

Reflections on Andaiye
at the
Women and Development (WAND) Unit,
UWI, Cave Hill, 1987-1992.
By Peggy Antrobus

Wherever Andaiye went she had an impact — on the people she encountered, on their ideas and on the projects they undertook. So it was WAND's great good fortune that Pat Rodney introduced her to us. She stayed for 5 years (1987—1992).

Andaiye joined us at a time when our emphasis was shifting from technical assistance to advocacy. As we sought to deepen our analysis of a newly-introduced policy framework of Structural Adjustment as a basis of advocacy, Andaiye's work on the exploitive nature of women's unwaged labour at the base of economic production enhanced our understanding of how class and race reinforce that exploitation.

She did this chiefly through formal and informal sessions we called 'Andaiye's School'. With her characteristic dry wit, sense of humor and sharp intellect she challenged us to think more clearly. I can hear her saying "Yes Peggy, but...". She created a safe space in which each of us could be self-critical, learning through self-reflection.

Beyond her intellectual contribution to our work, Andaiye's interactions with each of us had a profound affect on our lives and work. Her honesty, fearlessness, rejection of pretentiousness, clarity and compassion inspired each of us. I think the quality of her presence contributed to an environment in which each person felt valued and respected. A consequence of this interaction was, regardless of one's specific role in the organization, leadership was shared and shifted according to the task at hand.

And we cared for and supported each other. With the diagnosis of her cancer, 2 years after she had started working with WAND, and as she underwent major therapies, she continued to work. Health challenges never deflected her commitment to working against injustice in all its manifestations. She inspired us with her courage and the brilliance of her mind, even as her body struggled with the severity of the therapies.

She changed our lives; and lives on forever in our memories.