

what he called "this latest turn" in the unfolding and quite tense effort at desegregation? Yes, for sure—and two days later I was in his office. He was then in his sixties, had seen a lot happen; he was called "Mr. McGill" by everyone in Atlanta, he was a big eminence for that city's privileged people; indeed, for many he was "Mr. Atlanta," though for many others a "nigger-lover," a "commie," the swearwords that poured out of the mouths of frightened, confused, enraged, and vulnerable people (some of whom, by then, I had come to know in the course of my research). We talked about his daily column, his attempt, thereby, to "educate" his readers. He kept coming back to that word, even told me that when he sat down at his typewriter he often closed his eyes and imagined a classroom, with young people sitting before him. Then, he asked himself: "What is the lesson of the day—what should I try to say, and how should I say it so that I'll be given the respectful attention of those thousands and thousands of readers?" He pursued that line of thinking in other ways: "You don't hector a classroom"—I still remember that comment because the word "hector" was occasionally used by my dad but no one else I knew. Mr. McGill explained one truism with another: "Pacing matters"—and I began to realize, as he talked, that he had been trying for years to change the moral and racial climate in Atlanta through his columns, always coming back to the subject, yet doing so in a way that didn't exhaust the patience of his readers. Another of his truisms: "You don't overdo your stay"—and he let me know that he quite consciously controlled the frequency of his references to racial tensions so that he'd continue to have some "credibility" with his readers.

Writers and Readers, Leaders and Followers

With that word he saw on my face a frown that I didn't know I'd shown. Then he got me consciously annoyed when he asked me where I'd grown up, how long I'd been "down South." He also asked me how old I was and where I'd gone to school. I recall thinking that this encounter was not going well at all—I remember, too, thinking of some

white southerners I'd come to meet in SNCC meetings; Bob Zellner, for instance, who came from Alabama, and didn't ever, to my ear, get called Mr. Zellner, and never "paced" his expressed disapproval of segregation in all its forms, no matter the consequences for him (repeated arrests, jailings). I was getting ready to leave—a spell of silence had fallen on this newspaper office. Then a shift in Mr. McGill's manner and talk, both. He got up, went to a filing cabinet, opened it, rummaged through obviously packed stacks of folders, pulled out some, brought them back to his desk, examined them, then started sharing their contents with me. Here were letters of approval and disapproval, messages of gratitude and contempt, expressions of loyalty and outright hate, promises of remembrance ("I will never forget what you wrote . . .") and threats of confrontation, even murder ("You just wait until . . ."). I was struck by how familiar he was with these many letters, how they still commanded his reflective interest. I was also struck by the way he used the letters: they affected him deeply, and he took them very seriously. He told me that he tried to answer every letter sent him, those of approval and those of disagreement or condemnation—and that as he wrote he thought of those who had written to him: a writer very much aware of his readers, a writer handing them along, addressing them, giving voice to their concerns. The only exception were letters written by obviously disturbed people, whose writing is incoherent: "I'm no psychiatrist, but over the years I've learned to make a diagnosis of 'insanity' or 'psychosis.' I get letters that are impossible to understand—those I throw out." Not too long out of my psychiatric residency then, I took special note of what he said. I'd worked with schizophrenic patients but hadn't read any of their letters—hadn't, actually, realized that the incoherence, the jumbled thinking that I heard in those clinical encounters could also be shared with strangers on paper.

The matter of "craziness," in fact, very much interested Mr. McGill. He spoke at length not about the craziness of particular "mental patients," but that of society—"those times," he put it, "when people are encouraged to get out of control," to do "wild or wicked things" that are "very destructive." He brought up Adolf Hitler—it was only fifteen

or so years after Hitler's suicide in his Berlin bunker in 1945. What did I think of him, psychiatrically? He was an evil monster, a mass murderer—that was what I thought of him; and I made clear my distaste for the psychiatric classification of public figures like Hitler and Stalin, whom I wanted to regard morally. Yes, Mr. McGill saw my point, but he *did* think those two were "sick" in the "ordinary, commonsense" version of sickness: one a rabid, agitated hater, the other a "paranoid manipulator" who trusted no one and played everyone against the other. Moreover, he reminded me, both of them were "leaders, heads of state, dictators who ruled millions"—so, what to make of *that*? I pointed out, unremarkably, that they were *evil* leaders—and he said yes, but he thought that each of them "reflected" the psychology of "plenty of their followers." At that point I took strong issue—said I thought the word "manipulate" should be substituted for "reflect." No, he wasn't at all sure that would do—there's a lot of "real craziness" out there, and certain leaders, he felt, "give voice to it." He handed over to me, again, a batch of letters that were comprehensible, or full of intensely felt hate or envy or both, and he said that his mail, constantly heavy with such stuff, was surely a mere "drop in the bucket": there are "ten or twenty," he ventured, "potential letters" at least, of a similar nature for every one he received. I wasn't in the mood, it seemed, to go along. I pointed out that even if his statistics were correct, that hardly made for a majority of Georgia's population. Letter writers aren't to be equated with everyone—they aren't Emerson's "representative" citizens. He disagreed—he'd been "in the business" long enough to know what the high volume of mail he received meant with respect to public opinion: "I'll open up but two or three letters, only two or three, and I can sense what's out there."

We were obviously talking about the relationship between various kinds of leaders and their followers, be they voters, readers, students, or in the case of young Hitler and young Stalin, party members. McGill, the veteran journalist, saw the leader as someone who "picked up on" (his phrase) "what was out there" (another phrase he kept using), even as he regarded himself as a teacher who had a sense, again, "of what was out there," and was trying through words to "address" it.

another word he favored. I wasn't sure what that last word entailed: how did he address the wide spectrum of readers whose eyes happened upon his words every day? After all, by now most of them had likely concluded who he was, what his values and beliefs were. By his own description, "a large number," alas, tossed him aside, scorned his social and racial views. He was enraging them, inflaming them, not reaching or teaching them. As for others, he himself had said to me at one point that he worried about "preaching to the converted," another truism that clearly crossed his mind rather often: "[To do so is] a great temptation, and the better-known you are, the greater the risk [of that taking place]."

Still, there were "plenty of people," he insisted, who were "uncertain"; and he pushed the psychological matter hard, asserted a complexity, an inconsistency, a contradiction, even, in the minds, the values and ideals, of "thousands" of his readers, whom he described as "ordinary folks," as "torn" by their "mixed feelings" and therefore as much in need of "whatever help they can get in sorting things out." In that regard, he reminded me, a newspaper editorialist or columnist can be a "therapist"; the same holds, naturally, for politicians. Then one more truism: "People look to others for help in knowing what they should do with all the ideas that cross their minds." Why, he himself did so—before he wrote certain columns, he picked up the phone, dialed certain people whose reactions and opinions mattered a lot to him. They, too, he claimed, "stood for others"—he mentioned, in example, businessmen, educators, clergymen, professional people, working people, and of course, various public officials, not to mention other journalists: "If I'm not sure where I'm hoping to end up on a subject, that's when I'll put out lots of calls for help—I'll sound them out."

I sat there thinking how morally dangerous such an approach could end up being—a fishnet ethics. He must have seen the smugness in my face. He patiently began to explain to a thirty-two-year-old physician with no experience, then, of journalism or politics, how a city is run—the way the mayor and the business owners and the newspaper officials (the editors, the publishers) "stay in touch." Of course they do, I now know. But in his office, I was learning a good deal about leader-

ship as it gets exerted (and I was learning a good deal about my own ignorance, too). He enjoyed explaining all of that to me—I now realized that he recognized right off my naïveté, understood that I was, actually, a stand-in for many of his readers. After about fifteen minutes of such explication, and a few questions about Donita that he had forgotten to put to me, he suggested that we meet again, this time for lunch, at a place called the Capital City Club. "You'll need a coat and tie, and slightly more formal pants," he told me, looking at my khakis and open shirt.

We had several of those lunches, and Mr. McGill also allowed me to tape two of our talks in his office (where, well-fed, indeed, we repaired after the glamour of those times at "the Club"). I'd never been in such a place, and told him so. He laughed, made me feel comfortable by letting me know that he'd never been in a psychiatric hospital, or "in the homes of the kind of Negro folks you're visiting here in this city." He saw that once I saw that club, saw and heard him saying hello to various big shots—got from him an informal résumé, of a kind—I didn't need any formal lectures on upper-class urban sociology, on wealth and influence and how they bear not only on business and politics (and yes, university life) but on the very people I was getting to know, the poor people of a great city who were African-American and the only somewhat less vulnerable working-class white people with whom Donita Gaines had recently gone to school. In one of our postprandial conversations, he told me this—gave me information that was no secret, of course, but never quite put forward, I believed, quite the way he did then: "What you saw in New Orleans [during the school desegregation crisis of 1960] with your own eyes—the mobs that turned that city upside down for a while—we saw up here [in Atlanta] on our television sets, and read about in the papers. By 'we' I mean our business and political leaders. The mayor called me up and said, 'A sure way to ruin a city!' He added, 'We're trying to make Atlanta a business hub, and street riots will tear down everything we've done—stop us in our tracks!' 'Yes, sir,' was my answer!

"It didn't take us long to get going on a plan to avoid what had happened in Little Rock and New Orleans. We talked with the leaders of

the city—the heads of the banks and the stores and the companies and the universities and the church people (they're very important) and the professional groups: I knew all those folks, but it was a real education, first touching base with them, and then pulling them together—but in a quiet way. We didn't want to seem to be running things—people don't want orders coming down to them from some 'group' up there on top of some skyscraper building! We had public relations people advising us and we had 'lines' out to the governor, the state people, and to 'the Feds.' I was in constant touch with Robert Kennedy and the people around him, the attorney general. The Kennedy administration really wanted this thing [school desegregation] to *work*, work without violence, and that makes a difference: when there are clear signals coming from political leaders up there, telling you what they want and what they'll do to achieve what they want—well, it makes a *big* difference. We came up with that slogan, 'A City Too Busy to Hate,' and that said it all—the message was there, plain and simple: you'll hold on to your job, or you'll get a job or you'll get a better job than you have, if you just let this go through without creating an uproar. Hey, it's the law of the land; you live in America, and the law rules here, so let it be and count your blessings—that you're making a living and things are going good in the economy, so you'll keep making a living. That was the message, rock-bottom."

I wondered aloud whether there was any disagreement voiced during the various meetings he described with "groups of important people." No, not really—though some did express "moral reservations" about a "pitch" that was so blatantly economic, when in fact the "real issue" was "right versus wrong." One minister, Frank Ross, who was the rector of All Saints Church on Peachtree Street at the edge of the downtown area, doubted "people would be fooled." He was eloquent in his conviction that the "intelligence of the ordinary person" was being "insulted" by what he regarded as a "campaign aimed at the stomach," when it's "the head and the heart that are the issue here." Mr. McGill, himself an Episcopal layman (he attended St. Philip's Church, farther up Peachtree Street in a well-to-do suburban area) admitted to being touched by that remonstrance—yet he was "a practical

man," he declared in his office that day, as indeed he had declared to himself after some deliberation: "Frank was reminding us that there's a moral side to all this, and Lord, I agreed then and I still do. But that's the bottom-line question we were trying to answer: how do you lead a troubled and divided city so that you avoid violence and a deterioration of the social order? How do you help change to take place—social and racial change? How do you lead people—so that you're doing good for them, for all of us as a city, and you're also just plain doing good? Those aren't questions you answer by looking them up in some textbook! I'm not even sure you find the answers, the *specific* answers to them in the Bible—general principles, yes, but in the here and now of this daily life, you've got to improvise and plan and think ahead and calculate and see if you can be pragmatic while still keeping your eye on what you're trying to do and where you're trying to go."

There he stopped, lowered his head, and stared at the floor for a second or two. When his eyes were back at a horizontal level, a smile crossed his face, and he extended his right arm as if he were surveying a countryside, or maybe preparing a listening audience for a pronouncement—and then these words: "I don't believe that 'might makes right,' or that jobs are the only thing. Hell, I've lived long enough to see Hitler give the German people plenty of jobs—and a bellyful of hate. I've told the ministers and the teachers, both white and Negro: let's just get us all through this crisis and avoid violence, and then the kids [in the desegregated schools] will learn to get on together, and before you know, we'll have this behind us, and the city will prosper and the races will have a bit more understanding of one another, because there will be some growing contact. That's about it—what we've been hoping to get done. Sure, it's 'incremental change,' that's what this sociology professor at Emory called it. I asked him what other kind of change he had in mind—in mind for us. That's when one of the ministers answered for him: 'A change of our thinking, our assumptions, a change of heart.' Sure, who's against that? Well, to tell you the truth, *lots* of people! That's the big problem, the way people hold on tight to what they believe—you're lucky if you can nudge them away, and sometimes the only way, or the best way, is to remind them of what

they want, and remind them that you can't have everything, and you have to make your accommodations in this life. That's what leadership is often about—reminding people of 'the facts of life,' and trying to make sure you strike the best deal for the most people.

"That's being ethical, I'd say—an ethical kind of leadership: let's get on with being an expanding, prosperous city, and stop this mean, bad-mouthing behavior between the races!"

Now he was staring right at me, his eyes fixed on mine. I blinked, and for a second I became the one looking at the floor. I said nothing. I thought I should nod—that's what he wanted—but I couldn't. I half agreed with what I'd heard, was convinced of its shrewd truth, but it also sounded too neat and pat and self-serving—and I felt in my head the presence of some of those civil rights workers I'd been getting to know, not to mention the children in New Orleans and Atlanta, who were, often enough, hearing plenty of hate, no matter how "busy" (that slogan!) they kept trying to be. I recall looking at my tape recorder, thinking of other kinds of eloquence that had come its way (from those young people), and wishing, then and there, by some piece of magic, that those voices would start speaking, loud and clear, so the two of us in that place of power would be stopped in our tracks, moved to think anew, prodded to explore different aspects of the moral and social terrain Mr. McGill had just surveyed with obvious sincerity, no small amount of intensity, and for sure, plain old savvy and plenty of practicality.

4. LILLIAN SMITH, AN "UNREALISTIC VISIONARY": THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN "PRETEND LEADERSHIP" AND "REAL MORAL LEADERSHIP"

Up on a mountain in north Georgia, in Clayton, where Lillian Smith, the novelist and social essayist, lived amidst the high, lonely beauty of the pines, and views that carried the eyes across dozens of miles, the word "practicality" was not greeted with outbursts of ap-

plause. Jane and I first went to see Miss Lill—as so many of her friends called her, and as she tried, unsuccessfully, to get us to address her—at both her written then spoken invitation. On the phone she suggested we initially pay her a weekend visit, and she was right: it took some time, as she had predicted in a long letter to Jane and me, for us, a generation and more her junior, and Yankees born and bred, to make certain connections, even to understand certain assumptions that informed her life, as against the kind we two had lived. She was a great storyteller, of course—and an inventive, industrious cook. By Sunday afternoon we had “clicked”—and then, more phone conversations, correspondence, return visits. We read all she’d ever published, the novels and the essays—with much in them on the subject of race; and besides, we learned of the price she paid for her unflinching stand, as far back as the 1930s, with respect to the desirability, the necessity of thoroughgoing (as opposed to nominal) integration. Her novel *Strange Fruit* carries the matter as far as it can go: a story of miscegenation—banned, incidentally, in Boston in 1947, when it was published. Her house was once burned down by the Klan. She was called “every name in the book—and then some.” Her life was constantly threatened. But most painful of all for her, as she looked back at her then fast-disappearing life (she had cancer and would die in 1966), was the treatment she got at the hands of a host of southern “liberals and intellectuals.”

Miss Lill could be icily ironic, if not sardonic, as she recalled the way “moderates” constantly tried to gauge “how far they could go” in championing this or that piece of legislation meant to further racial “progress.” She was especially mindful of certain landmark moments—for instance, the anti-lynching efforts of the 1930s and 1940s, or the struggle to extend voting rights to African-Americans. Not that either of those long-fought battles had been decisively won even in the early 1960s, when we met, talked, and exchanged letters. But her memory was detailed, at times unforgiving, and, for Jane and me, startling in its factual command, its moral energy, its occasional moral ferocity: “The Negro people of our South have carried many burdens these past

centuries but none as pointless (if ‘educational’ for anyone interested) as the so-called moderates, who have always prided themselves (and gauged themselves!) as one to two millimeters ahead of the pack in their sublime and hugely generous ‘tolerance for our fine colored citizens.’ Please excuse me if I shock you two with some of the ugly, stock phrases of the past, the self-congratulatory drivel that passed for ‘progress,’ no less, just a few years ago, and *now*, too.”

She was a great talker. Sentences poured from her, well-wrought ones, vehemently or tenderly expressed. She moved effortlessly from the prophetic to the pastoral, from the abstract (usually psychological in nature) to the concrete. She had been a close friend of the New York psychoanalyst Lawrence Kubie, and she summoned easily and a touch proudly at times a learned psychodynamic vocabulary (in 1963, in Atlanta, a measure of her intellectual boldness). I had no great admiration for that way of putting things; I’d also learned it, and was trying to hold on to its wisdom but set aside the reflexive, incantatory use of it that could so readily deteriorate into a reductionist jargon. But Miss Lill, with her vigorously demonstrative manner of narrative presentation, her astute eye for the telling moment, her mastery of social detail and, too, historical backdrop, was psychologically inviting—she had Jane and me attentively awake with her various interpretations, explanations, and pronouncements. We yearned, at times, for humor—but listen, here was one hell of a courageous southern lady whose talent and energy had been expended for decades on behalf of individuals and causes that other, more “respectable” people had shunned outright or only warily approached as worthwhile.

As we talked about the children I was getting to know in New Orleans and Atlanta, and their schoolteachers, Miss Lill asked pointed questions. She was enormously helpful in her conjectures about Donita Gaines, Donita’s reasons for wanting to “retire from the ring, stop fighting it all,” to return to an “all-black world.” Miss Lill would probe psychoanalytically, go back to her youth as “a white southern lady,” refer to her “suppositions,” and then (once or twice) take note of the evident gratitude on Jane’s face or mine—not so much to point

something out as to keep an explicit record of where we all were conversationally. At one juncture, *The Atlanta Constitution* came up—a remark by Jane about its influence, across the color line, on the families we were visiting. Miss Lill nodded and launched into a discursive, spoken essay on journalism in the pretelevision era, and its “nervous accommodation” to “monied interests,” a phrase she used repeatedly as she relayed instance after instance—all the way back to the segregationist Tom Watson’s political career (just as Elaine Vogel had handed over Watson’s southern political life so regularly and unforgettably to her students).

At one point, I lauded Ralph McGill’s columns, their clearheaded decency, their sustained civility and goodness of heart. She froze for a second. Now it was me who noted her “psychology”—and who was becoming plain worried that I had said the wrong thing. She gathered herself together, managed a feint chord of agreement (“I can see how you’d feel that way”), even went further by acknowledging “McGill’s essential intent” as a spokesman for “law and order,” for “pieties,” she called them, such as “good human relations,” “a peaceful approach to racial problems,” “progress for all people of both races.”

Yet eventually she launched an across-the-board critique of the very journalism she’d just praised, and specifically evoked that phrase “moral leadership,” which I’d sometimes heard in a New Orleans classroom: “For years I’ve heard the same argument—it’s dinning in my ears: you can only push so far so fast; you have to be sensitive to the ‘limits of possibility’; you have to couch your message in language that won’t threaten people too much; slow progress is the best kind, because it really lasts; only a change in the hearts of people will solve this racial problem—and on and on. Who can really disagree with all of that? I’ll say it: I can—I feel I must! I’ve lived long enough to see what *pretended leadership* doesn’t do and *real moral leadership* can accomplish—and I have to say, there’s a big difference there! Until a moral leader arrives and ‘breaks the mold,’ every rationalization and excuse, every ‘high-octane gas talk’ (people around here call it) seems plausible, seems absolutely correct. That’s the trouble with those newspaper editorialists—they sit there and *gauge*, and *measure*, and *calibrate*, even

though they know full well, *damn* well, what’s the right decision—but they’re always hemming and hawing, trying to get it *just* right: that means (get it, say it) so that all their ‘constituencies’ clap and clap, and especially the businesspeople, who buy those pages of advertisements, and, of course, the owners, the publishers, who are themselves first and foremost businessmen.

“I don’t mean to launch a tirade at businessmen—or at newspaper people. I guess I’m just tired of letting their rationales be regarded as ‘the truth,’ or what will *work*, what is *practical*. That’s what everyone thinks—until someone comes along, like those SNCC young people you’re studying, or Dr. King, and says, ‘Hey, no, this just won’t do no longer! Enough is enough!’ Then, you’ll notice, everyone goes scurrying to catch up, to adjust their talk to this new ‘reality.’ You want to hear something? I was told by a friend of mine who is also a friend of Ralph McGill’s that he said, ‘Thank God for Lillian Smith!’ You know why? I could make him seem like a moderate! That’s what I mean—this craze for ‘the mean’! The issue isn’t what’s right, but who’s where on some ‘spectrum’—it’s like the blind leading the blind, that kind of leadership, the leadership of clever, self-serving calculation!

“Oh, I’m getting on my high horse and preaching (or ranting!). But it’s so sad to read his columns and know that he’s got a ruler, a rich boss, sitting right there beside that typewriter of his, and he’s measuring, measuring away, and he’s watching his every word, so he can cover *this* base and *that* base, and come out ‘all right’ with the people who ‘matter.’ Then all of a sudden, out of nowhere (that’s always how it is, how it happens!) someone stands up and says something or does something—to say can be to do!—and then someone says yes, I’m with you, and someone else [goes along], and you know what? The whole climate changes, the whole ‘reality’ that those ‘realists’ hold so sacred is blown away, and they go rushing around to ‘catch up’—they readjust their slide rules to calibrate this new shape of things! A few folks up until now dismissed as peripheral are suddenly at the very center of things—and that’s what’s called the making of history, or the process of change!”

Unrealistic Visionaries

"Thank God for the people who help us all go that way—who take the big chance, who aren't 'utilitarian' and 'pragmatic,' but are 'unrealistic visionaries.' Once, when he was trying to be complimentary, Mr. McGill called me that [last description]—of course, with the word 'unrealistic' he was taking a big swipe at some of us who have tried to say what we believe is right. And you want to know something? Our foes, the segregationists, they know what's going on—they don't miss themselves a trick! I got into a jab with one of them in the post office a year or so ago, he said, 'Miss Lill, at least we know the truth of where you're at—a lot of people, they're dodging around, and trying to dance to whatever tune will make them the most dough and get them an invite to the big house on the hill!' I've never forgotten that, I didn't have that tape recorder of yours around. I didn't need it! I can hear his every word in my head. I don't want to forget it. I wish Mr. McGill could hear what that fellow said when he started with his 'Miss Lill.' "

She is, finally, tired. She looks longingly at an ample couch across the room, and at her desk, with its inviting stack of papers, books. She sags a bit in her chair, reaches for a nutcracker amidst a bowl of walnuts, contemplates them, starts her cracking—though she doesn't eat the "meat" she's obtained through her concerted, noisy exertions. She smiles at what she is doing, gives us a knowing, psychoanalytically informed wink—the satisfaction of getting to the heart of the matter, and yes, the irony of this affirmation of herself as a "Georgia cracker," a term of derision thrown at working people who don't hold "advanced views."

She had, earlier on, launched into a populist critique of those who claim for themselves "advanced views" but who are, when push comes to shove, "moral cowards," so she called them. She was tired of "Emory cocktail parties" or "Buckhead [an upper class neighborhood north of Atlanta] smart salons." She preferred a blunt exchange, such as she described taking place in the post office. She'll "take every time" someone

who's "open and clean" with that he or she believes, to someone who "watches every word," "sniffs the direction of the wind before saying a word." The "end" was near, she knew—and she was, "these days," remembering her remarks of decades ago, called "wild" and "loony" and "way out" and "miles away from the mainstream," and now, very much "accepted," "conventional." She hopes, on her "final morning," she'll be able to smile at that turn of events—"right at this time," though, she is still feeling "the emotion of disgust," a strong word, she admits. But then, the matters she just mentioned (the way people privately and publicly come to regard other people, and for which reasons) are "big moral shadows that stalk us throughout our life," so she says she has never wanted to forget: "The price we can pay for the acceptance, the approval we try so hard to obtain from others—the cost of yearning every minute, every day, to please."

No wonder she became, for so many, one of the "big moral shadows" she mentioned, her life a huge lesson to her readers and others who knew of her—that moral leadership is best exerted in deeds, that it can be undermined by asserted platitudes and pretenses that have no real connection to a person's experiences or daily manner of being. At times Jane and I felt her to be cranky and difficult, all too demanding, even overbearing in her mix of righteousness—her psychology perhaps a reminder of the vocational hazards that can accompany a vigorously affirmed moral leadership. Yet her poignant, provocative, and pointed comments—about what a moralist or a moral leader can accomplish for listeners and readers (of which she had many during a long writing and lecturing life) inhabited our minds for long spells.