usual tasks.

There were still harsh feelings toward Sinew's kindred. Mo-Ning's anger would not be calmed in that direction until there was a fruitful legal session with them as well.

It was only some ten days later that Mo-Sinew sent word to Figel that he would come for his session in four days. At about one o'clock in the afternoon on the promised day, he and a number of close relatives and other companions arrived in Figel from Keroon Uwa. He and the Figel sages had sent word to several other legal specialists, including several who were from neither of the two involved neighborhoods, and they too began to arrive for the discussions.

When Mo-Sinew and his party arrived at the big house, many people were already there. They silently took seats on the floor and listened as Balaud and Ideng-Amig advised the younger men to leave this matter to their elders, who were less likely to get riled up. When there was a break in the talk, Mo-Sinew rose,

went to Balaud and the gathered adjudicators, and gave the traditional handshake with elaborate exaggeration. He asked, "May I still come to this place?"

The others nodded, and Ideng-Amig answered somberly, "This is the place for our session."

Mo-Sinew sat down and looked all around the room. The actual session would begin later, but there were important things to say immediately. "I have been long in coming for this session because I have had to search among Sinew's kindred for help with the exchange goods." This was said in ordinary, straight Teduray, but it was not just a casual comment. Although the session had not begun, the metaphorical rhetoric had. As Mo-Nanah had done, Mo-Sinew was indicating obliquely but clearly that he was prepared to accept Sinew's fault and settle the issue at this time.

Somewhat coolly, in contrast to Mo-Sinew's ingratiating manner, Balaud said, "We who are Mo-Ning's kin have not found the long delay easy but we hope that, at last, the matter is going to be settled nicely." He fixed his look for a long moment on Mo-Sinew's eyes. "Mo-Nanah is being helpful. He is even willing to accept your return of Mo-Ning's original exchange goods as being Sinew's new settlement to his people for Ideng-Nogon." Balaud paused and there was total silence in the room as he took some betel, chewed a moment, and then spit carefully between the slats of the floor. "We have been very patient," he went on, "in not even considering taking our complaint to the municipal authorities, even though Mo-Ning, like the rest of us, has been angry now for many weeks."

Mo-Sinew answered immediately. "We appreciate your patience and we are fully prepared to accept my son's fault and make everything right. You—Balaud and Ideng-Amig—may

speak for Mo-Nanah in our session." I wondered if the omission of Mo-Anggul was just because he was not present, or another subtle indication of his disfavor as a man of justice.

Balaud said slowly and softly, his words distinct in spite of a mouth full of betel quid: "Mo-Nanah was very clear. You who are Sinew's kindred should be the ones to return Mo-Ning's security settlement."

At this point, the conversation became much lighter. Everyone present, feeling clear with regard to the situation, relaxed markedly and spoke in a jovial manner. The initial encounter between the major legal specialists of the two sides was now finished. Mo-Sinew and his companions got up and went to sit with their own group. One of them said to the Figel people, "What happens to us now is in your hands, whether we will be killed or not, for we have come to your place."

Balaud replied, "There will be no killing. Tomorrow, when Mo-Anggul is here, we will finish everything nicely."

The session over Sinew's fault toward Mo-Ning began at about seven the next morning. Mo-Anggul, who had arrived early and had been sitting quietly drinking coffee, abandoned his placid face and began a long, heated speech. He talked on the surface about a time when he encountered hostile spirits in the forest, but everyone recognized that his account was really about the trouble Mo-Ning had had from his marriage to Ideng-Nogon, the many delays endured in settling this elopement, and the patience that Mo-Ning's kindred had shown. When his story was finished, Mo-Anggul laid out a series of small pieces of reed, naming them one by one as the items in Mo-Ning's security settlement for his wife.

Mo-Sinew studied them intently for several moments, then

said in plain Teduray, "My son has the fault for Mo-Ning's bad gall bladder, and I accept that responsibility."

All of the adjudicators present, including those from Keroon Uwa, agreed that the fault was Sinew's. Of course, everyone knew that the fault was shared by Ideng-Nogon, but that issue had been settled. The only concern now was Sinew's disregard of Mo-Ning's gall bladder.

Mo-Sinew and his companions placed on the mat, one by one, eight items: three krises, four necklaces, and a homemade shotgun. Each piece was carefully studied by those in the circle around the mat. Several metaphorical speeches by others reiterated the chronology and facts of the case. One of Sinew's kindred affirmed that he would return every item that had been part of Mo-Ning's security settlement for Ideng-Nogon. He asked, however—now in straightforward words—for an extension of time; they could not give everything that day. Balaud and Ideng-Amig agreed with the delay and suggested a period of three weeks. The other adjudicators quietly said, "Just-right." It was then about 10 A.M.

Three weeks later to the day, Mo-Sinew and a group of companions including some other Keroon Uwa area judicial sages arrived in Figel. Balaud, Mo-Anggul, Ideng-Amig, and three specialists from other places were waiting for them, and they began the session without delay. For this final meeting, Mo-Ning was asked to be present to receive the official "peace offering." Mo-Sinew began the session by asking Mo-Ning to accept a kris from Sinew and a brass box from Ideng-Nogon as their peace offering. By custom, this was the last thing to be given in an elopement settlement. Mo-Sinew politely asked Mo-Ning to accept it right away, in order to put a symbolic end to the danger

felt by the people of Keroon Uwa. The others in the circle all nodded, expressing consent. Mo-Ning said that his gall bladder was now just-right, since the rest of the settlement was going to "come home."

Mo-Sinew then gave several pieces of exchange goods, equivalent to about two-thirds of the remainder, and asked that the adjudicators allow him another month to raise the rest from Sinew's scattered kindred. Mo-Anggul protested vigorously in a long speech, arguing that his people had accepted the peace offering in advance of the remaining exchange goods out of kindness—to end the danger—and that Mo-Sinew should keep his commitment without further delay. One of Mo-Sinew's kinsmen offered to give three more items of exchange goods at once, and another legal specialist, who was unrelated to either Mo-Ning or Sinew, said, "I myself will give two pieces to help end all this trouble."

As several in the sages' circle affirmed, "Just-right," they put two krises, two spears, and a brass betel-quid box down on the mat.

Two weeks later, Mo-Sinew and one of his cousins came to Figel and delivered the rest of Mo-Ning's kin's security settlement as well as an additional item of exchange goods for each of Ideng-Nogon's two children, who had been left with Mo-Ning. These pieces were called *bunù* (literally, "to place on her lap") and were customary whenever a mother ran away from her children. The *bunù* signified that she did care for them and established her right to visit them in years to come. With this last short, formal session, the matter was finished.

Mo-Ning and Ideng-Nogon were now officially divorced, and Ideng-Nogon was free to marry her lover, Sinew. The two of them still had to deal with the fact that they had shamed their

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respective kindreds, who would rebuke them for their behavior. The couple would feel humiliated at what they had done to their relatives, and they would surely act carefully not to cause further offense in the days to come. But they did not have to fear any violence from Mo-Ning and his kindred, all of whom felt fully vindicated and whose gall bladders were once again just-right.

Moreover, Mo-Ning too was now free to remarry. He found a new wife not long after—through appropriate negotiation, not elopement.

Sinew and Ideng-Nogon were still together when I left the forest. In their new marriage, the two of them enjoyed the full support and encouragement of their society and all its institutions. Divorced partners seemed to feel little or no resentment toward each other once all the relevant sessions were settled. Ideng-Nogon would be welcomed to visit her children living with Mo-Ning and would do so with delight; Sinew would treat her children as his own. The youngsters would love and respect both parents and stepparents.

The Teduray legal system, which I have portrayed through the case of Ideng-Nogon's and Sinew's elopement, was not competitive and adversarial like that of the larger Philippine legal establishment or that of the United States. Although some of the legal sages represented kindred, their loyalty was not to personal interests but to the restoration of just, public order. Their goal was not for either side to "win" but to achieve a genuine settlement in which all fault was determined and accepted and all hurt gall bladders were vindicated and restored. Sessions went on, often at great length, until all those in the circle could agree on the proper analysis of events, the proper outcome, and the proper fines or penalties. Whether there was one legal specialist present

or ten, the situation was never "one against many." And when the settlement was reached, it was invariably regarded as the joint achievement of all participating adjudicators, not a personal triumph or defeat for anyone. The skill of legal specialists was understood in terms of their capacity to achieve justice, not their ability to outwit or otherwise overcome others. Even to appear to tend toward such a goal was to invite the severe censure of being called, like Mo-Anggul, a "cheater."

Legal specialists clearly had "authority," even though they did not have the slightest capacity to enforce their decisions by use of coercive force. They could not have anyone ostracized, beaten, imprisoned, exiled, or executed. They merely agreed on what should happen: who should pay whom what fines in the form of exchange goods. And, in all but the most unusual of circumstances, it happened.

A common definition of "authority" in Western jurisprudence is "power plus legitimacy." A state has authority, the great jurists have said, because it has the power of its police and army and the legitimate right to use that power to coerce its citizens. But I believe the Teduray showed conclusively that legitimate authority does not always need to come out of the barrel of a gun. Nothing makes authority *necessarily* rest on coercive power. Authority can be given for whatever rationale people choose to do it, and the Teduray gave their legal sages the right to make authoritative decisions not because they controlled any force but because they were acknowledged to be experts at restoring justice and thus at preventing social disorder.

The forest Teduray saw violence as a completely natural human response to anger, and their moral and legal systems sought to prevent violence as one of the society's most profound goals. Teduray would fight only to prevent outsiders, such as the Maguindanaon, from taking them as slaves or stealing their goods. Balaud once told me that forest Teduray men wore a kris to symbolize that willingness to defend themselves. But among the Teduray themselves, violence was abhorred. It was "no way to live."

Nevertheless, angry people were potentially violent, capable of exploding into bloodshed and vengeance. So Mo-Ning's fury and the rage of his kindred over Ideng-Nogon's elopement with Sinew seemed perfectly understandable to everybody on all sides of the issue. Mo-Anggul was furious with Mo-Ning for not respecting him, but no one doubted for a moment that he would restrict his anger to shouting out advice. It was axiomatic to Teduray that between families lay an arena of potential danger and bloodshed, while among close kin there was relative safety. Parents gave moral advice or even a mild scolding to their children, but, "the world being as it is," no one would scold a "far person" and risk the consequences of making that person's gall bladder bad.

Other people in other lands may not understand human nature in just that way, but to the traditional Teduray, those propositions about human and social reality were simply true. They were "objective realities"; they were Teduray common sense. To flout them would not merely show bad taste or upbringing; it would suggest a degree of madness. Therefore, the process of settlement that Mo-Ning and his angry kindred went through was not just some arbitrary set of legal institutions that had evolved in the society. Rather, it followed brilliantly a path of what might be called "natural healing."

First, Mo-Ning and, to a somewhat lesser extent, his kindred registered the hurt that had been done to his gall bladder. When a Teduray's gall bladder was hurt by the actions of another person, she or he made no secret of it. Teduray were expected to get hot about having been caused that bad gall bladder. Nobody

tried to shame Mo-Ning for his rage; no one ridiculed him, or told him he deserved what happened or that he was wrong to feel the way he did. His pain was respected. Healing has to start there, and for the Teduray it did.

Second, the anger was expected to erupt in loud screams of protest. Mo-Ning shouted and fussed and paced around in terrible agitation, reiterating over and over his pain and resentment, while threatening dire retaliation. This went on for days. There could have been no doubt in his mind that his distress had been heard. And although constant efforts were made to calm him down so that he would not resort to violence, nobody criticized his lengthy ranting; rather, his companions gave it serious respect. In innumerable ways, his elders and his community supported Mo-Ning and helped him release his anger fully, even as they were leading him to reevaluate how he should respond.

Third, Mo-Ning was offered a socially honored way to deal with his distress: by taking it to a session. His family and his community, represented primarily by several legal specialists, made his pain public and handled it with great seriousness. *Mo-Ning did not have to internalize his anger and then act it out in some form of antisocial mayhem.* Balaud and Mo-Anggul and Mo-Ning's mother, the legal sage Ideng-Amig, took up his cause with all the skill they possessed as masters of their justice-giving specialty, and so did the several adjudicators who were not related to him. They all affirmed his inherent goodness as a human being and the appropriateness of his pain as they reminded him that he had choices about his subsequent behavior.

And fourth, the series of legal sessions that resulted in the full return of his security settlement did something public and concrete to address the source of the hurt and put it in its proper place. The kindreds of Sinew and Ideng-Nogon, bearing corporate responsibility for the two lovers, were given a peaceful forum for admitting fault and for making restoration through the return of exchange goods, the symbolic marker of Teduray social relations. By the time the several sessions had run their course, the offense to Mo-Ning and his kindred was past history. They had been publicly vindicated and restored to a sense of peace; they had been given, once again, just-right gall bladders.

In this therapeutic process, Mo-Ning's case was typical of how the forest Teduray dealt with offenses. It was an elegant system. It was a healing system, and a gracious one. And it did all that it did without employing either coercive power or organized violence.

The Teduray that I knew in the rainforest put great emphasis on repairing bad gall bladders as quickly as possible without violence through the legal system, and they put even more stress on never giving anyone a bad gall bladder in the first place. People made mistakes, of course, and did not always live up to that moral code, so there was need for the skills of the legal specialists. But Teduray, whether relatives or not, usually tried diligently to respect each other and to give one another a hand. They put serious effort, both social and personal, into avoiding *all* violence. Children were taught from an early age to scan their social world for what they could do to encourage and assist all other people, and they were taught most certainly never to inflict physical or spiritual injury on anyone.

This commitment to mutual aid, support, and respect gave these people a quality that is almost impossible to describe, a sort of peace combined with a palpable graciousness. For much of the time I was doing my research I didn't fully assimilate the drastic contrasts between my own cultural heritage and what I

was seeing in Figel. Such insights, and the transformation they inaugurated in me, came slowly. But they did come, and they came with strength.

I will never forget the kindness with which the Figel people characteristically treated me and each other. And I will never forget the way their world valued interpersonal gentility and abhorred violence of any sort. Every time I went back into the very different world outside the forest, and especially when I returned to daily existence in the United States, I could not help but be struck by the overpowering contrast.

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CHAP. XV

The selfish corn-merchants of Aspendus

These years of silence he spent partly in Pamphylia and partly in Cilicia; and though his paths lay through such effeminate races as these, he never spoke nor was even induced to murmur. Whenever, however, he came on a city engaged in civil conflict (and many were divided into factions over spectacles of a low kind), he would advance and show himself, and by indicating part of his intended rebuke by manual gesture or by look on his face, he would put an end to all the disorder, and people hushed their voices, as if they were engaged in the mysteries. Well, it is not so very difficult to restrain those who have started a quarrel about dances and horses, for those who are rioting about such matters, if they turn their eyes to a real man, blush and check themselves and easily recover their senses; but a city hard pressed by famine is not so tractable, nor so easily brought to a better mood by persuasive words and its passion quelled. But in the case of Apollonius, mere silence on his part was enough for those so affected. Anyhow, when he came to Aspendus in Pamphylia (and this city is built on the river Eurymedon along with two others), he found nothing but vetch on sale in the market, and the citizens were feeding upon this and on anything else they could get; for the rich men had shut up all the corn and were holding it up for export from the country. Consequently an excited

CHAP. XV τιμῶν δὲ τὸ τῆς σιωπῆς δόγμα γράφει ἐς γραμματεῖον ἐπίπληξιν, καὶ δίδωσιν ἀναγνῶναι τῷ ἄρχοντι· ἡ δὲ ἐπίπληξις ὧδε εἶχεν· "Ἀπολλώνιος σιτοκαπήλοις Ἀσπενδίων. ἡ γῆ πάντων μήτηρ, δικαία γάρ, ὑμεῖς δὲ ἄδικοι ὄντες πεποίησθε αὐτὴν αὑτῶν μόνων μητέρα, καὶ εἰ μὴ παύσεσθε, οὐκ ἐάσω ὑμᾶς ἐπ' αὐτῆς ἐστιᾶναι." ταῦτα δείσαντες ἐνέπλησαν τὴν ἀγορὰν σίτου καὶ ἀνεβίω ἡ πόλις.

LIFE OF APOLLONIUS, BOOK I

CHAP. XV

crowd of all ages had set upon the governor, and were lighting a fire to burn him alive, although he was clinging to the statues of the Emperor, which were more dreaded at that time and more inviolable than the Zeus in Olympia; for they were statues of Tiberius, in whose reign a master is said to have been held guilty of impiety, merely because he struck his own slave when he had on his person a silver drachma coined with the image of Tiberius. Apollonius then went up to the governor and with a sign of his hand asked him what was the matter; and he answered that he had done no wrong, but was indeed being wronged quite as much as the populace; but, he said, if he could not get a hearing, he would perish along with the populace. Apollonius then turned to the bystanders, and beckoned to them that they must listen; and they not only held their tongues from wonderment at him, but they laid the fire they had kindled on the altars which were there. The governor then plucked up courage and said: "This man and that man," and he named several, "are to blame for the famine which has arisen; for they have taken away the corn and are keeping it, one in one part of the country and another in another." The inhabitants of Aspendus thereupon passed the word to one another to make for these men's estates, but Apollonius signed with his head, that they should do no such thing, but rather summon those who were to blame and obtain the corn from them with their consent. And when, after a little time the guilty parties arrived, he very nearly broke out in speech against them, so much was he affected by the tears of the crowd; for the children and women had all flocked together, and the

CHAP. XV

old men were groaning and moaning as if they were on the point of dying by hunger. However, he respected his vow of silence and wrote on a writing board his indictment of the offenders and handed it to the governor to read out aloud; and his indictment ran as follows: "Apollonius to the corn-dealers of Aspendus. The earth is mother of us all, for she is just; but you, because you are unjust have pretended that she is your mother alone; and if you do not stop, I will not permit you to remain upon her." They were so terrified by these words, that they filled the market-place with corn and the city revived.

Two examples of spontaneous nonviolence:

a. The following incident describes a pre-dawn raid on the office of a human rights group in El Salvador, announced by a sudden explosion:

> After the blast soldiers gathered outside the building, preparing to storm through the gap created by the explosion and raid the office. Inside the office women moved quickly and quietly, soothing the cries of the children. Then they began to make coffee. The foreigners inside the building were aghast. It is 3:30 in the morning, a bomb has just gone off, the soldiers are about to drag everyone away -- and the mothers are making coffee. Have they lost their minds? When the coffee is ready, the women pour it into cups, and take it, steaming, out to the soldiers in the street. They are young, the soldiers in El Salvador. Some of them are scarcely 16 years old. It is the middle of the night, they are tired, cold and miserable. Probably they are a little nervous too. They take the coffee, not hesitating, and drink it. In that moment, something changes. For having drunk the coffee someone has offered you, having shared the symbolic meal, having partaken of someone's hospitality, it becomes impossible to turn around and raid their office, dragging them away. The soldiers finished their coffee, handed back the mugs, and slipped quietly away. The women began to reconstruct their wall.

Source: Karen Ridd c/o Peace Brigades International, Toronto, Canada

On the Rez

by IAN FRAZIER

The writer, an admirer of Indian traditions of freedom and heroism, visits an old friend on the Pine Ridge Reservation, explores the place, and discovers a modern-day Indian hero

THIS ARTICLE IS ABOUT THE OGLALA SIOUX ndians who live on the Pine Ridge Reservation, in southwestern South Dakota, in the plains and adlands in the middle of the United States. When I describe this subject to non-Indians, they often eply that it sounds bleak. "Bleak" is the word attached in many people's minds to the idea of cer- ain Indian reservations, of which the Oglala's reservation is perhaps the best example. Oddly, it is word I have never heard used by Indians themselves. Many thousands of people—not just Ameri- ans but German and French and English people, and more—visit the reservations every year, and ie prevailing opinion among the Indians is not that they come for the bleakness. The Indians un- erstand that the visitors are there out of curiosity and out of an admiration which sometimes reach- s such a point that the visitors even wish they could be Indians too. I am a middle-aged non-Indian ho wears his hair in a thinning ponytail copied originally from the traditional-style long hair of the aders of the American Indian Movement of the 1970s, because I thought it looked cool. When I'm iving across a field near the town of Oglala, on the Pine Ridge Reservation, and I see my friend oyd John walking across it the other way, I stop, and he comes over to the car and leans in the win- ow and smiles a big-tooth grin and says, "How ya' doin', wannabe?" . . . (skips)

name were lost in the white clouds over the Hills. A chunk of cinder block propped open the green-steel front door. I went in. First to greet me was the smell of hamburgers frying. Over the many times I would return, that frying smell would always be there. I would bring it away with me in my clothes and even in the pages of my notebooks, and when I happened to meet it in other places. I would always think of the SuAnne Big Crow Center. I never much liked hamburgers or their smell before, but now it is a happy and inspiring aroma in my mind.

The entry hall had fluorescent lights above and a banner that said WELCOME TO HAPPYTOWN, USA. The images in the hall were a temporarily confusing combination of Oglala pride and 1950s-revival style. The words for "Boys" and "Girls" on the restroom doors on my left were in Sioux. On a table in a corner was a highly polished pair of brown-and-white saddle shoes. Above them hung the flag of the Oglala nation, and next to the flag was a large framed portrait of a young Elvis Presley—a more Indian-looking Elvis, it seemed to me, with a darker complexion and blacker, straighter hair. Framed photographs of a teenage girl smiling in a basketball warm-up jacket, making a shot in a basketball game, looking serious in a formal dress next to a boy in a tuxedo, added the aura of a shrine.

The hall led on the left to a café in a big room with a lunch counter and tables and booths. The back end of a 1955 Packard affixed to one wall held potato and macaroni salads in its open trunk. A few late lunch customers were eating burgers in the booths or helping themselves to salad. A loud jukebox played fifties and sixties songs. Old-time Pepsi memorabilia decorated the walls, along with black-and-white photo portraits of John F. Kennedy and Martin Luther King Jr., and several more portraits of Elvis. Kids of junior high age and younger were hanging out—eating ice-cream cones, playing video games.

At the end of the hallway on the right was a smaller room, with glass trophy cases along the walls. The trophies were all from the athletic career of SuAnne Big Crow. I looked at the trophies, I watched a short video playing on a VCR in the room, I read some framed news stories about SuAnne Big Crow, and a sense of discovery came over me. Here was a hero—not a folk hero, a sports hero, a tribal hero, or an American hero but a combination of all these. I had thought that Oglala heroes existed mostly in the past. But a true Oglala hero appeared in the late 1980s, in suffering Pine Ridge, right under everyone's nose, while the rest of the world was looking the other way: SuAnne Big Crow.

Imagine that when you were a little kid you thought, as kids often do, that your father was the strongest man in the world; but when you got older, you discovered that your father actually *was* the world's strongest man, and you watched him win the gold medal in weight lifting in the Olympics. Or imagine that an older kid you looked up to when you were in elementary school, instead of fading in luster in the usual way as time went on, not only fulfilled every expectation you had for him but surpassed these with glorious public feats you never dreamed of. Imagine that the hopeful, innocent, unbounded fantasy you had about someone you really admired when you were a child did not meet the usual puncturing and deflation but simply continued to grow; that you kept it with the same innocence and hope, finding more justification for it every day; that the person you admired, someone as familiar to you as yourself and yet at the same time set apart, took the hope invested in her onward into the larger world without a hitch, increasing her fame and achievements and admirers geographically along the way. And imagine that against odds upon odds she *won*, won at everything important she tried, won so blithely as to hardly show her strength; and that she carried the hope invested in her unstoppably aloft, defying the death and fear in the world. And imagine that as she did this she somehow carried you with her, lifted you, too, above the fear and the death, and gave you and all the people around you someone to be—a self, a freedom, a name. Warfield Moose Sr., SuAnne's teacher of Lakota studies at Pine Ridge High School, said of her, "She showed us a way to live on the earth." Such was SuAnne's stature and generosity that she was able to do that not only for her Oglala people but for those who knew her and knew of her in the state of South Dakota and beyond.

ALDERMAN PHOTOGRAPHY

SuAnne Big Crow as a high school senior in 1991, the year before she died

Oglala ceremonies used to be in secret, for fear that white people wou

find out; today the fear is that white people will want to jo

SUANNE Marie Big Crow was born on March 15, 1974, at Pine Ridge Hospital—the brick building, now no longer a hospital, just uphill from the four-way intersection in town. Her mother, Leatrice Big Crow, known as Chick, was twenty-five years old. Chick had two other daughters: Cecelia, called Cee Cee, who was three, and Frances, called Pigeon, who was five. Chick had been born a Big Crow, and grew up in her Grandmother Big Crow's house in Wolf Creek, a little community about five miles east of Pine Ridge. Chick had a round, pretty face, dark eyes, a determined chin, and wiry reddish-brown hair. Her figure was big-shouldered and trim; she had been a good athlete as a girl. Now she worked as an administrative assistant for the tribal planning office, and she was raising her daughters with the help of her sisters and other kin. People knew that Everett "Gabby" Brewer was the father of the two older girls, but Chick would never say who SuAnne's father was. If asked, Chick always said she didn't want to talk about it. When SuAnne got old enough to wonder, people sometimes told her that her father was Elvis. And sometimes, when SuAnne wore her hair a certain way with a curl in front, you would have to admit that a resemblance was there.

SuAnne's birth came at a dark time on the reservation. The ongoing battle between supporters and opponents of the tribal president Dick Wilson's government showed no signs of letup, with violence so pervasive and unpredictable that many people were afraid to leave their homes. Wilson's people, sometimes called goons, were on one side, and supporters of the American Indian Movement on the other. Just the month before, a nine year-old boy named Harold Weasel Bear had been shot and seriously wounded as he sat in his father's pickup in Whiteclay. His father was a Wilson man. The AIM leader, Russell Means, had campaigned against Wilson for the presidency that winter, and had gotten more votes than Wilson in the primary. In the runoff election, however, Wilson won, by about 200 votes out of the more than 3,000 cast. Means had promised to "destroy" the existing system of tribal government if he won, and many people were glad he wouldn't get a chance. He accused Wilson of stealing the election, and the federal Civil Rights Commission later agreed, saying that almost a third of the votes cast seemed to be improper and that the election was "permeated with fraud."

The beatings and stompings and shootings and bombings on the reservation would continue until two FBI agents investigating a reservation murder were killed the following year, after which a general exhaustion plus the presence of hundreds of FBI investigators brought the level of violence down. In those days if you were on the Pine Ridge Reservation, you picked a side, and Chick Big Crow was for Dick Wilson all the way. She still calls Dick Wilson one of the greatest leaders the tribe ever had. Distinctions between those with anti– and pro–Dick Wilson loyalties, between AIM and goon, mean less today than they did then. Before SuAnne's sixteenth birthday she would have a lot to do with helping those divisions to heal.

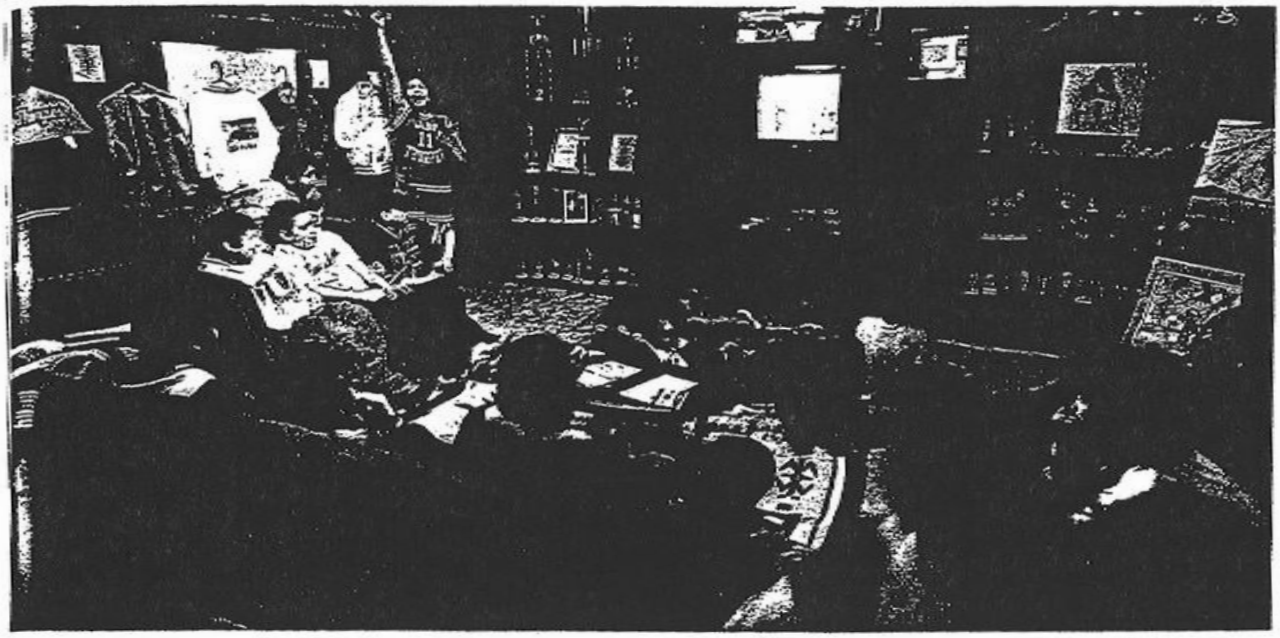
As a Big Crow, SuAnne belonged to a *tiospaye*—the Lakota word for an extended family group—that's one of the largest on Pine Ridge. Chick says that her branch of the family descends from Big Crows of the Sans Arc Lakota, a tribe much smaller than the Oglala, who lived on the plains to the north and west. A medicine man has told her that among the Sans Arc long ago there was a chief named Big Crow who was greater than any chief we know of. This chief was also so wise that he never put himself forward and never identified himself to the whites so that they could single him out as chief; he knew the jealousy and division this would cause. For years the chief led the Sans Arc in war and peace, careful in avoiding all notoriety as the tribe prospered and grew strong. After he died, the tribe began to quarrel internally and dwindled away. The memory of this chief vanished except among a few, according to the medicine man. After SuAnne died, the medicine man told Chick that she had been the spirit of the great leader come back to reunite the people.

SuAnne grew up with her sisters in her mother's three-bedroom house in Pine Ridge. Even today people talk about what a strict mother Chick Big Crow was. Her daughters always had to be in the house or the yard by the time the streetlights came on. The only after-school activities she let them take part in were the structured and chaperoned kind; unsupervised wanderings and (later) cruising around in cars were out. In an interview when she was a teenager, SuAnne said that she and her sisters had to come up with their own fun, because their mother wouldn't let them socialize outside of school.

Chick Big Crow was (and is) strongly anti-drug and -alcohol. On the reservation Chick has belonged for many years to the small but adamant minority that takes that stance. When SuAnne was nine years old, she was staying with her godmother on New Year's Eve when the woman's teenage son came home drunk and shot himself in the chest. The woman was too distraught to do anything, so SuAnne called the ambulance and the police and cared for her until the grown-ups arrived. Perhaps because of this incident, SuAnne became as opposed to drugs and alcohol as her mother was. She gave talks on the subject to school and youth groups, made a video urging her message in a stern and wooden tone, and as a high schooler traveled to distant cities for conventions of like

Pine Ridge opens like a road map unfolding, as people arrive for t

powwow. First you see one motor home, then three, then t



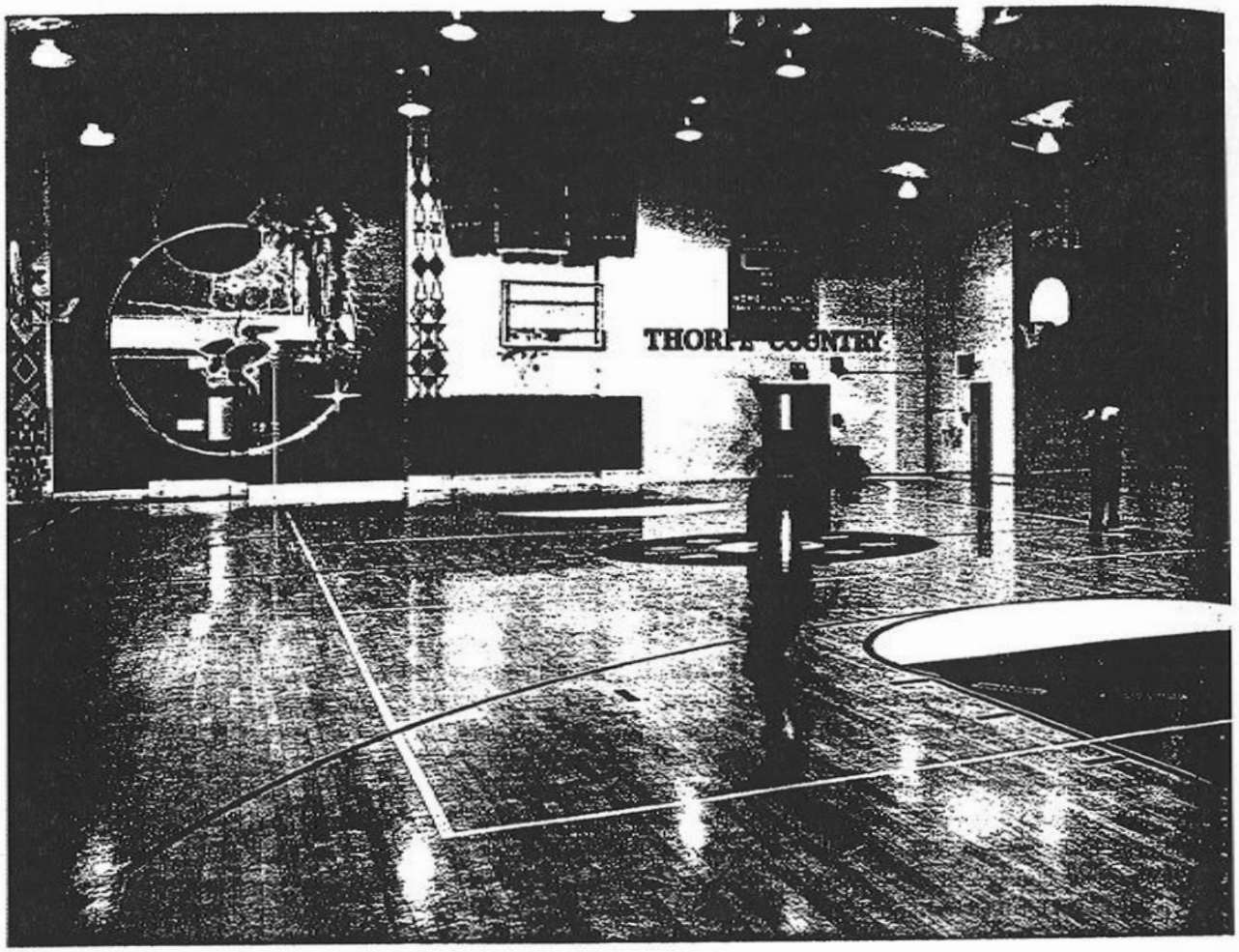
The Boys and Girls Club, a favorite hangout, was named after SuAnne Big Crow: "Imagine that against odds upon odds she won: that she gave you someone to be"

minded teens. I once asked Rol Bradford, a former Pine Ridge teacher and coach who is also a friend of her family, whether SuAnne's public advocacy on this issue wasn't risky, given the prominence of alcohol in the life of the reservation. "You have to understand," Rol Bradford said. "SuAnne didn't *respond* to peer pressure, SuAnne *was* peer pressure. She was the backbone of any group she was in, and she was way wiser than her years. By coming out against drinking, I know she flat-out saved a lot of kids' lives. In fact, she even had an effect on me. It dawned on me that if a sixteen-year-old girl could have the guts to say these things, then maybe us adults should pay attention too. I haven't had a drink since the day she died."

As strongly as Chick forbade certain activities, she encouraged the girls in sports. At one time or another they did them all—cross-country running and track, volleyball, cheerleading, softball, basketball. Some of the teams were at school and others were sponsored by organizations in town. In the West girls' basketball is a bigger deal than it is elsewhere. High school girls' basketball games in states like South Dakota and Montana draw full-house crowds, and newspapers and college recruiters give nearly the same attention to star players who are girls as to those who are boys. There were many good players on the girls' teams at Pine Ridge High School and at the parochial Red Cloud School when SuAnne was little. SuAnne idolized a star for the Pine Ridge Lady Thorpes named Lolly Steele, who set many records at the school. On a national level SuAnne's hero was Earvin "Magic" Johnson, of the Los Angeles Lakers pro team. Women's professional basketball did not exist in those years, but men's pro games were reaching a level of popularity to challenge baseball and football. SuAnne had big posters of Magic Johnson on her bedroom walls.

She spent endless hours practicing basketball. When she was in the fifth grade, she heard somewhere that to improve your dribbling you should bounce a basketball a thousand times a day with each hand. She performed this daily exercise faithfully on the cement floor of the patio; her mother and sisters got tired of the sound. For variety she would shoot layups against the gutter and the drainpipe, until they came loose from the house and had to be repaired. As far as anyone knew, no girl in an official game had ever dunked a basketball—that is, had leaped as high as the rim and stuffed the ball through the hoop from above—and SuAnne wanted to be the first in history to do it. To get the feel, she persuaded a younger boy cousin to kneel on all fours under the basket. With a running start, and a leap using the boy's back as a springboard, she could dunk the ball.

Charles Zimiga, who would coach SuAnne in basketball during her high school years, remembers the first time he saw her. He was on the cross-country track on the old golf course, coaching the high school boys' cross-country team (a team that later won the state championship), when SuAnne came running by. She was in seventh grade at the time. She practiced cross-country every fall, and ran in amateur meets, and sometimes placed high enough to be invited to tournaments in Boston and California. "The fluidness of her running amazed me, and the strength she had," Zimiga said. "I stood watching her, and she stopped right in front of me—I'm a high school coach, remember, and she's just a young little girl—and she said, 'What're you lookin' at?' I said, 'A runner.' She would've

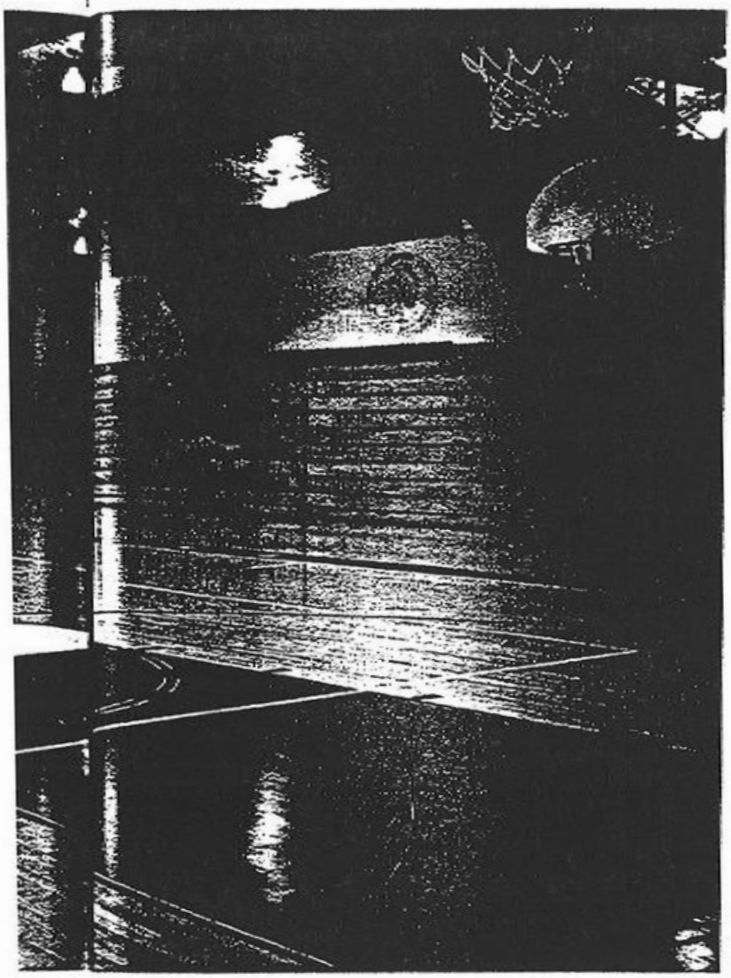


Pine Ridge High School, where SuAnne Big Cr and her teammates played their home gam

been a top cross-country runner, but in high school it never did work out, because the season conflicted with basketball. I had heard about her before, but that day on the golf course was the first time I really noticed her."

By the time SuAnne was in eighth grade, she had grown to five feet five inches ("But she played six foot," Zimiga says); she was long-limbed, well-muscled, and quick. She had high cheekbones, a prominent, arched upper lip that lined up with the basket when she aimed the ball, and short hair that she wore in no particular style. She could have played every game for the varsity when she was in eighth grade, but Coach Zimiga, who took over girls' varsity basketball that year, wanted to keep peace among older players who had waited for their chance to be on the team. He kept SuAnne on the junior varsity during the regular season. The varsity team had a good year, and when it advanced to the district playoffs, Zimiga brought SuAnne up from the JV for the playoff games. She tended to get into foul trouble; the referees rule strictly in tournament games, and SuAnne was used to a more headlong style of play. She and her cousin Doni De Cory, a five-foot-ten-inch junior, combined for many long-break baskets, with Doni throwing downcourt passes to SuAnne on the scoring end. In the district playoff against the team from Red Cloud, SuAnne scored thirty-one points. In the regional playoff game Pine Ridge beat a good Todd County team, but in the state tournament they lost all three games and finished eighth.

SOME people who live in the cities and towns near reservations treat their Indian neighbors decently; some don't. In Denver and Minneapolis and Rapid City police have been known to harass Indian teenagers and rough up Indian drunks and needlessly stop and search Indian cars. Local banks whose deposits include millions in tribal funds sometimes charge Indians higher interest rates than they charge whites. Gift shops near reservations sell junky caricature Indian pictures and dolls, and until not long ago beer coolers had signs on them that said INDIAN POWER. In a big discount store in a reservation-border town a white clerk observes a lot of Indians waiting at the checkout and remarks, "Oh, they're Indians—they're used to



standing in line." Some people in South Dakota hate Indians, unapologetically, and will tell you why; in their voices you can hear a particular American meanness that is centuries old.

When teams from Pine Ridge play non-Indian teams, the question of race is always there. When Pine Ridge is the visiting team, usually the hosts are courteous and the players and fans have a good time. But Pine Ridge coaches know that occasionally at away games their kids will be insulted, their fans will feel unwelcome, the host gym will be dense with hostility, and the referees will call fouls on Indian players every chance they get. Sometimes in a game between Indian and non-Indian teams the difference in race becomes an important and distracting part of the event.

One place where Pine Ridge teams used to get harassed regularly was the high school gymnasium in Lead, South Dakota. Lead is a town of about 3,200 northwest of the reservation, in the Black Hills. It is laid out among the mines that are its main industry, and low, wooded mountains hedge it around. The brick high school building is set into a hillside. The school's only gym in those days was small, with tiers of gray-painted concrete on which the spectator benches descended from just below the steel-beamed roof to the very edge of the basketball court—an arrangement that greatly magnified the interior noise.

In the fall of 1988 the Pine Ridge Lady Thorpes went to Lead to play a basketball game. SuAnne was a full member of the team by then. She was a freshman, fourteen years old. Getting ready in the locker room, the Pine Ridge girls could hear the din from the Lead fans. They were yelling fake Indian war cries, a "*woo-woo-woo*" sound. The usual plan for the pre-game warm-up was for the visiting team to run onto the court in a line, take a lap or two around the floor, shoot some baskets, and then go to their bench at courtside. After that the home team would come out and do the same, and then the game would begin. Usually the Thorpes lined up for their entry more or less according to height, which meant that senior Doni De Cory, one of the tallest, went first. As the team waited in the hallway leading from the locker room, the heckling got louder. Some fans were waving food stamps, a reference to the reservation's receiving federal aid. Others yelled, "Where's the cheese?"—the joke being that if Indians were lining up, it must be to get commodity cheese. The Lead high school band had joined in, with fake Indian drumming and a fake Indian tune. Doni De Cory looked out the door and told her teammates, "I can't handle this." SuAnne quickly offered to go first in her place. She was so eager that Doni became suspicious. "Don't embarrass us," Doni told her. SuAnne said, "I won't. I won't embarrass you." Doni gave her the ball, and SuAnne stood first in line.

She came running onto the court dribbling the basketball, with her teammates running behind. On the court the noise was deafening. SuAnne went right down the middle and suddenly stopped when she got to center court. Her teammates were taken by surprise, and some bumped into each other. Coach Zimiga, at the rear of the line, did not know why they had stopped. SuAnne turned to Doni De Cory and tossed her the ball. Then she stepped into the jump-ball circle at center court, facing the Lead fans. She unbuttoned her warm-up jacket, took it off, draped it over her shoulders, and began to do the Lakota shawl dance. SuAnne knew all the traditional dances (she had competed in many powwows as a little girl), and the dance she chose is a young woman's dance, graceful and modest and show-offy all at the same time. "I couldn't believe it—she was powwowin', like, 'Get down!' " Doni De Cory recalls. "And then she started to sing." SuAnne began to sing in Lakota, swaying back and forth in the jump-ball circle, doing the shawl dance, using her warm-up jacket for a shawl. The crowd went completely silent. "All that stuff the Lead fans were yelling—it was like she *reversed* it somehow," a teammate says. In the sudden quiet all they could hear was her Lakota song. SuAnne dropped her jacket, took the ball from Doni De Cory, and ran a lap around the court dribbling expertly and fast. The audience began to cheer and applaud. She sprinted to the basket, went up in the air, and laid the ball through the hoop, with the fans cheering loudly now. Of course, Pine Ridge went on to win the game.

BECAUSE this was one of the coolest and bravest deeds I ever heard of, I want to stop and consider it from a larger perspective that includes the town of Lead, all the Black Hills, and 125 years of history.

Lead, the town, does not get its name from the metal. The lead the name refers to is a mining term for a gold-bearing deposit, or vein, running through surrounding rock. The word, pronounced with a long *e*, is related to the word "lode." During the Black Hills gold rush of the 1870s prospectors found a rich lead in what would become the town of Lead. In April of 1876 Fred and Moses Manuel staked a claim to a mine they called the Homestake. Their lead led eventually to gold and more gold—a small mountain of gold—whose wealth may be guessed by the size of the hole its extraction has left in the middle of present-day Lead.

In 1877 a mining entrepreneur from San Francisco named George Hearst came to the Hills, investigated the Manuels' mine, and advised his big-city partners to buy it. The price was $70,000. At the time of Hearst's negotiations the illegal act of Congress that would take this land from the Sioux had only recently passed. The partners followed Hearst's advice, and the Homestake Mine paid off its purchase price four times over in dividends alone within three years. When George Hearst's only son, William Randolph, was kicked out of Harvard for giving his instructors chamber pots with their names inscribed on the inside. George Hearst suggested that he come West and take over his share in the Homestake Mine. William Randolph Hearst chose to run the San Francisco *Examiner* instead. His father gave him a blank check to keep it going for two years; gold from Lead helped to start the Hearst newspaper empire. Since the Homestake Mine was discovered, it has produced at least $10 billion in gold. It is one of the richest gold mines in the world.

Almost from the moment that George Armstrong Custer's expedition entered the Black Hills, in 1874, to investigate rumors of gold, there was no way the Sioux were going to be allowed to keep this land. At Custer's announcement that the expedition had found "gold in the roots of the grass," the rush began. By 1875 the Dakota Territorial Legislature had already divided the Black Hills land into counties; Custer County, in the southern Hills, was named in that general's honor while he was still alive, and while the land still clearly belonged to the Sioux. Many people in government and elsewhere knew at the time that taking this land was wrong. At first the Army even made halfhearted attempts to keep the prospectors out. A high-ranking treaty negotiator told President Ulysses S. Grant that the Custer expedition was "a violation of the national honor." When the Sioux killed Custer at the Little Bighorn, in 1876, their victory only enraged the country and destroyed any chance of fairness that remained. One of the commissioners who worked on the 1877 "agreement" that gave paper legitimacy to the theft said that Custer should not have gone into the Hills in the first place, and with the other commissioners reminded the government that it was making the Sioux homeless and that it owed them protection and care. The taking of the Black Hills proceeded inexorably all the same.

Sioux leaders of Crazy Horse's generation began working to receive fair compensation for the Hills in the early 1900s. The Black Hills claim that the Sioux filed with the U.S. Court of Claims in the 1920s got nowhere. In 1946 the government established the Indian Claims Commission specifically to provide payment for wrongly taken Indian lands, and in 1950 the Sioux filed a claim for the Black Hills with the ICC. After almost twenty-five years the ICC finally ruled that the Sioux were entitled to a payment of $17.5 million plus interest for the taking of the Hills, a decision that the Court of Claims upheld. In 1980 the Supreme Court affirmed the ruling and awarded the Sioux a total of $106 million. Quoting from the Court of Claims, Justice Harry Blackmun wrote for the majority, "A more ripe and rank case of dishonorable dealings will never, in all probability, be found in our history"—which was to say officially, and finally, that the Black Hills had been stolen.

By the time of the Supreme Court ruling, however, the Sioux had come to see their identity as linked to the Hills themselves, and the eight tribes involved decided unanimously not to accept the money. They said, "The Black Hills are not for sale." The Sioux now wanted the land back—some or all of it—and trespass damages as well. They especially wanted the Black Hills lands still owned by the federal government. These amount to about 1.3 million acres, a small proportion of what was stolen. At the moment the chances that the Sioux will get these or any other lands in the Black Hills appear remote. The untouched compensation money remains in a federal escrow account, where it, plus other compensation money, plus accumulated interest, is now more than half a billion dollars.

Inescapably, this history is present when an Oglala team goes to Lead to play a basketball game. It may even explain why the fans in Lead were so mean: fear that you might perhaps be in the wrong can make you ornerier sometimes. In all the accounts of this land grab and its aftermath, and among the many greedy and driven men who had a part, I cannot find evidence of a single act as elegant, as generous, or as transcendent as SuAnne's dance at center court in the gym at Lead.

A true Oglala hero appeared in the late 1980s, in suffering Pine Ridge, right under everyone's nose: SuAnne Big Crow

For the Oglala, what SuAnne did that day almost immediately took on the status of myth. People from Pine Ridge who witnessed it still describe it in terms of awe and disbelief. Amazement swept through the younger kids when they heard. "I was, like, '*What* did she just do?'" recalls her cousin Angie Big Crow, an eighth grader at the time. All over the reservation people told and retold the story of SuAnne at Lead. Anytime the subject of SuAnne came up when I was talking to people on Pine Ridge, I would always ask if they had heard about what she did at Lead, and always the answer was a smile and a nod—"Yeah, I was there," or "Yeah, I heard about that." To the unnumbered big and small slights of local racism that the Oglala have known all their lives SuAnne's exploit made an emphatic reply.

Back in the days when Lakota war parties still fought battles against other tribes and the Army, no deed of war was more honored than the act of counting coup. To "count coup" means to touch an armed enemy in full possession of his powers with a special stick called a coup stick, or with the hand. The touch is not a blow, and serves only to indicate how close to the enemy you came. As an act of bravery, counting coup was regarded as greater than killing an enemy in single combat, greater than taking a scalp or horses or any prize. Counting coup was an act of almost abstract courage, of pure playfulness taken to the most daring extreme. Very likely, to do it and survive brought an exhilaration to which nothing else could compare. In an ancient sense that her Oglala kin could recognize, SuAnne counted coup on the fans of Lead.

And yet this coup was an act not of war but of peace. SuAnne's coup strike was an offering, an invitation. It gave the hecklers the best interpretation, as if their silly, mocking chants were meant only in good will. It showed that their fake Indian songs were just that—fake—and that the real thing was better, as real things usually are. We Lakota have been dancing like this for centuries, the dance said; we've been doing the shawl dance since long before you came, before you got on the boat in Glasgow or Bremerhaven, before you stole this land, and we're still doing it today. And isn't it pretty, when you see how it's supposed to be done? Because finally what SuAnne proposed was to invite us—us onlookers in the stands, namely the non-Lakota rest of this country—to dance too. She was in the Lead gym to play, and she invited us all to play. The symbol she used to include us was the warm-up jacket. Everyone in America has a warm-up jacket. I've got one, probably so do you, so did (no doubt) many of the fans at Lead. By using the warm-up jacket as a shawl in her impromptu shawl dance, she made Lakota relatives of us all.

"It was funny," Doni De Cory says, "but after that game the relationship between Lead and us was tremendous. When we played Lead again, the games were really good, and we got to know some of the girls on the team. Later, when we went to a tournament and Lead was there, we were hanging out with the Lead girls and eating pizza with them. We got to know some of their parents, too. What SuAnne did made a lasting impression and changed the whole situation with us and Lead. W found out there are some really good people in Lead."

AMERICA is a leap of the imagination. From its begir ning people have had only a persistent idea of what good country should be. The idea involves freedom, equality justice, and the pursuit of happiness; nowadays most of u probably could not describe it much more clearly than tha The truth is, it always has been a bit of a guess. No one ha ever known for sure whether a country based on such an ide is really possible, but again and again we have leaped towar the idea and hoped. What SuAnne Big Crow demonstrated i the Lead high school gym is that making the leap is the whol point. The idea does not truly live unless it is expressed by a act; the country does not live unless we make the leap fron our tribe or focus group or gated community or demographi and land on the shaky platform of that idea of a good countr which all kinds of different people share.

This leap is made in public, and it's made free. It's not product or a service that anyone will pay you for. You do it fo reasons unexplainable by economics—for ambition, out o conviction, for the heck of it, in playfulness, for love. It's don in public spaces, face-to-face, where anyone may go. It's no done on television, on the Internet, or over the telephone; ou electronic systems can only tell us if a leap made elsewhen has succeeded or failed. The places you'll see it are high school gyms, city sidewalks, the subway, bus stations, publi parks, parking lots, and wherever people gather during nat ural disasters. In those places and others like them the leap that continue to invent and knit the country continue to b made. When the leap fails, it looks like the L.A. riots, or Sher man's march through Georgia. When it succeeds, it looks lik the New York City Bicentennial Celebration in July of 1976 or the civil-rights march on Washington in 1963. On tha scale, whether it succeeds or fails, it's always something t see. The leap requires physical presence and physical risk But the payoff—in terms of dreams realized, of understand ing, of people getting along—can be so glorious as to mak the risk seem minuscule.

I find all this hopefulness, and more, in SuAnne's dance a center court in the gym in Lead. My high school footbal coach used to show us films of our previous game every Mon day after practice, and whenever he liked a particular play, h would run it over and over again. If I had a film of SuAnne a Lead (as far as I know, no such film or video exists), I woul study it in slow motion frame by frame. There's a magic ir what she did, along with the promise that public acts o courage are still alive out there somewhere. Mostly I woul run the film of SuAnne again and again for my own brave heart song. I refer to her, as I do to the deeds of Crazy Horse for proof that it's a public service to be brave.

We are grateful to Ben Marra Studios for permission to use pho tographs appearing in the book Powwow: Images Along the Red Roa *as visual reference for the cover art.*