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Anthony F. C. Wallace: Homage to a Professor

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Table of Contents 2017

Articles:

Paul Gorgen,

“Ladies of the Mohawk Valley: Molly Brant, Clarissa Putman
and other women with *Rona'sharó:nih* (European)
partners”.....7

Melissa Otis,

“From Iroquoia to Broadway: The Careers of Carrie A.
Mohawk and Esther Deer”.....41

Proceedings:

Anthony F. C. Wallace Memorials
from the 2016 Conference.....67

Marshall Joseph Becker

“Anthony F. C. Wallace: Homage to a Professor”.....69

Wendy Bissell

“Anthony Francis Clark Wallace”.....89

Laurence M. Hauptman

“Anthony F. C. Wallace, Sol Tax, and Action
Anthropology”.....91

Deborah R. Holler

“The Pilgrim’s Journey of Anthony F. C. Wallace”.....105

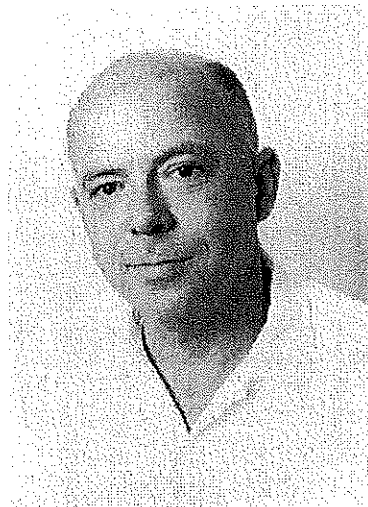
Kathryn Lavelly Merriam

“Anthony F. C. Wallace’s Tuscarora Recordings”.....115

Proceedings*

Anthony F. C. Wallace
Memorial Papers

From the 2016 Conference on Iroquois
Research in memory of our colleague.



Anthony F. C. Wallace
Courtesy, American Philosophical Society

Anthony F. C. Wallace: Homage to a Professor

MARSHALL JOSEPH BECKER
PROFESSOR EMERITUS OF ANTHROPOLOGY
WEST CHESTER UNIVERSITY

INTRODUCTION

The death of Anthony Francis Clark Wallace (1923-2015) marks the passing of the last of the great anthropologists of a generation of greats. The celebration of his life and many important contributions to Anthropology has been marked by two outstanding works, a memoir by Greg Urban (2016) and an obituary by Sol Katz (2017), two of the outstanding scholars of the next generation. The brief story that follows here is a personal reflection that reveals how Tony influenced my decision to come to Penn, and his input (or lack thereof) to the way I progressed through that important program, and its influence on my work thereafter. In some ways it also reveals much about the Penn tradition in Anthropology; a tradition that seems to have changed enormously in the past two decades. The eclectic nature of the faculty when I first encountered them in 1956, and the broad anthropological training that they provided those students have been critical to developing and sustaining the four fields approach to the discipline. This approach became

central to what I still view as the epitome of how the discipline should operate.

The story of my life, in and out of academe, is a list of chance encounters, accidents, and misunderstandings. My failure to recognize that Tony Wallace and Loren Eiseley, two of the great names in anthropology, were nearly pathologically shy, led me to make what may have been the most significant decision of my Asperger's influenced story. My intention to become a career military person, dating back to grade school, was sidetracked or delayed by a chain of events beginning with an older buddy's decision to attend Harvard. A few visits to visit with Bob in that intellectually active environment in Cambridge revealed a lifestyle that seemed pleasant enough, but did not distract me from my chosen path to join the military. Fortunately, this extremely wise friend had suggested that I tune up my résumé, whatever that was, with some extra-curricular activities to make me seem to be a "well-rounded" student. And so I did. A word to the wise was my guiding principle then, as it is now. Listen first! But I remained on a military track, even as all my high school friends were talking about attending college. For the males in the 1950s, if they had high math and science scores, there was no question – they would become engineers. And so they did. My brother had become an engineer and by the time I was of college age he had become quite happy and successful in his line of work. I had absolutely no interest in that course of study, but was uncertain where my interests lay.

Fortunately, one of my earlier high school English teachers recognized my interest in things anthropological and suggested that I might wish to study that subject at some university. I had no idea how one did that, or did anything else at a university. Since I was familiar with the Harvard campus (and nothing else there) I looked into the workings of their degree programs and at a few other places where anthropology was actually taught. They were *very* few in number. Being a provincial I applied to those in the neighborhood, of which Penn was the most distant. They were all very happy to have me attend. Now how to decide on which would suit me best.

Being of a wandering bent, I hitch hiked to each of these prospective venues to see what they were like. I had no idea about formal interviews, and had never heard of parents hauling their kids to prospective institutions for planned visits! At least I knew enough to appear on weekdays, which I achieved simply by skipping days of class during my senior high school year. I just appeared at Anthropology Department offices to ask them what I might be doing if I decided to show up the following fall. I did not visit Yale, the nearest University, as the admissions people there had asked an alum to chat with me prior to my venturing down the road to check out their campus. A good friend (then and now) had already made up his mind that he certainly would be attending Yale – as a third generation bulldog – and a student of engineering. The goal of the interviewer who came to chat with me, I suspect, was to recruit football players. The County scholarship that he discussed with me was first offered to a pleasant chap in my high school class who was a big deal on our football team. He did not accept and the offer devolved to me. I was miffed at being their second choice and turned it down.

Visiting with Harvard's faculty was a matter of walking over to the Peabody Museum from my friend's dorm suite. The only person I could locate there was Gordon R. Willey, then a very young scholar who became their Bowditch Professor of archaeology. He was very cordial, seemed sort of pompous, and was quite interesting in a cartoonish but professorial way. He wore a dark three-piece suit with a classic watch chain across his waistcoat. I have no idea if there was a watch on one end, and perhaps a working Phi Beta Kappa key on the other, or whatever was supposed to be attached to such male jewelry! His efforts to present himself as a very young wise old professor I later recognized was an insecure person's pose to impress his listeners, including me. It seemed like a comedy act. Today I have an uncle's 1930s vintage three piece suit, with watch chain and non-functioning Phi Beta Kappa key (no watch) that I wear as a dress up costume – and to honor Gordon Willey.

Through many twists of fate Gordon Willey did more to support and mentor me than any of my Penn faculty – perhaps all of them put together. I always meant to ask him what was on that

chain, but I don't recall ever seeing him costumed that way again. I came to understand that Willey, as Wallace and Eiseley, were oddly insecure scholars despite their lofty academic posts and considerable renown. Perhaps it was a characteristic common to that generation of anthropologists; people seeking to learn about themselves by studying others. Gordon was, first and foremost, an archaeologist and I had zero interest in that aspect of anthropology. In fact, I had no idea whatsoever of what was meant by the four fields of anthropology, an idea that was so essential to the Penn curriculum. I was interested in culture and did not yet understand the many ways that stuff could be studied.

MEETING WALLACE

Filled with ignorance and puzzlement I set out to visit Penn. I arrived there for a visit at the Anthropology Department in Bennett Hall at the University of Pennsylvania. Bennett Hall then was the center for the University's College for Women, then still segregated from the College for Men. The earlier formation of a Department of Anthropology within the College led it to be housed in available space in Bennett Hall (It may have been in College Hall before that). The tiny faculty focused on graduate students, which I did not know and later surprised me. There were only four undergraduate majors in my original graduating class – a fact I learned three years later in senior seminar! The department was so small that it imported a professor, Robert Ehrich, from Brooklyn College to teach the only two segregated sections of the introductory class that were offered in the fall of 1956. One section was for men and the other for women, taught back to back in the same room. Each of these classes of 50 students had one person of the other gender who had been admitted by special permission. I believe we were in a classroom in Bennett Hall, but cannot be sure if my memory is correct on that, or on many details from the past. But I do recall that Ehrich was terrific – everything I could have wanted.

When I first set foot on campus, for that fateful visit, I had no idea where the departmental office was located, but a stroll through the building brought me to the series of offices off a (second floor?) hallway that housed the anthropologists. I

believe the door to Tony's office was open, and now realize that at that time he had only a secondary appointment in anthropology. Perhaps he was sharing the office with someone else, but when I entered he was alone at a desk doing his thing! I announced that I was interested in studying anthropology. He indicated, briefly, that this was nice and suggested I speak with Loren Eiseley in the office next door. I knocked on that door, and was asked in. I offered Loren the same introduction and learned that he, too, thought the idea very nice. Neither seemed pretentious, or at all inclined to encourage me, chat further, or otherwise detain me from my important return to the road home. I loved it! They seemed to have things to do, and did not seem to be inclined to distract me with a discussion of the things that I might want to do! In that assessment I was right! The atmosphere somehow attracted me, so I signed up at once. It also helped that Penn had given me the best financial deal, including tuition for as long as I wished to be a student, undergraduate and graduate, at the University of Pennsylvania!

I had no idea that within five minutes I had met and "spoken" with two of the most important people then involved in cultural and physical anthropology. The four fields approach at Penn was perfect for me as was the *laisse faire* attitude of the faculty. Until I recognized the discipline as encompassing these subfields of anthropology I assumed that all of the discipline was one happy whole. I did not know when Wallace's essential paper on revitalization (1956) had come out, and did not even know there was an *American Anthropologist* or any other scholarly journal. But I had found my home!

Anthropology at Penn originally seems to have been taught within The Museum, not the College, and only as a graduate program. I didn't even know there *was* a museum until months later. During much of the Anthropology program's early existence, courses in it were directed only to that graduate curriculum, although who authorized the granting of degrees and on what level appears to have been lost in the mists of time. The University appears to have awarded its first Ph. D. in Anthropology in 1909, to Frank Speck (see Kopytoff 2006). In 1913 Speck became chairman of the Anthropology department, perhaps then located within the College. Not until 1949 did the

Department return to a system of integration with courses offered at the Museum. The faculty in Anthropology remained very small, and certainly poorly paid. Gentleman scholars were the rule! And they were all men. My first female professor was at The University of Arizona during the summer of 1959, in what was perhaps the worst university course I had ever had. As I recall, she may have been the only female professor I had during my university career. Faculty at Penn who were without a private income struggled to earn a living. Wallace seems to have been among those dedicated scholars who put their studies above earning a living. Only now do I realize what that meant in terms of social class and social theory. Tony held posts outside the University, with his full time status in the department beginning only in 1961, when he was hired as the chairman of the department. An undergraduate major in Anthropology then required only seven or perhaps eight courses, but aside from the introduction and senior seminar there were only one or two other courses offered even offered at the undergraduate level. Majors in the department had to take graduate courses to complete the A.B., so I began my second freshman term with Alfred (Ted) Kidder's *Archaeology of South America*. I took it for the best of academic reasons; it fit my schedule. The course was offered at The University Museum, where Alfred Kidder II was part of its curatorial staff. It did not attract me to archaeology, but Ted was one of the most gracious of the faculty members then at Penn and by accident also became important to my major decisions while there.

During my six undergraduate semesters I was busy doing the things students are supposed to do, plus an excess of rowing during my first year. I then fell victim to financial needs, and gave up rowing in favor of work - becoming a substitute utility person in the Houston Hall dining services. This chance activity then was maintained for all my seven years in residence at Penn. During my undergraduate years I was an active and happy peon for the Philadelphia Anthropological Society (PAS). I now realize that all the unpaid activities of that time were considered a privilege, whereas today one has to pay students to do anything. At those monthly meetings of the PAS, and daily chat sessions in the Museum coffee shop, I met Tony (rarely) and Loren (possibly more rarely) and other notables in the

department - A. I. Hallowell, Ward Goodenough, David Sapir, Paul Friedrich, Ruben E. Reina, Robbins Burling, Dell Hymes and many others who only passed through. Guest speakers for the PAS were particularly impressive as they spoke on topics of immediate interest to anthropologists. Yet by the time I was ready to move on to graduate school in 1959 I had not tapped the classroom skills of "my own" faculty. By the time that I sought out Eiseley to discuss a graduate program, I had read Wallace's (1956) landmark paper, which I continue to evaluate as one of the most important works in anthropology. I had also read several of Eiseley's books, but never had had a course with either of these scholars. Eiseley, who became Provost in 1959, gave me the usual spiel about going elsewhere to graduate school, to get differing perspectives and whatever. I explained that I had never taken a course with him or Wallace, or several others there at Penn, and planned to stay at Penn for the real stuff. I also did not wish the hassle of applications and applying for money at another institution when I already had tuition for graduate school guaranteed, or so I had thought!

A plan emerged in my head to complete my undergraduate work with four summer graduate courses at The University of Arizona, a school with a department of some note - particularly in archaeology. If I liked it and could work out a program with them, I would simply stay there. Or, I could return to sunny Philadelphia and a better known faculty. I often tell people that had those four graduate courses, two in Anthropology and two in English, been my first four at any university, I should have become an English major and would have laughed at Anthropology as NOT being what I had thought it was. Memorizing lists of cultural traits is not even education! That summer I also had the best (and funniest) course I ever had at university (from Barney Childs, as I recall his name) and the worst, from S. Tanner, as I recall. I returned to Philadelphia related with the thought of being back in civilization and among noteworthy scholars doing real anthropology!

GETTING to KNOW WALLACE

In 1959 I began to take courses with the other Penn faculty notables, but Wallace's offerings were not at all impressive. His

shyness then appeared to me as diffidence, or a distractedness that was not inviting or encouraging. I had read (sort of) Wallace's volume on *Teedyuscung* (1949), taken from his master's dissertation, but at that time I was not at all interested in Native Americans or ethnohistory. Since I was not attracted to that stuff called History, nor aware of racism on any level, I did not realize what a landmark volume *Teedyuscung* was. I also took Tony's course that was the testing ground for *Culture and Personality* (1961), and found it insipid and filled with illogical ideas; rather like the Ruth Benedict format, and without any significant new insights. His course on *Primitive Religion* (those were the old days) resulted in a book (Wallace 1966) that was equally uninspiring. These courses did nothing to attract me to his area of anthropological studies. I never heard him mention his own field work in these classes, other than those studies involving mechanistic activities such as Rorschach testing and recording folk narratives. One of the older students in the graduate program was the first person I know to have ridiculed these aspects of Tony's work. I was (and still am) impressed by Tony's "Revitalization Movements" but still lacked the ability to provide a critical review of his contributions. Now that I look back, I know none of his students who went on to work with the Seneca or Tuscarora and can understand why. By 1961 I was rapidly drifting away from cultural anthropology in search of something about human behavior that was more orderly and predictive.

My limited interactions with Wallace only increased slightly after the Department moved to a wing of The University Museum. Eiseley was ensconced there in a grand office filling the apsidal end of one wing of the Museum. It was entered by ascending four or five stairs to a cathedral-like door. The main floor area of that wing was partitioned off into cubicles, a large one for the secretary and smaller ones for individual faculty. One of these was shared by the two or three graduate assistants in the department. At the opposite end of that area from Eiseley's office were stairways that led to an upper level in which were two large offices designated for Wallace and for Hallowell. In front of both these offices was a common area where PAS business, such as literally cranking out the *PAS BULLETIN* on a ditto-like machine, was conducted by student volunteers. We

were working with some form of stencil and high octane printing fluids in an enclosed space that would certainly not be allowed today. Both of these literally higher level faculty spent most of their time in these offices, and had to pass by the busy students typing and cranking the machine outside their doors. Both Wallace and Hallowell were always amenable to answering questions, and seemed to enjoy breaks from their labors, but Tony was far more reluctant to continue discussions after answering questions. He also seems to have had a secondary social life that was much discussed by the students, but all that stuff fell into the range of rumor to me. He had several children, four of the six by adoption I believe, but I couldn't recall the numbers let alone their names until reading Greg Urban's impressive memoir (2016). Tony once told me, perhaps shortly before my marriage, that the best possible arrangement was to deliver a paycheck to one's wife, never inquire as to how it was spent, and spend the least amount of time needed with the family! I thought that attitude quite odd, and very different from the organization of my parents' marriage. Only later did I put the rumors regarding his private life together with his verbalized attitude that had been expressed to a very naïve student. It also seemed inordinately personal in a department filled with people whose social interactions with students seemed limited, at best, to those few with whom they were working very closely.

During my graduate years I drifted into physical anthropology. In part this was because I had taken all the cultural courses that were available, as well as some linguistics. Wallace's publications were a major factor in me becoming disillusioned with cultural studies. Nothing as impressive and predictive as "revitalization" had appeared during my years of study, and traditional fieldwork among a specific culture did not call to me although Carleton Coon urged all of his students to do ethnography with the fast changing foraging (hunting-gathering) peoples of the world. Wallace was continuing his work with the Six Nations in New York, and Hallowell was winding down his field efforts. No one stepped out to point me in any specific direction and I was too passive and diffuse in my interests to look to the future. The relative predictability of skeletal studies attracted me as a means of addressing cultural questions. Medical anthropology had not yet been invented although I was

very interested in human biology and what it could say about culture. My "talents" were available for the taking.

Only by chance I happened to ask Ted Kidder about attending a conference in Germany and the availability of funding for travel. He asked why I wanted to go to Germany and to this meeting in particular. I acknowledged that I had never been out of the country and my chief interest was in doing something else and somewhere new. At that time Kidder was an official of The University Museum and working with the Tikal Project and its staff. He suggested that I might wish to do archaeological work in Guatemala. I replied "Germany; Guatemala; It's all Gees to me!" I gave him my phone number and soon received a squeaky voiced telephone call from William R. (Bill) Coe. My roommate thought it was a crank call, but took the number anyway. The next thing I knew, and that simply, in the summer of 1960 I was off to do field archaeology at what remains one of the more important Classic Maya sites in the Guatemalan lowlands. There I learned the most innovative methods of field archaeology, under the direct supervision of William A. (Bill) Haviland. As it turned out I did a great deal of skeletal analysis on the 100 or more skeletons that I recovered from the house mounds we were excavating over the next few seasons, but my attention was attracted by patterning in architecture and burials (Becker 1999).

Tony Wallace, Bill Krogman and Carleton Coon all expressed some interest in my decision to apply considerable effort to the archaeological part of the four-fields curriculum, but no one suggested an alternative course of study. I suspect that the physical anthropologists were miffed because I was not doing graduate work with them after being an equally eager student with both of them in their exciting courses. Nor were they wise enough, or prescient enough, or concerned enough to deflect me from a decision to write up the extensive archaeological field work from Tikal for a dissertation. And thus I became an archaeologist – sort of. This decision to do archaeology ultimately led me to quit the department and take a five year sojourn in Ohio. In 1963, the year I decamped for The University of Toledo, Betty (née Shillot) and Tony Wallace adopted the first of four children (Urban 2016: 9), as siblings to their two boys

born after the war, in the late 1940s. I had heard vaguely about the older boys, and mention was made of the first adoption (see Urban 2016: 9), but I never again heard reference made to any member of his biological family. In asking his former students and some people in New York who had known him since the 1950s, none seemed to know anything about his family. His adopted children were never mentioned, and his wife remained entirely unknown to them. What they recall is Tony's association with a student who was said to have attended the Iroquois Conference about 2003 or 2004 and presented a peculiar paper. During those years, as I well recall, attendance at these meetings was dangerously low and all attendees were closely scrutinized by the in-group – as if we all were members of a very small community. Minor personal features or odd behaviors were remembered more clearly than names.

During the five years that I spent teaching in Ohio I actually did do a bit of archaeology at Native American sites, many of them dating from the Contact Period. During that same period Wallace had published his book on religion (1966), which I find wanting. He also had begun working on his Seneca classic (1970), but at that time I was focused strongly on Maya archaeology. Wallace seemed to be much less shy than before. In 1969 Tony published a long review of a volume by David Schneider (1968). Tony's insightful critique particularly addressed the roles of "cousins" within "American kinship terminology. Were "American" cousin categories similar to siblings, and largely excluded as marriage partners, or were they more like British and Continental "cousins" who are preferred mates? Tony's Canadian-British heritage provided an important perspective on these terms, but he and others failed to recognize social class and ethnic backgrounds as important variables within American society.

I returned to my endeavors as a doctoral candidate at Penn just as David Schneider's book came out. In 1968 I accepted a position at nearby West Chester to be in a physical location from which I could face down a difficult dissertation supervisor (everyone says that; but see Becker 2011). Tony was still chairman of the department and facilitated my re-entry into formal candidacy for the doctorate, a feat that I appreciate more

every day. Loren Eiseley, who had lost a huge amount of weight following some health problems, and the rest of the Penn faculty were wonderfully supportive of my renewed efforts to wrestle a degree. During the years when I was away they had seen student after student abandon their studies with William Coe. I had been the first of them to leave, and was followed by a long list of Mayanists. Robert Dyson's review of my dissertation was essential to moving it to completion. Tony and others backed me up in my doctoral exams. They provided essential support and encouragement in what was a very strange situation. Thanks to Ruben E. Reina the doctorate was awarded in 1971.

At that time I did not realize that there were two minor aspects of my career at Penn that paralleled Tony Wallace's history. First, he had taken all three of his degrees from Penn, although his undergraduate degree was in history. Perhaps that was why he backed me when I decided to do my graduate degrees at Penn. I now wonder why he had stayed at Penn when he completed his doctorate and had good job offers at Wisconsin and Yale. He did not receive a tenure track post at Penn until years later (see Urban 2016: 6). Tony had also held a position at Eastern Pennsylvania Psychiatric Institute when I met him in 1956, and was not full-time at Penn until 1961. Many years later I elected to stay within the Penn orbit, but the impressive department was but a minor reason for me. Second, both of us had been teaching assistants to Loren Eiseley. I've heard students who were in graduate school at Penn during that earlier period when Tony was a T. A. refer to Loren as "the Great Ape" and Tony as "a lesser primate." I have no idea what I was called in the classes supposedly taught by Eiseley when I was substituting for him, but assume it was a far less kind epithet. Loren signed one of his books to me as "Your absentee professor."

During my years at West Chester University, all of the faculty at Penn, including Tony, seemed eager to receive invitations to speak in the West Chester Anthropology Club Speakers Series. They were happy to come out to this far suburb for a great meal and a small honorarium, and to share their latest research with students who really were interested in what these scholars had to say. The attending students received no extra

credit, no free lunch, and nothing other than the pleasure of some very fine lectures from the absolute best in the field. These eager students also generally attended meetings of the PAS and enjoyed seeing these same Penn faculty members and various speakers when they attended national meetings of the American Anthropological Association. These undergraduates were uniformly treated as if they were graduate students at Penn, and were pleased to be part of the anthropological community.

In the latter phase of his scholarship Tony wrote two important volumes, both of which won numerous awards. In the early 1970s Tony had been conducting research for the first of these, the Rockdale community. This happened to be the area of Aston Township (Delaware County, PA) in which he had lived since 1954 (Wallace 1978b). This "village" is located quite close to West Chester. He kindly involved several of these West Chester students in working with him on various matters relating to that community. Tony also extended an invitation to me to conduct archaeological work at the site in conjunction with his historical studies. Although I was doing some extensive archaeology at a nearby Swedish colonial governor's house, I declined to join him in working at this late-period industrial site. Of interest, and relating to Wallace's work, was that by that time I had begun research on the archaeology and ethnohistory of the Lenape of southwestern Pennsylvania. This enabled me to distinguish them from the Lenopi of southern New Jersey, the tribe into which Teedyuscung had been born (Becker 1987). In effect, many of my publications, specifically on Teedyuscung and others of his kin group, complemented and expanded the work that Wallace had done. I was, at first, puzzled by Tony's complete lack of interest in the direction of this work. I thought that he would be pleased that someone, particularly one that he could lay claim to as a student, was expanding upon his work and uncovering details of culture history that had not previously been considered. Over the years I came to realize that in many ways Tony was his father's son, a historian concerned with telling a tale, and not engaging in scientific research to formulate questions, and then to make an effort to answer them.

Thus it was no big surprise to me that Tony left his studies in New York to "explore" matters having to do with

more southern groups of Native Americans (Wallace 1993). Rather than investigating details or aspects of the cultural histories of the Tuscarora or Seneca, or of Teedyuscung's Lenopi, Wallace turned to Andrew Jackson's activities among the Cherokee and neighboring tribes. This critique of the past, rather than attempting to understand and describe it, continued with "Jefferson and The Indians" (1999) in which he speculates on alternative paths that might have been taken. These books strike me as popular history, far removed from anthropological enquiry. Tony never describes a successful encounter and how any specific program of cultural interaction has resulted in some form of "compatibility." Only Hauptman's study (this volume) has clarified my understanding of Wallace's very liberal point of view – one that I find ignores aspects of culture that detract from a model of Native groups as being put upon and suffering at the hands of dreaded invaders. Tribal societies confronting state societies, or the aspects of a "capitalist" system involved in world trade networks, may have their problems, but I believe that all people have choices. Those choices may be structured, and perhaps limited by cultural constraints, but all societies face challenges of varying types and my research reveals that members of each culture make a wide variety of responses to change. In general, like the Seneca (Wallace 1970a) they have the potential to morph in ways that assure survival even as cultural boundaries disintegrate around them. Perhaps, in his last decade, Tony was beginning to recognize some of the many failings of his early research and to contemplate a more descriptive ethnographic idea. However, I find that his history of the Tuscarora (Wallace 2012) is a rather limited and pedestrian study.

One of the several lectures that Tony delivered at West Chester was extremely well illustrated. At Penn the archaeologists commonly used good illustrations in their lectures, but with rare exception the cultural people were less inclined to employ visuals. After the lecture, I noticed that Tony was not to be seen at the coffee and tea reception. The venue was an historic house then owned by the University and located north of West Chester. Tony was outside the building standing by himself; taking in the scenery. I went out and chatted with him for a bit, about the lecture topic, then noted how impressed I had

been by the visuals. He lit up as if he had been awarded a significant prize! Tony had taken all the slides himself, and was vastly more pleased by that accomplishment than anything else I had ever known him to discuss. It was only at that point that I realized how shy he was.

After Hallowell's death, Tony wrote a long memorial piece for the National Academy of Sciences (Wallace 1980). In it Tony traced, in effect, his academic lineage extending back through Hallowell to Frank Speck, who briefly studied with Franz Boas, and from Boas ultimately to Immanuel Kant. Tony had some illustrious students (see Urban 2016: 10), and I should like to be included in those ranks, but I qualify only as an adjunct member of that lineage. My intellectual roots at Penn were more aligned with Carlton Coon and William M. Krogman, my professors of physical anthropology. My archaeological roots come from Ted Kidder and Bill Haviland. My interest in history and philosophy of science, which I often discussed with Eiseley, emerged by chance during a phase of my doctoral research demanded by Bill Coe, my official supervisor, and encouraged by Gordon Willey (Becker 1979). What I know about ethnohistory is entirely self-taught and has no real connection with the kind of work that Tony was doing.

Tony's work continued to flow during the period up to and far beyond his retirement. News of his activities, beyond published works, came to me largely indirectly. He did not seem to be a consistent attendee at the Iroquois Research Conferences, nor was I. In 2008 he was moderating a session to which I submitted a paper specifically to force myself to attend the meetings and give me the opportunity to see him again. The papers were the usual assortment at such a gathering, and I believe that none of them were ever published, including my own poking fun at Natives making fanciful claims to wampum belts that then were held in museums. I confess that I did not realize Tony's political positions, nor how much they influenced his field studies. I laughed when I saw him at dinner at the 2008 conference, self-seated off to one side in the dining area with a clutch of equally shy or otherwise unfriendly historians, including the late Barbara Graymont. When I went to chat with them I found them in no mood to chat. They were less than

collegial. In fact, I found their lack of social graces to be a telling aspect of their behavior and their varying forms of scholarship. Their comportment led me to resist making all the funny remarks that were running through my head; quips that one can make at the expense of people whom one believes to be behaving poorly or just plain wrong. I never saw Tony again.

Tony's contribution to the discipline of Anthropology included the presidency and extensive service with the American Anthropological Association. Despite his studies among the Tuscarora and Seneca, and long friendship with William Fenton, Tony was not particularly supportive of the annual Iroquois Conference. The internal politics, desultory if not questionable scholarship, and close up view of representatives from the various Iroquoian tribes may have been problematical in his view. The "papers" presented during decades of these conferences were generally ephemeral, and only very rarely published anywhere. Unlike the selected papers from "The Algonquian Conference," which have come out annually for more than 40 years, the Iroquoian scholars had failed to produce a similar publication until the very last years of Tony's life. The introduction *Iroquoia* now offers a venue for serious papers in the field, and a journal that Tony would have been proud to support. The 2016 meeting included some impressive papers relating to Tony, including transcriptions and the playing of digitally remastered recordings that Tony made on a wire recorder (Merriam, this volume). Wallace appears in a photograph at a recording session in 1948 together with the Tuscarora Dan Smith and Nellie Gansworth (Urban 2016: 6, fig.). I wondered if Wallace had ever provided copies of these recordings or transcriptions of them to these people or to the Tuscarora Tribal Council, and if so – what has become of them? Aside from Merriam's important preservation of these voices from the past, I was most impressed by the strength, power and clarity of Wallace's voice on these recordings! Never in speaking with him directly or listening to his lectures had I heard him as confident, well-spoken, and self-assured as on those tapes. This auditory record reveals a personality that corresponds with his legacy to the discipline of Anthropology

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ANTHONY FRANCIS CLARK WALLACE

WENDY BISSELL
TUSCARORA NATION

A hefty name for a humble man. Most people he introduced us to called him "Dr. Wallace." We called him "Tony."

We all grew to love him and apparently he felt the same way about us because he kept returning to Tuscarora. Eventually, he stayed.

Our bond improved his life and ours. We taught each other and laughed a lot. He became welcomed in our Tuscarora Community and belonged to the Tuscarora Historical Society, participated in Tuscarora Temperance gatherings, worked with us in the food booth at the Annual Tuscarora Nation Picnic and almost attended the Tuscarora Baptist Church Sunday service once. He kept his spiritual beliefs to himself. He had no religious beliefs.

He first met me the year I was born, 1949. We were meant to be family.

Tony loved being the observer. We miss him, miss his knowledge, and miss his soft laughter.

Nya:we for the opportunity to talk about your friend. He loved this conference and looked forward to coming every year.

Yeh sen aruh creh

Wendy Bissell