

Coming Full Circle

Learning from the Experience of Emigration and Ethnic Prejudice

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Biographical Note

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Introduction

The twentieth century has been marred by extirpation and expulsion of national minorities on an unprecedented scale. Yet, as the century draws to a close, television screens relentlessly remind us that senseless and inhumane atrocities are not a thing of the past, that rabid ethnic prejudices in the guise of nationalism lurk just beneath the surface in all too many places. I am haunted by the traumatized faces of lost innocence, of Muslim children from Bosnia and Kosovo, who have witnessed their homes burned, their fathers killed, and their sisters or mothers raped. We are tempted to point the finger at other places or peoples, but deep-seated ethnic prejudice is far more pervasive and plays itself out much closer to home. Its most vulnerable victims are the children.

Indeed, there is a silent violence, not played out on TV news, about which most people are uninformed. For decades, children from Spanish-speaking homes in Texas were ridiculed and punished by their teachers for speaking Spanish in class or on the school grounds. As recently as the early 1980s, Hispanics and African Americans were beaten to death in sheriffs' offices. Generations of people with Spanish surnames have been imbued with the stigma that their Mexican culture and biological heritage were inferior. Undereducated, with few successful models to look up to, they could not shake the burden of shame, as they saw it. The spirit of countless children would be sapped, even before they entered high school, as they and their parents saw themselves culturally and genetically predetermined to failure in all but the most menial of roles.

Ethnic prejudice, particularly in conjunction with incidents of violence, is so cruel to the individual, in the form of an imposed collective guilt or ritual public denigration by the empowered group. Whether for personal gain or ideological zealotry, political, religious, and educational leaders have time and again sought to capitalize on societal insecurities by identifying ethnic scapegoats and fanning the flames of latent prejudice or even mass hysteria. The results have sometimes been horrific, at whatever scale a pogrom or ethnic cleansing.

What burdens me just as much, however, is the endless hurt done to children the world over, in everyday situations, through the spite or careless disdain of mainly "nice" people of a dominant group. Recently I was astounded, watching "The Great War" on public television, to see a film clip of 1917 showing U.S. schoolchildren carrying books about Germany out of a library to throw into a bonfire, with the smiling approval of the librarian and of their elders. One can only speculate how the social attitudes and values of those proud little grade-schoolers were twisted, or how a third-generation German-American pupil may have been scarred for life, by such a book burning. It is the defenseless and vulnerable child who must bear the pain of stigmatization, unequal opportunities, and hopelessness, ashamed of who he or she is. Such a childhood all too often projects into a demeaning life without higher goals or fulfillment.

I come to this subject not as a Holocaust survivor but as a member of a German Catholic family that chose, and was able, to emigrate illegally in 1937. As a six year old in England I experienced plainclothes police entering our home, ransacking our library, and taking away my father. That trauma continued for ten years, as I grew up in wartime and postwar Canada. But unlike the voiceless child of an underclass, I received the support of my cohesive, middle-class family, which gave me the means and will to fight back and, above all, to compete and succeed. I later repressed most of the memories, but there was just enough scar tissue to make me hypersensitive to ethnic prejudice around me, whether it be a mere slight or a serious injustice to an "outsider," particularly if that person lacked the articulate family support and education that had sustained me. And at midlife I began a disciplinary shift from environmental history to cultural themes that eventually led to university courses on ethnicity. It was here that I recognized that I had come full circle, drawing now on my early experiences to try to instill tolerance in my students.

But the purpose of this essay is didactic, not autobiographical. It attempts to use a personal narrative to illuminate the insidious nature of authoritarian repression, the experience of emigration, and the impact of ethnic prejudice and stereotyping on the children of minority groups.

Cultural Conformity in the Nation-State

The consolidation of the Western nation-state during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries went hand-in-hand with the direct or indirect reduction of "regional" variety in terms of custom, language, and culture or religion. The most effective tool was the system of public schools that enforced monolingual education and projected a monolithic national

identity. Acceptable cultural difference was reduced to the realm of folklore, be it the ethnic dinner-dance at the church or a parade. In some countries the transformation was incremental and peaceful, in others it was not. Homogenization from above and the elimination of cultural difference are central to understanding the complexities of ethnicity, particularly because most Anglo-Americans believe that the “ethnic succession” of the melting-pot model is essentially a benign process.

Long after most European countries had been transformed into nation-states, Germany had resisted unification under either the Catholic Hapsburgs (Austria) or the Protestant Hohenzollerns (Prussia). But between 1814 and 1866, Prussia acquired direct control, or hegemony, and in 1871 the king of Prussia became the German emperor. Berlin displaced Vienna as primate city, Austria was excluded from the new Germany, and “Prussia” came to represent both a powerful bureaucracy and a military caste that projected a nationalist ideology. We were Rhinelanders and Catholics, as well as Germans, but Prussians against our will. Our heritage included a century of resistance against centralization, first by Prussia, then by Prussia’s Nazi successors.

The distribution of Catholics and Protestants in the German-speaking part of Europe is grounded in the religious wars of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries that highlighted older cultural differences and led to divergent development after 1648. The west and south, including the Rhine country, Bavaria, and Austria, were Catholic, coinciding roughly with the former Roman provinces. Here the world outlook was distinctly western European. German Catholics remained loyal to a universal church and, based on their traditional lore, recognized common roots with the Low Countries and France in the empire of Charlemagne. At the same time, the northern and eastern parts of Germany cut off their ties to Rome during the Reformation and reinforced their orientation toward Scandinavia and the East.

In 1815 the autonomous statelets of the Rhineland, which were 70 percent Catholic, were incorporated into Protestant Prussia, with its traditions of militarism and expansion. A vigorous policy of Prussianization was soon implemented, designed to replace the civil service, to “appropriate” the upper classes and so reduce Catholics to the same underclass they were to become in Prussian Poland. Unlike the French occupation of 1794–1814, which had abolished serfdom and created permanent rural leaseholders, Prussian rule was long perceived as foreign domination. That helps explain the irony that my paternal grandparents had a print of Napoleon on their bedroom wall.

The smoldering resentment came to a head in 1872–79, after German unification under Prussia, to the total exclusion of Austria. Bismarck first disbanded or expelled the Jesuits and other religious orders. He then demanded that all priests take government examinations before being able to exercise office and effectively closed down Catholic worship and education. The archbishop of Cologne was imprisoned and parts of the clergy exiled. Catholic resistance was mobilized by the Zentrum, the Catholic Centrist Party that cut across socioeconomic class lines. Electoral solidarity was translated into political protest, the emergence of an articulate press, and civil disobedience by both clergy and laity. Known as the *Kulturkampf* or culture war, the confrontation reinforced Rhenish identity in particular. Bismarck eventually came to recognize that sustained confrontation with a third of the population made little political sense, and the penal laws against Catholics were finally removed in 1890. But the clergy and Catholic politicians continued to be scourged in the national press as “Roman” sympathizers, and Catholics were still bypassed for higher government appointments or university positions. The “establishment” was and remained German rather than European and was very much Protestant.

Catholic mobilization continued after the culture war. Both the Zentrum and the bishops joined the Polish clergy of Prussian Poland in their fight for Polish-language schools. Together with the socialists, they also opposed the ever-increasing military budgets. After World War I, Catholic voters did not join the growing ranks of support for the Nazi economic platform, custom tailored to a nation coping with six million unemployed during the Great Depression.

Electoral analyses of the Nazi vote from 1928–33 consistently show that Nazism had little appeal for Catholics.¹ Nazism represented a belligerent, antireligious movement, extolling a motley collage of “Germanic virtues” all too reminiscent of the Prussian past. Furthermore, Catholic society was strongly organized in socializing and supportive networks for different age and occupational groups. Once in power, but holding only 35 percent of the popular vote, the Nazis gained absolute control through existing “emergency” laws. Whereas the socialists and communists were promptly battered with brutal efficiency, the Nazis chose a more subtle and insidious strategy to curb religious freedom and practice. Sunday worshipers were harassed and ridiculed by uniformed Nazis on church steps; crucifixes were removed from Catholic classrooms; sermons were interrupted by organized hecklers; and outspoken preachers were threatened, placed under house arrest, or imprisoned.

Although some of the discourse on the ambiguous role of Pope Pius XII in regard to Nazi atrocities alleges that the German Catholic hierarchy were accomplices by silence, this was far from the truth. Martin Niemöller and the Protestant "Confessing Church" are familiar abroad and justly so. Less well known but more broadly based was Catholic opposition. It included Bishop Clemens von Galen, who unleashed a strong protest against the new culture war in his Easter pastoral letter of 1934. Despite all efforts to muzzle him, he and many others continued to speak out forcibly against totalitarianism, the persecution of Jews, and the campaign to undermine religion in society. In 1941, he was able to almost halt the Nazi eugenics program that had taken 70,000 victims. Yet von Galen is only one more familiar example of the testimony of conscience. Of the 12,100 Catholic priests in Germany, over half were in some way under surveillance, intimidated, arrested, fined, or imprisoned for "subversion." They served 2,400 jail sentences, and 417 of them, including army chaplains, were sent to concentration camps. One hundred seven lost their lives.²

In the end, however, there was no winner against the police state, which operated through media control, intimidation, informants, and random denunciations. The Prussian penchant for by-the-book law enforcement, long the butt of Rhenish jokes, had a more disturbing downside: the middle class felt constrained to obey unjust or immoral laws, particularly when dependent on government salaries or support in any capacity.³ Conformity became a matter of economic survival. Nazi sympathizers permeated some academic disciplines, and the acquiescence or compromise of the establishment was achieved through various small perks. After twelve years of terror and an apocalypse, the many components of German society had been atomized, the traditional bonds of solidarity broken.⁴

Despite a stream of Cold War movies on international espionage, the average North American has no clue what everyday life is like in a police state, such as Castro's Cuba, Ceausescu's Romania, or the Baltic states under the Soviet Union. He or she can relate to the protesters of Tienanmen Square, but the long stream of refugees from Guatemala and El Salvador was mistrusted as a category of essentially "economic" migrants. Although each ideological "media dictatorship," of the left or the right, has different parameters, the common thread is physical intimidation by a state that assumes absolute control, muzzling freedom of thought and expression and leaving its populace impotent. Just how determined the Nazis were to dominate was obvious after the "Night of the Long Knives"

of mid-1934, when all perceived competitors from within were murdered, or in the vengeful vendetta after the attempt on Hitler's life a decade later that saw five thousand military and intellectuals, including the wives and children of mere suspects, tortured and condemned by "people's courts" or executed without the pretense of trial.⁵

My Parents

The preceding outline of the culture wars reflects the legacy of my father, Paul Anton Butzer (1893–1984). He was not a talkative man, but when I was in my teens he broached the subject frequently, developing various points that supported or elaborated the general argument. In retrospect, I realized that this was the most important thing he felt that I should know about himself and, by extension, about who I was. For him, the first culture war was living history. During the 1870s his grandfather, then a relatively prosperous farmer, had provided a safe house to hide fugitive priests, who were being secreted across the Prussian border. His family was politically aware and active and uncompromisingly anti-Prussian. My paternal grandmother, Margaretha, née Brabender (1866–1950), with no more than a primary school education, took after her father, as did my father; she was a strong and informed woman. Her brother, Wilhelm Brabender, was her counterpart, serving as an oblate missionary in rural Saskatchewan in 1905–31. He was my godfather, a burly and gregarious man who preached in English, French, and Cree and who reputedly never spoke ill of anyone.

In the second culture war, the family was unflinchingly anti-Nazi, but there was very little they could do. Thirteen of them voted "no" in the plebiscite to confirm Hitler as president in 1934—which required the conspicuous use of a different voting booth for dissenters; but when the local election results were published, that precinct reported 100 percent "yes" votes.

Years later, in a professional capacity, I recognized that the Catholic Rhinelanders of my father's memory and family heritage met all the criteria of mobilizing behavior in an ethnic group. A mythical origin in Charlemagne's "united Europe"—the goal of the visionary French politician, Robert Schuman, in the 1950s—represented the primordial roots. During the early nineteenth century, in the absence of a unifying political structure, the Catholic institutions became a "popular" (rather than "established") church, which led and defended its communities. In the more complex political maelstrom after 1871, a parallel, secular organi-

zation, the Zentrum, provided political organization and a voice in Berlin. Together, Zentrum and the popular church mobilized the various socioeconomic classes, all age cohorts, and both sexes to assure social reproduction. Religion was a matter of social bonding, not theological imperative.

It was my father who, through consistent example, taught me to respect "the other." Yet he came from an impoverished family that had lost its substantial farmland to speculators in one generation and was engulfed by the industrial revolution in the next. As the second of eleven children, he left school in 1907 at thirteen to work in a factory when his own father fell sick and later died with acid-corroded lungs. As fortune would have it, he did not end up in a production line but as an apprentice in a company that manufactured parts for steel rolling mills: that offered opportunities for advancement. His mother raised the younger children, with the help of his meager wages, by growing flowers to sell at market in Benrath, now a suburb of Düsseldorf. Despite the long working hours he arranged for private lessons at night, beginning with English and French, a remarkable priority for a teenage factory apprentice in that day. On holidays he took the train to some starting point and went hiking, crossing the border to Belgium and perhaps France. Later in life he was nostalgic for the time before 1914, "when you could cross any border without a passport."

Father was drafted soon after World War I broke out and received the Iron Cross (Third Class, of course) in France but then came down with typhoid in Poland, on the Russian front. After a long convalescence and garrison duty in Berlin, he was decommissioned in July 1916 ("the happiest day of my life"). He was returned to civilian life because his technical talents had been apparent in the steel mill, and he was now needed at a time when German industry was moved into high gear to meet the demands of the war. By 1921 he had taken a sufficient number of night courses to gain admittance to the Technological University (TH) of Aachen as a special student, receiving a three-year leave of absence from the Schloemann Steel Works in Düsseldorf. During that time he earned a high school equivalency on the side, while completing the work toward a university engineering degree in late 1924. He also met my mother, the first female student in mathematics at the TH, and they married in 1925. He was then thirty-two years old.

Upward mobility was a formidable task in that time and place, which speaks for his determination. But that does not explain a young factory worker's fascination with history and politics. He once confessed to me

that in another life he would have become an archaeologist, to excavate in Egypt or Greece, like Heinrich Schliemann. He was enthusiastic about Leo Frobenius, from which I infer that he attended a public lecture on African ethnography. He recalled conversations with the parish priest in Benrath, who was a local history buff. From his early efforts to learn English, I speculate that he may have once thought of emigrating to the United States—or to Canada, from where his favorite uncle, Wilhelm, gave glowing reports. It truly was an unusual family, as I found out when I got to know them better in 1954: many of his siblings, despite their limited education, read newspapers regularly and discussed political events in a big way.

One of Father's stories impressed me greatly. He went to France in the 1930s to find the grave of my mother's oldest brother, Karl, who had fallen near Verdun in 1916. There, he related, he ran into a Frenchman who helped him, and they spent half an afternoon musing on the folly of war. I don't remember that my father ever spoke French, and he was by no means a gifted linguist. Like myself, he just went out and "communicated." But I still have his expensive French-German dictionary, which looks used, and he had a well-worn self-help book for Russian when I was growing up. His vision was global, as I always knew. My mother related to me that in 1925, when Field-Marshal Hindenburg (cosponsor of the military dictatorship in 1917–18) won the German presidency, Father predicted that Hindenburg would favor the right-wing militarists, who in turn would bring on a second war. In 1933 it was indeed Hindenburg and his clique who invited Hitler to form the cabinet.

My mother, Wilhelmine, née Hansen (1902–86), also worked her way up in difficult times. Her father, Franz Hansen (1858–1914), was the last guild master of cabinetmakers and wood-carvers in Aachen and had sculpted altars for churches as far away as Hungary. But he went bankrupt a year after her birth, too stubborn to adapt to industrial furniture making. Yet, working as a school custodian, he was the impetus to get three of five children through the senior matriculation at elite schools, and Mother went on to break gender barriers at university, while her brother Karl received a teaching certificate before going to war. Whereas my father was staunchly anti Prussian, Mother had a residual nostalgia for the monarchy, perhaps because brother Karl had received a prize "from the Kaiser" upon his graduation. She spoke fluent English and French and greatly admired French culture. Her cooking, in fact, was more French than stereotypically German, reflecting the fact that Aachen is culturally midway between Cologne and Brussels. Mother was

fearlessly outspoken. That trait ran in her family, right or wrong. Her willingness to fight for what she believed was right significantly complemented my father's idealism.

Whereas I learned my regional particularism and anti-establishmentarianism from my father, it was my mother who instilled a German ethnicity in me before I was ten. She always talked about the fine, tall soldiers who had marched through Aachen at the outbreak of the war; they had all died, as did her favorite brother. Those who came back after the armistice were small and emaciated or maimed. Being German to me became synonymous with sharing in a national tragedy, a collective loss that would never be healed. I suppose that my father had similarly resolved the contradictions between Rhenish loyalties and a broader German ethnicity. Much like the emergence of a single U.S. identity between the Civil War and 1945, the autonomous segments of Germany's intricate regional mosaic appear to have fused in the firestorm of two world wars.⁶

Emigration

The early Nazi years were a looming disaster in my parents' eyes. Most people took the anti-Semitic rantings as a cheap political ploy or as a thunderstorm that would soon pass by. But as early as April 1933, a carefully formulated decree required expulsion of most Jewish Germans from the civil service and universities, and a second edict of September 1935 stripped even people of partial Jewish ancestry of full citizenship. After that my father managed to persuade two good Jewish friends of his, J. Loewy and Hugo Lorant, then fellow engineers at Thyssen A.G. in Mülheim an der Ruhr, to emigrate to England. They founded Loewy Engineering in London. Little did Father know how important that would prove to be.

Other Germans also found their civil rights sharply curtailed. An insidious network of informants sowed suspicion everywhere, abetting the secret police, so that people who simply spoke their minds could be railroaded by "people's courts" for "endangering public welfare." The capitulation of the judiciary, as an institution, allowed a redefinition of "justice" that left the accused little hope of legal redress. Public pressures for conformity were intense, especially in the industrial and administrative centers.⁷ Even schoolchildren were encouraged to report on their teachers and classmates. My father, as an engineer at Thyssen—an industrial giant—was under constant peer and company pressure to "set a

good example" for the workforce, but every morning he refused to return the "Heil Hitler" salute of the twelve-year-old Hitler Youth at the company gate. Neither did he march in the First of May worker parades. In 1935 the secret police inquired about his failure to do so, and in 1936 they threatened action if he failed to march the next year.

There had also been an incident at school, where my then eight-year-old brother, Paul, had loudly refused to stay when the Nazi flag was raised in the schoolyard, in front of the assembled children and the principal. A sympathetic teacher warned my parents that the principal was a militant Nazi and that the secret police would conclude that our parents had "the wrong attitude," a real liability because they intended to keep Paul from joining the Hitler Youth at age ten. Adamantly unwilling to compromise, my parents were deeply concerned about their children growing up in a police state environment, forced to repress themselves at every turn by fear. It would surely stunt our moral and intellectual growth. Added to that was the Nazi military occupation of the Rhineland in 1936, breaking the peace convention; Father was now convinced that another catastrophic war was only a matter of time and that his children would be consumed in it.

Legal emigration was impossible, so flight was the only alternative. But that option was not for the fainthearted. Not only was it difficult and perilous, but it meant giving up an upper-middle-class lifestyle for total uncertainty—at a time of global unemployment. The countries of the free world were reluctant to admit emigrants, particularly those without visas and a clear prospect of employment. It is not necessary to elaborate upon how many Jewish refugees were refused admittance by England or the United States in the late 1930s, including a Jewish professor of my parents who subsequently died in a concentration camp.

It was a very difficult decision, but my father decided to risk all. He resigned at Thyssen to take a fictive job with a small company in Aachen, owned by one of my uncles. On Easter Saturday he went to the Netherlands, with a briefcase and a one-day exit permit, to attend an electrical engineering exhibition in Arnhem. He had only been allowed to take ten marks and his return train ticket out of Germany. Once there he went to a modest hotel and wired to Loewy Engineering, asking whether they could provide him with a job in England and arrange for his entry permit. But that London office was closed until the next Tuesday, because it was Saturday and the following Monday was a bank holiday. Penniless and already in default on his expected return to Germany, he waited with dwindling hopes. But on Tuesday a telegram arrived at the

hotel from London, telling him he had a job and wiring him £80 for his trip. My father then paid his hotel bill and bought a one-way ticket to London. He did *not* march on May 1, 1937.

The first step in a great gamble had paid off. Father's Jewish friends in London, whom he had first contacted in November 1936, had come through for him. They had not only reciprocated with extreme generosity but over subsequent years provided loyal support and displayed great kindness. Mr. Loewy was a saint to us children. He died early, but Mr. Lorant and my father were still in touch by mail, exchanging photographs, for years after both had retired. They had been friends since 1913.

Meanwhile, my mother and we children were sequestered in Grandmother's home in Aachen until two weeks later she received a cryptic message, a signal that she could now join Father in London. The next day she crossed the Dutch border on a "short shopping trip" but went on to London. My brother and I were smuggled out, hidden under seats of a schoolgirls' bus, and taken to a nunnery in Gemmenich, just across the border in Belgium. Here arrangements had been made to keep us until Mother found a place to live in England. Grandmother used some pretext to stay with the nuns for the duration, to keep an eye on us.

Detailing the preconditions and the flight elucidates how difficult such decisions were. If anything had gone wrong, the outcome would have been disastrous. Lacking outside assistance, it would all have been impossible. Without their international outlook, my parents could not even have contemplated emigration. For the average German dissenter, emigration or flight simply was no option.

Professionally, our emigration adventure left an indelible impression on me. I have a deep empathy for international refugees—who lose everything, with uncertain prospects—and sympathy for their plight. I accept current arguments that "economic" immigration, whether legal or illegal, strongly selects for people with vision, conviction, and initiative. It is a "good" selection, which will contribute richly to a host country over generations to come. It also illustrates how vital support networks are for vulnerable individual immigrants in a foreign land. And it angers me that immigrants almost everywhere continue to be scapegoated as salient contributors to economic or social problems.

Trauma

At two and a half years of age, I had no idea what was going on. That probably heightened my trauma of spending four months in a convent

with officious nuns, who would not let me sleep in the same room as my grandmother. It is the earliest coherent data set in my memory bank, and I still recall many details vividly. At night I cried and threw up regularly, desperately seeking motherly comfort. During the day I barely ate and felt resentment for my surroundings. My only beacon was my grandmother, but she seems to have been powerless to intervene more effectively.

Grandmother spent time in the mornings at the village church in Gemmenich, and occasionally she took me there for mass. My greatest independent feat was running away from the convent one morning. I well remember getting out onto the road, with some relief, and then deliberately honing in on the church tower perhaps a half mile away. There were cows grazing on one side of me, cars passing on the other, but I felt exultant rather than afraid. Eventually I got to the church and sat down in the pew next to my grandmother. She was dumbfounded. The nuns watched me even more closely thereafter, but I felt I had made a statement.

In 1987 my brother took me to revisit the convent in Gemmenich, and I promptly got my bearings. He smilingly let me show him exactly where we had played together on the grounds and where I had taken off down the road as a toddler. But I also felt the anger resurface and then thought about how unfortunate orphans, be they ever so little, must feel under much more hostile circumstances. My father saved the Belgian stamps from the correspondence between my mother in London and Grandmother, mailing her letters from Gemmenich or nearby Moresnet. I still keep them, as mementos of a page in my life.

My family reunited in a London suburb in mid-August 1937, and I went back to being a child. Then the war broke out. We crisscrossed masking tape across all glass windowpanes to impede flying glass, and when the bombs fell, we huddled together under the oak dining table. Who was bombing us? The Germans, I was told, our people. Why were they doing that? Because those are the bad Germans that we were running away from.

At the end of 1939, Loewy Engineering was relocated to Bournemouth, on the south coast of England, and we rented a nice little house in what seemed to be heaven. There were so much open space and nature, and on Sundays Father took us to the sandy beaches, especially on the Isle of Wight. The blitz was beginning to heat up, and every day I saw the clusters of little white fish in the sky—German planes with smoke screens—heading for London. I soon learned to distinguish English and

German aircraft by their distinctive engine noise. You could tell who was approaching, and from what direction, before you could see them, just from that distant but distinctive roar of motors. Those planes with the undulating engine noise were my people. But if they won and “got” us, my people would hurt us. So I hoped the raspy British engines would win.

That simple analysis was shattered when the British secret police showed up at our door one morning while we were getting dressed for breakfast, probably in June 1940. They were tight lipped and unfriendly as they searched the house. They pulled the books out of our bookshelf until one of them waved one book in his hand. “*Mein Kampf!*” he gloated. Actually it was F. Dahn’s history of the Visigoths, *Ein Kampf um Rom*. But that didn’t matter. In a matter of minutes my father was hustled out carrying only a handbag. I ran screaming after the car, “My daddy!” But they had taken him away.

German refugees were being “interned” as potential spies. Father’s group was carried in open, flatbed trucks to camp out in tents on a soggy field somewhere in Lancashire. He was one of the lucky ones. He got out after three weeks, because Mr. Loewy was very persuasive to the wartime authorities that Father was indispensable for the British war industries. But when he arrived back in Bournemouth, we were gone.

A week or two later “they” came back for us, again unannounced. Mother had an hour to pack one regular and two small suitcases. When I regained my bearings we were in a huge institutional basement in Bristol, together with some fifty other people. Except for an Englishwoman married to a German, with an infant child, they were all Jewish. My mother explained that the Jewish people shouldn’t really be imprisoned, because Hitler had wanted to kill them. They were friends of England. I realized then that we somehow didn’t fit that category. They were such friendly women that I was full of wonderment as to why they had been arrested. My brother remembers how Mother spoke indignantly to a warden, saying that someone should take the children outside so that the women could undress for bed. Eighteen of us youngsters were taken for a walk around the building, accompanied by twelve guards. The irony didn’t escape my brother. We all got a sandwich and slept on the floor on what impressed me as thin mattresses.

After a few days we were off to Liverpool, by train as my brother recalls. Since the carriage compartments all had doors, both to the corridor and to the outside, an Englishwoman sat in each one, next to that outside door. Our Englishwoman served us a delightful box lunch.

When my mother expressed her appreciation for the care we were receiving, she was told that no food had actually been provided; the woman herself had decided to pack something to eat, just in case. That story has reminded me, in a small way, how in a hostile world there always are some humane people who see foreign women and children for the women and children they are. Many of the Jewish women went hungry that day, because their wardens hadn't brought a lunch.

In Liverpool, our number had swelled to over two hundred, with detainees from elsewhere, and we were transported in a convoy of buses. But we could hardly make it to our destination, because the streets were jammed with people, raising their fists, faces distorted, screaming, "Kill them!" I couldn't know that Liverpool had recently been bombed by the Germans and that those angry people had sustained terrible losses. I was only a child, and I was horrified to see such livid hate for the first time. That image has never left me, and each time I cannot help reflecting on how that hate had been misdirected at two hundred poor Jewish refugees.

Eventually we were put up in a disused old sailors' home in the slums of Liverpool. There was dust everywhere, almost a quarter inch thick. Outside there still were chanting crowds, but I felt more secure once inside the building. We each got a slice of bread with peanut butter and jelly, but I was still very hungry.

Days later we were taken by ship to the Isle of Man, in the middle of the Irish Sea. It was a lovely place, and we were distributed in a series of houses in what normally was a summer seaside resort. We were often hungry, but the woman who owned the house did what she could. Later she told my mother that after five weeks she still hadn't been paid anything by the government for the requisitioning of her house or for our upkeep. There was an old fisherman on the wharf who had a white beard, and he was also very nice to me. But a block away there was barbed wire.

After perhaps six weeks of internment we were suddenly back in Bournemouth. Mr. Loewy had worked another miracle on our behalf. But those two hundred Jewish women and children didn't have a Mr. Loewy, and although they shouldn't have been there at all, they stayed on the island. When the weather turned cold and gales battered the Manx coast, the detainees were caught there without any winter clothing. They froze, as one new friend had written my mother, who then sent them a big box of warm clothes, including her own winter coat. Mother was an impulsive giver. But those unfortunates on Man still had a long

trail of woe ahead of them, twice victims of prejudice. In 1942 they were shipped out to Australia, their husbands and fathers to Canada. So much for justice.

Bournemouth was a changed place on our return. It was the height of the blitz. The beaches were empty, closed off with multiple rolls of barbed wire, to anticipate a possible German invasion. Day after day the German planes churned by overhead, and once a bomb was dropped near our place; the explosion was deafening, and later I tried to locate the impact spot but couldn't find it. I did find a German plane that had been shot down and was displayed next to the main road. I looked it over very carefully: it was so small and had an open cockpit (an observation or weather reporting plane). What shocked me was the primitive steel seat. How uncomfortable and cold it must have been for the pilot. He had bailed out and was badly wounded. He also was German like six-year-old me, and now it didn't matter whether he was a good or a bad German. I felt very sad about him.

Every English person here seemed nice to us, despite the war, and there were good times again, because the family was together. Several small friends and I found an abandoned dugout encampment at the end of our block, and we combed over what little was left behind. Mother explained that Canadian soldiers had been posted there (during the summer of 1940) to protect England from invasion. But our neighbors had commented on how messy they were and that the English had to provide them with proper uniforms and train them. Mother thought it odd that young men who had volunteered to come out and help were put down like that, simply because they came "from the colonies."

I added that impression to the growing list of inconsistencies of that first eventful year since the war began. Nothing seemed to make much sense, and nothing was predictable. Most English people were warm and kind, but police people were not, and a lot of people in Liverpool wanted to kill me. Jewish people were being hurt by English people, but they were poor refugees and should have been helped instead. Mr. Loewy and Mr. Lorant were Jewish and good to us, but the bad Germans were hurting Jewish people. I was German, but I was supposed to wish the bad Germans to lose the war. Canadian soldiers were good people and spoke English, but they were looked down upon. Daddy loved England, but he didn't seem happy. I wondered about all these strange things a great deal.

Much later it began to make sense. These were the ambiguities and

contradictions of ethnic behavior. There weren't any categories of "good" versus "bad" people. Individuals, some good, some not so good, were found in any group. And there were both bullies and victims. For me, 1939–40 was a formative year. I had had my first crash course in ethnicity. Despite the trauma, I had been very fortunate. But my identity was being thrust upon me by events, at too early an age.

Canada

I had now learned where Canada was, and on my first day in school I was fascinated to hear about a Columbus who had sailed across the sea with a fleet of three small boats to discover the New World. The images in my mind then are still there, and of course it never dawned on me that fifty years later I would be doing research on Columbus as a scholar. The next thing I knew, my parents were talking about going overseas to that New World, to Canada. In reality, we didn't seem to have any choice. Loewy Engineering was opening a branch office in Montreal, Canada, and my father was to be transferred because of some government directive.

It was an incredibly exciting journey. We saw endless shipbuilding yards as we embarked on the *Warwick Castle* in Glasgow, and we sailed straight into a howling midwinter gale. Father and I tried walking on deck every day, and for much of the trip we seemed to be the only guests in the dining room. We arrived in St. John, New Brunswick, during the night of January 24, 1941. I went on deck with all my clothes on, but it was biting cold—twenty degrees below zero. The next night we were on a train, rumbling between snowdrifts that were as high as the train. I understood that we had started a new life, and every year on January 24 each of us, together or privately, remembered that day. It conferred on us the title of "Landed Immigrant," the Canadian equivalent of a "green card."

We moved out to a very simple home in western Notre Dame de Grace, on a street half built up by one of the Canadian railways before the Great Depression halted everything. Most of the neighbors identified themselves as "Scots" or "Irish," and few of them were friendly. I loved the big open spaces outdoors, but it was a social environment that we were not familiar with—lower middle class, unlike our former neighborhoods. My father found himself with an effective cut in salary, compared with England, and we bought used furniture. My parents read a lot of library books together and befriended some of the Jesuits who ran a

high school and college adjacent to the parish church. For two years the Jesuits came over for coffee and cakes and seemed to enjoy some good conversations.

My father's new boss and his wife were Jewish, German speakers from Czechoslovakia. "Tante Clacha," as we called her, was nice and motherly, but the boss was no Mr. Loewy and did not appreciate Father's talents. The saving grace for my father was Imy Jaffé, who had come over from the London office with her parents, the Sachses, an old Jewish couple who had emigrated from Poznan and also spoke German at home. Mrs. Jaffé and the Sachses were our dear friends. They had relatives in Europe who had escaped via France to Madrid. Father was always given the Spanish stamps from their correspondence, and I still have them. Over the years I have looked at them several times with a curious feeling of affection.

A kind of preview to our new social environment came during the one parish picnic that we attended in the spring of 1941. Father had entered a footrace and was about to win, when someone deliberately tripped him. As he fell, a lot of people broke out in cheers. It was apparent to all of us that the "rules" in Canada were different than in England. I connect this incident with my lifelong dislike for the puffed up, officious ushers I found at the Sunday masses in most old, established Catholic communities in Canada and the United States.

Outside the home, things turned nasty in the fall of 1941. I was being called names in second grade, and then a gang of more than a dozen boys jumped me on my way back from school. I wasn't really physically hurt but was humiliated and terrified. I told the principal, and he scolded them in his office the next day. When the boys filed back into class, the young teacher, Mrs. Brawley, asked if they had gotten the "strap." They replied no, and then she said, "Good. You didn't deserve it." That gave them the license to do what they wanted, and it became a year of terror. I became afraid to go out on the playground during the breaks, and after school I was stalked by a gang of boys who regularly followed me home to line up in front of the house, shouting, "Heil Hitler!" My grades plummeted, and I slipped from third in a class of twenty to second or third last: every month we shifted class seats according to rank, the best performers sitting up front. I was regularly sitting in the last row now and began to lose my sense of self-esteem. *I became ashamed of my origins.*

In the summer of 1942, my parents felt they had to get me into new surroundings. So we spent some weeks at a sort of vacation motel near Lachute. It was a relief, and we met a group of empathetic people who

were really nice to me. They were bilingual French Canadians, and I recognized that they were different. My parents noticed that too, and later that summer we went to a small French hotel in Fourteen-Island Lake, in the Laurentian Mountains near Shawbridge (now named Prévost). The owners, the St. Pierres, were farm people and had five bilingual children. They became my first friends in the New World.

That fall my parents kept me out of school, and I went to Mrs. Shaw, the retired principal of my school, for home tutoring. Totally isolated now, I really felt ostracized and finally told Mother that I wanted to go back to school, even if the kids beat me up. I did, and although I was still afraid to go out on the playground, the third grade teacher had her class under control, and there were no more incidents, despite the overt hostility of most of the boys.

When she thought she was alone, Mother cried a lot. She explained that Aachen had been heavily bombed, and she was afraid that her own mother had been hurt. She might never see her again. My father was also in bad spirits. Later, I learned that he had deliberately switched from designing machines to sales. When he had started working for the war effort, he was helping save England from German attack. Now the mills were grinding out aluminum to build planes that killed civilians in German cities. He just couldn't handle that, as a matter of conscience.

In the summers of 1943 and 1944 we rented a summer cottage in Fourteen-Island Lake, and I began to experience life as a child should. I played with the smaller St. Pierre boys and worked with the bigger ones on the farm. I learned how to cut and bale hay, milk cows, and fork manure. I learned to dance to the jukebox tune of "Stardust" at the Dew-Drop Inn with thirteen-year old Cécile, blonde and adorable to a nine-year old boy. I also learned to speak French. Our family became insiders in the little French Canadian community of five families. We were told about Mr. Dujardin, who always watched the door, that he was on the run for evading conscription. Once he jumped out of the back window of the Dew-Drop Inn as the police came in the front door. As French Canadians, they told us, they didn't want to fight England's war, so we were not "the enemy." They tended to see us as friends, perhaps as fellow underdogs. Our friendship with the St. Pierres lasted for life. The oldest boy, Raymond, later went to work in Montreal, and Father sometimes had lunch with him when they worked in the same district. The two of them remained in periodic correspondence until my father's death. Ironically the St. Pierres were bicultural too, as I comprehended later. Their grandmother had been a vivacious Irishwoman.

In fourth grade a school inspector came into every class once a month. After rustling through some papers behind the teacher's desk, he would ask about the children's ethnicity. All the "English" children had to stand up, and so forth.⁸ Finally he would ask, "Are there any foreigners?" Now I had to stand up in the aisle. "What are you?" he would ask. "German," I had to say. Every month the same routine, with the same effect. The other children were reminded, and the hostility, bullying, and name-calling flared up again. I remember wondering, with growing anger, why he had to do this even though he already knew the facts.

There is another incident, one of only a few that I have recounted to others, that is very applicable. When a pencil or an eraser went "missing" in class, the teacher promptly came down to search through my desk and that of Paul Laberge, the only French Canadian in the class. But eventually it turned out that Charlie Benson had the item. That happened not once but several times—the teacher predictably pounced on the desks of the only two minority students, but the stolen trinket was always in Charlie's. This was a classic reflex—you're not one of us; therefore you must look dishonest and disreputable; and so you're the obvious suspect. That is probably why police selectively stop or pick up African American motorists for "suspicious behavior."

Whenever I was in Montreal I had nightmares about children beating me up, and my mother started taking me to a chiropractor. He was French Canadian, and he was very kind. I enjoyed the visits and the manipulations and felt that they really calmed my jangled nerves. We began to use only French-speaking professionals; it made such a difference. Some of them were unfriendly, but it wasn't directed at us. The English-speaking Jesuits no longer came over, leaving my mother wondering why. Instead three German Jesuits, who had been in Canada when the war broke out, started visiting. One of them, who was a dreadful bore, tried talking to me in German on his first visit. I understood perfectly but couldn't find the words to respond. It made me aware that I was always answering my parents in English, and that now irritated me so much that I began to try to speak in German again.

It had become evident to all of us that we were socially isolated except for a very small circle of German, Jewish, and French Canadian friends. Something important happened after the Normandy invasion in 1944. Father began listening closely to the radio when he was home; this was so unusual that Mother had to explain why he was on edge. After all those years of wishing for an Allied victory, the impending destruction of

Germany was quite another matter for him. It was a two-edged sword, and I immediately understood. Having been told for as long as I could remember that the Nazis must be defeated, it gave me a palpable sense of relief to discover that my father was also tortured by the contradictions of loving Germany while also hoping for victory over Nazi Germany. Yes, it was all right to feel for Germany. No matter how bad it was, it was my country. My ethnicity had become clear to me.

Things also began to change at school. I had been an unaggressive child, never fighting back when picked on. At age eleven, beginning my preadolescent growth spurt, I was ragged once too often and threw a few punches. It was one of the stronger boys, and I was surprised to see that his nose was bloodied, because I had gone for his face, instead of his chest, as was conventional in schoolyard scuffles. He was shaken too, and we just stood there and looked at each other. After that, the class pecking order was turned topsy-turvy.

One day the boring Jesuit came in with a magazine that had pictures of piles of Jewish bodies in a death camp. I remember how stunned we were. On another occasion he had magazine pictures of raped German women, dead on the streets of Berlin. I didn't get to see those pictures, but hearing about it made me very angry. The next time Tante Clacha visited, for the last time, she told my mother that if any of her relatives in Prague proved to have been killed, she would go over and distribute poisoned candy to German children. I was shaken but couldn't believe it. It was a loss of innocence for me, because she was such a kind person. Yet since I was already beginning to grasp the enormity of what was later called the Holocaust, I somehow understood that she was in anguish, had said something she didn't mean, and didn't intend to hurt us. Nonetheless I felt that our circle of friends was becoming smaller still.

The postwar years were different in that I went from the defensive to the offensive. I was fighting a lot, getting good grades, and allowed to be chummy with some of the "holdover" teens retaking seventh grade. In high school I would get belligerent when somebody asked me about my nationality: "A bloody (expletive) German! What about it?" My alienation was turning into defiance. I put together a makeshift punching bag and spent hours, it seemed, in the basement pummeling it. Every summer there were three glorious months at our country house, exploring the bush around Fourteen-Island Lake. I devoured Western novels and received a .22-caliber rifle that saw a lot of use. My nightmares of victimization turned into recurrent dreams of violence. At home I never

argued with my parents. For them it was an easy passage of adolescence within the house, except for the pounding in the basement. My anger was directed to the outside.

Prejudice was now directed top-down. Two examples, both of whom happened to be Jesuits, will make the point. As a college junior, my brother heard his professor of philosophy make the following dramatic statement in class: "For the last century, no, for the last three hundred years—the Germans have been the curse of the world!" Then there was my third-year high school teacher, an *American* Jesuit, as it was emphasized. Father Kelly constantly used body language and metaphors as if he were a Notre Dame football coach. One day, in theology class, he made eye contact with me and made some derisive remark about "German geniuses." Then he almost snarled, "Moral fortitude! The Germans didn't have moral fortitude, and that's why the Americans went out and"—some sort of euphemism for "beat the guts out of them" followed, while he continued glaring at me without a blink. He had no personal reason to be that spiteful, and the next day I was in the dean's office with my mother.

The dean was a nice person, shy and soft spoken, and he always seemed to have a gentle twinkle in his eye when he saw me. He made no argument but immediately discussed alternative solutions. He recommended against switching me to another third-year class, because the same priest taught religion class (!) in all of them. Instead, the dean proposed moving me up to fourth year, skipping a year. It was tough, but I pulled through and actually found myself enjoying school. The new priest was a hard pusher but had a wry sense of humor, and my new classmates were mature and sophisticated, in my eyes, and accepted me like a little brother. No reason was ever given for my move. The next year, Father Kelly had been transferred back across the border.

By then we had moved to a more pleasant neighborhood, dominated by English Canadians. It was a friendlier place. Reserved, but people did at least greet you, and the neighbors next door didn't threaten to call the police when I stepped across the midpoint of the common driveway. Irish Catholics were at the bottom of the socioeconomic ladder in Montreal, just above French Canadians. Why did so many of them seem to want to take it out on German Catholics? Why did some of their most educated people harbor such a grudge? It was the slashing prejudicial remarks of teachers, from Mrs. Brawley to Father Kelly, that hurt the most and that still resonate with me today.

A final incident of another kind rounds out these examples of my

Canadian experience. In a third-year history course at McGill University I had been getting straight "firsts" (As), when suddenly I got a "third" on my class paper. It was on Roman history, and, significantly, I can't remember my reasons for believing that this was another case of ethnic prejudice. But shaken, I went to the professor and complained, implying that I received that grade because I was a German. Sorrowfully he looked at me and then explained quietly why my paper had missed the mark. I was terribly embarrassed, and I still feel red in the face about it today. But I began to recognize that I was obsessed with victimization and was becoming paranoid. It proved to be an important step in growing up, in snapping out of that mind-set.

That same embarrassment helped me a decade later, when I was a young instructor at the University of Wisconsin. Three Jewish students, I heard by mail, had gone to the dean while I was away on research leave, attributing the Bs and Cs they had received in my course to my being a Nazi. Considering my life experience, it hurt me deeply. But I eventually saw the connection with my Roman history course. Those students, too, had been fighting prejudice all their lives, and they were vulnerable and suspicious. From then on, I made an extra effort when grading papers by minority students of any kind to spell out my criticisms in full and to do so gently. I have also reflected on what can happen to minority students who lack either the confidence or the articulacy to speak up and complain: that obsession, that cloud of suspicion can sap their will to succeed, because they believe that merit has nothing to do with it; the system isn't fair; they haven't got a chance. Prejudice works like a poison on children and teens. Small but regular doses can also blind you about what is positive and well intended; they can take over your life and turn it into a nightmare.

After Canada

At twenty-one, master's degree in hand from McGill, I went back to Germany with a national scholarship to work on my Ph.D. It took me a while to match up the Germany of 1955 with the images recalled by my parents. The doctoral students I interacted with, some of whom had served in the military, were enthusiasts for a united Europe, without borders. Others were from Spain, Sri Lanka, Iran, and Japan, and all were given warm welcomes and genuine support. Up to two hundred students from all over faithfully attended several long slide shows on Japanese rural landscapes by our Japanese friend. Six hundred to nine hundred citizens

of Bonn could be expected to attend any popular lecture at the university on a foreign country. African Americans, who could not sing in U.S. opera performances, starred in the town opera and were enthusiastically applauded. Whatever unreconstructed thoughts lurked somewhere among an older generation, those were heady times not only to be in Germany but to be anywhere in continental Europe. The era of obsessive consumerism and "guest workers" had not yet dawned, and it seemed as if everyone had just come up for pure oxygen after the years of repression, war, or occupation. This all stood in contrast with the grim parochialism I had experienced in Montreal.

I continued to cherish memories of the incomparable natural environment of my country home in the Laurentians, and I seriously thought about going back to study the failed farming venture of my French Canadian friends, whose families had moved into that inhospitable area in the 1840s. But in the end I became a specialist on the Near East. I began to value my Canadian passport as a Commonwealth identification, in those two decades when the Commonwealth symbolized international cooperation rather than special-interest bickering. In 1959 I accepted a university appointment in the United States and married a German woman.

The state of Wisconsin proved to be another felicitous choice. It was a friendly place with multicultural roots. After a month, the elevator operator in my university building asked me whether I was going to stay in Wisconsin. I said yes, a little hesitantly because I remembered in another life being sarcastically asked when I would be leaving. But the woman smiled at my answer and said, "Good!" That welcome never seemed to fade, and the four children that my German wife and I raised grew up without ostracism as authentic Americans, proud of their Old World roots. That is the healthy way for children to come to maturity.

Looking Back

Recalling and recording these events and emotions has not been done easily, if only because I am a private person. My generation was conditioned to be tight lipped about personal matters and had little tolerance for what might be perceived as whining or complaining. Add to that the relatively benign ethnic prejudice that my family was exposed to, for I have never considered myself a victim. Yet over the years, despite my repression of the more painful memories, I found myself drawing intuitively upon these experiences in reaching out to "others" and in dealing with prejudice. Later, I found that these same experi-

ences had come to dominate the issues central to my most important university courses.

Immersing myself in recalling and sorting out the more salient memories, the very fact of rearranging them in linear time with reference to occasional family or external happenings, brought back details I thought forgotten. Many such events had been captured by Father's camera and preserved in the photographic albums that he assembled, with dates, from the 1920s to 1952. In 1981 he also provided me with a chronology of his life between 1907 and 1941. Some missing details were supplied by my brother, who, six years my senior, did have a sequential memory bank for our years in England. For our parents' recounting of the flight from Germany and its antecedents, we pooled our recollections.⁹ I was surprised to reexperience emotions long forgotten and recalled some naive attempts to make sense of what was happening around me.

As I began to write I found myself being more candid and explicit than I had intended to be, but only then did it become apparent to me that none of the literature I had read provided personal accounts of how commonplace prejudicial words or actions can impact a child. There seems to be silence about the countless "little" things that hurt, humiliate, or provoke mute anger; the thoughtless or spiteful ways in which educators can make a mockery of their own vocations. If others with such power at their disposition are to learn what not to do, I had to spell out what it was like to be at the receiving end.

My father had resisted the pressures to conform, as a matter of conscience. Unwilling to compromise, he had taken us abroad, as refugees from Nazi intolerance. But there we had found ourselves in an increasingly hostile world, unjustly branded as Nazis and for ten years subject to most of the gamut of biased behavior. Perhaps worst of all, our fellow Catholics and even some of the priests had rushed to judgment, scapegoating us—as children—for the tragedy unfolding thousands of miles from Canada's shores. It was only very much later that I would try to explain such behavior as the displaced aggression of a once-marginalized group, barely emerged from the ghettos of Montreal, Toronto, or Boston. For some, God was reduced to a tribal deity, but this did not shake my anchoring as a Catholic, and although I include several Jesuits among my early role models, it did leave a mixed taste in my mouth for that order.

More difficult to explain was our almost total ostracism by virtually all the people who thought they knew who we were, specifically the Catholic community of St. Ignatius parish. For years, the four of us remained almost totally isolated, our own reactions to rejection probably reinforc-

ing that rejection. The vital importance of support groups became apparent when European immigrants and visitors began to arrive in Montreal around 1950 and we also first met earlier immigrants from other parts of the city. At last we could compare experiences and talk things out. My brother went on to study at the University of Toronto in 1948, and we traveled more widely as the restrictions on foreigners were lifted. Our morale picked up rapidly once we transcended the confines of the parish community, literally and figuratively.

The lack of overt ethnic prejudice that I had discovered as an undergraduate at McGill, and the warm reception my brother had experienced as a graduate student at the University of Toronto, impressed all of us that socioeconomic background had a lot to do with it. These were elite institutions, where many of the best (and most gentlemanly) professors at the time were British. But as a graduate student, I also became aware of the other side of that coin—the favoritism displayed for students fresh from Britain, some of whom were less than gracious.

The preferential treatment of British immigrants at some Canadian universities was not too popular among the Canadian students. I now befriended Canadians for the first time, as well as two West Indian students, preferring the company of a novel group of “outsiders.” But the geography department at McGill provided my first institutional home, and I felt comfortable. I was competing on my own ground, in my own microcommunity, and I had full confidence in my own ability to do so. Unable to get a Canadian government fellowship for my doctoral studies, I simply moved on to Germany. Four years later, unable to get a position in Canada, I joined countless others among the brain drain from Canada to the United States. But an attachment did persist, and I waited until 1991 to take out U.S. citizenship.

Over the years I revisited Canada on various professional occasions and was surprised at how rapidly it had changed. Toronto and Vancouver had moved from post-Victorian provincial towns to multiethnic metropolises. Friendly, open young people had replaced their dour parents of Scottish heritage in the small towns of central Ontario. Canada had indeed opened itself up to the outside world. It had managed to become cosmopolitan without losing its distinctiveness. But Montreal had changed into a somewhat sad place, riven by ethnic hostility. The French Canadians, who so long had been reduced to hewers of wood and drawers of water by a dominant, anglophone minority, had turned the tables, but the outcome seemed ambiguous. At a faculty cocktail party at McGill I heard francophone universities reviled and was then

exposed to a French Canadian faculty member being ridiculed to his face with ethnic clichés by an English-speaking colleague. Small wonder, it seemed, that the Quebec legislature had curtailed funding for McGill University. On the subways, I found that people looked sullen, as if they had lost rather than won a majority voice in their own affairs. In victory, French Canadians seemed to have lost some of their graciousness.

There seem to be no winners when ethnicity degenerates from positive solidarity to the corrosive pathologies of resentment and conflict. Perhaps that is because the generosity of spirit, which gives us confidence in a shared humanity, is its first victim.

Full Circle

Dislocation, prejudice, and a partial awareness of international events during my early years influenced the decisions I made in graduate school. My home environment certainly whetted my interest in foreign countries and history. But my favorite childhood book was Richard Halliburton's *Complete Book of Marvels*, and I remember the sense of escape from a hostile environment as I read and reread it to lose myself in the past or in remote places. This was not some world of the imagination but was written about real events and places. During my teens that interest became increasingly directed, and I taught myself how to read German in Gothic type, giving me access to the wealth of historical and geographical information in our twenty-volume Meyer encyclopedia of 1897. During the summer that I turned nineteen I read Arnold Toynbee's *Study of History* in the abridged edition, fascinated by the normative approach to macrohistory and especially the notion of challenge and response as a prime mover. As a master's degree student I wrote a term paper on the problem of ethnicities in the Hapsburg Empire, and by then I had decided I would not do my doctorate on a Canadian topic.

A growing fascination with the Near East was combined with a curiosity about how people adapted their lifeways to a marginal, arid environment that was unpredictable and prone to frequent change. To avoid the trap of determinism I would need a great deal of sophistication in the social sciences, so that the matter of interaction could only be tackled incrementally. In regard to environmental history, short or long term, there were next to no reliable data. The first priority became to generate such hard data. To meet both objectives I regularly collaborated with archaeologists, most of them grounded in anthropology. Together, we formulated, discussed, and argued interdisciplinary ques-

tions. My technical expertise derived from the natural sciences. Nominally addressed to environmental reconstruction, the more intriguing questions for me concerned the patterning of human settlement and subsistence in environmental mosaics that changed over time.¹⁰

Eventually I devised the term *geo-archaeology* for such cross-disciplinary research and was drawn into a variety of projects from Spain and Egypt to eastern and southern Africa. Depending on the area and issues, I worked on sites or in settings in a wide range of topographic and environmental settings, from architectural features and cemeteries to rock art, stone artifact horizons, and fossil beds. Observational skills are best honed not by endless repetition under similar parameters but by comparing and contrasting. Paleolithic caves in Spain shed light on the formation of Pliocene cave breccias in South Africa. The big river valleys and their modern indigenous settlements in Ethiopia helped explicate the mechanisms of the Egyptian flood cycle and early floodplain settlement along the Nile. The deserts of North Africa were both similar to and different from the arid plains of South Africa and Namibia. These complex data came together in a mental matrix that was turned into a number of regional and thematic articles and systematized in successive books.

My audience was among anthropologists, human paleontologists, and Near Eastern specialists, rather than among the ranks of earth scientists, and for over a decade I mainly participated in anthropology and archaeology meetings. Research for a book directed primarily to social questions in ancient Egypt first convinced me that historical documentation is a great deal more insightful and nuanced, and hence more intellectually satisfying, than the somewhat normative procedures typical of a "hard" science methodology. My lectures on earth processes and landforms refocused on people as geologic agents, emphasizing human impacts on the environment. A course on human geography was added, and I wrote an early article on the potential implications of global climatic change. To gain greater freedom to develop a new curriculum, I accepted a position in Switzerland in 1981. There I developed a course sequence that emphasized historical human ecology, including such themes as demography, long-term population cycles, famines, the Industrial Revolution, social justice, war and genocide, and Third World exploitation. Such an agenda was unprecedented in the conservative framework of Swiss geography.

Twenty-five years of hands-on field experience with different peoples, in so many places, had become an inestimable resource. Anthropological sensitivities developed across eighteen years of close, collabora-

tive work could now be put to full use. The command of scientific technologies was an asset, and my penchant for comparative reflection, complexities, and diachronic thinking could be readily transferred. This was what I had once chosen to do, and at midlife I was consciously coming full circle.

As I sensed the stimulus of new intellectual challenges, my research changed radically. My wife had been working on Islamic Spain, and together we had explored the layouts of medieval Islamic cities and countrysides on earlier occasions. In 1980 she and I began a long-term project to study several Islamic hill villages north of Valencia. She alternated between research in the main historical archives, to ferret out and decipher medieval documents about "our towns," and direct observations as a "participant observer" in the village where we stayed. At the same time, I excavated in an abandoned Muslim hamlet, destroyed after a revolt in 1526, and later in two Islamic castles, one of which had been ravaged after another Muslim rising in the 1270s, shortly after the Christian Reconquest.

Halfway through our six seasons in the sierra I was also doing semi-structured interviews, using local informants to interpret the function of medieval features. I was impressed by the continuity of adaptations, despite ethnic replacement, and eventually privileged to hear the inner feelings of some of the young people on their rootedness in the frugal environment that they considered home.¹¹ The monographic publication that ensued relied heavily on medieval documents to bring to light the travails of a cluster of minority communities, chafing against cultural domination, subject to forced conversion, massacred after their unsuccessful rising in 1526 (for which we had uncovered the fired timbers in collapsed houses), and finally driven into exile in 1609.¹² We began to grasp, emotionally, the scope of the tragedy of the Muslim minority, made accessible to us by being allowed to sense the nostalgic loyalty to "home" shared by modern émigrés from a dying mountain community.

It became increasingly evident to me that I was tapping directly into my earlier life experiences, even as the recurrent theme of human response to climatic change and environmental stress revealed a subconscious fascination with resistance and adaptation in the face of adversity (see also Peter Suedfeld's chapter, "A Generalist in Search of a Specialty," in this volume).¹³ I also believe that my lifelong penchant for crossing disciplinary boundaries and seeking other points of view owes much to early experiences where other "outsiders" were presumed to be interesting people and possible allies. Both my lectures and research

began to resonate with concerns about social responsibility and values, and I grew conscious of a deep-seated relativism, an unwillingness to reach premature closure, and a comfort with ambiguity.

In deciding to take a new position in Texas, my wife and I were both strongly attracted by the vibrantly bicultural Hispanic world that began a few miles south of Austin and by the prospect of continuing our research in colonial Mexico. I remember standing in front of the Spanish governor's house in San Antonio, wondering about how a young military conscript from our Valencian village would have felt, arriving on this former colonial frontier. Appropriate or not, that reflection somehow guided my next research focus, to try to understand nonstereotypic Spanish impressions of the New World.

Sixteenth-century letters written by Spanish emigrants to relatives back home give no hint of obsessive greed or ambition. Instead the letters display everyday human concerns, apprehensions, and tenderness, as their writers attempt to rationalize family events within deeper cultural values. These ordinary people express the same emotions, hopes, sensitivities, and biases as do modern North Americans. Of course there were conquistadors who, beyond government oversight, were just as inhuman as the colonialist villains of Joseph Conrad's "Heart of Darkness," set in the Belgian Congo of the 1890s. But the contemporary writer Oviedo did distinguish between brutal and upright conquistadors. That does not excuse or legitimize wars of conquest and human subordination, but the "burden" of "civilizing" other peoples was still misconstrued a century ago by Rudyard Kipling, whom I read in school. Hind-sight is a convenient tool for stigmatizing other people, as people, while forgetting the endless litany of horrors perpetrated by one's own nation. The polemic about the Columbian quincentenary largely missed its opportunity to *reflect* on prejudices, insensitivity, and intolerance toward the other,¹⁴ by simplistically condemning Spain and implicitly whitewashing the Anglo-American pursuit of Manifest Destiny.

The "critical theorists" have had a field day twisting the words of early writings on the "New" World, and even the faculty of departments of English have rushed out fearlessly to deconstruct history. But the observations of the sixteenth century are instructive about the complexity of human emotions and intellectual processes of articulate writers, many with nonacademic backgrounds, when confronted with a new paradigm of *two* world hemispheres. Their efforts to comprehend differences and similarities, to devise logical explanations, and to learn to appreciate unfamiliar historical trajectories and cultural behaviors are illuminat-

ing—if only because they mirror the life experiences of every individual at any time.

It is also productive to look at documents such as indigenous artists' sculpture or maps as more than evidence of "resistance." There are over a thousand informal maps from sixteenth-century Mexico drawn locally for litigation purposes that reveal a continuous transition between indigenous and European conventions as used to represent physical and cultural topographies. These suggest efforts by both parties to find common ground in representing the visible world. They point to "communication" that, although incomplete and difficult to interpret, suggests how individual Spaniards and Indians might sporadically recognize each others' cognitive processes as comparable and hence grasp their shared humanity. Much the same can be argued for naturalists or missionaries who employed indigenous artists to paint zoological, botanical, or medicinal specimens; or for the master stonemason who carved European iconographic images on a church facade and gave them a distinctive indigenous imprint or added indigenous symbols as an expression of a personal search for a coherent synthesis of worldviews.

At the same time, second and third generation European settlers were learning to see the biotic landscape through indigenous eyes, judging by the rapid expansion of Nahuatl nomenclature in early Spanish documents to describe the native flora, even as Nahuatl speakers adapted their own language to accommodate Old World livestock. The voluntary exchange of crops is particularly tangible, with indigenous peoples adapting Old World fruit trees, while Spanish settlers preferred Mexican peppers to their own spices and shifted from wheat bread to maize tortillas. By the late 1700s, all ethnoracial classes in Mexico were formally intermarrying. These are examples of the complexities of the transculturation, the process by which different peoples learn from each other and become more alike.

Reaching Out

In trying to understand the finer grain of transculturation, we can recognize a creativity of the human spirit and perhaps even a sense of pleasure or optimism in new aesthetic or intellectual accomplishments. Colonial domination and alienation clouded that process in Mexico, but we cannot let the ideologues reduce its complexity to an unmitigated saga of suppression, pain, and injustice. "Resistance" is a multifaceted thing, its motives and vitality probably more positive than negative. Then, and

now, mutual respect and collaboration can potentially draw upon sufficient goodwill among sullen minority groups to allow constructive engagement. Surely there must be better solutions than more “circumscribing” legislation to deal with the seemingly “indigestible” minorities created by culturally distinctive immigrants within the industrialized nations of today.

Raised in the tradition of national states, westerners have long been prone to the assumption that nationality and ethnicity are synonymous. Painfully, we have begun to learn that they are not, even when the standard language is the same. The nation-state came together, often by manipulation or force, at the expense of vibrantly rich and distinctive regional traditions that represent centuries of cultural and historical experience. The attempted suppression or reduction of regional traditions or ethnicities to folkloric curiosities, as in the case of the *petit pays* of France,¹⁵ would be a great cultural loss. “Conservative clerical nationalism” helped save the Catholics of Ireland, the French Canadians, and the Belgian Flemings from cultural submersion. Beyond “mere” regionalism, it was the application of the same arbitrary concept of national state that has brought a heightened level of ethnic tension or conflict to the Balkans, culminating in ethnic cleansing in Turkey and Greece during the 1920s, various forced expatriations in the 1940s, and incredibly bloody conflict in Bosnia in 1941–45 and again in the 1990s.

Beginning with the introduction of single-language public education in Europe during the 1850s, the national state has sought to homogenize its peoples directly or indirectly through centralization.¹⁶ Whereas, in an earlier era, many cities or rural districts had thrived with interdigitated linguistic, religious, or ethnic tapestries,¹⁷ the nation-state insisted on standardizing one national language and based itself on a monoreligious (read: cultural) establishment. “Others” were increasingly marginalized, accentuating tensions and enforcing conformity at the price of ridicule or suppression.¹⁸ Among a dominant people conditioned to an unhealthy awareness of “difference,” demagogic politicians and community leaders incited bigotry or violence, especially in times of crisis.¹⁹ That is what led to the pogroms of Russian Poland and eventually opened the door to the Holocaust as well as to other atrocities on a grand scale in Europe and Asia throughout that frightful decade of the 1940s.

There is an urgent message here: that intolerance of diversity is nothing new and that we must find more equitable and constructive ways to demarginalize minorities, without requiring them to sacrifice their identities or the cultural heritages that they embody. Traditional customs

and values are seriously at risk when minority individuals reject their own society, without grasping the complexity of the majority culture, leaving themselves increasingly rootless. Such deculturation is accompanied by confusion and a spiritual anomie that threatens the social contract. It is not by accident that within the immigrant population of Texas the number of teenage pregnancies is highest in the third and fourth generations. The United States has yet to confront the reality that 9 percent of its population is of foreign birth and that 26 percent of the total is of non-European background, with that percentage increasing rapidly. Can the charter society accept a reasonable level of cultural pluralism within the ever changing quilt of an immigrant nation?

That will be a daunting task, especially in the face of hardening militancy, hypersensitivity, and mutual distrust. Education is critical here, and parents and teachers must instill respect for others at an early age. We see others through a filter of perception, learned from our parents, our teachers, our age cohorts, our media, as well as our religious congregations and secular leaders. Ethnic *circumscription* comes easily to humans, as they seek psychological comfort and find support in a familiar universe, particularly on those occasions on which they are confronted with difference. But ethnic *behavior* towards the other is learned at an early age, implicitly and explicitly, from our peers and elders. Whether that behavior emerges as pejorative and hostile depends largely on the innumerable signals we pick up as children, adolescents, and young adults. Such signals will eventually govern our innermost thoughts and spontaneous reactions, and will substantially affect how we deal with difference.

Teachers at all levels have an open mandate to study our immigrant communities and their heritages so as to educate the dominant group, influence policy-making, and ultimately help build transethnic bridges. The scale of crisis in failed integration continues to build, with superficial acculturation more than offset by a disintegration of traditional values among immigrant populations. The resulting social problems and insecurity exacerbate ethnic friction, setting in motion feedback patterns (all too familiar from the faltering accommodation of African Americans into the mainstream) that tacitly institutionalize stratification. The challenge is to find ways to enable immigrant communities to hold on to their own cultural values, to reinforce their informal institutions, and to retain their self-esteem as they seek acceptance rather than rejection by the dominant group. Once a minority has been totally deculturated—and before it can properly embrace the value system of

the dominant group—the social problems become almost intractable. If nothing else, the very scale of finding a new multicultural accommodation between *old* minorities and *new* minorities, who will make up almost half of the American population within thirty or forty years, is a compelling reason for dealing constructively with the issues today rather than paying the incalculable costs of failure tomorrow.

Most universities now offer broad curricula and ample options for a “multicultural” education, even if that tends to be inadequate in practice. But rather than try to impose multicultural study from above, universities should first of all support those scholars in ethnic studies who may be willing to offer constructive, quality courses aimed at mainstream students rather than “insiders.” They should also identify the large, existing menu of courses in other departments that have substantial multicultural content and provide students with appropriate incentives to sample some of them. Finally, they should encourage those departments that now offer the basic courses in “Western” history or civilization to bring in guest lecturers specializing in non-Western or “minority” fields, so as to broaden the agenda—on a regular basis. Above all, this task should not simply be turned over to militant polemicists.

Cultural and other prejudices continue to play an unfortunate role on the international stage. Edward Said’s *Orientalism*,²⁰ argues that colonialism and its representation of other cultures—specifically the Middle East—continue to pervade intellectual, political, and social circles. While Said’s indictment of political policies and popular attitudes is fairly close to the mark, his sweeping condemnation of Western scholarship on the Middle East is unfair and counterproductive. Through a rather selective study of a vast database, Said allowed himself to stereotype scholarship and then, inexcusably, treated politics and research as the interchangeable but reinforcing points of a polemic argument. His underlying purpose may well be to challenge Western cultural stereotyping of the Middle East. But in the process he rejects the hand reached out by countless genuine Orientalists to find common ground and make “the East” accessible to well-meaning readers among the educated and influential middle class.

One of the more compelling international problems today is how to deal constructively with the Islamic world. That world is just as diverse as the entity we label “the West,” and for over a century its many different peoples have been in turmoil over roughshod colonial intrusion and cultural westernization. In combination with the excesses of Islamic fundamentalism, Said’s rejectionism reinforces those sympathetic with Samuel

Huntington's *The Clash of Civilizations*,²¹ a trove of recipes for a new, cultural fascism. A Harvard historian, Huntington paints the Islamic world as the post-Soviet enemy of Western civilization and recommends not only strict cultural containment but a purification of Western culture from within.²² To the contrary, I would argue that we must learn to understand the Islamic world and its historical experience. On seeing the traumatized faces of the Muslim children in Bosnia and Kosovo, I am reminded of how much we need to discover and explain the shared roots and values that "East" and "West" hold in common. And we must build many different bridges of communication, based on mutual respect. Above all the academy must be drawn into the political process, at the highest levels of long-term policy making, focusing not on expediency, but on reconciliation and a shared vision for the future.

In sum, these examples serve to illustrate applications of my childhood experiences in my professional life. I deeply despise the arrogant and categorical Nazi ideology that caused so much human suffering, and for that reason I am fundamentally opposed to contemporary ideologues who stereotype with a broad brush and believe that a righteous cause justifies any means. Instead I persist in trying to promote understanding of others and so to find common ground. I see my childhood experiences with ethnic prejudice as indispensable, even as a privilege that allows me to feel some of the anguish and anger of those who have truly been marginalized. That is what drives my efforts to link my research to a real but flawed world, in which there are many shades of gray and where pain is all too often inflicted carelessly. While I try to learn from the past, I am concerned about the future and hope that all our children may be able to grow up with dignity and equal opportunities.

NOTES

My brother, Paul, shared his recollections with me, just as he once instructed me about a larger world, and later inspired me with his willingness to speak up, as a mathematician and historian of science. My wife, Elisabeth, taught me much about anthropological practice as she led me to appreciate that people are fascinating in and of themselves. Our daughter Kieke provided helpful suggestions in regard to education. A number of students have stimulated me through their own insights or experiences: Pavel Kraus, Karl Offen, Natasha Barsotti, Adriana Olivares, and especially Christine Drennon. To all, my gratitude. This chapter was written for my children, and theirs, so that they will not forget why we didn't go with the flow. Perhaps it will also offer insight and understanding to the chil-

dren of other émigrés of conscience. It is dedicated to the memory of my parents, who through their example pointed me to a good path.

1. J. O'Loughlin, C. Flint, and L. Anselin, "The Geography of the Nazi Vote: Context, Confession, and Class in the Reichstag Election of 1930," *Annals, Association of American Geographers* 84 (1994): 351–80.

2. H. Hürten, *Deutsche Katholiken 1918–1945* (Paderborn: F. Schöningh, 1992); P. Steinbach and J. Tuchel, eds. *Lexikon des Widerstandes 1933–1945* (Munich, 1994); U. von Hehl, C. Kösters, P. Stenz-Maur, and E. Zimmermann, *Priester unter Hitlers Terror: Eine biographische und Statistische Erhebung* (Paderborn: F. Schöningh, 1996). I am indebted to A. Brecher and D. Wynands (both from Aachen) and especially C. Kösters (Kommission für Zeitgeschichte, Bonn) for kindly supplying information in this matter.

3. K. Macrakis, *Surviving the Swastika: Scientific Research in Nazi Germany* (New York: Oxford University Press, 1993).

4. D. J. K. Peukert, *Inside Nazi Germany: Conformity, Opposition, and Racism in Everyday Life*, trans. R. Deveson (New Haven: Yale University Press, 1987).

5. E. Zeller, *The Flame of Freedom: The German Struggle against Hitler*, 368–81 and notes (Boulder, CO: Westview Press, 1994).

6. For a parallel but better documented example of this process, see E. Weber, *Peasants into Frenchmen: The Modernization of Rural France, 1870–1914* (Stanford: Stanford University Press, 1996).

7. Militant Nazism in part derived from recurrent, open violence between right- and left-wing toughs that began in 1918. This polarization played itself out in the industrialized areas. In the Ruhr Valley, for example, the Hitler Youth held Sunday parades, which sometimes spilled out into brawls, as early as 1930. But the Nazis also sponsored hypernationalist associations for various professional groups, which permeated less polarized towns to some degree or other, and exerted less visible but equally insidious pressures after 1933.

8. Although with the exception of the French Canadian boy, all the other children were at least partly Irish, in a Catholic, public, and English-language school (a Quebec anomaly), many of the children identified themselves as "English" or "Scottish," although that varied slightly over time.

9. My brother, Paul L. Butzer, returned to Germany permanently in 1955 and has long been active in applying the lessons from our family experience. Despite considerable opposition, as editor of the German Mathematical Society's journal, he insisted upon the publication of Maximilian Pinl's commemoration of the 188 German mathematicians who were forced into exile or died in concentration camps in 1933–45: M. Pinl, "Kollegen in einer dunklen Zeit," *Jahresbericht der deutschen Mathematiker Vereinigung* 71 (1969): 167–228 and four additional parts. This comprehensive work was subsequently republished in English translation by the Leo Baeck Institute. More recently he saw to the inclusion of the twelve Jewish professors expelled from the Technical University of Aachen in a jubilee volume: "Vertriebene Professoren. In Rhenisch-Westfälische Technische Hochschule Aachen," in *Wissenschaft zwischen technischer und gesellschaftlicher Herausforderung 1970–1995* (Aachen: Einhard, 1995), 181–274. Paul L. Butzer assembled the article on Otto Blumenthal, from whom both of our parents took lectures.

10. K. Butzer, "Environment, Culture, and Human Evolution," *American Scientist* 65 (1977): 572-84.

11. K. Butzer, "The Realm of Cultural-Human Ecology: Adaptation and Change in Historical Perspective," in *The Earth as Transformed by Human Action*, edited by B. L. Turner II et al. (New York: Cambridge University Press, 1990), 685-701.

12. K. W. Butzer, E. K. Butzer, and J. F. Mateu, "Medieval Muslim Communities of the Sierra de Espadán, Kingdom of Valencia," *Viator* 17 (1986): 339-443.

13. K. W. Butzer, "Sociopolitical Discontinuity in the Near East c. 2200 B.C.E.: Scenarios from Palestine and Egypt," in *Third Millennium B.C. Climate Changes and Old World Collapse*, edited by H. N. Dalfes, G. Kukla, and H. Weiss, NATO ASI Series (Berlin: Springer, 1997), 245-96.

14. K. Butzer, "Judgment or Understanding? Reflections on 1492," *Queen's Quarterly* 99 (1992): 581-600.

15. Weber, *Peasants into Frenchmen*. On the suppression of North Italian vernaculars after Italian unification by a national school system propagating only Tuscan Italian, see G. Sobiela-Caanitz, "Ecole et langue locale," in *Languages in Contact and Conflict*, edited by P. H. Nelde (Wiesbaden: Franz Steiner, 1980), 173-80. Standard versus vernacular languages in historical context are examined by P. S. Ureland, "Sprachkontakt und Glottogenese in Europe," in *Entstehung von Sprachen und Völkern*, edited by P. S. Ureland (Tübingen: Max Niemeyer, 1985), 7-43.

16. On "linguistic imperialism" by Denmark, see B. Sondergaard, "Vom Sprachenkampf zur sprachlichen Koexistenz im deutsch-dänischen Grenzraum," in *Languages in Contact and Conflict*, edited by P. H. Nelde (Wiesbaden: Franz Steiner, 1980), 297-306; similar Prussian legislation against non-German school instruction or "official" use in minority areas dates to 1872-88, notably coincident with the religious culture war: K. Pabst, "Das preussische Geschäftssprachengesetz von 1876: Sprachwechsel nationaler Minderheiten als Mittel politischer Integration," in *Languages in Contact and Conflict*, edited by P. H. Nelde (Wiesbaden: Franz Steiner, 1980), 191-200.

17. For example, C. J. Halperin, "The Ideology of Silence: Prejudice and Pragmatism on the Medieval Religious Frontier," *Comparative Studies of Society and History* 26 (1984): 442-66; A. C. Hess, *The Forgotten Frontier: A History of the Sixteenth-Century Ibero-African Frontier* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1978), esp. chaps. 9-10; also S. F. Bloom, "The Peoples of my Home Town before Nationalism crushed Rumania's Design for Living," *Commentary* 3, no. 4 (1947): 329-35.

18. The travails of Slavo-Macedonian speakers in Greece illustrate the problem: A. Karakasidou, "Politicizing Culture: Negating Identity in Greek Macedonia," *Journal of Modern Greek Studies* 11 (1993): 1-28. Except of course for the police intervention, there are instructive analogues in regard to how social pressures affect Spanish-speaking Americans.

19. S. J. Tambiah, "Ethnic Conflict in the World Today," *American Ethnologist* 16 (1989): 335-49.

20. E. W. Said, *Orientalism* (New York: Pantheon Books, 1978).

21. S. P. Huntington, *The Clash of Civilizations and the Remaking of the World Order* (New York: Simon and Schuster, 1996).

22. The seeds of bigotry are remarkably pervasive. On May 6, 1997, national newspapers reported that the publisher Simon and Schuster recalled all copies of a children's book by reputedly serious historian W. J. Jacobs, entitled *Great Lives: World Religions*, agreeing that the book unfairly portrays the prophet Mohammed as a bloodthirsty hater.