

Finally, I think that the task is to elaborate new priorities and remember past agonies simultaneously, a goal Balan seems at times to advocate. It is impossible for contemporary South Africans not to deal with the apartheid past, which is not a distant memory but a recent reality with ongoing implications, both material and sociological, for the construction of the new South Africa. It is with the aim of dealing with the past constructively that Albie Sachs and others have been working on the project of the South African Truth and Reconciliation Commission. The commission intends to create a forum in which the atrocities of the apartheid era will be recognized, but no punishment of individuals against whom testimony is recorded is to take place. The commission is an attempt to take a collective hand in revealing the truth and announcing it for all to see, as something necessary to the entire community, not dependent on retributive justice for its significance.

The decision not to use the commission to judge and punish individuals is, of course, contentious in some quarters. The contention demonstrates that it is not always easy to relive past realities without animosity, as Balan proposes that it might be. Although I admire Balan's goal, I have never found it possible to look, for example, at the much publicized photograph of the body of Hector Peterson, the thirteen-year-old boy shot by the police during the 1976 Soweto schoolchildren's uprising, without experiencing both shock and animosity. I do not think that animosity is always recuperable in benign form, as a warning against repetitions of past atrocities. My animosity suggests to me that I experience the injustices of the past as the perpetrations not of "history" but of human beings such as myself. I fully admit, however, that taking responsibility for that animosity is a daunting task.

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More on Scholarly Publishing

To the Editor:

The comments of Marilyn Gaull, Wendell V. Harris, and Whitman Smith on motives for scholarly publishing (Forum 110 [1995]: 119–22) raise some disturbingly complex issues. With a new posttenure review policy now taking hold within the University of Wisconsin system, once-secure tenured professors will share more of the pressures felt by beginners, for whom publication is often not so much to share ideas as to survive. If the

overall pressure to publish increases, materialistic motivation must intensify.

In 1960, when I was based at a then minor-league college, reading a paper on Hardy before the Victorian Group at the MLA convention in Philadelphia and subsequently seeing it published in the *Victorian Newsletter* sent me on an ego trip. But far from expecting material rewards, I was deflated by the president of my institution, who assured me that "we never would draw students anyway" from any of the schools whose representatives had commended me at the convention (like Carl J. Weber, striding onto the stage to shake my hand). Needless to say, I never afterward felt under the least local pressure to make multiple submissions.

Times have changed. I regret to see the increasing focus of scholars on publication "primarily as a means of gaining rewards rather than of communicating" (12). The backlogged journals and their overworked editors are not all due equal pity or blame. Two recent articles of mine were rejected by the editor of a journal I have subscribed to and read for thirty-five years, one not original enough, the other too specialized for his much-competed-for space. Each rejection was made with evident care and encouragement, and both articles have now been accepted by more specialized journals. On the other hand, when another of my articles was promptly rejected by a journal I had subscribed to and read for thirty years, the editor only declared that his anonymous reader found I had "failed to show" my aim, which the reader quoted from my unanonymous cover letter. A more specialized journal has not acknowledged either my submission of the revised paper or my letter of inquiry six months later yet had no problem negotiating my annual renewal check.

Which brings me to the question why an old emeritus should take up scarce publication space direly needed by younger members of the profession. The question somewhat resembles the one of why women should work. Thirty years ago one woman in our department was denied some merit raises and another almost missed being hired because it was assumed they did not need the income: their husbands were supposedly well-off. Professional women work for no reason other than to supplement their husbands' incomes; publishing scholars write only to enhance their rank and salary; emeriti work for no reason at all. I am pleased to have opposed the first of these assumptions years ago as I oppose the other two now.

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