

THE *Lathrop Nor'Easter*

A Quarterly Publication by the Residents of The Lathrop Communities
at Northampton and Easthampton, Massachusetts

Series II: Vol. 2—1

A Community Converses

Autumn 2016

ART AND ARTISTS AT LATHROP



Autumn Leaves (1999)

by Eleanor Herman

The Nor'Easter welcomes Eleanor Herman, this issue's featured Lathrop Artist.

My Background in Art by Eleanor Herman

I think I started drawing as soon as I figured out what a pencil was for. It was an absorbing pastime then, as there were no other kids in the neighborhood. School changed that, advancing me from pencil to crayons to poste paints. I had only one career plan in mind, which led to my attending Cooper Union Art School in New York City. Finding abstract paintings and nude drawings on the walls made my jaw drop. My yearbook had me slated as the second Norma Rockwell whose works, I was to find out, were not even considered "ART" by Cooper students. I learned to love that school and to regard my time there

as some of the most exhilarating years of my life.

I majored in graphic design. After graduating, I found work in various studios in New York, eventually going into package design. This being, of course, way before computers took the tools out of our hands, we did our concept sketches with "Magic Markers." It was fun and it was challenging with many business requirements to meet. Visits to New York's galleries and museums stirred my imagination and kindled the urge to paint, but this had to wait.

My husband and I moved to Rye Brook, NY — a commutable city for us both. Then local issues drew me briefly into politics, which gave me the opportunity to participate in refurbishing and protecting a very beautiful estate that became our town park. My art abilities were

channeled into graphics promoting interests in the projects of our group. But I squeezed some time to paint between family, park matters, and gardening, which is so very creative in itself.

My art is born out of stirrings of nature — water currents, ripples, reflections, tree formations, color patterns. I looked at our moving to Lathrop, with such a surrounding abundance of nature to delight us and with fewer tasks to steal my time away, as a fresh start in my growth and development as a painter.



Note of Appreciation:

Joan Laird was one of six Lathrop residents who initially met in July 2015 to assume editorial oversight of the Nor'Easter from Carolyn Zavarine (yes, it took six of us to replace Carolyn). Joan's high standards elevated the quality of both the look and the content of the Nor'Easter as reflected in the issue you are viewing and reading today. We want not only to thank her for her involvement with the Nor'Easter but also wish her well as she transitions to other endeavors here at Lathrop and also in the greater Northampton community.



Yes, It Really Is About You

Contributing to The Nor'Easter

It's about the poems you write, about the vignettes you've related for years but have never recorded, about the foul ball you caught with your *other* hand (or maybe dropped with the favored one), about a chance elevator ride with a celebrity du jour, about that epiphanic moment when it all became clear, about the first sight of the phantom of delight who changed your life, about that time in the Great Depression or in the War of Your Choice, about your genealogy searches, about your travels, about your work or profession—in short, about what interests you to write, and you know better than we do what that is.

Send your contributions and questions to:

Noreaster@lathrop.kendal.org

We prefer contributions written in Word, PDF, or RTF format, but if you have sagely avoided computers and email, get in touch with the Editorial Committee's Coordinator. As a Lathrop resident, you will know how.

The Lathrop Nor'Easter

Noreaster@lathrop.kendal.org

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Miriam and Paul Slater

We had looked forward to moving to Lathrop for some time before we were actually able to make the move. We had friends and acquaintances who were here and at Lathrop North so we knew that we would be happy when the opportunity did present itself.

The move from Northampton was also an easy adjustment not only because it was nearby, familiar, and highly recommended by our friends who were actually here and at Lathrop North, but also because in our marriage of more than 3 score and 5 years we had lived in a variety of settings.

For three years, in the forties, Paul lived on a destroyer escort on North Atlantic war duty with 189 other guys, helping the Allies to prevail in the Battle of the Atlantic. At war's end, Paul returned from the sea and soon met and married Miriam, the love of his life.

As young people we lived in Brooklyn apartments, and later in our single family home on Long Island; then we moved to a chicken farm in New Jersey for seventeen years. At that point we changed direction and both pursued additional higher education, which qualified us for careers in college teaching in Massachusetts. Miriam was hired as a "scholar in residence" at Hampshire College, and Paul earned a BS in Natural Resource Studies and a Masters in Regional Planning at UMass Amherst. He helped design and fund the Hampshire College Farm Center on campus, which continues to provide hands-on and formal training for later student generations who are learning to produce food free of chemicals and hormones, in a sound and sustainable organic manner.

Miriam taught history at Hampshire College after completing her PhD in seventeenth-century social history at Princeton University. She was instrumental in helping to pave the way for acceptance of female students at what had

been a male institution since American pre-revolutionary days. (See First Lady Michelle Obama and Justice Sonia Sotomayor, both Princeton alums!) We began our teaching careers while living on a college campus, and when we folded back into the faculty we commuted from our home in Northampton where we raised our two wonderful children, and continued to live there as empty nesters. Our son Leo also has a Princeton PhD in History (of Science) and is chief historian at the National Science Foundation. Our daughter Margaret is a veterinary epidemiologist, and works as a researcher for the ASPCA.

We had always had dogs, and our last girl was a retired champion show dog, a bright, biddable beauty named Trish. Paul trained her to become an AKC Canine Good Citizen and then a Bright Spot Therapy Dog, a role at which she excelled. Trish recently passed, and now healed, healthy, and as always, hopeful, she awaits us at the Rainbow Bridge.

When our daughter relocated to Florence, near Lathrop East, we decided to come to this wonderful place to continue the rest of our lives.

**Remembering**

The act of remembering is an act of invention.

We call up the tiniest details from the past, weaving and reweaving them into the stories we tell.

Memories help us to endure the burdens of our past.

Memories are intolerable.

Memories rise up in the present, without effort, a surprise, by some trivial act like Proust's biting into his famous madeleines.

Memories are stories we've heard that bring solace and pleasure as we share them.

Memories correct the past.

Memories make us laugh.

Memories make us cry.

What we remember isn't what happened.

We hold fast to what we remember as if it is what we possess.

What we remember is all we have.

Joan Cenedella



Seeing it All – The Nile River, the Longest in the World

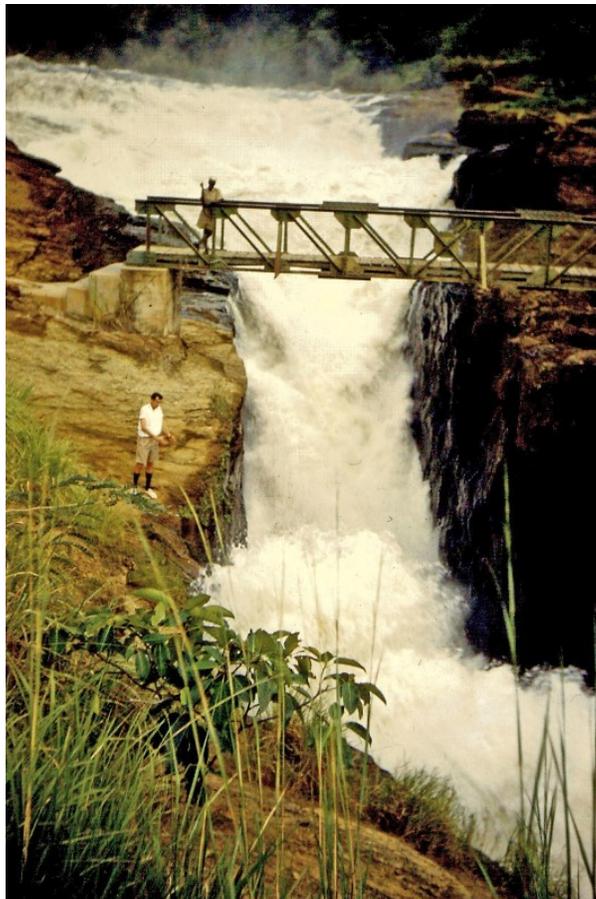
By Janet Gillies

The Nile River is over four thousand two hundred miles long. It is often considered the longest river in the world; however, since rivers, with their many sources and many mouths are difficult to measure exactly, this may be disputed. The Nile is unusual because it flows north, and because it has so much known history connected with it.

Rivulets and small streams begin in the fabled Mountains of the Moon near the border between East Africa and the Congo. Many of these flow into Lake Victoria, the largest lake in Africa. The river, now often referred to as the Victoria Nile, flows through a dam in Jinja, Uganda, as it leaves the lake. Just before it joins Lake Albert it gushes over what was once called Murchison Falls. The river, now referred to as the White Nile, then wanders through more than 1000 miles of ever shifting swamp-land in southern Sudan.

What is referred to as the Blue Nile starts in the Ethiopian Highlands and flows west to join the White Nile at Khartoum, the capital of Sudan. From there the Nile flows north through the Nubian Desert and into Egypt where the Aswan Dam was built in the late Sixties which changed the usual flow of the river. North of Cairo the Nile forms a large delta and then flows into the Mediterranean Sea.

I have had opportunities to visit the beginning, the middle, and the end of this great river. My husband Chuck and I spent a two-year honeymoon teaching in East Africa in the early Sixties. We saw the Mountains of the Moon, now



perhaps known as the 16,000 foot high Ruwenzori Range, but they were covered by clouds much of the time. We visited Jinja and then Murchison Falls where we were accompanied by a guard with a gun in case we met up with hungry marauding animals. Before the Nile joined Lake Albert we saw an exceedingly cute four-day old hippo with its exceedingly ugly mother! The crocodiles basking on the opposite bank of the narrow river were a great worry, however. Those who have seen "The African Queen" will understand why we did not investigate the marsh lands.

On our way back to the US with our six-month old daughter, Amanda, we saw the junction of the Blue and White Nile in Khartoum, took a train over the Nubian Desert and then a Sudan Mail Steamer

past Abu Simbel, one of the most interesting Egyptian temples, in its original position before it was moved up to a fake hill to rescue it from the rising waters of Lake Nasser. We were amazed by the number of people involved in the massive work making the dam in Aswan.

As we went north, the fertile lands along the Nile showed a great deal of welcome greenery. It's easy to understand why about 90% of Egyptians live within ten miles of the river. Luxor, with all its treasures, was absolutely a world away for a group of teachers from Seattle, though it seemed to us to be very up to date with real hotels and even some pharmacies.

The ladies on the tour were horrified that we had brought our daughter, and spoke to us seriously about bringing an infant so far into the wild. We couldn't tell them where we had been! Actually Amanda was a very good baby. We had a supply of antibiotics and rehydrating medicines in case of emergency, and she always wore a hat and had an umbrella attached to her pushchair. She slept quite happily in a suitcase or bureau drawer. Everything was easily managed and we never felt any trouble.

In earlier days I had visited Cairo when climbing the pyramids was still allowed. The Nile looks wonderful as seen from the tallest! I had also visited both Alexandria and Damietta, two of the many mouths of the Nile as it flowed into the Mediterranean Sea. This time Chuck just took Amanda for a camel ride by the Sphinx, and then from Cairo we flew on our way back home.

Talk about seeing it all! Instead of feeling smug now I just wish we could go back and see even more.

Mary Beth Manning



Early life for Mary Beth Manning had been in a small town in Ohio. Her grandparents lived next door. She then got a BA in nursing at Case Western Reserve, and after marriage moved with her husband to Kansas where

she worked as a nurse while he pursued an advanced degree. Later they went to Palo Alto, California, where her daughter Kate was born. Mary Beth worked as a visiting nurse, and then later she became a nurse midwife. After deciding that midwifery was not really what she wanted, she worked as a labor and delivery nurse in the Stanford hospital for 15 years, and eventually got an MA in management, which led to increased responsibilities. After leaving work at the hospital, she delivered primary care to patients at Planned Parenthood clinics in San Jose and other locations in the Watsonville area.

Mary Beth first moved to the Pioneer Valley from California to be near her daughter, who was then working in Northampton after graduating from Connecticut College. She didn't have a job lined up, but knew that there will always be work available for experienced nurses. When her daughter developed plans to go off to Europe, including spending a month in Italy to learn Italian, Mary Beth had settled happily into life here, living in Holyoke and working at the Holyoke Health Center. While in Europe, Kate met and married an Italian man, and stayed there. Meanwhile, Mary Beth decided to buy a house in Easthampton, where she lived for about 10 years before coming to Lathrop in August.

She decided to come to live at Lathrop after she no longer wanted to take care of her 1 acre of property, and her larger house on several floors. She was able to sell the Easthampton house fairly quickly, and says that her one-floor home on Cranberry Lane at Lathrop is a perfect fit for her. She enjoys birds and can recognize many of them just from their calls. One evening she watched our resident porcupine climb a tree in the Cranberry circle outside her kitchen. She is interested in animals, and is looking forward to getting to know our small collection of alpacas and goats nearby, and will perhaps become involved in some of the Land Committee activities after she has settled in.



Cranberry Lane
Meadow (2015)
by Eleanor Herman



Tom Foster

When I was a child I lived with my family in Boston, but we would usually take summer vacations in Northampton. For me the highlights were Look Park, Arcadia wildlife sanctuary, and the Holyoke Canoe Club; and so this area is special for me. Also, after graduating from Northeastern University with a

degree in Math I did graduate work at UMass Amherst.

At UMass I had a teaching assistantship, which set me on a career in teaching. For those two years in the Masters program I taught two section of math for non-science majors, and in addition to my own studies in math I learned that artistry is needed for a successful teaching relationship with students.

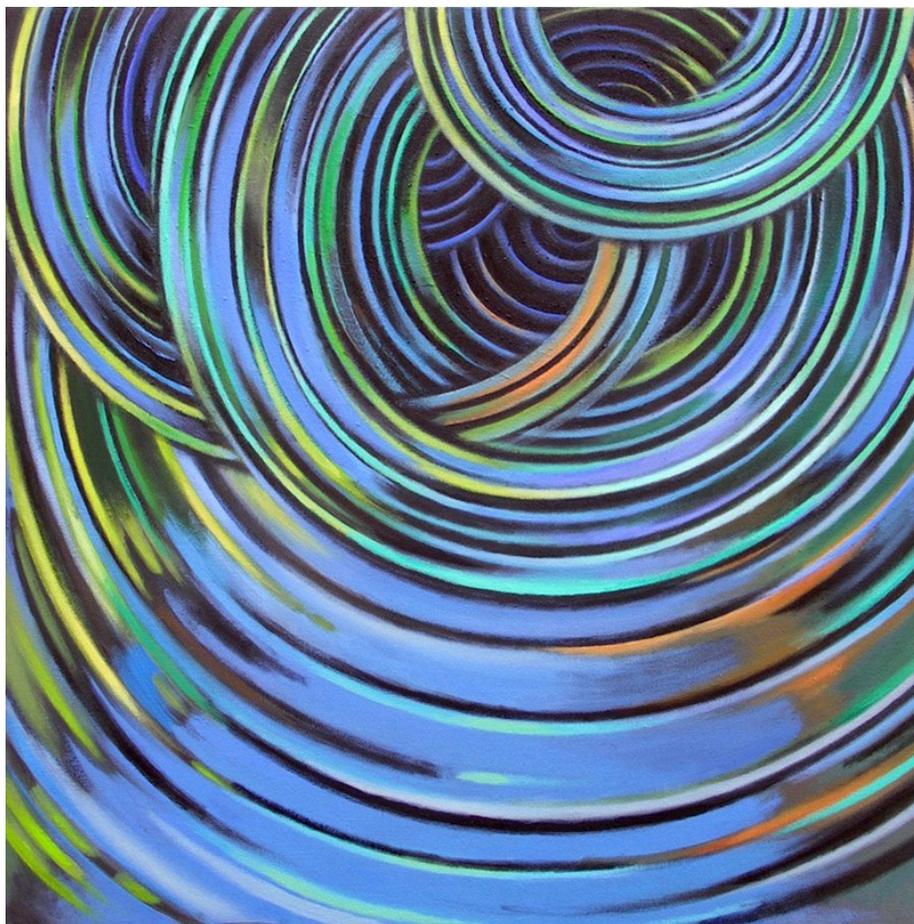
Initially I combined teaching with world exploration, teaching math two years in each of the following: the Berkshires; Newfoundland; Gambia in the Peace Corps (doing math curriculum development in both Newfoundland and Gambia); Richmond, Virginia; and the American Community School Beirut.

This allowed wide exploration in Labrador, West Africa (Senegal, Mauritania and Mali), West Asia (Lebanon, Syria, Jordan, Israel, Egypt, Turkey), and Europe.

Returning to Massachusetts I taught seven years at Governor Dummer Academy in Byfield, MA. Following that I taught thirteen years at the Thacher School in Ojai, California. Both are co-ed boarding schools. I find that students who self-select for independent boarding school generally are ambitious, hard-working, and mature.

While at Thacher I was given a sabbatical year which I took at Rishi Valley School in Andhra Pradesh, which gave an opportunity for exploring India. The dance, music, religious practices and vegetarian cuisine of south India are enormously varied and highly refined over millennia. While in India, I spent a week in each of two ashrams: one in the tropical south in Kerala, and the other in Rishikesh, near the source of the Ganges.

All well and good, “*cela est bien dit*,” Candide observed following his adventures, but for me now the more productive exploration is interior. That is, how does one construct experience? One’s response to the sensorium is both the result of a million years of the species’ evolution and also — more interesting — one’s world view, the universe within. Witnessing personal perceptions, feelings, inclinations, and expectations is for me worthwhile. And a retirement community such as Lathrop is an appropriate venue for such exploration.



Ripples (2006)

by Eleanor Herman

Film Retrospective: Paths of Glory

As Europe was devolving towards war in July 1914, the British Foreign Secretary, Sir Edward Grey, lamented that “The lamps are going out all over Europe, we shall not see them lit again in our lifetimes.” Cited so often the prophesy now seems like a cliché, but if anything, it understates the cataclysmic impact that World War One had on every aspect of European civilization — political, economic, military, intellectual, and societal. The effects were both immediate and long term and irreversible like the peal of a bell that cannot be unring. The carnage on the battlefield resulted in the immediate death of millions of soldiers but also frayed so completely all the assumptions, values, and institutions that underpinned Western society that like Humpty-Dumpty it could not be put back together. Robert Graves’ memoir “Goodbye to All That” probably best captures in print this visceral sense of disillusionment and loss. Stanley Kubrick’s 1957 film “Paths of Glory” stands alone as the best cinematic evocation.

The film is based on a 1935 Humphrey Cobb novel of the same title which in turn is based on a true story of four French soldiers in WWI executed for failure to follow orders. In the film set in 1916 the commander of the French high command (Adolphe Menjou) orders a regiment to take the “Anthill,” an important but also impregnable German position. The regiment’s commander, Col. Dax (Kirk Douglas), protests vehemently at the futility of the mission and the cost of his men’s lives. He is told that the projected casualty rate of 55% is considered “acceptable.” Moreover, failure would only mean that his men lacked the necessary courage (*élan vital*) to be successful. *Élan vital* was the bedrock French military doctrine that fighting spirit could overcome any poor planning

and lethal weaponry. In 1916, despite all actual evidence to the contrary, fighting spirit was still considered mightier than the machine gun. Given no choice Dax accedes to authority, leads the assault and as expected his men are decimated. During the assault the French command desperate to stiffen the spines of the troops even orders its own artillery to fire on them. It doesn’t have the intended result. The command won’t accept culpability for the disaster. To deflect blame and provide what today would be called a teachable moment for the troops, it orders the execution by firing squad of three soldiers chosen at random. But first, of course, for appearances sake, it conducts a court marshal at which Col. Dax attempts to defend his men.

There is no suspense about the outcome. What Kubrick makes us the audience do, however, is peer directly at the cruelty, cynicism, self-serving stupidity and ultimately shocking betrayal of trust

that force marches the men and plot to the inevitable conclusion. The film critic Roger Ebert once wrote that “Entertainment is about the ways things should be. Art is about the way they are.” “Paths of Glory” is art. There are no euphemisms, no uplift of the human spirit, no happy ending. And ultimately no looking away from the obscenity of what we are viewing. How close to the bone did “Paths of Glory” cut? France banned the film from being shown until 1975; Spain banned it until 1986. And it still has the power even today in just 88 minutes to make viewers feel like they’ve been punched in the gut.

DM

Note: “Paths of Glory” will be shown at both the Easthampton and Northampton campuses. DVD of the film is also available from the Northampton library and for purchase from Amazon.



Backy's Whip

by **Petronella Wijnhoven**

More than 30 years ago I got a year off from my job in the Netherlands to spend in the USA. I had received a full scholarship from Brandeis University to attend, for a year, the doctoral program at the Florence Heller School of Social Policy and Management (it was at Brandeis that I got to know my future husband Jochanan Wijnhoven, then working on the doctorate that later brought him to Smith College). The Dutch Ministry of Social Work, where I had a job in promoting research in social work in the Netherlands, had given me a travel grant of \$2000 to visit particular agencies in this country. To stretch the possibilities of that grant, I traveled by Greyhound and slept in YMCA Hostels. On the way from Los Angeles to New Orleans, I was even able to make a little side trip to the Grand Canyon. I wanted to go down to the bottom of the Canyon by mule and return the next day.

I had to register for the trip in person for a mandatory check of my physical condition. I was accepted and joined a little group of four men and a guide. At the point of departure, you could not yet see much of the steep trail down until you were on your mule. It was my first time on the back of any mount, though three of the four men had had the experience. It appeared later that riding experience was more of a drawback because the mules were so well trained that they did not want to be interfered with.

When we started going down, and I perceived the steepness of the trail, I remember closing my eyes and thinking that I might not survive. Although my fear never left me, it helped that with every turn the trail became less steep. We arrived at the floor of the canyon late in the afternoon. A few times my mule, Backy, behaved a little strangely, stopping suddenly, once inside a tunnel.

In the evening, the guide told me that the mules had to stay close together. He said he would make me a little whip that I was not supposed to use for whipping but just to have it hanging along side of Backy's head. I should avoid touching her with it because it could make her wild.

The rest of the evening was pleasant enough. The guide, a cowboy who had retired early because of a back injury, spoke about his former job, making drawings in the sand with a stick about managing big herds. He was divorced. When I heard him talk to his mule very sweetly, I suspected that his wife had become jealous.

When I went to bed, fear came over me, thinking about that little whip. What if I unintentionally touched Backy's face with it on the way back up the trail? However, we made the trip safely, resting our animals about 80 times so they would not get out of breath. Even though the downward view got steeper and steeper, I must have gotten used to it, being more concerned with Backy than with my fear of the altitude. I never once used my little whip, keeping it away from Backy's face. The fear of having to use it had given my voice a new authority that apparently had impressed her sufficiently.

And she had behaved.



What Remains

We die little by little.
Blue fingers peel,
white hairs litter the collar chafing at the neck.
Joints ache and gums bleed.
Thought turns backward, reruns,
everything disintegrates slowly.

What remains is varied and unexpected
unfettered by dates or time
curiously connected.
Memories explode like time bombs.
The banana quit chirps from the tall grass,
the roar of the grass fire, spontaneous.
The fireweed rises from the bomb site, purple,
and by the long abandoned mine shaft.

Here the stones stand proud,
tall and slender, short and wide
named and unnamed,
each marking a once living soul.
Now deep in snow bowls carved by the wind
and by the warmth of life in the earth
rising in the stones themselves.

Patricia Van Pelt



O Troubled Heart

by Joan Cenedella

*What shall I do with this absurdity —
O heart, O troubled heart — this caricature,
Decrepit age that has been tied to me
As to a dog's tail?*

W.B. Yeats "The Tower"

I'm staring at eighty in September. Not a big deal, many have done it before me. And if I die tomorrow, I won't mind. I've had a life as full of joy and sorrow as anyone else. I could go now and feel not at all cheated. That's a comforting feeling. There is, though, an image, Yeats's fault, that I am becoming a walking caricature. It's not about how I see myself, but how others see me — and it's especially about my hair.

The one major vanity, the prize I have always had, since early childhood, is my hair. My mother told me many times about being stopped on the street when I was three or four and people praising her — her not me — for my beautiful, abundant curls. And later this became a regular occurrence in my life, too, especially with strangers, clerks in stores, a woman I don't know in Zabar's, a waitress in a restaurant, a friend's grandmother.

I don't care about the wrinkles on my face, the ripples on my arms, my legs everywhere. I don't care about the sagging flesh. What I mind, what I can't believe, is the disappearing hair. The thinning and spots of pink scalp that shine out among my curls, little wisps of hair in the tub drain after a shower. I can hear people whispering, friends who have known me forever, saying, "Oh my, she's losing her hair" or "Did you notice that poor Joan is losing her hair?" Looking at me today, you wouldn't believe how much hair I once had. Shiny, chestnut curls, thick; and really, such an important part of who I was. I have never minded about turning gray; I like my gray hair, almost silver now. But who the hell

am I without my full head of hair? These scalp holes in the head: I thought it would never happen to me.

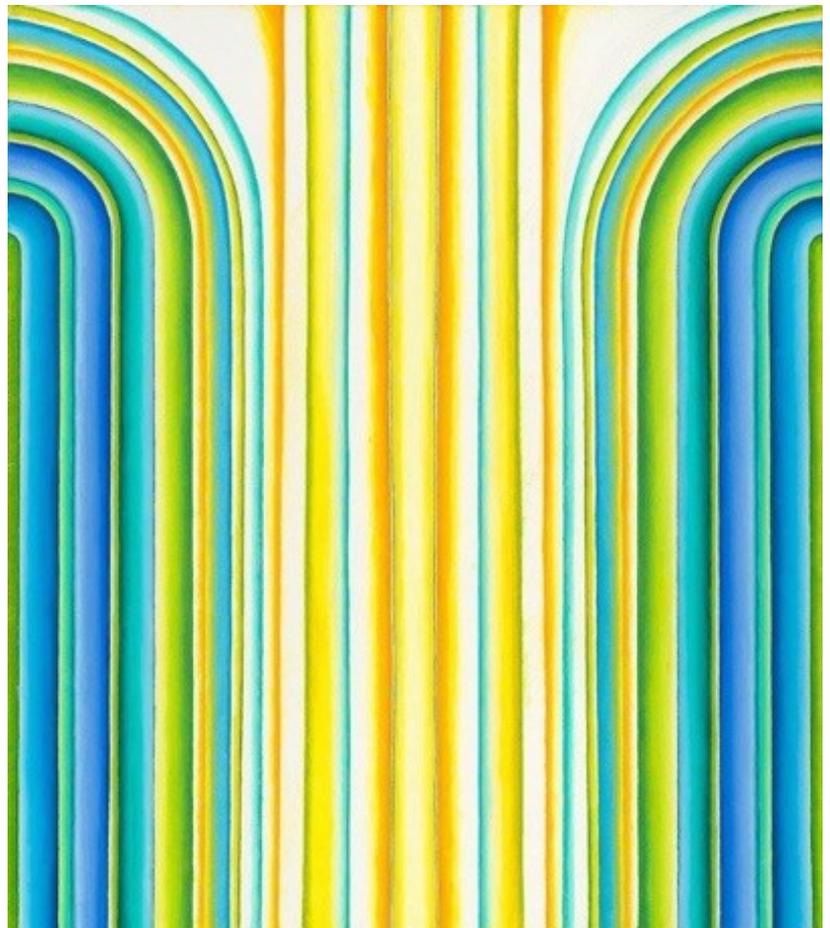
So, I've pretty much stopped combing my hair. I'm ignoring it — but not really. I wash my hair and dry it vigorously with a towel, pull it out from my scalp a little with my fingers and never touch it again all day. This creates the illusion, I'm hoping, of more hair than I really have.

"Decrepit age," Yeats says. And really, if I'm honest, it's not just about my hair, in fact that's trivial in the larger scheme of things. Obviously, I'm avoiding something here. Because what about the knotted fingers, the aches and pains in knees and hips, the loss of strength, the compromised balance, the forgetting, oh the forgetting. Dragging all this around.

You are who you always were, but dragging this caricature around, pulling it by a rope over your shoulder.

**Vibrant Spectrum (2013)**

by Eleanor Herman



“How ‘Bout Them Apples?”**by Patricia Van Pelt**

A servant holds up the corners of her apron filled with red apples. The poster is on the inside door of the hotel elevator. The servant girl's face is not shown, just her hands holding the apron basket.

Every time you step into the elevator, there she is. And the question is asked yet again: “how ‘bout them apples?”

It is the first bit of southern talk and I expect to hear more as we explore Charleston, South Carolina. Having been educated outside the United States, I hope to learn some American history, particularly about the Revolutionary War and the Civil War, where Charleston played a part.

Colonists founded Charles Towne in 1680, planning an orderly grid of streets to cover the peninsula formed by the Ashley and Cooper Rivers as they flow out to the Atlantic Ocean. The rivers form a large harbor which was a natural attraction for early shipping. To this day it is one of the East Coast ports for the large cruise vessels.

The streets are lined with the history of domestic architecture from a few early colonial buildings to the grand federalist mansions of the Battery and East Bay Street. The long view reveals a dozen church steeples, individual in style, representing the opening theme of the new colony, “freedom of religion.” To this day Charleston has the nickname of the Holy City. No high buildings and no gas stations have been allowed since 1921. The Historic Commission of Charleston maintains a tight control on development so the city presents an orderly, beautiful and non-controversial face to the public.

In April-May 1780, the British besieged Charleston for 42 days. But it was the final battle of the new republic. They evacuated Charleston in December 1782 and the thirteen colonies declared independence in 1783.

By the 1800s, slave traders from Africa found in Charleston harbor both safe haven and wealthy market. The large mansions and their wealthy owners were entirely looked after by slaves. The developing plantations required more to work the fields.

The first bullet of the Civil War may have flown to Fort Sumter off the shore of Charleston, but the real battles of the civil war were bitterly fought behind the scenes long before a shot was fired. The society was so entrenched in the ownership of black African servants that any attempt to encourage their freedom was fiercely resisted. Even a “freed” slave, that is one who had purchased their “freedom,” was in no way free.

Set on cobblestone Chalmers Street, opposite what was the market, the Old Slave Mart survives as a faint reminder of pre-Civil War Charleston. Their brochure reads “In the mid-1800s, slave traders came to this place to buy and sell enslaved African Americans — an interstate trade that brought wealth to Charleston, the state and the region.” The imposing iron gate in its stone arched entryway is hardly welcoming. The interior is dark. The stories are told on panels with photographs and letters, hermetically sealed. There are shackles and iron locks on display. The material exhibited recounts the African experience from an historical perspective

through the Civil Rights Movement of the 1960s. It is not about us.

“How ‘bout them apples?” We become increasingly aware that there are few blacks here. Even hotel and restaurant jobs that are often filled with people of other nationalities, here everyone is white. We had cab drivers for the airport, both coming and going, who were black, but within the Historic District trolley drivers, waiters, store servers, guides, were all white. The largest African American presence are the weavers of the Gullah sweetgrass baskets, originally from Sierra Leone. Brought to South Carolina in the seventeenth century as slaves to work on the plantations, they found the grasses growing in the marsh habitat of South Carolina. These Africans are still weaving their sweetgrass baskets. Dressed in their traditional black garb, they sell their handwork in the market in the historic district. Theirs is a commercially controlled enterprise and I wondered how much of their earnings actually goes to these artisans.

There are two historic houses that have slave quarters. The Aiken-Rhett House Museum, built circa 1820, has original outbuildings including kitchen, slave quarters, stable and coach house. The family remained in the house until 1975 and the Historic Charleston Foundation shows the house “as found.” The exterior has been restored but the slave quarters in particular survive little changed since the 1850s. The occasional crystal chandelier or peeling wallpaper remind one of the gracious life of the antebellum South. To walk through this house is to conjure ghosts from the past, more real than in the

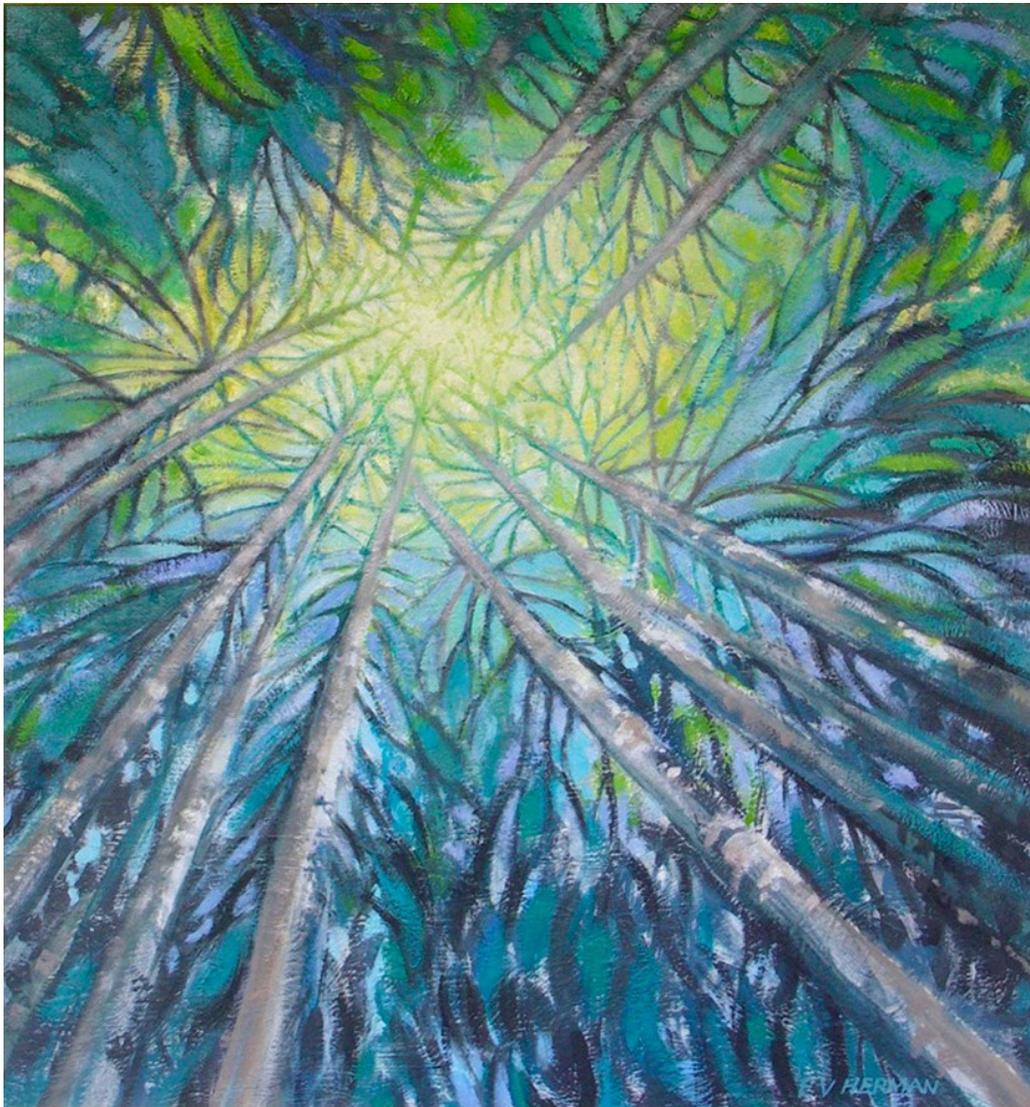
elegantly restored Federal style townhouse of Nathaniel Russell. Though the slave quarters are still attached to this mansion, the lives and rooms of the slaves here are documented with a photo display. The pride and joy of this mansion is the graceful free flying staircase that rises like a seashell to the top of the house.

It is half a century since the Civil Rights Movement and we have a black president in the White House. Yet, on the 5 March 2016, *The Economist*, writing about the Presidential Primaries wrote, "In America nothing casts a darker shadow than slavery and racial

segregation, so that overt anti-black racism is uniquely taboo." South Carolina had just voted overwhelmingly for Donald Trump.

I came away sad and disappointed. The promise of equality for all peoples, of freedom of religion for all, the basis of the formation of these United States, has yet to be realized. And Charleston, whose place in history could have been a beacon of hope for our future, has voted to shut out the past and maintain silence.

"How 'bout them apples?"



Redwoods (1997)
by Eleanor Herman

The Lathrop Nor'Easter
100 Basset Brook Drive
Easthampton, MA 01027



Trees and Their Reflections (2012) by Eleanor Herman