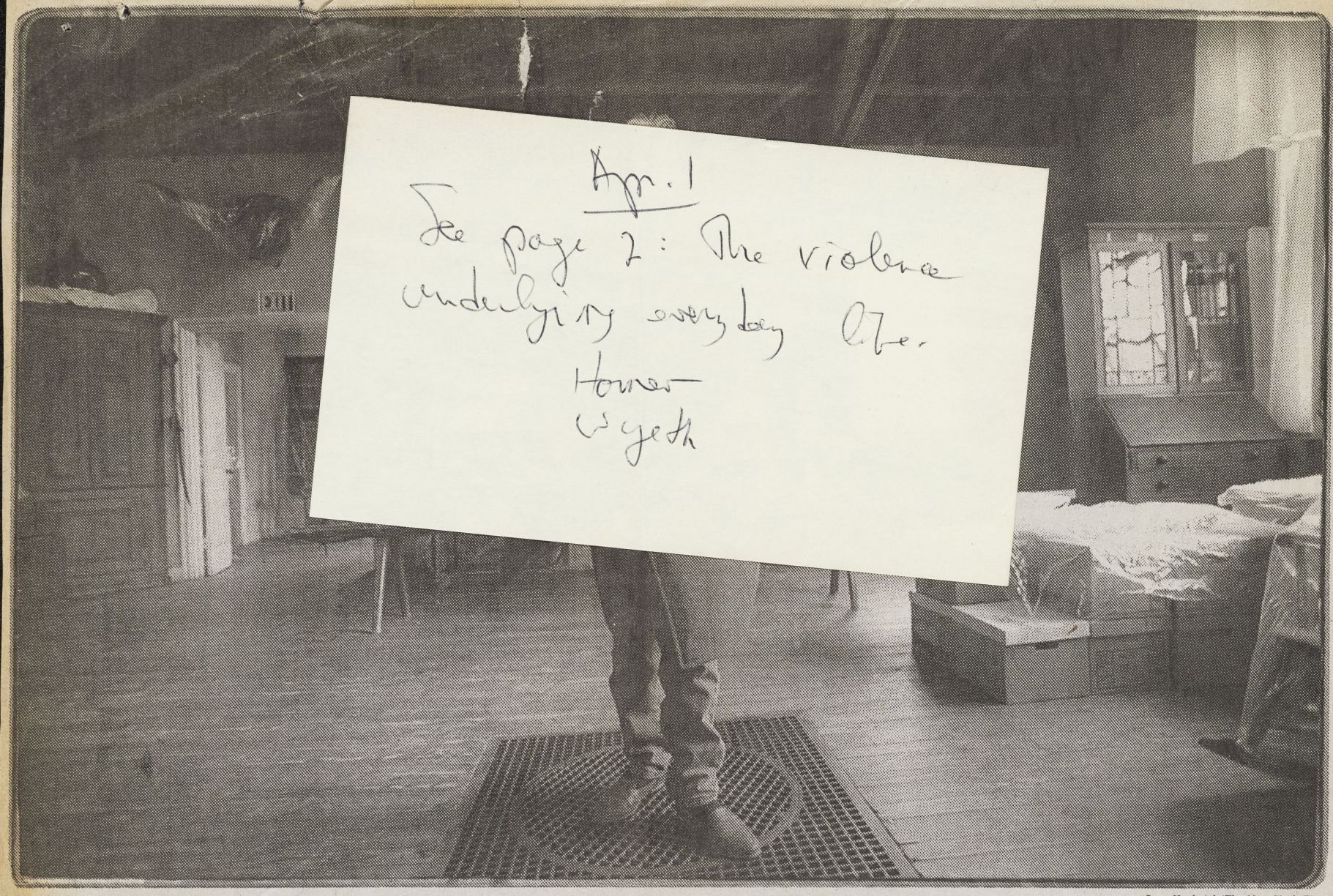
Apr. 1

See page 2: The violence underlying everyday life.

Homer
Wyeth



Sara Krulwich/The New York Times

Andrew Wyeth, in the studio of his father, N. C. Wyeth, in Chadds Ford, Pa. It was here, near the house where he was born, that Andrew, now 79, learned to draw.

Sovereign of His Own Art World

For Andrew Wyeth, a New Biography Is Reason Enough to Break a Long Silence

2/18/97

By RALPH BLUMENTHAL

CHADDS FORD, Pa. — Andrew Wyeth is still alive. He proved it the other day by ordering a Bloody Mary, a shrimp cocktail ("Five shrimp, please") and sweet-potato fries.

Sure, he said over lunch at the colonial Chadds Ford Inn in the Brandywine country of Pennsylvania — home to three generations of painting Wyeths — he and his wife, Betsy, had resisted publication of a confidant's revealing new biography in his lifetime. And now here was the book, "Andrew Wyeth: A Secret Life," with his scowling countenance staring from bookstore shelves. People may have thought he had died, and more than a few critics may have *wished* he had. But no, he said, his impish face seamed with leathery creases over a worn gray Irish sweater, "I'm not dead yet."

At 79, Mr. Wyeth, who has conjured some of the most arresting popular images of the age and reaped extraordinary financial success, still paints every day, plowing through fields and riverbeds in a beat-up GMC Suburban with a sketch pad on the seat. Despite the near-fatal loss of most of a lung many years ago, along with a recent hip operation and some frailties of age, he works in a frenzy and always has. He bridles at labels, including the seemingly irrefutable one of "realist," calling himself "elusive" instead.

He has, of course, long been the bane of much of the art establishment, and critics have over the years dismissed him as a pop icon and sentimentalist, a glorified Norman Rockwell, too accessible, successful and popular with the public to be important. It is, in fact, in repudiation of their scorn, as well as to demonstrate that his subjects are not mere conceits but real slices of Americana, that Mr. Wyeth has used the publication of the biography to break a long silence. (He did cooperate with Thomas Hoving, a longtime supporter and former director of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, in "Autobiography," an annotated book based on an exhibition of his works, in 1995.)

"To say I'm this or I'm that," he said, impatiently waving off categorization. "What you have to do is break all the rules." He said he was out to capture "the depth in every object," and he believed, like Constable, that "you don't have to make things up, you don't have to put in animals or people, you just have to sit there, and it will appear."

During a daylong conversation that coursed from the studio where he learned to draw at the feet of his father, the renowned illustrator Newell Convers Wyeth, to the settings and subjects of some of his most famous works, Mr. Wyeth talked about his life today, his family history and his art. "I can't get going on a picture unless I have a real reason to paint it, unless it gets me excited," he said. "I have to feel the hair raised on my neck. It's all strictly unconscious." He was on guard against pretti-

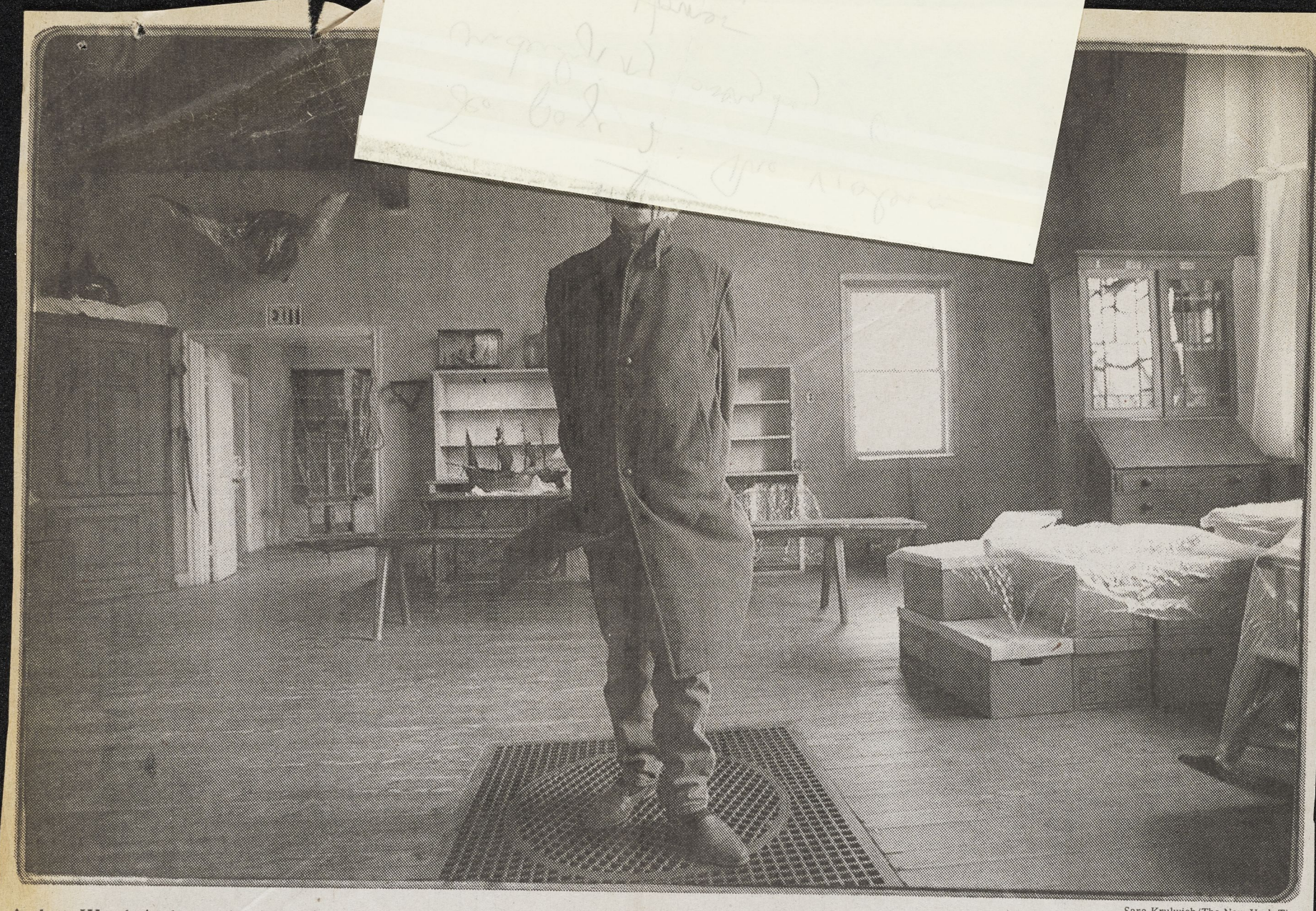
Continued on Page B2

Birth of an Indelible Image



"Christina's World" (1948)

In May 1948, Andrew Wyeth peered out a window of a house in Cushing, Me., and saw his crippled friend Christina Olson dragging herself across a field from her garden, where she had been cultivating flowers. He spent the summer working that image into a painting, which later that year was purchased by the Museum of Modern Art for $1,800. The work, "Christina's World," went on to become one of the most recognizable of artworks, an image embedded in popular iconography. Mr. Wyeth has ruled out "Christina" T-shirts and mugs, but spoofs have abounded, from underwear ads to cartoons (Richard M. Nixon crawling toward the White House, the Statue of Liberty crawling toward the Manhattan skyline). *RALPH BLUMENTHAL*



Sara Krulwich/The New York Times

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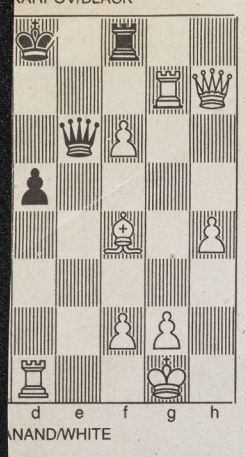

n after 34 . . . Ba6

ssolve the queenside
. . . a6, but Anand kept
re with 14 Bf3!, once
ning 15 Nc6!
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ter 19 Bf4 Bd6 20 Bd3,
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s an attempt to sacri-
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erhaps draw an end-
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28 Qh8 Ke7 29 Qg7 Ke6
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ause 30 Bg5 Nd7 31 Bf6
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Bf6 leaves him with no
, he gave up without
and's reply.

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FFERSON
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utive producer and director;
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suming his role as a pivotal figure in the jazz record business after a few years away, has done it by heavily promoting pop jazz to support his more cutting-edge artists.

Mr. Backer, 53, who recently assumed top-level positions at both RCA and Impulse Records, is now overseeing six separate reissue labels and busily signing new artists. And he is negotiating with several more companies to oversee their jazz programs. That he is allowed to operate for unrelated companies is a sign of the respect he has within the jazz world.

Mr. Backer has returned to jazz at a time when album sales are flat and there is a widespread feeling in the industry that too many recordings are being made and that too many of them are unimaginative and badly produced. Even worse, the record business at large is in a depression, meaning that jazz albums, generally perceived as ephemera, frequently get dropped, especially in the larger chain stores.

"I think that jazz sales go in cycles," Mr. Backer said. "But even if the general situation for music in the United States weren't so bad, with bad distribution and bad stores, jazz would still be in trouble."

Mr. Backer, a tall man with a close-cropped beard, entered the record industry in 1969, working the pop side of the market at MGM Records. Immersed in jazz most of his life — his father was a saxophonist in New York — he wanted to work for a music he loved, and so he took his pop marketing expertise and moved over into jazz.

In 1974, while working for Arista Records, he succeeded in doing something that now seems improbable, if not impossible: he marketed the avant-garde.



Sara Krulwich/The New York Times

Steve Backer, a marketer of jazz, in his Manhattan apartment.

His roster included Cecil Taylor, Anthony Braxton, Oliver Lake, Julius Hemphill and Michael Gregory Jackson, musicians who can rarely raise an audience beyond their own small cults, at least in this country. But in the early 70's, thanks to Mr. Backer — who was packaging them well, placing them in major record stores with displays and treating them with some respect — their music was noticed.

"I had a theory that if you don't document the cutting edge of an art form, it stands a good chance of withering," Mr. Backer said. "And it could be documented because I had balance. I could sell fusion artists like the Brecker Brothers, to support the other music.

"But as importantly, the music was a real reflection of the times, sociologically and economically, and we figured out how to market the music, to package it as something important. It was a movement, and movements attract attention."

Mr. Backer worked his way through a series of other trends. He landed at Windham Hill, the New Age label, for a year. And when he went to RCA in the early 80's he was an influential part of a trend that defined jazz until the last few years. He began signing, at a clip, an entire generation of younger musicians, some remembered and some forgotten, including Danilo Perez, Roy Hargrove, Steve Coleman, Marcus Roberts and Mulgrew Miller.

This was on the heels of Wynton Marsalis's arrival on the scene, which opened the eyes of record executives to the potential profit — and good will — that might be reaped by having jazz subsidiaries. Over the years several labels were formed, often using the "young lion" marketing ploy as a sales angle.

And while Mr. Marsalis and the musicians who have followed have been controversial for their perceived conservatism, there isn't any doubt that the jazz environment was profoundly changed when their records

help to create a new trend
being manipulative of the mu
musicians.

"Whatever the new moveme
whether it's fusion or New A
instrumental pop music or the
lions or the avant-garde, if you
part of the movement you h
great chance of being successfu

"It's not even about the qua
the recordings, really," Mr. B
said. "It's about a complex coa
of things, and when the mainst
press, for example, has tired
young lion idea, it has to find
thing else to write about.

"Television shows, or fashion
azines, don't care about quality
care about the package, and to
a jazz artist out you need that o
support. The music has to be sol
pop product, where the artists s
something extra-musical."

Mr. Backer has signed the vo
Dominique Eade and the tenor
phonist Don Braden. He has his
the Jason Lindner Big Band,
regularly draws full houses on
day nights at Smalls, the tiny
wich Village club with a rapidly
ing reputation as a breeding g
for young artists.

"I was knocked out by wha
going on at Smalls," Mr. Backe
"But I don't want to give away
intend to do. Suffice to say th
music is still developing and ev
no matter what's against it soc
cally or geographically. The
continually evolves and it's j
question supporting the bands.

"My bet is that the new miller
will allow, at record companies
coexistence of both adventurous
conservative music."

TELEVISION REVIEW

Life With This Mother Is Really Creepy

By JOHN J. O'CONNOR

Fuzzy nostalgia for traditional family values, the supposedly good old ways, gets a swift kick in the pants tonight in the CBS "inspired by actual events" movie "The Perfect Mother." Played with fiendish creepiness by Tyne Daly, Eleni Podarus is a family matriarch who, always for the good of the family, rules her two cowed sons and their wives with a firm hand. If that doesn't work, she has access to hired killers.

Speaking directly to the camera, Eleni tells us that she came to this country in steerage from Greece all alone at the age of 7. An aunt and uncle met her at the boat. "I understood what family means," she says, her patronizing smile not quite masking eyes as cold as frozen moussaka. A widow, Eleni runs the family's auto repair shop — and some mysterious sideline scams — with her two boys kept close to her side. She always pays them in cash. Mama knows best. Now she wants grandchildren.

Dan Podarus (David Cubitt) is already married, but Eleni isn't too keen on his working-class and rebellious wife, Charlene (Tuesday Knight). So she practically handpicks a wife, Kathryn (Ione Skye), for her weaker son, John (Justin Louis). Charlene warns Kathryn, "Welcome to the family from hell." Eleni takes over from the beginning of the marriage, paying for the traditional wedding party and getting the newlyweds a house close by hers. She buys the groceries and cooks many of the meals. She warns an increasingly uneasy Kathryn, "When you take our name, you take our blood and it goes back 700 years."

When Kathryn insists that she and John really ought to be more independent, Eleni coldly moves into ac-



CBS

Ione Skye, left, and Tyne Daly in "The Perfect Mother," on CBS.

THE PERFECT MOTHER

CBS, tonight at 9; 8 central time

Directed by Peter Levin; script by
Clark; Roger Gimbel and Orly Adelson,
utive producers; Colleen Nystedt, produc
Gimbel/Adelson Production for Citade
tertainment in association with New City
ductions.

WITH: Tyne Daly (Eleni Podarus);
Skye (Kathryn); Justin Louis (John);
Cubitt (Dan) and Tuesday Knight (Char

tion. In the beginning, her maneu
are petty. Is Kathryn severely
gic to peanuts? Guess what
mashed into the hors d'oeuvre
John's birthday party. When Ka
continues to balk, the harassme
calates, especially after she
birth to a son that Eleni wants to
herself. The nasty little tale
itself out in the equivalent of a nif
movie.

Miss Daly, who has won four
actress Emmys for "Cagney and
ey" and a Tony for the 1990 Broa
revival of "Gypsy," here de
strates her uncanny ability to tu
unlikely role to her unmistakab
vantage. Watch her at John's we
as she commandeers her groom
for a dance that simmers with
gant authority and passion. This
matriarch to make you shudder

Tumbling to Grab Onto One Last Chance at Love

Continued From Page B1

clean. White people in this play are the "other," task masters waiting at

THE OLD SETTLER

staying out until all hours at th
voy Ballroom, which holds "Ki
Mechanics' Nights" for maic

Continued From Page B1

ness in his art, he said, recalling that he once had thrown water over a finished portrait. " 'It was beautiful — why did you do that?' " he said an onlooker objected. "That's the trouble," he went on. "It was too beautiful."

Although the new biography, by Richard Meryman, a longtime friend of the Wyeths, offers a warts-and-all look at a strange if gifted clan, Mr. Wyeth voiced no regrets at having cooperated with the author. "I wanted it so tough that I wouldn't read it," he said with a laugh. In fact, he said, he did not read most of it. "Betsy read me two chapters," he added. "I said, 'No more, I might not like him anymore.' "

The book, coupling admiration for Mr. Wyeth's work with striking revelations about his personal affairs, has received mixed reviews. Based on many years of conversations with the Wyeths and with family members, it recounts the overpowering influence of N. C. Wyeth on his children and Andrew's fascination with the violence underlying everyday life, his fear of confinement, his compulsive secrecy and his strong attachments to his models. One of these, a neighbor, Helga Testorf, became the focus of a 15-year artistic obsession that genuinely rocked the Wyeths' marriage, despite the enduring skepticism of critics who insist that the affair was concocted for publicity.

Mr. Meryman is a former writer and editor for Life magazine and the son of a landscape painter and portraitist, also named Richard, who directed the art school of the Corcoran Gallery in Washington in the 1920's and 30's. He first interviewed the Wyeths in 1964, and worked toward the book over the next 32 years, although the Wyeths, he said, didn't sit for formal interviews or want him to take notes in their presence.

The writer remains close to the family, bound to it by a shared tragedy that lurks like the menace behind so many seemingly placid Wyeth still lifes and landscapes. When he and his first wife, Hope, who later died of cancer, visited the Wyeths in Chadds Ford more than 30 years ago to show off their newborn daughter, the baby, laid to sleep in the Wyeths' living room, regurgitated milk and choked to death.

Although some critics have deemed the book credulous and partisan, Mr. Meryman insisted that he was no "apologist and worshiper" of the artist. He said he had written a tough, investigative book that explored Mr. Wyeth's fascination with the grotesque and left few family skeletons untouched.

He examines, for instance, the peculiar infatuation between N. C. Wyeth and a daughter-in-law, Caroline Wyeth, shortly before the patriarch's car stalled at a railroad crossing and was struck by a train, which killed him and Caroline's 4-year-old son, Newell, in 1945. The book reports family speculation that N. C. Wyeth may have committed suicide, but Mr. Meryman now says he regards the account as unsubstantiated and would like to remove it from subsequent editions.

Chadds Ford, between Philadelphia and Wilmington, Del., is a kind of "Wyeth's World," as austere and haunting in its way as "Christina's World," Mr. Wyeth's widely known painting of his crippled friend Christina Olson crawling toward her desolate farmhouse in Maine. This time of year, the wintry ground stretches tight like skin over the bare hills, and the stubbly brown grass is finely



Wyeth Collection

Andrew Wyeth's "Spring Fed" (1967), painted at a neighbor's farm.

crosshatched, as if by strokes of the artist's brush.

The Wyeths are a kind of cottage industry in Chadds Ford, where the inn, built in 1736, has menus decorated with Mr. Wyeth's sketch of Washington and Lafayette, who were routed there by the British. Nearby, the Brandywine River Museum displays Betsy Wyeth's unparalleled collection of her husband's works, and storage vaults shelter racks of seldom-seen

How to reach the essence? 'You just have to sit there, and it will appear.'

Wyeths — including "Helgas" that were not part of the collection of 240 works sold reportedly for $6 million to a newsletter publisher, Leonard E. B. Andrews, in 1986. After he put them on show at the National Gallery in Washington, to an avalanche of publicity, Mr. Andrews sold them and other Wyeth works for as much as $45 million in 1990 in Japan.

At the Chadds Ford Inn, Mr. Wyeth occupied his regular seat at a corner table. He had arrived late, explaining that he did not wear a watch, for fear, he said, of anything external telling him when to stop painting.

Why, he was asked, does he seem to antagonize so much of the art world?

It is because he dismissed as boring so much of the abstract art that critics say is good for people, Mr. Wyeth said. "I believe in the principle of what I'm doing," he said. "That challenges them, threatens them. I'm not interested in their profound thoughts on art."

"It's a boring period in art," he said. "They've gone as far as they can. Go look at a blank picture. Something has to take its place. Abstraction has become predictable."

Although some art professionals say that the lines of this dispute have long been blurred and that the modernist movement has not held sway since the 1960's, Mr. Wyeth said that he saw the issue as real and that he stood in the tradition of Thomas Eakins, Edward Hopper and Winslow Homer. What's more, he said, there are new realists coming along, including his son, Jamie, although he added, "I don't like to blow my own son's horn."

After lunch, with most of his Bloody Mary and fries untouched, he took the wheel of his Suburban and, clattering over the railroad tracks where, he paused to note, the train killed his father, drove to the farm of his friends Karl and Anna Kuerner, who figure in many of his paintings. Karl, an avid hunter and a German machine-gunner in World War I, died in 1979 at 80, but his widow, Anna, 97, still lives in the 200-year-old farmhouse.

2/18/97

Their sunlit kitchen table, set with knife, plate, cup and saucer, was the setting for a 1959 tempera, "Ground Hog Day," a scene of eerie calm against the background of a violently sawed log, almost fanged, visible through the window. Upstairs, a top-floor room still exposes the ominous meat hooks and cracked ceiling against which Mr. Wyeth posed Karl Kuerner in 1948. In the adjacent sewing room, Mr. Wyeth painted his first nude of Helga.

And it was in a room next door with a moose rack on the wall that Mr. Wyeth was painting Kuerner cradling his rifle in 1971 when Anna walked in to summon her husband to dinner. Mr. Wyeth took one look at the barrel pointing straight at the wife, rubbed out the antlers with sandpaper and painted in Anna. Later, he said, Walter Annenberg called it "a perfect portrait of a marriage." Betsy Wyeth's preferred title is "America's Sweethearts."

"He was a severe man, but he appreciated painting," Mr. Wyeth said of Kuerner, whose brutal aspects seem to leap from the artist's paintings. In fact, Mr. Wyeth said, rumors of Kuerner's German sympathies during World War II drove him one day to search the Kuerner house, in vain, for a wireless spy transmitter.

The Kuerners' barn provided the setting of another well-known Wyeth painting, "Spring Fed," a 1967 tempera depicting an overflowing trough, the water draining off like lifeblood, a pail like a crusader's helmet on the wall and, through the window, cattle standing transfixed as if in dread. Mr. Wyeth swung aside a peeling door, and there was the old trough, looking strangely prosaic in real life. "I removed one of the screens so I could see," Mr. Wyeth said, demonstrating his old vantage point.

Next, he got back behind the wheel and headed for his father's glass-sided studio, just up the hill from the house in which Mr. Wyeth was born in 1917. Now part of the Brandywine museum, the studio was built by N. C. in 1911 with the $10,000 Scribner's paid for his now classic illustrations of "Treasure Island." Over the rafters hung a rare Indian birch-bark canoe from the Penobscott River in Maine. "The Indian came down the river drunk in 1730, and they shot him," Mr. Wyeth said simply.

He showed his father's easels, a fancy musket owned by a hunting companion of Daniel Boone, and a skull and plaster-cast death masks for drawing studies. But he balked at climbing a wooden staircase N. C. had used to paint the tops of large mural commissions. It was his father's, he said.

It was in and around N. C.'s studio that Mr. Wyeth often posed Helga Testorf, a married postwar refugee from Germany who worked for the Kuerners. Keeping the modeling sessions secret from his wife for 15 years, Mr. Wyeth sprang the results on her and the art world in 1985: 45 paintings, including many nudes, and about 200 other sketches. In the ensuing publicity uproar, Mr. Wyeth was widely branded a huckster.

Mr. Meryman said he knew for a fact that far from being a publicity stunt, the episode severely strained the Wyeths' marriage. As recently as 1992, he says in the book, Betsy doctored a sketch of Helga and, to her husband's horror, sent it to friends as a jokingly obscene Christmas card. "Barring her from this work was a terrible betrayal," said Mr. Meryman. While Betsy had seen a painting or two of Helga in progress, he added, Mr. Wyeth had explained them away, leaving her with no idea of their import, much less the possibility that her husband was carrying on a relationship with an unknown model.

Today, Mr. Wyeth remains largely unapologetic, saying the critics "were just looking to bop me on the head." Proudly he showed the spot in the studio where he posed Helga, her closed eyes striped in shadow as she lay deathlike in a black coverlet, for "Night Shadow" in 1979. "The sun came down and hit on her," he recalled, "and as she was posing on this cot, I got that shade."

Mr. Wyeth, who headed next to his exquisitely spare compound with a stone mill by the rushing Brandywine River, said that the episode had been a way to "break loose" from the confining influences of his wife and his father.

Still, he admitted, "it didn't look very good." He has said that he and Ms. Testorf did not have a sexual relationship.

"That's what he says," Mrs. Wyeth responded drily. What does she think? "It was love," she said simply, leaving aside the question of physical consummation.

Mr. Wyeth says he knows he has wounded his wife. "She said she didn't like me very much anymore but believes in my art," he said. "I'm lucky. She could have said, 'I love you but hate your art.' "

Betsy Wyeth, who has been married to her husband since 1940 and has also modeled for him, did not disagree. "If I had said I loved him but not his work, it would have devastated him," she said. Ms. Testorf still lives nearby, and she and Mrs. Wyeth are correct with each other if hardly confidantes.

At 79, Wyeth paints every day. The excitement hasn't paled.

"I learned a lot," Mrs. Wyeth said as her husband busied himself lighting a fire in the hearth. "I didn't realize he was so concentrated against me." Has she gotten over the hurt? "I don't think you ever do," she said.

Still, she remains her husband's leading partisan as well as chief archivist and business manager, working out of a converted 1913 one-room schoolhouse she has turned into a magnificently decorated office. His work, she said, "is not about technical adeptness — it's a different language."

Mr. Wyeth said he was just going to keep painting, critics be damned. "I'm not going to let them disrupt my old age," he said.

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- **Vegas Vacation** 1:00, 3:20, 5:50, 8:20, 10:30
- **Dangerous Ground** 12:40, 3:00, 5:30, 7:40, 10:00
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- **Dangerous Ground** 11:45, 2:15, 5:15, 8:15, 11:00
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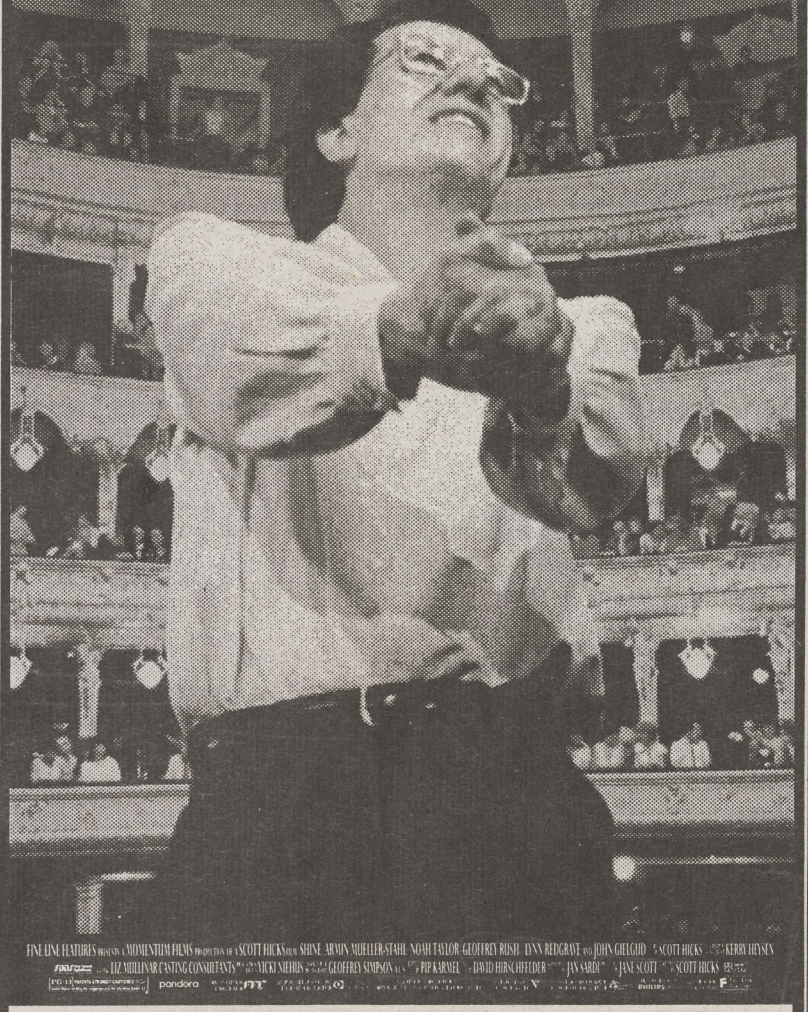

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What I haven't learned (from nature) is slow speech. Just keep it bottled up & spill it out all at once when I have a captive.

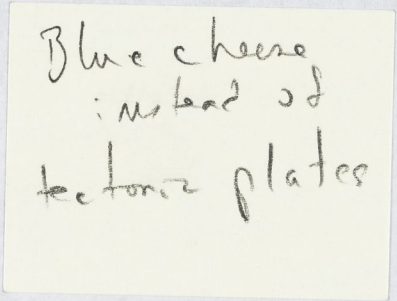
Fast (episodic) speech

is like nature's explosions

after silence.

(instead of tectonic plates) ~~Intro~~

A nation divided like blue cheese, little moldy lines between the chunks.



(April

It is vain to dream

of a wilderness distant

from ourselves. There is

none such.

Journal, 8/30/1856

Quoted by Simon Schama,

Landscape and Memory p. 578

from Robert L. Rothwell, ed.,

Henry David Thoreau: A American Landscape

(NY, 1991), 126-27

war vs. predation [Apr.]

It's a quiet ~~[illegible]~~ violence —
~~not~~ predation, not war.

Lilac

Apr. 1?

Lilac in a waterglass

flower

Farm

30 tons of barley

GALLATIN INSTITUTE

April

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~~Spring Issues~~

You have to distinguish between that peaceful feeling in hunting & what is happening in nature.

We humans have always found it hard to distinguish between what is happening in nature and what is happening in ourselves.

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April

Cooperation is constant + overt. You can see the robins helping each other and with the young are any two — but if a robin is killed, you will probably see nothing but a few casual factors, if that.

---

original love: you can see them in robins.

Wildlife Property Rights

by Sam Curtis

The shenanigans of spring have a way of catapulting some of us out of bed earlier than we'd like. Birds sing cacophonous songs from the trees. Coyotes howl in the hills. Neighbors pound fence posts across the road. Out in the fields prairie dogs jump and yip and wiggle their tails.

The crazy thing about this hubbub of noise and activity is that it all has the same purpose. It's not a plot to wake us up. It's a statement of ownership; it's a marking of turf; it's a proclamation of property rights. The birds and the coyotes and the neighbors and the prairie dogs are all saying: "This is *my* space! Trespassers be warned. There will be consequences if my boundaries are crossed. KEEP OUT OF HERE!"

Territorial creatures—there are a lot of them in Montana; shrews, wolves, geese, bullfrogs, trout, rabbits, eagles, lizards, cougars, marmots, sunfish, people. Their drive to hold and defend a piece of land, air, or water as a private preserve for the exclusive use of an individual or family is a basic tactic of survival in a world where space and resources are limited.

In scientific circles, defense is the operative word in defining territoriality in animals. A critter has to be willing to defend and fight for its real estate if that area is going to be considered a territory. The area that provides all the necessities of life (food, water, shelter, escape cover, breeding and rearing grounds) for an animal is called its home range. But only that part of the home range that is defended is considered its territory.

A squirrel, for example, may fight with a neighboring squirrel if it comes within 30 yards of her nest, but she may forage for nuts beyond that boundary and pay no attention to the same neighbor. The area within 30 yards of the squirrel's nest is her territory; the area she uses outside that boundary is her home range.

Territoriality is a species-specific arrangement, in most cases. A shrew does not consider a rabbit a trespasser. But by claiming, marking, and defending a territory against trespassers of its own species, animals gain a number of advantages.

The most important advantage may come in selecting a suitable mate. In many cases, a female simply ignores a male who doesn't hold property.

Male bullfrogs, for example, fight among each other for control of the sites where females prefer to lay eggs. The larger, more mature males bully their ways into the best sites. While they proclaim property ownership with a chorus of "kerchunks," females parade by to check out the quality of each territory before they finally choose their mates.

Sage grouse hens, on the other hand, seem more interested in the quality of the property

The birds and the coyotes and the neighbors and the prairie dogs are all saying: "This is *my* space!"

Pikas cut, dry, and stack grass from defended territories to make it through the winter.



MICHAEL S. QUINTON



CONRAD ROWE ©

When prey is abundant, the territorial needs of a wolf pack shrink.

owner than the quality of the property itself. Cocks gather in an arena, or strutting ground, that may be several hundred yards long and wide, but the hens just stand back until the males have strutted and fought out a hierarchy of positions. The most cocky and vigorous male, the one who fans out his feathers and pops his chest sacks most convincingly, ends up owning the key mating station, sometimes only a few yards wide. It is here that a majority of the hens flock to mate.

But holders of territory also have some advantages when it comes to securing food. By guarding exclusive hunting rights to an area, hunters such as cougars, eagles, wolves, and great-horned owls better their chances of securing enough food to survive and successfully rear their young. And food gatherers, like pikas, which cut, dry, and stack grass from defended territories, make it through the winter on food from their private land holdings.

In addition, territories offer security through familiarity. An animal that is willing to fight for a given space knows that space well. A rabbit learns the topography of its own turf, can get around in it easily and quickly, and knows the best spots for food, shelter, and escape. This territorial familiarity gives it an acute awareness and sensitivity to danger from intruders of its own kind and a better chance to avoid the fox.

In his intriguing book *The Territorial Imperative* (1966), Robert Ardrey claims that "in all territorial species...possession of a territory lends enhanced energy to the proprietor...the challenger is almost invariably defeated, the intruder expelled. In part, there seems some mysterious flow of energy and resolve which invests a proprietor on his home ground. But likewise, so marked is the inhibition lying on the intruder, so evident his sense of trespass, we may be permitted to wonder if in all territorial species there does not exist, more profound than simple learning,



GRASSHOPPER SPARROW PHOTO BY ALAN G. NELSON

We now know that the riotous chirpings and twitterings of birds in spring are not songs of simple delight but belligerent male shouts of: "This is my space. You guys keep out!"

some universal recognition of territorial rights."

At the very least, holding a territory is a way for a robin, or a pika, or a fox to live within a defined boundary without intense competition or interference from other members of its species. It's a way of spacing birds and animals, of spreading them around, of parceling out available resources.

Some ecologists see territoriality as a form of social behavior in which established territories fit together like pieces of a jig-saw puzzle to form a social structure with acceptable customs for marking and defending property rights. Within this structure, individuals or families hold property for their own use but still follow social conventions that allow them to coexist with their neighbors. It is in these social conventions of marking and defending territories that we find some of the most fascinating kinds of animal behavior.

Ornithologist Eliot Howard, in 1920, first recognized the existence of territoriality in songbirds when he observed individual males in spring singing from specific trees, bushes, and fence posts. Their songs, he discovered, were the males' proclamations of property ownership to other males. They were sung from prominent visible landmarks that staked out each homesteader's borders.

We now know that the riotous chirpings and twitterings of birds in spring are not songs of simple delight but belligerent male shouts of: "This is my space. You guys keep out!" The songs are loud and relentlessly repeated so neighboring males can learn the exact location of the songsters. And the songs of woodland birds, like wrens, may be loudest and longest because foliage makes it difficult for neighbors to see one another. And so the song itself becomes the territorial marker.

Experiments have shown that the effectiveness of these well-defined territories cannot be denied. For example, one researcher placed a robin in a cage in the bird's own territory. When a neighboring robin entered that territory, the caged bird chased the intruder off by the strength of his song alone. Another researcher, Arthur Allen of Cornell University, put a song sparrow in a cage in another sparrow's territory. When the owner of the territory tried to get at the bird in the cage, the

The drive to hold and defend a piece of land, air, or water is a basic tactic of survival in a world where space and resources are limited.



BALD EAGLE PHOTO BY MICHAEL S. QUINTON

caged bird, so frightened by its inability to escape, died of a heart attack.

But song is not the only way birds mark their turf. Downy woodpeckers announce their territories by pecking vigorously on boundary line trees and occasionally, with resounding effectiveness, by hammering on our metal stove pipes. They also wave their bills and raise the red feathers on the backs of their heads as a way of saying "stay away."

Among canids—foxes, coyotes, wolves—the best known custom for marking territory is the squirt of urine on a bush, tree, or rock. This, along with strategically placed piles of feces, serves as a kind of scent fence that has a sniffable sign reading NO TRESPASSING. Yaps, howls, barks, and yips also help clarify property boundaries.

Using a variation of the scent fence, a mountain lion scrapes together visible mounds of earth, twigs, and leaves along its boundaries and then adorns them with urine and feces as a way of laying claim to a hunting territory.

Although not hunters, pikas jealously guard their "farmlands." In addition to urine marking the haystacks they pile up for winter use, pikas rub against the stacks with a facial scent gland in a marking ritual called chinning. Their chirps, bleats, and whistles are also territorial announcements familiar to anyone who spends time in the mountains.

Not to be outdone, yellow-bellied marmots vocalize and tail-flag to make themselves conspicuous as they patrol their territorial borders. If another marmot comes too close, it is greeted with a tail-raised, hair-erected, tooth-chattering threat.

For sheer silliness, however, you can't beat the "jump-yip display" of prairie dogs guarding the entrances of their homes. The yip of one prairie dog leaping into the air with forelegs held high is enough to plunge an entire town of righteous home owners into jump-yipping their customary territorial displays.

Conventions are also adhered to in the defense of territory. Like fencers in a duel, fighting cock robins use their beaks for swords, thrusting and parrying to settle territorial disputes. Occasionally, we are reminded of the intensity of their resolve when a robin or some other bird repeatedly attacks its own reflection in a window of our home, assuming that its own image is that of an unwanted trespasser.

Crayfish, wedged into their territorial crevices among the rocks, first threaten intruders by waving their claws, and if that fails, they bite the would-be trespasser. Lizards resort to biting, too, but only after rivals circle and strut (and sometimes change colors) in a ritual intended to scare each other away. If neither backs down, they try to bite each other's snout. The first one to get a good chomp of his opponent usually wins.

In moving water, trout are extremely territorial and usually defend their space from a fixed "station" within a territory marked by prominent rocks, roots, and snags. All species of trout react in similar ways to intruders. When one trout crosses into another trout's territory, the owner confronts it with a "frontal threat display," arching his back, extending his fins, flaring his gill covers, and opening his mouth in an attempt to appear larger than life. Should the threat fail to



ALAN G. NELSON

Among canids like coyotes, the best known custom for marking territory is the squirt of urine on a bush, tree, or rock. Yaps, howls, barks, and yips also help clarify property boundaries.

rout the intruder, the proprietor immediately charges and tries to bite the trespasser. This is usually enough to send an intruder packing, but sometimes a fight breaks out in which participants circle, bite, and shake one another until one of them flees the contested territory.

Because breeding and rearing are at the root of much territorial behavior, the maintenance of territories is often a seasonal matter. Bird songs are most startlingly raucous on spring mornings since the urge to sing is largely influenced by birds' sex hormones. Later in the year, when birds have finished nesting, their singing dies down considerably.

Although not strictly territorial, whitetail and mule deer does and bucks do exhibit some seasonal territorial behavior. Does who are about to give birth in spring drive away their offspring of the previous year and go into seclusion in a well-defined birthing area. Dominant bucks, in the fall, make numerous and vigorous antler rubs on young trees which some researchers believe mark mini breeding territories where the buck is not challenged by subordinate bucks.

Other animals defend their territories all year long. Beaver use scent fences and the unmistakable whack of their tails to define boundaries of permanent family territories. And a pack of wolves continually marks borders as the size and shape of its territory fluctuates throughout the year.

The size of any animal's territory will often vary depending on the availability of food. When prey animals are abundant, the territorial needs of a wolf pack shrink considerably, only to expand again when prey populations are sparse.

The size of a territory may also depend on the availability of suitable habitat. For example, female and male mountain lions, both reclusive by nature, need up to 50 and 150 square miles respectively for their territories. As lion populations increase, young lions moving out to establish their own territories may find unoccupied habitat difficult to come by, especially with the increasing use of formerly wild land by that other territorial creature called man.

As the territorial nature of man and wildlife increasingly interact, it is often the wildlife that gets pushed out. Suitable duck and goose habitat shrinks when we drain wetlands. Mule deer lose critical winter and spring range as summer homes and subdivisions sprout on once-wild foothills.

With this intricate and often delicate mosaic of human and wildlife territories becoming increasingly crowded, we may do well to remember Robert Ardrey's words from *The Territorial Imperative*:

"Ownership of land is scarcely a human invention. Man's innumerable territorial expressions are human responses to an imperative lying with equal force on mockingbirds and men...." ■

MONTANA'S ENDANGERED SPECIES

A Status Report

by MIKE ADERHOLD

As of the end of 1995, 758 animals and plants were listed as endangered in the United States, and 204 animals and plants were listed as threatened. In Montana we now have seven animals classified as endangered, and five animals and plants classified as threatened. This article summarizes information available at the beginning of 1996 for Montana's endangered species; the May/June 1996 issue will include a similar summary for the state's threatened species.

BLACK-FOOTED FERRET

Twenty-nine years after listing, this two-pound weasel remains the rarest mammal in North America. Introduced diseases and a century of prairie dog control have brought it to the brink of extinction.

With the death of the last of nine captive ferrets at Patuxent Wildlife Research Center in 1978, most people feared the species had become extinct. Then in 1981, hopes were buoyed by discovery of a new population near Meeteetse, Wyoming (129 ferrets observed over a five-year period). Unfortunately, these ferrets, and the prairie dogs on which they preyed, were soon ravaged by sylvatic plague and canine distemper.

Again fearing extirpation of the species, biologists rounded up the 18 survivors. These became founders of a captive population that today numbers close to 300. For safety, these ferrets are now housed in nine facilities in six states and Canada.

Three free-roaming populations have been started by reintroducing animals from this captive population. In 1991, 49 ferrets were released into white-tailed prairie dog towns in Wyoming's Shirley Basin. Not unexpectedly, predation and starvation took a heavy toll. Additional ferrets were released there in 1992, 1993, and 1994.

In 1994 ferrets were also released into black-tailed prairie dog towns in Badlands National Park, South Dakota, and in northeastern Montana's C.M. Russell National Wildlife Refuge. Last summer, prior to additional releases in South Dakota and Montana (the Shirley Basin population was not augmented in 1995), the three populations contained about 10 ferrets each.



ALAN & SANDY CAREY

Black-footed ferret.

Montana's first release in 1994 followed long discussions involving local ranchers, tribal leaders, the Bureau of Land Management (BLM), U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service (USFWS), National Biological Service (NBS), and Montana Fish, Wildlife & Parks (FWP). Of 35 kits and five adults released in October, only eight ferrets could be located in December. In spring of 1995, two or possibly three pairs produced at least five new kits.

In fall of 1995, an additional 36 ferrets were released in another prairie dog town several miles from the first site. Prior to this release, 66 coyotes were removed from a 50-section area surrounding the site, and an electric fence was strung around the prairie dog town for a few weeks to deter predators. In December of 1995, a survey of both release sites documented 24 ferrets (eight at the first site and 16 at the second).

None of the three reintroduced ferret populations is

WINE TALK

Seeking Harmony, Finding Cabernet

By FRANK J. PRIAL

ST. HELENA, Calif. — There are pessimists who say the heart has gone out of the wine business, that the pioneers and risk takers have abandoned the stage to number crunchers and marketing types and that one day, not too far off, all wines will taste pretty much the same.

They haven't met Dick Grace.

It is said that there are only three wines in the world as eagerly sought after as the cabernet sauvignon from the Grace Family Vineyards: a Bordeaux, Château Pétrus, and two Burgundies, Romanée-Conti and Le Montrachet, both from the Domaine de la Romanée-Conti.

A spiritual man, Mr. Grace, 58, takes his success in stride. Some years ago, in researching his family name, he discovered that one meaning was "an unwarranted gift." And that, he said, "is exactly what the vineyards and winery have been to our family." A former marine, a recovered alcoholic who cannot drink his own wine, a Buddhist and a deeply committed philanthropist, he sees his winery more as an integral part of his spiritual quest than as a business enterprise.

> A scarce and much-admired wine.

"My family had no money," he said, "and when I started to make some, I had no control." A successful career as a stockbroker and a budding wine business were not enough to hold him together. By the early 1980's, he had a drinking problem. A brush with clinical depression prompted him to take stock of himself.

Today, Mr. Grace notes proudly that he hasn't had a drink in nine years. He still judges his wines — by bouquet and color.

"When I reviewed my life, I saw it was all about self," he said. "Not that I was exceptionally selfish, it's just that everything I did, every decision I made, was self-generated, self-willed. And I realized that a self-willed life was doomed to failure. We are here for another purpose."

Searching for harmony and peace in his life led him — inevitably, he says — to Buddhism. For each of the last six years, he has spent a month in Nepal, part of it

Continued on Page B4

...ral Conflict

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Mr. Huntington's vision of the emerging world seems especially apt when applied to the theme of the relative decline of the West, or, to put it another way, the death of the idea of a universalist, global civilization based on the Western model. Here he seems to be taking aim at Francis Fukuyama, whose notion about the end of history was a provocative attempt to make general sense of the confusing plethora of events. Mr. Fukuyama posited that the Western liberal-democratic idea had triumphed globally, and there was no place else for humankind to go.

Mr. Huntington, by contrast, proposes that the very idea of the end of history is a Western solipsism, an example of what Arnold Toynbee called "the mirage of immortality." But as Western power has declined, so has its cultural appeal, Mr. Huntington argues. Meanwhile, in the dispersed Islamic world and the more centralized Chinese one, there is a renewed assertiveness and self-confidence, a sense that after four centuries, it is time for something else. And that something else, Mr. Huntington says, is not an end of history but the beginning of its next perilous stage.

This leads Mr. Huntington to a set of recommendations at the end, most of them anchored in the idea that unless the West recognizes the power of cultural conflict, it could perish from ignorance, overconfidence and complacency. "The principal responsibility of Western leaders," he contends, "is not to attempt to reshape other civilizations in the image of the West, which is beyond their declining power, but to preserve, protect and renew the unique qualities of Western civilization."

That notion will be debated like just about every other one in this book. But it will be more cogently and knowingly debated thanks to the richness and power of Mr. Huntington's searching reflection on our global state.



acceptance.

If you visit nature occasionally, for spiritual relief, then acceptance is good for you.

But it is never of help to ~~Del~~ nature.

Help starts with knowledge.

acceptance vs. { knowledge / understanding

April

You don't see a true-to-life video program on T.V. Viewers would not sit still for ~~pictures~~ video of nothing happening for hours.

April

"Harmony and peace".

It's probably natural for us to look for what's unnaturally peaceful.

And it's certainly natural for us to feel good in natural [a natural environment]. That's how we evolved.

April

(Epigraph)

See Campbell/Moyers,

p. 55. World in

grand harmony — but

~~with~~ cymbals + clashing trumpets, blowing.

Heavy on the brass.

— but mated.

(~~Intro~~ Apr 7)

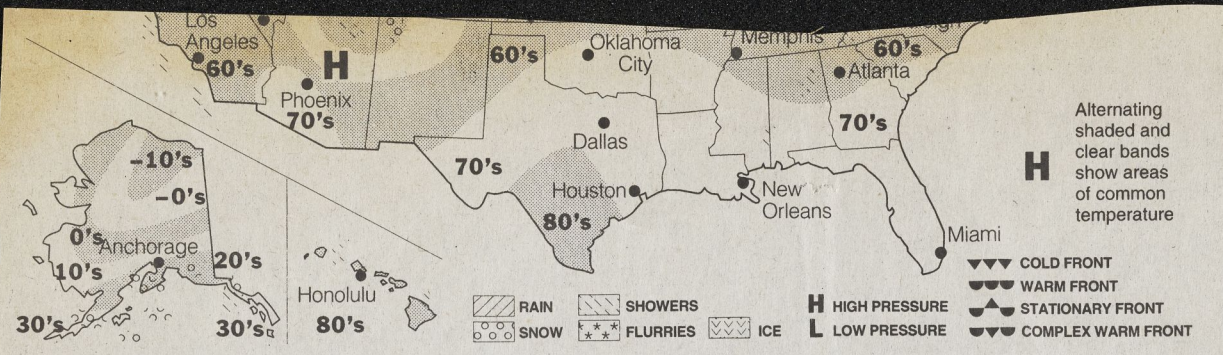
~~The Spirit~~

Nature is best ~~seen~~ loved as a thing of the spirit, and worst helped.

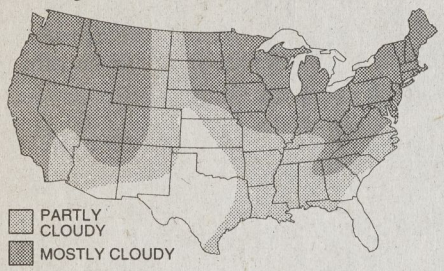
Nature is a thing of the spirit. Always has been; always will be, while it lasts. ~~But it the spirit~~

As a thing of the spirit, Nature is well loved, poorly understood, and badly helped. (With friends like these ...)

Epigraph on Saving her from her friends.

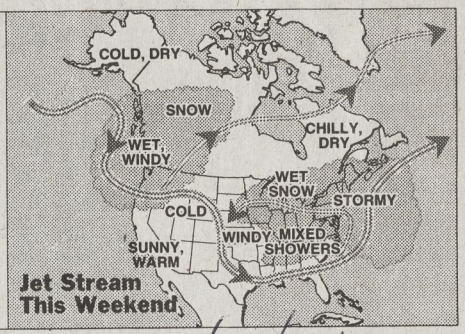


Today's Sunshine and Clouds



Weather Highlight

A large storm will develop over the Southeast late this week and will cause inclement weather from the Northeast to the Midwest this weekend.



12/11/96

fell at the Los Angeles civic center, while Palm Springs on the other side of the San Bernardino Mountains had only 0.14 inches. But in the mountains, up to six inches of rain was measured. As moist Pacific air ascends the western slopes, it continuously cools, more water vapor condenses and rainfall increases. To the east of the peaks, descending air warms by compression, which turns the torrential rain into a light drizzle.

n Cities

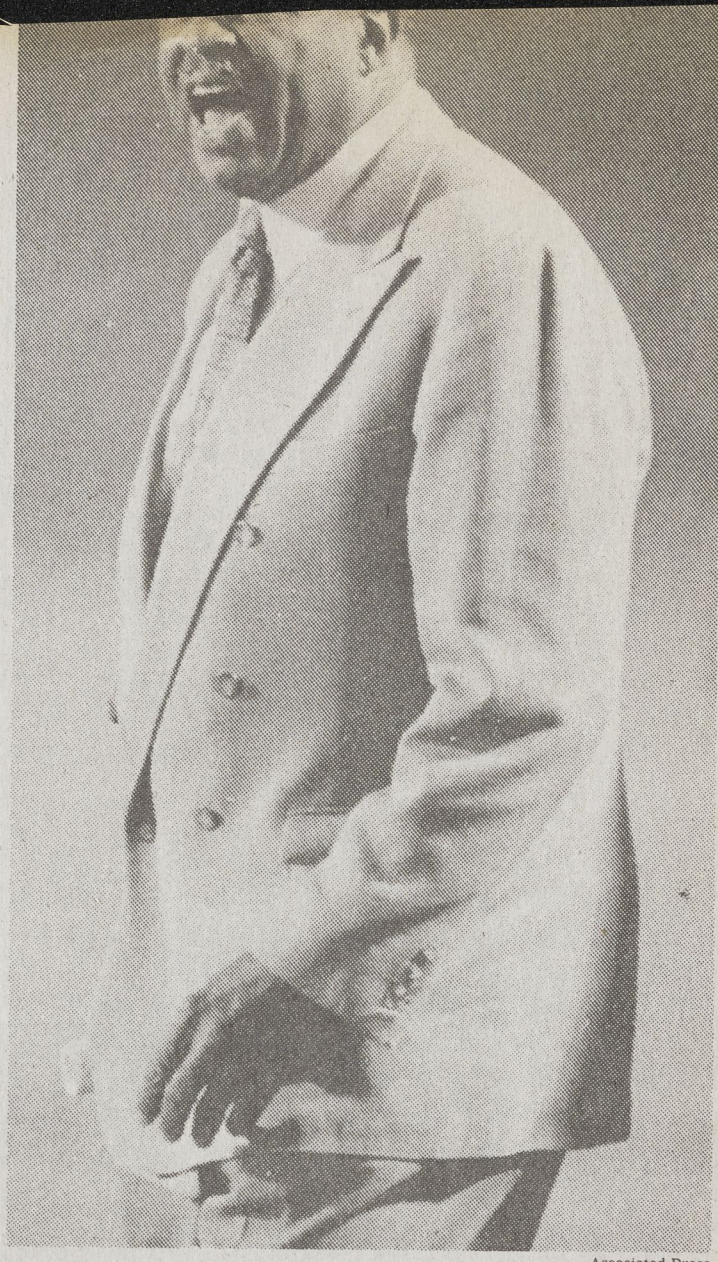
Houston	78/55	0.01	78/62	PC	73/55	S
Indianapolis	59/30	0	54/47	R	48/43	C
Jackson	73/45	0	74/57	PC	71/53	Sr
Jacksonville	65/30	0	79/43	S	78/52	PC
Kansas City	65/39	0	52/42	C	50/35	PC
Key West	72/60	0	76/64	S	77/68	PC
Las Vegas	63/50	0	62/45	PC	64/44	PC
Lexington	60/28	0	61/50	Sr	53/44	Sr
Little Rock	72/54	0	70/55	PC	65/48	PC
Los Angeles	62/56	0.01	65/55	Sr	70/53	S
Louisville	61/30	0	63/52	Sr	53/46	Sr
Lubbock	76/48	0	73/44	S	70/38	S
Memphis	69/53	0	68/57	PC	62/54	PC
Miami	73/53	0	78/56	S	79/63	PC
Milwaukee	38/28	0	38/34	I	38/34	C
Minn-St. Paul	30/24	0	31/26	Ss	33/22	C
Mobile	73/44	0	74/56	PC	72/60	PC
Nashville	65/32	0	68/57	C	61/52	C
Newark	43/28	0	44/34	R	44/38	Sr
New Orleans	75/46	0	77/60	C	76/62	PC
New York City	42/33	0	44/37	R	42/38	Sr
Norfolk	46/35	0	64/39	PC	61/48	C
Oklahoma City	75/48	0	70/48	PC	65/44	PC
Omaha	42/27	0	37/28	C	41/27	PC
Orlando	69/37	0	78/48	S	79/55	S
Philadelphia	40/28	0	49/36	R	49/40	C
Phoenix	74/60	0	72/55	PC	76/53	S
Pittsburgh	45/25	0	51/39	R	50/40	Sr
Portland, Me.	38/21	0.01	39/24	C	35/28	C
Portland, Ore.	50/45	0.46	47/41	R	47/40	R
Providence	40/27	0	43/30	R	38/35	Sr
Raleigh	52/24	0	62/40	C	63/47	C
Reno	49/37	0.43	54/33	Sr	55/30	PC
Richmond	48/30	0	58/37	C	57/43	C
Rochester	39/30	0	37/32	Sr	40/33	Sr
Sacramento	55/54	0	59/51	R	58/45	C
St. Louis	67/34	0	59/52	C	48/42	C
St. Thomas	85/72	0	83/74	Sr	85/73	PC
Salt Lake City	55/44	0.23	47/36	SS	48/35	C
San Antonio	78/54	0	81/60	PC	77/58	S
San Diego	63/57	0	65/55	Sr	69/54	PC
San Francisco	62/53	1.46	63/52	Sr	62/50	PC
San Jose	64/55	0.98	64/51	Sr	63/49	PC
San Juan	83/72	0	82/70	Sr	84/74	PC
Seattle	52/42	0.12	44/37	Sr	44/37	Sr
Shreveport	75/54	0	78/61	PC	72/54	S
Sioux Falls	28/21	0	33/22	C	31/20	C
Spokane	41/34	0.25	33/27	Sr	34/27	C
Syracuse	38/32	0	36/31	Sr	39/32	C
Tampa	67/45	0	78/48	S	78/57	S
Toledo	44/30	0	43/37	R	43/36	R
Tucson	72/61	0	70/49	PC	75/44	S
Tulsa	73/55	0	67/51	PC	63/42	S
Virginia Beach	47/34	0	65/39	PC	61/48	C
Washington	45/32	0	49/39	Sr	49/44	C
Wichita	69/42	0	58/39	PC	52/32	PC
Wilmington	40/28	0	47/37	R	49/39	C

Foreign Cities Following are the highest and lowest temperatures and daily precipitation (reported in inches) for the 24 hours ended 7 P.M. (E.S.T.) yesterday and the normal temperature range for this time of the year.
*Not available. trc-trace.

Cities	Yesterday		Norm	
Acapulco	90/75	0	88/	70
Amsterdam	32/30	0	43/	37
Athens	55/48	0	61/	48
Auckland	69/59	0	70/	57
Bangkok	92/75	0	88/	72
Beijing	50/30	0	41/	21
Berlin	33/28	0	39/	30
Bermuda	69/57	*	70/	63
Brussels	32/30	trc	45/	36
Budapest	31/30	.01	41/	32
Buenos Aires	76/64	0	81/	59
Cairo	70/50	0	70/	52
Caracas	84/75	.39	84/	73
Casablanca	64/50	.59	66/	48
Copenhagen	37/34	0	39/	32
Dakar	77/70	0	82/	68
Damascus	59/32	0	57/	41
Dublin	47/39	trc	46/	37
Edinburgh	45/43	.05	45/	36
Edmonton	16/-2	.06	21/	1
Frankfurt	37/32	0	41/	34
Geneva	39/36	0	41/	32
Guadalajara	72/50	0	73/	46
Havana	73/51	0	82/	63
Helsinki	41/39	.02	36/	23
Hong Kong	68/57	0	70/	61
Istanbul	51/46	.01	54/	43
Jakarta	90/73	0	84/	73
Jerusalem	57/41	*	61/	46
Johannesburg	76/54	.01	79/	57
Kiev	33/32	0	32/	25
Kingston	*	0	86/	73
Lima	76/63	0	72/	63
Lisbon	58/48	0	59/	48
London	41/37	.01	46/	37
Madrid	*	0	54/	37
Manila	80/77	0	86/	70
Martinique	85/72	.28	84/	72
Merida	84/59	0	82/	64
Mexico City	68/45	0	66/	43
Montego Bay	*	*	86/	73
Monterrey	78/54	0	66/	52
Montreal	30/19	0	28/	14
Moscow	34/32	0	25/	19
Nairobi	77/54	0	73/	55
Nassau	74/64	0	79/	66
New Delhi	72/41	0	75/	46
Nice	54/46	.39	57/	43
Oslo	33/32	.01	30/	23
Panama City	85/72	1.42	88/	73
Paris	33/32	0	45/	36
Prague	35/32	0	36/	28
Quebec City	27/21	0	25/	10
Rio de Janeiro	78/70	0	82/	72
Riyadh	81/54	0	72/	50
Rome	59/48	3.66	57/	45
Seoul	47/34	0	39/	21
Shanghai	53/37	0	52/	37
Singapore	88/75	.24	88/	73
Stockholm	42/39	0	34/	27
Sydney	74/59	0	77/	63
Taipei	*	0	72/	59
Tokyo	58/43	0	54/	36
Toronto	37/28	.06	34/	21
Tunis	*	.02	63/	46
Vancouver	47/39	.17	45/	34
Vienna	35/32	0	39/	30
Warsaw	30/28	trc	37/	28
Winnipeg	16/10	*	18/	0

Compiled by WSI from National Weather Service observations, forecasts and reports.

coach to go.
ose total of 405 victories is the great- of college football, met with Hicks t a hint of resolution of the coach's binson and I have met and discussed the university, but I have not issued he statement read. "To speculate on is time would be inappropriate."
ife, Doris, told the Associated Press cks had told Robinson of his wishes for ign and move to a position in the istration. The Ruston (La.) Daily esterday that Robinson, 77, is seeking reverse the first back-to-back losing reer. "Then that's it," Robinson was "Then I'll walk away as a coach. If I , well, then, I'll feel O.K. that at least been considered."
lready marked by the departures of l coaches in Gene Stallings, Lou Majors, the potential of Robinson's would place greater emphasis on the oaches. His 405-157-15 record gives g percentage of .702 in a career that lost two seasons to World War II.
wo seasons have brought to Gram- nted level of frustration and contro- have a record of 8-14 in the last two nd seventh losing seasons in Robin- National Collegiate Athletic Associa- ly conducted an investigation into ations. And in the most serious case, layers were arrested and charged y rape of a 15-year-old girl.
n a half-century, Robinson was known he had produced and the sense of instilled in the them. "I'm here owing his 400th victory, "because my test belt in the country."
ere led by Tank Younger, the first storically black school signed by a League team; Pro Football Hall-of- is, Willie Brown, Buck Buchanan and d Doug Williams, the quarterback gton Redskins to a title and became layer of Super Bowl XXII.
next year's Tigers was unclear ing to quit and go where? To the said before the final game of the doctor more than anybody I know if g else to do.
make up your own mind, and I'd like n behind."



Associated Press

Eddie Robinson shouting instruction from the Grambling sideline has been a fixture in college football for 55 seasons.

spend Rodman for Two Games After Televis

P) — Dennis Rod- day for two games or using profanity n interview in To-

ll cost Rodman e immediately. He game against Min- me at New Jersey. ry way what Den- s he used," Bulls Krause said. l and abusive lan- guage and the embarrassment he caused the Chicago Bulls organization by subjecting young children and loyal fans to his profane outburst cannot and will not be tolerated."

Before the suspension was announced, Rodman apologized during a Bulls practice at suburban Deerfield, Ill.

"I apologize to all the people, the kids who heard all that," Rodman said. "It was uncalled for. I apologize to the people it was directed to, but it was one of those things, it was under the heat of the battle. I made a mistake."

Rodman unleashed a profanity-filled diatribe at National Basketball Association Commissioner David Stern, N.B.A. vice-president Rod Thorn and N.B.A. referees after he was ejected from Sunday's game for picking up a second technical foul.

SportsChannel, which carries Bulls games, aired Rodman's tirade during a live post-game interview.

Rodman was called for an offensive foul Sunday night and waved his arm at referee Mike Mathis, for which Rodman was

The great plains stretch from the middle of Alberta south into Texas, and from Iowa west through Wyoming. The Midwestern, well-watered part of the plains was called prairie, back when the tall grass was still there. The arid western part was and still is known as short-grass prairie or high plains, though a plain (according to the dictionary) is supposed to be level and extensive. The grasslands of Montana and Wyoming, where I grew up, are accidented and intermittent, winding through the mountains in strips.

In any case, the prairies will have to be saved, if they are saved at all, by landowners.

(1)From a 1994 release by the Audubon Society. A recent study by the U.S. Fish & Wildlife Service reaches the same conclusion.

(2)Doig, Ivan. This House of Sky. San Diego: Harcourt Brace, 1992, p. 4.

(3)May 9, 1994

(4) Scientific American, May 1994, p. 10.

(5)Leopold, Aldo. A Sand County Almanac. NY:Oxford, 1970. p.viii.

(6)The Economist, August 21, 1993. p. 25.

(April)

Anna ~~asks me to~~ says she can't ~~hear~~ hear what I'm saying: I must have got too accustomed to ~~the~~ stillness ~~any~~ so then I raise my voice and she jumps. Too loud now. Forgot my modulation.

[The social cost of learning to see & hear nature.]

(April)

Wildlife don't live in fear. We would, under such pressure, but they don't. Wariness, yes, attention, alertness, caution. They don't die a thousand deaths, as a modern human would under the circumstances. (And I suppose our ancestors learned to relax too, in danger approaching those of a nesting duck.)

April

~~In harmony with nature means something in your brain — but nothing to nature, which is ~~the~~ never in harmony.~~

Being in harmony w/ nature means accepting that in nature there is never harmony for long.

Quiet, serene, harmonious. Look that way to us — because we can't see what's happening

Transition: ~~any to Sept?~~ May / June / July ~~Open June?~~ April?

Then move to harassing

Walked out to give the dogs their evening run at 7, skies still bright, and Wes so busy thinking of busy things that I did not hear the snipe ~~drumming~~ winnowing for some time. They came to me all at once, soundlings dividing up territory in the clouds, warriors with velvet drums.

(Good openers) ~~March~~

4/26/92 April

"I feel like a windshield,"

Scotty says – while in

a flight of Caddis flies.

Hussein of Jordan. No one expects negotiating breakthroughs soon. No significant pressure will come from Washington before the American elections. Israel will be preoccupied with domestic issues. But it is encouraging that Mr. Netanyahu seems to be laying the groundwork for a dialogue that would be essential to any renewed movement toward peace.

During Mr. Netanyahu's trip to the United States earlier this month, Arab leaders expressed dismay at his apparently unyielding hard-line stands. But President Mubarak turned more upbeat after meeting the Israeli leader in Cairo a few days later. Apparently Mr. Netanyahu gave him private reassurances that Israel would honor existing agreements with the Palestinians, particularly in regard to Hebron and resuming talks on the final status of Palestinian-controlled territories.

and Palestinian economies, including the early return of Palestinian workers to their jobs in Israel once security questions can be resolved.

Mr. Netanyahu's Government is also working out its position on the sensitive issue of Jewish settlements, and apparently is leaning toward a compromise that would encourage expansion of existing settlements rather than starting new ones. Even if Mr. Netanyahu maintains his refusal to talk about redividing Jerusalem or permitting Palestinian statehood, he will have much to discuss with Mr. Arafat in the months ahead.

Having calmed Arab fears that the peace process would be abruptly dropped, Mr. Netanyahu will now try to tame an unruly coalition and avoid an economic slump. But by the year's end at the latest, he will need to resume the active search for peace. He does well to prepare the way now.

Behind Screens

7/29/96 Am?

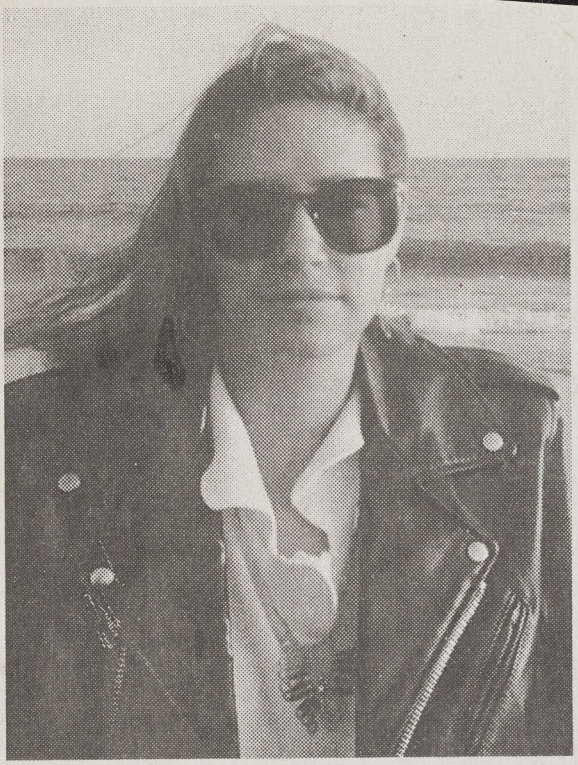
One of the vestigial pleasures in an un-air-conditioned summer is looking at the world through a window screen. During a hot dusk in the suburbs, whole families seat themselves inside screen-tents marshaled on lawns, looking for all the world like occupants of the human habitat at the zoo. Are the bugs that bad? Or is there a special pleasure in feeling enclosed but unenclosed, in looking at the world with a new granularity?

There is, for instance, a screened-in porch on the north side of a house in Big Horn, Wyo. The screens — 10 panels framed in dark green — have decayed over the years. Some have ragged holes in them. Some have sagged, the result of weather and age. But each retains its peculiar power to alter the dimensions of the world outside, to heighten the contrast between deep shade and the full sun on the leaves. When a finch lands on a near bough, it is like watching a Chinese painting come to life, the interwoven texture of the paper visible beneath the brush strokes. When late afternoon arrives and sunlight hits the screens obliquely, one sees only the glow of the screens themselves.

There is a line of saplings near the porch, and beyond the saplings there is a creek, and beyond the creek there is a horse pasture shaded by several mature cottonwoods. The other night at twilight, as the birds were giving way to the bats, the robins set up a distracted whirring in the tallest of the cottonwoods. A great horned owl had settled on a bare horizontal bough and was calling, with a thin screech, to two more owls farther down the pasture. The screens on the porch had already deepened the night, turning the owl, which was slowly bobbing its head and shouldering its wings up around its ears, into a silhouette.

It was not enough, finally, to watch from the porch. To walk out into the open air, down the pasture road, was to recapture the full resolution of even a darkening world, to revel in the fineness, the particularity, of one's sight. The owl in the tree, watching back with a gaze as keen as a dog's nose, was a soft, gray oval, barely discernible from the bark of the cottonwood in which it sat. It cried all night long, as did its fellows, and in the morning they were gone.

Personal creation
This is what sight evolved to do, & there is pleasure in (re-creating the natural world accurately w/ your own eyes.)
Seeing reality w/ your own eye.
You don't have to live on 2nd-hand.
Yes: ms.



Jerri Ellen Brown
Killed by a drunk driver Dec. 25, 1993



Bethany Cartledge
Killed by a drunk driver Jan. 18, 1994

drunk, who will? Do whatever it takes.

RIENDS DRIVE DRUNK.

U.S. Department of Transportation

(Virtual reality) 1 Apr: 1

[Life lives on other life]

My fear is that nature cannot compete with artificial ~~reality~~ nature. [The real thing is hard to see, and robust when you manage.] ~~It is~~ ~~hard to~~ The real thing is a hard language, and then you learn the rules they seem not to be robust. [Kill. Eat.] The artificial is lovely, obvious, and accessible, and you can make it anything you want.

(Epigraph: Leopold p. 223)

Consciousness of the land: we're growing away from it.

April

Travels w/ Huckleberry

April

Snipe chirping 4/28/84, on top of fenceport!
others drumming.
Mallards + teal in river.
Pheasants crowing.
sandhill cranes (nesting yet?)
Marsh hawks + young bald eagle.
Deer shy + secretive now - bucks always are.
When do does have fawns.

Porcupines - See 11/87

Backward underwear - 12/15/88

11/25/93 Names

Click, Click, Gobble, Gobble.

The name problem. Much the same for other game + fish + flies.

Steak is too expensive. Pizza doesn't feel right. Hot dogs, hamburgers, fried chicken and baked ham all have their moment at center plate, but not today.

On behalf of the 45 million birds roasting in ovens across America this morning, let us — as they say — talk turkey.

• ***The Name:*** Give thanks to Queen Isabella of Spain. Upon sighting the bird — first domesticated by the Aztecs — Spanish explorers (wrongly) assumed it was related to the peacock, which they (wrongly) thought came from Turkey, which they (wrongly) believed was located in Africa. (Don't ask how they managed to find the New World.) A more colorful account had Columbus's doctor, Luis de Torres, exclaiming "Tukki!" — Hebrew for "big bird" — but this has been widely discounted. So it remains an Aztec creation, named for an Ottoman country, courtesy of a Spanish Queen. Go figure.

• ***The Meal:*** The general view is that Thanksgiving was first celebrated by the Mayflower settlers at Plymouth, Mass., in 1621; others credit the arrivals at Jamestown, Va., circa 1608. In neither case is there proof that turkey was part of the feast.

• ***The Ritual:*** The holiday itself was observed only intermittently — on dates as disparate as Feb. 22 and Oct. 18 — until 1789, when George Washington proclaimed Thursday, Nov. 26, as a one-time day of thanks. He declared another in 1795. Six years later President Jefferson actively condemned the idea, citing separation of church and state. And by 1815 the holiday was celebrated only sporadically. (This was also around the time when Benjamin Franklin was bemoaning the selection of the eagle over the turkey as our national bird. Given the respective fates of each, it's reasonable to assume that other winged creatures are not displeased at having been left out of the competition.)

• ***The Misconception:*** Female turkeys make a clicking sound; only the male bird (along with a vast majority of Americans) goes "Gobble, gobble, gobble."

• ***The Controversy:*** In 1863, as a result of Union victories at Gettysburg and Vicksburg, President Lincoln declared the last Thursday in November as a national day of thanks. (He made no mention of Pilgrims, or Turkey.) This was controversial because until then, individual states saw the setting of holidays as a local prerogative, a means of exerting their independence from the larger Government. (Note to Staten Island: Don't even think about it.)

• ***The Myth:*** By the late 1800's Thanksgiving had become a day of parades, rising commercialism and general debauchery. In New York City, civic organizations marched through the streets in Mardi-Gras-like "Fantasticals," which were reviewed in this paper the next day. Expressing a desire to instill new immigrants with the values of our forefathers, the Daughters of the American Revolution rediscovered the Pilgrims.

• ***The Foulest Cut:*** In the 1920's, the playwright and humorist S. J. Perelman is alleged to have described himself as a "Pennsylvania farmer of prized turkeys, which he displays on Broadway once a year." The print premier of the pejorative usage, however, dates to the November 1927 issue of Vanity Fair, wherein Walter Winchell explained, "a turkey is a third-rate theatrical production." In 1941, James M. Cain broadened the slur in his novel "Mildred Pierce." ("The beach ... was studded with rocks ... it was simply a turkey.")

But the one event that may have truly "hung an albatross" around the turkey's neck was the 1947 unveiling of Howard Hughes's wood flying boat, the "Spruce Goose," and the oft-repeated remark "That bird is a turkey. It just won't fly." (On the bright side, rolling three successive strikes in bowling is called "a turkey.")

• ***The Setback:*** Citing a need for *more* commercialism during the depression, Franklin Roosevelt shifted the holiday one week earlier in 1939 to extend the Christmas shopping season. In 1941, a joint resolution of Congress overruled him.

• ***The Local Angle:*** The last freight train to use Manhattan's West Side rail line carried a stock car of frozen turkeys.

• ***The Ethnic Issue:*** Sociologists believe that most turkeys are still prepared in a "traditional American manner." The multicultural element appears the next day, in the form of (among others) mu-shu turkey, turkey sate, lemon turkey, curried turkey, turkey au poivre, turkey rellenos, turkey soup and turkey tempura. In other words, leftovers.



Michelle V. Agins/The New York Times

con Theater in 1990.

hia in 1985.

Mr. Collins was credited by the equally celebrated guitarist Jimi Hendrix, in an interview in the 60's, with being one of his primary influences.

"There's one cat I'm still trying to get across to people," Hendrix said. 'His name is Albert Collins. . . . He's good. Really good."

Mr. Collins is survived by his wife, Gwendolyn, and his father, Andy Thomas.

when the Communists came to power in 1949, Professor Tsiang fled to the United States, where he joined the International Monetary Fund.

Persuaded Taiwan on Exports

He helped shape the modern theory of how open economies work in a global framework. In the 1960's, he was a professor of economics at the University of Rochester. In 1969, he joined the faculty at Cornell and remained there until retiring in 1985. He was a pioneer in the theory of money flows and exchange-rate markets.

But his great life's work lay in persuading the Taiwan Government in the 1960's and 1970's to adopt a free-market export-led strategy that eventually helped turned Taiwan into one the world's miracle economies.

In the 1960's, when trade protection and self-sufficiency were the vogue in the developing world, Professor Tsiang promoted reliance on foreign trade. And at a time when many economists thought that governments in poor na-

of economic development — was the story of the impatient farmer who was so determined to make his crops grow that he tugged and tugged on his sprouts until he pulled them out of the ground and killed them. The good farmer, by contrast, cultivated his crops and then let them alone to grow.

Led Taipei Institute

After retiring from Cornell, Professor Tsiang served as president of the independent Chung-Hwa Institute for Economic Research in Taipei until becoming ill about a year ago.

Robert Lucas, an economist at the University of Chicago, said: "He was an extremely soft-spoken, scholarly man, the last person in the world you'd think of arguing with government officials. But he was forceful in a quiet way. He had a lot of inner confidence."

Professor Tsiang is survived by his wife, Hsi-tsin Tsiang, three daughters, Katherine Mino, Christina Shorr and Grace Tsiang, and five grandchildren. A memorial service was held in Taipei on Nov. 16.



1929

Dorothy Revier

OPPORTUNITY
DOCKS

Zhou Peiyuan Is Dead; Educator-Scientist, 91

BEIJING, Nov. 24 (AP) — Zhou Peiyuan, a physicist who studied under Albert Einstein and later headed Beijing University, died today in Beijing, according to the nationally televised evening news. He was 91.

From 1952 to 1981, Mr. Zhou was dean of students, vice president and president of Beijing University, China's most respected liberal arts university.

Mr. Zhou was born to a wealthy family of landlords in Jiangsu province, in eastern China. He earned a master's degree in physics from the University of Chicago in 1927 and a doctorate from the California Institute of Technology in 1928.

After teaching in China, he returned to the United States to work at the Institute for Advanced Studies at Princeton University from 1935 to 1936. He conducted research there under Einstein's direction.

His third stay in the United States lasted from 1943 to 1947. Among his research projects was one for the United States Navy on launching torpedoes

Chester Santon

Radio Announcer, 78

Chester Santon, a radio announcer for 44 years, 38 of them at WQXR in New York, died last Thursday at Dobbs Ferry Hospital. He was 78 and lived in Hastings-on-Hudson, N.Y.

The cause was pneumonia, his family said.

He was a native of Northampton, Mass. He started his career in 1936 and later worked for stations in Poughkeepsie, N.Y., and Richmond, as well as for Mutual and CBS in New York.

In 1942 he joined WQXR, the classical music station of The New York Times. In the 1950's and 60's he was in charge of the station's "Adventures in Sound" program, an hourlong Sunday broadcast of recordings, including stereo tapes and disks.

In the 1960's he was also the "light listening" record reviewer for Audio magazine.

He retired as a WQXR staff announcer in 1980 at 64.

Mr. Santon is survived by his wife of 52 years, Geraldine Runk Santon; two daughters, Christine Mumbower of Albuquerque, N.M., and Patricia Siciliano of Manhattan; a sister, Franciska Duda of Northampton, Mass., and five grandsons.

Scientists love those studly, stealthy songsters

The best real estate listings for red-winged blackbirds read something like this: Cozy homesites in cattails. Raise kids over water. Bug supermarkets nearby. Great vu.

4/27/95

Stories by Tracy Ellig/Photo by Doug Loneman of The Chronicle

Those prying scientists. For decades they've splashed around swamps in pith helmets and waders, spying on birds having sex.

And few birds have been subject to as much of this ornithological voyeurism as the bawdy red-winged blackbird.

Hey, what do you expect. There are lots of them and any wetland near a university is bound to have them, said Jay Rotella, assistant professor of wildlife biology at Montana State University.

With a little digging in cyberspace, Rotella found more than 200 research articles on the birds. Most song birds might only have two to 20 articles written on them, Rotella said.

Weave a bunch of those articles together and you get a love story of well-dressed guys, and gals who could care less what the boys wear.

In early April, the males start arriving in Bozeman, having migrated from the southern reaches of the United States, Rotella said.

The first thing these songbird studs do is battle for turf. Good turf will attract the babes who show up a few weeks later.

The best real estate listings for red-winged blackbirds read something like this: Cozy homesites in cattails. Raise kids over water. Bug supermarkets nearby. Great vu.

The boys stake out territory by roosting in high perches, flashing their red shoulder feathers — called epaulets — and belting out a territorial song.

Once a male red-wing starts squatting on a territory, he will chase any other male that dares trespass.

But red-wings are stealthy.

"They can move feathers to cover that red up when they are coming to feed in another male's territory," Rotella said.

Red-wings casing a cattail condo in disguise don't get hassled as much by the owner as some dandy flapping with full flash.

But the disguise isn't fool proof.

In one of those 200 studies Rotella unearthed, scientists painted over the red epaulets of stuffed red-wings and placed them in marshes. Stuffed Brewer's blackbirds were also put out nearby — except for the lack of red, the Brewer's blackbirds look similar to red-wings.

The live red-wings ignored the Brewer's blackbirds, but attacked their dead brothers — although less than if they were red and dead.

Though the red is important to the males, the females really don't give a damn. Females want to know if a guy has a nice place to build a love abode.

The males with the best territory — lots of bugs, in the safety of the cattails — are the most attractive to the girls.

Male red-wings can take several females as wives. It appears that the first wives get the most attention from their hubbies.

That forces some females to make a choice. Will they be the second or third wife in a great territory or the first wife in a not-so-great territory.

The females who arrive first tend to be older and raise more young, Rotella said. They get the most attention from their husbands.

"The male is being pretty sure he produces a lot of offspring," he said.

The whole nest-love-kids thing happens pretty quick for red-wings. Females lay between three to five eggs — an egg a day. After 11 days the chicks hatch, blind and naked. Twelve days after that they're either jumping from limb to limb or flying.

It is a life scrutinized by science. Even in death, the red-wing is denied privacy. Under the entry "Blackbird, red-winged" in the "Audubon Society Encyclopedia of North American Birds," a huge doorstop of a book is this unusual entry:

Accidents: In Scott County, Iowa, May 1937, one strangled when it slipped from perch and caught by neck in crotch of tree (sic).

Outdoor briefs

centrated at Deep Creek near Townsend and at Canyon Ferry east of Helena.

State biologists had trapped about 130 female trout at the Red Rock site before whirling disease was confirmed in the river's trout population. Dick Oswald said Tuesday that the fish being trapped there were being tagged, and released upstream.

About 26 percent of the trout sampled from the springs were infected with whirling diease, Oswald said.

"I was really surprised it was there," he said. "I was hopeful the disease was contained downstream."

The disease can be fatal and draws its name from a whirling, tail-chasing motion in infected fish.

Whirling disease has caused major trout losses in the Madison River and also has been confirmed in some other Montana waters.

the trout sampled from the springs were infected with whirling disease ...

Although fish samples have not been taken directly from the Red Rock River, Oswald said there is little doubt the disease exists there. There is no way of knowing whether it will travel through the Clark Canyon Reservoir and infect the upper Beaverhead River, he said.

Samples will be taken from the upper Red Rock River and from Horse Prairie Creek, Clark Canyon Reservoir's other tributary. The Beaverhead River flows from the reservoir.

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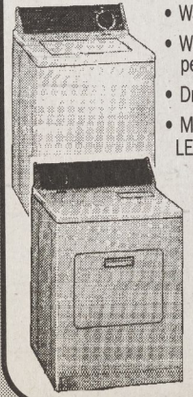

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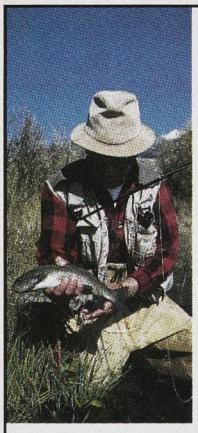

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Ouzel

and gray wings and body. For years I have carried in my mind's eye a scene of four avocets working a tidal pool on the beach for their livelihood, walking slowly four abreast, as though specially trained, sweeping their long, black, upturned bills back and forth, feeding on plankton.

One of the more specialized shorebirds I used to watch in the Florida Keys was the ruddy turnstone, once a popular gamebird from the New England coast south. With its short, stout legs and bill and compact, vigorous body, the turnstone is well named for its unique feeding habits. As it walks along the beach near the surf line, it thrusts its stout bill under a stone or shell, prying it up and turning it over. Then it feeds on insects or crustaceans it finds underneath. The energy it spends in a morning of this activity is prodigious, and you can't help thinking there must be an easier way for these little characters to find a meal.

Now and then birds present you with unforgettable, ludicrous scenes. At Lake Corpus Christi, Texas, where I often fished for bass, there was a summer nesting colony of Mexican blackbellied tree ducks, which sometimes act like clowns. I often had a good laugh at their antics, but the best was the time I watched a pair fly across the lake, and alight on a telephone wire, a perch ill-suited to their big webbed feet. They did pretty well at first, but after a few seconds they began teetering, and moments later they fell off.

The variety of American bird life is so immense that the sportsman birder never runs out of new experiences. One of the strangest I met up with was the Florida limpkin. This 2-foot-tall brown bird with a long, sharp bill lives in swamps and wails at dusk, sounding like a lost child and upsetting many a visitor. The name "limpkin" derives from the way the bird always stands with one leg slack, which it drags somewhat when it walks.

These birds live on the freshwater apple snail, a large snail about 2 inches across, with a brittle shell. The bird finds a snail on the bottom in the shallows, carries it ashore, then thrusts it sideways into the mud. The snail closes itself in with a trapdoor of tough tissue, which the limpkin deftly seizes and tears away, then pulls the snail from the shell to eat. Limpkins pile up large heaps of apple snail shells on shore. Brittle as the shells are, none are ever broken.

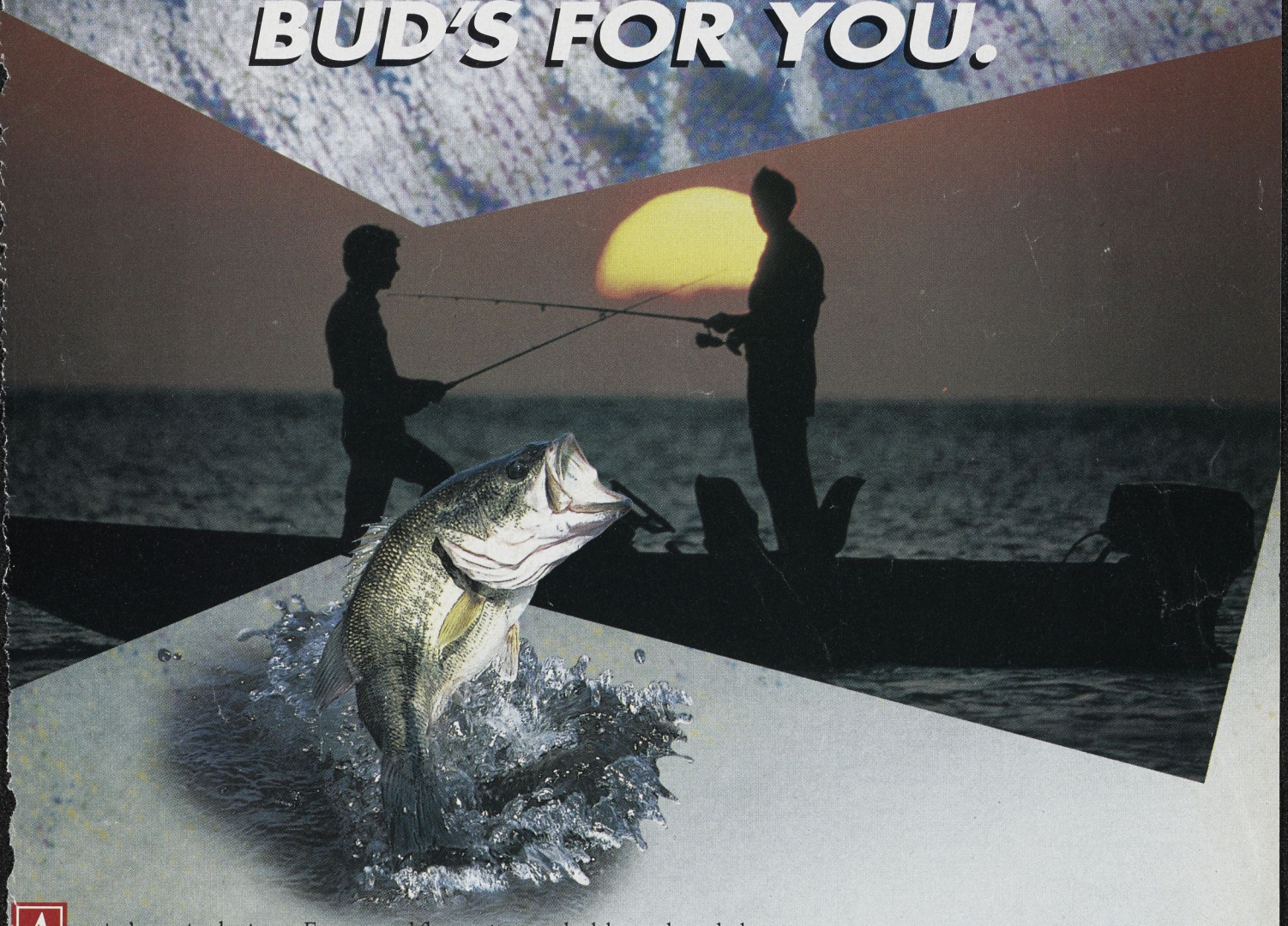
Every sportsman birder has saved many a goose-egg fishing day by sighting some colorful species new to him. I was having no luck trout fishing in southern Idaho when I happened upon a marshy place with bubbling springs where scores of yellowheaded blackbirds consorted in the reeds. A week later, having equally poor luck with the trout at Fremont Lake in Wyoming, I noticed that the conifers around the lake were decorated with flitting balls of color. They were western tanagers, dressed in yellow and red. The sight of them not only enlivened my day, but made me forget the fish altogether.

Birds can even add spark to successful fishing trips. A few summers ago my wife and I were invited to camp on a private stretch of the Lake Fork of the Gunnison River in Colorado. The fishing for brown trout averaging 2 pounds was so good it was hardly challenging. During the morning I'd keep two trout for our lunch, which I'd broil over ardent coals near the streambank. While they cooked, the Steller's jays would gather, waiting for a handout. After a few lunches we had attracted an even dozen of the big jays, whose vibrant, electric-blue coloring was almost unreal. The flitting beauty and comic boldness of those jays is more vividly inscribed in my memory than the excellent but easy fishing.

Of all the birds that have added enjoyment and dimension to my lifetime pursuit of fishing and hunting, however, it's a small, nondescript denizen of Western trout streams that takes the prize. This little gray ball of feathers—which can't seem to decide if it's a fish or a bird—is the dipper, or water ouzel. I've spent hours watching these birds and have missed many trout rises while doing it.

Typical of the bird's antics was the show put on by one I watched while fishing in Wyoming's Shoshone River. From its perch atop a rock in midstream, it first ran down the side of the rock to pick at small insect nymphs stuck there, then bounded off into a stretch of rapids, using its wingtips like oars, maneuvering through the rapids into the quiet glide below. The glide was shallow, and here the bird dived underwater. I could plainly see it walking along the bottom, picking up aquatic insect life. Suddenly it surfaced, swam with its wings a bit, then jumped once more onto the rock where I'd first seen it. Although the performance was nothing more than the daily routine of the little dipper, it was a special treat for me—and another good example of why bird watching makes such a good addition to a sportsman's bag of tricks.

TO GOOD TIMES AND THE GREAT OUTDOORS, THIS BUD'S FOR YOU.



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Big for a Cooper's. Prob a hen pheasant. April (Wet)



PHIL FARNES

The Cooper's hawk (above)—the original "chicken hawk" so despised by farmers in the days of free-roaming barnyard fowl—preys primarily on small to medium-sized birds and mammals. Hunting from a perch and diving with lightning speed, this fierce little hawk sometimes follows songbirds (like the Lincoln's sparrow at right) into brushy thickets.



RICK & NORA BOWERS

accipiters suffered significant losses in the 1950s and 1960s when eggshell thinning caused by DDT was a serious problem (DDT was banned in this country in 1972).

Accipiters migrate during daylight hours, flying above the treetops during early morning and soaring at higher altitudes during the middle of the day. It is often during migration that sharp-shinned and Cooper's hawks seek a convenient meal at a backyard bird feeder.

While working for Montana Fish, Wildlife & Parks, I had numerous calls about songbirds being killed by hawks at bird feeders. In most cases, Cooper's and sharp-shinned hawks were the culprits. If a hawk is seen chasing a songbird into a thicket, it is generally a Cooper's hawk, while a hawk snatching and carrying a songbird away with a quick burst of speed is more likely to be a sharpshin. Sharpshins often hunt opportunistically, flying over and around bushes and trees in hopes of surprising small birds. Cooper's hawks, however, prefer to hunt from a perch and dive at their prey. They will frequently follow a songbird into a thicket and carry out the chase on foot, while sharpshins seldom do this.

I have also picked up both sharp-shinned and Cooper's hawks that have flown into windows, often in the area of bird feeders. If you discover such an injured bird, cover it with a cloth so it can't see you. Then put on a heavy pair of gloves to protect you from the talons and place the bird in a covered cardboard box (make sure the box has adequate ventilation). Then call your local FWP office for information on where to take the bird (it is illegal for you to keep it).

If you are concerned about losing songbirds to birds of prey, you could consider moving your feeding stations close to cover where songbirds will have a ready avenue of escape. But remember that predation is a part of life, and an unexpected visit from one of Montana's flying tigers may just be the birdwatching event of the year. ■

the sharpshin's more squarish tail. Both species have rusty barring on the white chest and belly and red eyes as adults (immature birds have yellow eyes).

Another bird of prey that sometimes visits backyard feeders in Montana is the merlin, a member of the falcon group. Merlins are about the size of sharp-shinned hawks, but they have dark, rather than red, eyes. While accipiters have short, rounded wings, falcons have long, pointed wings. Merlins breed sparsely in Montana, but may be seen throughout the state, especially in fall and winter; like sharp-shinned and Cooper's hawks, they feed mostly on small birds.

Biologists believe the three species of accipiters evolved their size differences to take advantage of different-sized prey, allowing them to inhabit the same nesting areas. Goshawks, because they are larger, may derive more than half their food from mammals such as mice, red squirrels, and rabbits, especially snowshoe hares. They also take medium to large-sized birds, including grouse. Sharpshins feed almost exclusively on small birds, although they may occasionally take mice and insects. Cooper's hawks concentrate on small to medium-sized birds and small mammals.

While sharp-shinned and Cooper's hawks nest in wooded areas throughout Montana, they are found primarily in the western half of the state. Although many of these hawks migrate south in winter, some are found in Montana year-round. Goshawks, too, nest mainly in western Montana, but wander widely across the state in winter. While all three species nest in densely forested areas, they sometimes hunt in clearings and adjacent open areas.

Sharp-shinned hawks prefer to nest in small, dense thickets of second-growth conifers. A pond or meandering creek is generally close by with small open meadows—ideal habitat for juncos, sparrows, and similar ground-nesting birds. The nest, a flat platform of sticks 10 to 20 feet above the ground, is lined with small twigs and bark. Three to five eggs are laid in May and incubation takes about 34 days.

Cooper's hawks nest in a variety of places, but deciduous trees seem to be preferred, often in draws or riparian areas. Like sharpshins, Cooper's hawks often nest near meadows where songbirds are abundant. The well-concealed nest, usually located halfway up the tree, is constructed of small sticks and lined with bark flakes. Clutch size is commonly three to five, with incubation taking about 32 days. Young birds fledge a month after hatching.

Goshawks prefer to nest in mature forests, building their nest of sticks and twigs 20 to 60 feet up the tree. They, too, lay clutches of three to five bluish-white eggs. Incubation takes about 37 days, and the young can fly at 40 to 45 days.

Although little is known about the population status and productivity of accipiters in Montana, the goshawk is listed by the state as a "species of special concern." Certainly, forest management practices can affect their nesting habitat, and declines in songbird populations resulting from habitat loss in the U.S. and in the neotropics adversely affect their food base (see *Montana Outdoors*, July/August 1994). Like other raptors,



JOHN G. OBREY, JR.

Sometimes called "bullet" hawks, sharpshins deftly dodge and dart through thick woods in pursuit of their prey.

WATCHABLE WILDLIFE

Flying Tigers

by VINCE YANNONE

ONE MORNING YOU MAY BE sipping a cup of coffee, watching the routine antics of the songbirds at your feeder, when a winged missile appears from nowhere, scattering startled finches and waxwings into nearby trees and bushes. If you're close to the action and awake enough to be observant, you may catch a glimpse of a blood-red eye or rusty bars across the intruder's whitish belly. But given the speed of the attack, most observers will be left muttering an astonished, "What was *that*?"

Most likely, it was one of Montana's small "accipiters"—low-flying hawks of the forest that have short, rounded wings and long, slender tails. The short wings enable them to dart between trees and among branches in pursuit of their prey, while the long tail, like the rudder on an airplane, helps them turn quickly—an essential trait when chasing small birds, the primary food of these flying tigers.

Cooper's hawk.

JOHN G. OBREY, JR.

Although the family Accipitridae includes some 20 species in the West, including the hawks, eagles, kites, and harriers, only three species are specifically referred to as accipiters: the goshawk, Cooper's hawk, and sharp-shinned hawk. Despite their small size (a male sharpshin is only slightly larger than a sparrow hawk and weighs little more than a robin), these agile speedsters are among the fiercest of our birds of prey.

ALAN G. NELSON



Ask any wildlife student who has spent time in the woods in spring checking up on nesting raptors. Hard hats are the order of the day, because a female goshawk defending its nest will gladly take a chunk from your scalp with swift dive and raking talons. Ornithologist George M. Sutton related this account in 1925: "Intrepid and insistent she swooped at me from all directions and only the branches of the blind kept me from the direct blows of her feet although the protecting boughs cracked and snapped at each onslaught."

Then, too, you may not even see her coming. Says Dr. Sutton:

> The most memorable thing about the day's experience was the method of attack of the female bird, which has partly explained to me the ease with which some of these birds capture their prey. When the Goshawk left her perch to strike at me her set wings and slim body were for several seconds almost invisible and the only actual movement perceptible was the increase in the size of her body as she swiftly approached. Three times at least I was looking directly at the approaching bird *and did not see her at all* because the lines of her wings and body so completely harmonized with the surroundings, and the front view was comparatively so small. Flying tiger indeed.

The goshawk is the largest of our three accipiters, measuring 20 to 26 inches in length. It is followed by the Cooper's hawk, which is 14 to 20 inches, and finally by the sharp-shinned hawk, which measures 10 to 14 inches. But female accipiters are larger than males, which complicates identification somewhat. A small male goshawk may be about the size of a large female Cooper's, and a small male Cooper's the size of a large female sharp-shinned. Confusing, isn't it?

Yes and no. The adult birds of all three species are slate gray above with a dark cap. Sexes are similar in plumage. But the goshawk, in addition to its larger size, has a broad, white stripe above the eye. Goshawks also appear much more silvery underneath, with less distinctive barring.

Cooper's and sharp-shinned hawks are difficult to tell apart, but in addition to being somewhat larger (about crow-sized), the Cooper's has a somewhat rounded tail in flight compared with

The iris of the eye is deep red in adult accipiters and yellow in immature birds. The bird above is an adult goshawk, the one at near right an adult Cooper's hawk, and the bird at far right an immature sharp-shinned hawk.



GARY KRAMER



RICK & NORA BOWERS

BOOKS OF THE TIMES

Evolution's Role in Dictating Our Artistic Tastes

By MICHIKO KAKUTANI

In recent years, we have become accustomed to thinking of science and art as belonging to completely separate realms: the objective and subjective, the real and metaphorical. While the first focuses on the rules and regularities of Nature — its symmetries and rhythms — the second tends to celebrate inventiveness, idiosyncrasy and the exceptional. "Science and art have diverged," writes John D. Barrow in his new book. "As science became more successful in its quest to explain the seen by unseen laws of Nature, so art became increasingly subjective, metaphorical and divorced from realistic representations. It explored other worlds, leaving science to deal with this one."

In "The Artful Universe," Mr. Barrow, a professor of astronomy at the University of Sussex and the author of "Pi in the Sky," "Theories of Everything" and other books, proposes to examine the hidden connections remaining between science and art, the concealed roots that our esthetic likes and dislikes have in the world of Nature and our evolutionary past.

The result is a highly discursive book filled with both intriguing asides and highly vexing digressions.

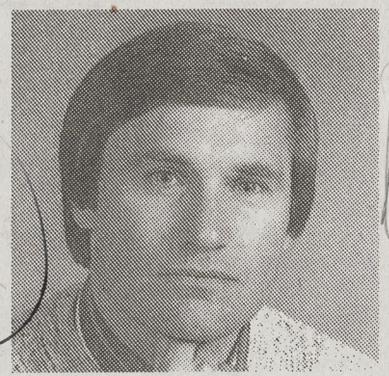
It is Mr. Barrow's contention that the cosmic environment and our Darwinian adaptation to that environment have shaped everything from our religious predilections to our taste in music and painting.

"Creativity is not as untrammeled as it seems," he writes. "Our humanity derives from shared experiences in the remote past, when many of our instincts and propensities were acquired as adaptations to a universal environment that set our ancestors common problems to overcome. Our minds developed susceptibilities that aided the solution of those problems. Many of those problems are no longer evident; hence some of our senses and sensibilities are adaptations to situations that no longer challenge us."

Mr. Barrow says that the "the enormous periods of time during which our ancestors were foragers and hunter-gatherers in the Pleistocene Epoch" were probably "formative for our species." The savanna environment inhabited by these early ancestors, he suggests, left us with a predisposition towards habitats offering both shelter and "clear, unimpeded views of the terrain," the sort of landscape widely reproduced in parks and gardens today. He adds that contemporary architecture that employs these features (i.e. sloping ceilings, overhangs, gables and porches, combined with balconies, bays and picture windows) has a natural appeal, while the sort of modern urban architecture that relies upon exposed walkways, blind corners and monotonous facades can lead to "depression, crime and emotional disequilibrium."

Similar scientific and evolutionary arguments, Mr. Barrow contends, can be used to explain many of our esthetic preferences. He writes that living things are strikingly symmetrical (in nature, "deviations from a symmetrical bodily form invariably signal some injury or genetic impairment") and that "many of our evaluations of physical beauty" consequently "focus upon the symmetries of the human facial and bodily form." In another chapter, he says that the human love of music ("There have been cultures without counting, cultures without painting, cultures bereft of the wheel or the written word, but never a culture without music") may be related to the rhythms inherent in the beating of the heart and the rhythm of sex.

Music, art and science, of course, are all means of creating (or discerning) patterns, and Mr. Barrow sums up his book with the suggestion that this ordering impulse stems from the primitive need to recognize threats and opportunities, the need to identify food and predators and members of the same species. Over the centuries, as the human intellect began to subdue the environment, he contends, this beneficial skill eventually became an end in itself.



Oxford University Press

THE ARTFUL UNIVERSE

By John D. Barrow

Illustrated. 274 pages. Clarendon Press. $27.50.

In laying out these arguments, Mr. Barrow traverses an enormous range of material, treating the reader to extended riffs on everything from non-Euclidean geometry to Stravinsky's theories on music. Some of these digressions are highly informative: Mr. Barrow tells us that language is processed more effectively when it is heard through the left ear (while musical sounds are remembered better when they are heard through the right ear); that if the universe did not expand, we would be perpetually and brightly illuminated by starlight; that the giant insects and monsters featured in horror movies are "impossibilities of structural engineering" because to support their weight such creatures would have to be fundamentally redesigned.

Interesting as such observations may be, they do little to advance Mr. Barrow's central thesis. Other digressions involving sound frequency ranges and Tyndall light scattering are too technical for the lay reader to follow easily. Others still, about the implications of extraterrestrial beings and the meaning of a vast and ancient universe, are blatantly fuzzy and speculative.

No doubt the crux of the problem is that in these pages Mr. Barrow has taken on a vastly complex and highly diffuse subject, a subject that in the end defeats his probing intelligence and leaves the reader frustrated.

FILM REVIEW

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FINALLY...

BY NICK LYONS

CONNECTIONS

Ask some people why they fish and you'll get a very simple answer.

A FRIEND, A NATURALIST WHO has not fished since he was a teenager and won't, on "moral grounds," asked me recently if I *had* to fish to be close to nature. Wasn't it cruel? Wasn't it unnecessary? I said hastily that this was one reason why I went to rivers. "But there's so much to see and touch and understand," he argued. "Must you pursue fish, too?"

Though I have fished since before memory and have never needed a "reason," his questions itched me, and the more I thought about them the more I realized I don't really go to rivers to "connect" with the natural world; I go to catch fish. I go with tackle that I have assembled over a course of many years: a rod I bought only last year because of its Space Age power and lightness; an old reel I'd found at a country red-tag sale thirteen years ago that worked like a fine watch; some flies I'd tied, but many dozens more that I'd selected with great care, after years of studying the design and architecture of these constructs, trying to imagine what a trout would see, what would best gull it.

I go with old patched waders and a vest crammed with fly dope, tweezers, a thermometer, two nail clippers, extra leaders, tippets, magnifying glasses for my old eyes, my wide-brimmed hat to keep sun off my forehead pocked with scars from basal-cell carcinoma surgeries, and much else. I take leaders I built myself, with materials I finally settled upon after years of trial, with the best knots I could learn. I wear exactly the socks that do not rub my shin-bone skin and a brand of sunglasses I winnowed from ten choices. I go with skills of sight and casting I honed over more than fifty years of going to rivers, and I feel very connected to all of my gear and to the balance of it all—its fitness for the job.



And I have learned how to use it all. I now choose my flies not only to imitate insects I might find, but for the attitude of those flies on the water, especially what I think the trout would see. Over the years I have learned how to approach trout and position myself to best advantage. I learned on certain water to use a 4-weight line rather than a 5-weight, so it would touch the surface less invasively. If I know the trout in a river I'd be fishing saw too many ospreys and pelicans, I'd plan to make one false cast far to the right, over land, and then shoot the line once toward the fish I had located, trying not to cover it with line or leader.

I go to the river to catch trout. Everything I do depends upon that one fact. I am happy to think I am better skilled now than when I began, so many years ago. There may be sunsets, wildflowers galore, rainbows in the sky, good fellowship, good fishing, or lousy fishing; but what has drawn me here, the fulcrum of the entire equation, what will always draw me to water, is the simple prospect of catching a fish.

With luck—and some earned skill—the fly drifts a foot, 2 feet, and intersects with the fish's feeding lane. The fish that made the circle, revealed itself to me individually, announced its intention to take lunch, is there, somewhere beneath the opaque, moving surface. I wait another second or two, then raise the fly smoothly into the air and cast again. This time, when the fly approaches the spot on the flowing surface where the trout rose, I feel the exquisite pleasure one feels when caught in any moment of suspense, of mystery: What will happen? There will be no "meaning" involved, only rejection or acceptance. The hesitation is palpable in the extreme and only later am I aware of how terrifyingly, blessedly concentrated I have been. The fly comes down to where the trout rose, the water pocks and bulges; I raise my rod slightly, and the fish and I are connected.

I need no more.

ILLUSTRATION BY CHRISTOPHER J. SEUBERT

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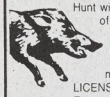

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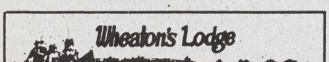

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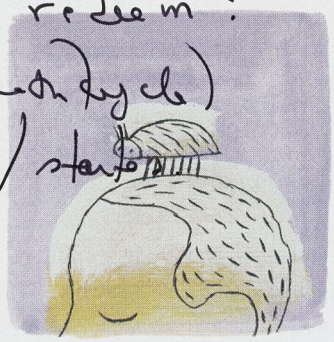
Check out our
TRUCK SHOP SECTION
on page 122.

The next TRUCK SHOP appears in our August Issue

A Hispanic poet offered "Recuerdos de la Duluth," about his experience as a little boy when he was taken out of the classroom, along with two other boys, and brought to the Anglo school nurse and sprayed for head lice. Evidently his life had been marked by this.



I have kept this secret for thirty
years.
Tried to look friendly. Wanted to be a regular guy.
But now the truth is out:
I am an alien.
I have head lice.

Never mind that spraying a boy's head may have been the best way to treat his head lice back then—to the poet, it was an act of exclusion and oppression. What will he think after an Anglo doctor gives him his first digital prostate examination? Will it, too, symbolize his estrangement from America?

The theme of Speaking Out After Long Silence was everywhere (*I was unable to bring myself to say this until now*), accompanied by the theme of You Had to Be There to Understand (*How can you know how terrible it was/You who have never gone to the school nurse's office?*). Hardly any poems were written for amusement, for the pleasure of language. Almost all were compelled, driven, winging up out of the poet's maimed past—grappling with painful truths, doing battle with a world that would deny the poet's existence.

I am me! I scream at the clouds
At the skulls under the earth
At the damnation
For too long have I kept the peace
Now I shout at everyone in the street:
I am me and without me I am nothing!

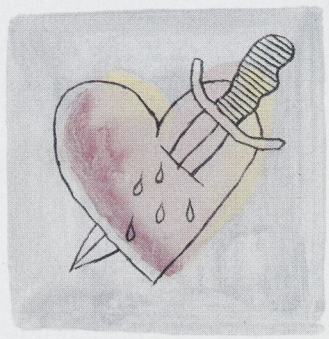
There are people in Manhattan who shout at everyone in the street and wave their arms and argue with streetlights, but would you buy a book by them?

As I read through the pile, it was easy to spot the winning poems: they were the readable ones. Some were good enough that I might have read them out loud to someone sitting nearby—the simple test of a good poem.



There was a poem called "The Bravery of Irises," in which the poet, a woman, knelt in the flower beds and whacked away at dead stalks in the company of her husband, who seemed to be an okay guy, not a rapist or a murderer, but simply a fellow gardener kneeling there too, with whom she conversed quietly about flowers and about Paris, which she hoped to see someday, though the trip had been postponed many times because they didn't want to leave their garden. She seemed to be contented—a mood that can be hard to convey in writing without seeming smug or stupid. I thought it was a lovely poem. Like Whitman or Dickinson, this poet looked to nature as redeeming humankind from our sickness. Irises had a certain power to make her happy, and she looked back on years of iris happiness, beginning in girlhood.

Our flowers come from the rotten bones
of ancestors.
They had to die so this garden could grow.
Working in the garden is our homage to them.
The only reason to love gardening is that when you
were little,
Someone you loved loved to garden, and
You followed them around and did as they did.
And it rubbed off. My love,
We meet again in the irises, and my love,
We have been to Paris every day for forty-five years.

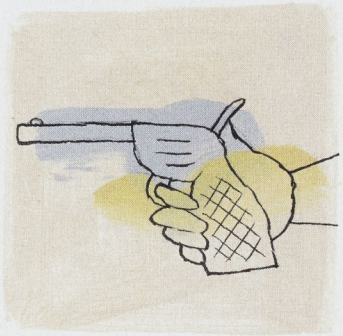


I put her poem in the Winner category, a thin stack next to the heap of Bad Daddy poems, in which I also put Bad Boyfriends and one Mean Mommy ("The Duchess of Revlon"). There was a small pile of poems of Homage to the Beloved, including two lesbian poems, but none by women who loved men—a shame, if you ask me: what sort of dullard can't get off at least one good one for her beloved? There was a stack of poems of Mute Wonder in the Woods—not fresh-squeezed wonder, unfortunately, but reconstituted ("I lie on a summer day and look at the clouds scudding across the sky/And wonder what it means/and what do the trees mean/and the birds flying south"). There was a large mound of poems about the Struggle to Be Me ("I am a myriad of sights/sounds/feelings/songs/smells all intertwined with thoughts/stories/impressions/memories and yes I am beautiful yes/and how shall I defend this/beauty/wonder/feeling/yes in this world of No") and a handful of poems of Mute Wonder in the Presence of Death ("I held the thin transparent hand/that had peeled so many potatoes/and thought of so much to say/to that thin body with big eyes that once had been/my cousin Harriet"). There were about fifteen poems on Vietnam, all of them bloody, with mosquitoes and sweat and fear and stink in them, all of them angry

about innocence violated and lives brutalized and an uncaring nation anxious to forget.

It was hard to read those poems and imagine how possibly to judge them as writing, or how the writers wished to be judged. After you have read ten Vietnam poems by ten men so haunted by the war that twenty-five years later their poems are breathless with horror, do you say, "Thank you all very much for sharing your horrors with us, and I choose horror No. 5 because the imagery is more vivid and it is better structured and more original"? These are true-life experiences, not literary pieces, and if someone tells you how he almost died when he was eighteen, how can you deny him the prize?

Experience becomes literature when it no longer matters to the reader whether the story is true or not. Stephen Crane wasn't around for the Civil War, but you don't wonder about that as you read *The Red Badge of Courage*; it's all quite real on the page. Andrew Marvell could have been a Trappist monk in Kentucky and never had a mistress, but "Had we but World enough, and Time,/This coyness Lady were no crime" would still be a fine poem. On the other hand, if the poem "Quang Ngai, Bravo Company" ("And he raised his gun/and I thought hey cut it out/and then her head blew up/and the lieutenant turned away and puked") were written by a false veteran, born in 1962, who knew about Vietnam only from movies, you would feel cheated. The woman sorrowing for the cat who rescued her from Daddy's coldness has to be for real, or else the poem is a joke: you'd be angry at anyone inventing a Bad Daddy, just as if someone at your AA meeting stood up and described how alcohol had destroyed his life and you later found out that the confession was pure fiction, you would shake your head in disbelief.



There was no doubt in my mind that most of the poems I read were about the poets' real lives, offered up as performances in hopes of winning a prize for the quality of their suffering, like the candidates on the old *Queen for a Day* show, who told their troubles to the genial host; audience applause determined who would get the Amana Radarange and the weekend at Lake Tahoe.

I wanted to sit the poets down in a classroom and lecture them: Self-expression is not the point of it, people! We are not here on paper in order to retail our injuries. For one thing, it is unfair to bore someone who doesn't have the opportunity to bore you right back, and for another, we have better things to do—to defend the hopeless and the down-and-out, to find humor in dreadful circumstances, to satirize the pompous and pretentious, to make deer appear suddenly in the driveway.



WRITING is a blessed life, no matter how hard it may be at times, and a person is lucky to be a writer. *So go be one*, I thought, having spent almost six hours reading 400 poems. There were five poems in my Winners pile. I agonized for perhaps two or three minutes over the hundreds of rejects—

I am sorry, I mean no disrespect to Kitty.
I am glad your Grandma loved to bowl.
I am sorry for all of you poets who have been hurt by men.
I am sorry for rejecting poems that were about the moon, which is beautiful, of course.
I am sorry for rejecting poems that were about someone who, I am sure, is as admirable as you say.
I am sorry about your head lice, my friend.
War poets, you can have my car, my stereo, my books—please don't come and shoot me!

—and then I sent my nominations to the poetry-contest committee, and a few weeks later the president phoned with the results. Two of my recommendations had won prizes, but not the poem about irises.

"It was the best poem in the bunch," I said. She said that she had liked it too, but that the awards committee felt that other poems, though perhaps less advanced technically, deserved recognition. "I think we felt it was important to show that poetry isn't just about flowers," she said. The iris poem struck some people on the committee as a little boring. She mentioned that they had found "Quang Ngai, Bravo Company" particularly moving. They felt that it said things that needed to be said.

Okay, I said to her, that's fine,
As I reached for the pistol you gave me, Daddy.
She thanked me for my work, and I said that it was my pleasure,
As I put the pistol to the back of her head
And blew her brains out,
Which didn't amount to all that much, frankly,
And ran her through a wood chipper.
She made a little bit less than a full load.
I mixed her with the dirt
At the end of the flower bed,
And this fall I'll plant bulbs in her
And next spring she'll look better than she ever did as a president,
And men in tuxedos will say how terrific the irises look,
But do you know what I went through
For beauty,
America,
And you on the terrace drinking your gin and tonics,
How can you possibly understand any of this, you dummies?

your stony face and angry eyes
made me the fearful self-accusing person I am
and I did your dirty work Daddy
and went ahead and ruined my life for
forty-seven years
and only Kitty could draw me out of the shadows
only Kitty made the world a safe place in which to
have feelings
and now she is gone too

A hundred lines of this, ending with a pledge to remember the sacred cat forever ("Kitty, you will live in me as long as I have breath/your purr will be in the wind").

1b was a continuation of 1a and began "The life in me frightens you and you keep/running and running away/but how can you escape your own daughter?" And 1c: "You're dead, Daddy, so why won't you go away?/Why do you still scare me?/And why am I unable to hate you?" The second poet offered a poem that began "If there's a bowling lane in heaven, then I know that Grandma's there," and the third had written an ode to Denise with whom the poet finds peace that can never cease, and the fourth took us to Vietnam, a line of grunts snaking through the steaming jungle, men who are scared, doped up on reefer, pissed off at the lieutenant, remembering the buddies who got blown away yesterday, and we come to a village and burn the hooches and a Vietnamese woman comes running screaming out of a burning hooch and your best friend lifts his rifle and shoots her point-blank through the head, and how do you like it now, blue-eyed boy? And then came poet No. 5, with a poem in which life is a sweater we are knitting and we must ever be ready to pull some stitches and redo the sleeve.



I read poems for four hours straight with hardly a break. I tried to read each poem all the way to the end, but poems that start out clunky never get good, I discovered, and a judge has to conserve his strength. Some were so awkward that I stuck with them to the end out of politeness—like the poem about the difficulty of writing a poem.

I tried to keep my mind on work
And do the tasks assigned to me,
But somehow I could not shirk
The still small voice of poetry.

Through eight stanzas the poet resists the call of creativity.

I did not want to feel the pain,
The aching longing for the sea,
The lonely music of the rain,
That comes to me through poetry.

Finally, in the last stanzas, the poet surrenders to the demands of art.

And then at last I quit the fight
And gathering up my strength somehow,
I wrote the poem I had to write,
This poem that lies before you now.

And now my poem has reached an end,
I the poet at last am free,
And now the task is yours, my friend,
To grapple with my poetry.

Many poems competed to be the worst of the lot, but it was hard to ignore a long poem titled "going to my brother's wedding reception at the minikahda club after seeing a documentary about rwanda," which began, "my cousins in their gleaming white tuxedos stepped over the emaciated bodies of black children and helped themselves to more watercress sandwiches/the children wailed but their wailing became a string quartet playing beatles tunes/i turned away sick with revulsion, i was covered with flies, and everyone smiled and said i had never looked better." The poet did variations on this riff for a page and a half. I imagined he was twenty years old, shy, not a good dancer, a college junior from the wealthy suburbs who felt torn between becoming a lawyer and joining the Minikahda Club and becoming a poet and hating people in the Minikahda Club. But watching a PBS documentary on starvation in Africa doesn't give you a license to feel more sensitive than all the other guys in white tuxes, and why didn't he go to Africa and get over it instead of writing a windy poem about the middle class enjoying itself on the patio?



Nonetheless, I could easily—yes, *easily*—imagine some judges who would snatch this poem out of the pile and give it the Naomi Windham Nissensen Award for Sensitivity of Greater Than Medium Length. I know people who could see the self-aggrandizing agony of the young man in the white tuxedo as quite insightful.

Teachers of creative writing who seduce their students into writing journals—yards and yards of sensitive wallpaper!

Administrators of literary programs who keep humor alarms on their desks!

Artistic politicos and commissars who insist that Literature must express the anger of oppressed people, thus forcing oppressed people to watch TV for their entertainment!

Proponents of the Pain Theory of Literature and devotees of pitiful writing—

If Flannery O'Connor were alive today, would we be taught to think of her as a Physically Challenged Writer, or could we simply read her books?

The Poetry Judge

by GARRISON KEILLOR



"THERE are four hundred poems," the president of the poetry society said over the phone, "but judging won't take you that long, because most of them are pretty bad." The next day the poems arrived in an apple carton, three bundles bound with rubber bands, and I spread them out in the squares of sunshine on my dining-room table. *O dining-room table, dear old friend, home of my mournful mashed potatoes.* Four hundred poems, enough to fill a bread box, by ninety-three poets who hoped to win one of four modest cash prizes—modest to you, but no prize is modest to a poet. Poets are starved for prizes—awards, with cash stipends, named after ladies with three names. And what poet truly feels, deep down in his or her heart, that he or she is unworthy of much, much more recognition, *right away*? Not me. I won the Anna von Helmholz Phelan Prize for poetry in 1962 and am starved for another, even though I am no longer a poet. When I took the rubber bands off the bundles of poems, I could hear a faint sucking, an inhalation of poem breath, poems whispering, *Please, sir. Please.*



The president had asked me to judge the society's annual contest because, she admitted, she was having a hard time finding people to do it, and, though I had no time to give her, none, I said yes because I was angry about some awful stuff I'd read recently. It was dreadful garbage, and because dreadful people have plenty of time to serve as judges, this garbage had won awards. It was a book of essays by a Minnesota guy who specializes in taking walks in the woods and looking at the reflections of sunlight on small bodies of water and feeling grievous and wounded in a vague way—a thoughtful guy in a harsh, unfeeling world with too much molded-plastic furniture, and he pouts for a few pages and then resolves to soldier on as a sensitive person in a crass world. This guy's stuff reads like a very long letter from someone you wish would write to someone else; it is mournful and piteous, as if he were about to ask if he could come and live in your home for a few months, but it won awards because it is pretentiously sad and is "about" something, maleness or the millennium, and that means his books will find their way into schools, his glum reflections will be disseminated among innocent schoolchildren, and they will learn that a great writer is one who can lead the reader away from the dangerous edge of strong feeling and into the barns of boredom. So the brighter ones—though they love to write stories!—will decide not to be writers, and we'll have another writerless generation like the thirtysomething adolescents of today, and our beloved country will sink ever deeper into the great couch of despond and vanish in the Internet. That is why I agreed to judge the poetry contest: to save America. Otherwise, why bother?

The poetic imagination, imagined

A TWO-foot stack of poems on the dining-room table, the names of the poets blacked out, each poet a number, each poem assigned a letter: 1a, 1b, 1c. *O Poem 1a, yearning, naked, wet, would you mind getting dressed, please, 1a?*



1a was an elegy to a dead cat, with classic elegiac touches—the gray sky weeping rain, dead flowers in a vase, bare boughs of trees, brown leaves skittering across the vacant yard where once Kitty had chased them—but mainly the poem was a bitter complaint against Daddy.

> I was your happy dancing little Daddy's girl
> starving for your love
> but no you were too busy Daddy

Illustrations by Jeffrey Fisher

Why would anybody buy a family farm?
The profit margin is ridiculous.

Put a hold on the obituary: Family farms aren't dead yet

WASHINGTON (AP) — Don't write the obituary for the American family farm just yet.

"Data from the U.S. Bureau of the Census show that family farms are holding their own in terms of both share of farm numbers and share of farm product sales," the Agriculture Department reports. "The Census data also indicate that most nonfamily-held farm corporations are still small, with 10 or fewer stockholders."

The Census figures, from 1992, show that 1.65 million — 86 percent — of the nation's 1.9 million farms were sole proprietorships. They generated 54 percent of the $163 billion of farm product sales.

Family corporations rose from 2 percent to 3.4 percent of total farms from 1978 to 1992, and their share of sales increased from 15.1 percent to 21.1 percent.

Nonfamily-owned corporations numbered 8,039, about the same 0.4 percent of the total as in 1978. Their share of total farm product sales dipped from 6.5 percent in 1982 to 6 percent 10 years later.

Although the great majority of farms are still owned by one person, USDA finds significant changes have occurred in the way production and marketing are conducted.

"Over the past 40 years, farmers have become less dependent on terminal markets and spot pricing to market their goods, and more reliant on production and marketing contracts," concludes USDA's Economic Research Service. "In addition, farm operations have become more vertically integrated."

In vertical integration, an operator typically owns a farm and one or more farm-related businesses, such as a hatchery, a feed mill or a packing facility.

Under a production contract, a farm produces commodities of a specified quality and quantity for a contractor, which actually owns the commodities. The farm is paid for services provided.

A marketing contract allows the farm to own the commodities while they are being produced; the contractor has little voice in production decisions. The contract provides the farmer a negotiated price.

In either type of contract, the farm's risk is reduced.

Contracting or vertical integration has become the dominant way of farming in the broiler, turkey, egg and specialty crop markets, and is becoming increasingly accepted in hog farming. Between 1970 and 1990, USDA says, the share of hogs produced under those systems rose from 2 percent to 21 percent.

Tough steaks

Chewier, coarser beef still marketed as high quality after USDA delays rule change to help producers

WASHINGTON (AP) — Shoppers will have put up with some tough steaks until next year because of a change of heart by the cattle industry and the Agriculture Department.

The department's Agricultural Marketing Service said Jan. 30 that after July 1 it would no longer let beef from certain older cattle be graded as high-quality Choice or Select.

But, alarmed by a change in the cattle market, several state cattle groups, with help from members of the House, pushed to delay enforcement a full year. The department compromised and moved the deadline back until Jan. 31, 1997.

The first rule came as no surprise. Ranchers had sought the change in 1994 because they thought culling the tough old carcasses would mean better, more attractive beef at the supermarket — and better sales.

Since then, however, a cattle surplus, high grain prices and a dry spell in the Plains put the squeeze on the ranchers and the feedlots where the cattle are fattened for slaughter. Slaughterhouses pay less for carcasses that don't make the grade.

"In this difficult time, every effort must be made to prevent further financial damage to our nation's cattle producers without artificially manipulating market forces," said a Feb. 28 letter to Agriculture Secretary Dan Glickman from seven House members.

Among those signing the letter were Agriculture Committee Chairman Pat Roberts, R-Kan.; Reps. Kika de la Garza, D-Texas, the ranking Democrat, and Charlie Stenholm, D-Texas, a senior member. Others who signed represent California, Oklahoma and Texas.

The rule excludes from the Choice and Select grades so-called "B" maturity carcasses with small or slight marbling in their meat. "B" maturity means cattle that are 2 1/2 to 3 1/2 years old — young by people standards, but old enough for cattle to start getting a little stiff in the joints.

The meat in such animals tends to be coarser and darker red than in more tender beasts.

HORSEHAIR HITCHING WORKSHOP

March 29th, 30th, 31st

Whitewater counsel to expand inquiry into travel office

WASHINGTON (AP) — Whitewater counsel Kenneth Starr is trying to determine whether investigators were lied to about Hillary Rodham Clinton's role in the 1993 firings of White House travel office employees.

The special three-judge court that originally appointed Starr ordered him Friday to expand his inquiry to cover whether former White House aide David Watkins lied to investigators from Congress' General Accounting Office. The court acted at the request of Attorney General Janet Reno.

"Starr has notified me that he is investigating possible false statements concerning the travel office firings made to his office in the course of its inquiry into the suicide of former deputy White House counsel Vince Foster," Reno wrote to the court.

"It would be appropriate to expand his jurisdiction to include Watkins' statement to GAO on that same subject."

sistently told the truth about the travel office firings and that Watkins will continue to cooperate fully with investigators.

Mathias called the GAO's request for an inquiry "completely unwarranted and unfair."

On Thursday in sworn written answers to a House committee, Mrs. Clinton stuck to her denials of any personal role in the firings.

Starr had told Reno he was willing to add Watkins' statements to his inquiry. That adds to an already full plate for the part-time independent counsel, who is supervising one trial and awaiting another in Arkansas and overseeing grand juries in Little Rock and Washington.

Previous independent counsels in big investigations such as Lawrence Walsh, who investigated the Iran-Contra affair, gave up their private practice to work fulltime. But Starr has not.

Last month, the GAO asked U.S. Attorney Eric Holder to investigate Watkins' statements for "possible



> a half score of paces from the lair in the pine root, her hour descended upon her.... The merry little cubs within the den were beginning to expect her, and getting restless. As the night wore on, and no mother came, they ceased to be merry. By morning they were shivering with hunger and desolate fear.

They were, though, spared days of starvation by a pair of foxes, who made a meal of the cubs. Meanwhile, the farmer found the cow and calf. The calf "was tended and fattened, and within a few weeks found its way to the cool marble slabs of a city market."[69]

Some readers were disturbed by the sad endings of many animal stories. Seton defended his stories by pointing out that "The fact that these stories are true is the reason why all are tragic. The life of a wild animal *always has a tragic end*." There was another facet of these stories that was even more remarkable, although their readers appear not to have noticed (which is remarkable in itself): They were sympathetic to predators. Although wolves and bears may threaten livestock and humans may be pressed to kill them, their ways of life were a part of nature, natural and not evil. If anything, this underscored the new attitude toward nature that was growing in the nation. The animal story, wrote Roberts, "leads us back to the old kinship of earth" and releases us from human selfishness. It allows people to overcome their own self-centeredness by seeing the world from the perspective of other animals.[70]

Seton and Roberts were both Canadians, and the animal story they created has been called a distinctly Canadian form of literature, although it also attracted writers from other countries. Where the nature literature of the United States focused on the human experience, this new Canadian approach focused on the animal's experience. "The animal story at its highest point of development," wrote Roberts, "is a psychological romance constructed on a framework of natural science."[71] It was rooted in natural history fact, constructed within an interpretation of the animals' mental processes, and held together by a good story. Nature writing had expanded to include animal psychology.

A number of authors assured readers that their stories were truthful and accurate. Unfortunately, they rarely made a distinction between the faithful reporting of events and the soundness of their psychological interpretations. Few were as careful as Olive Thorne Miller, who wisely qualified her claim of accuracy for her bird essays with, "I may have sometimes misunderstood the motives of the little actors in the drama, but the account of their actions may be implicitly relied upon."[72]

William J. Long was another very popular writer of animal stories. He



was born in Massachusetts and, interestingly, spent part of each year in Canada. Although his essays were generally narrated from his own rather than the animal's perspective, he too described the animals' thoughts. Indeed, one reviewer described Long as "our foremost animal psychologist." More anecdotes than animal biographies, his tales rarely ended in tragedy, which probably made them more appealing than those of Charles G. D. Roberts. In a report on the antics of rabbits, for example, Long wrote:

> Had it been one of Nature's own sunny spots, the owl would have swept back and forth across it; for he knows the rabbits' ways as well as they know his. But hawks and owls avoid a spot like this, that men have cleared. If they cross it once in search of prey, they seldom return. Wherever man camps, he leaves something of himself behind; and the fierce birds and beasts of the woods fear it, and shun it. It is only the innocent things, singing birds, and fun-loving rabbits, and harmless little wood-mice—shy defenseless creatures all—that take possession of man's abandoned quarters, and enjoy his protection. Bunny knows this, I think; and so there is no other place in the woods that he loves so well as an old camping ground.[73]

Although Long's stories were more peaceful and reassuring and less tragic than many other animal stories, they were no less committed to the view that we are all kindred of the wild.

One of the best-selling novels of the time, Jack London's *The Call of the Wild*, combined the dog story with the wild animal story and the wilderness adventure novel. The success of London's book was anchored both in the public's appetite for wild animal stories and in its setting in the Alaska gold rush of the late 1890s. Dreams of a wealth of Klondike gold for the taking by anyone who could survive the northern wilderness fit well with the romantic fantasies of nature lovers. Publishers fed this interest with handbooks for gold seekers and books about Alaska. London's stirring account of Buck, the Saint Bernard who became leader of a wolf pack covered all the bases: Buck's abuse by cruel masters, his experience human kindness, the stirring of his ancestral memories of the wildernes and his joyful escape from the bonds of civilization to achieve fulfillmer in the wilderness. London revealed the dog's thoughts and emotions wit a psychological sophistication and literary skill that convinced the read he was faithful to Buck's innermost self.[74]

John Muir also entered the field with an Alaskan dog story of his own He had already written two memorable essays, "The Douglas Squirrel" an

and setting, as if it were revolving around us. It is much more useful to an astronomer to use the sun as the central reference point in our solar system than it is to use the earth. In our everyday lives, however, it is simpler to place the earth at the center of our psychological universe, because most of us are not trying to navigate from one planet to another. The same cannot be said, however, about our narrowly anthropocentric worldview. We are trying to move about within our ecological environment, and anthropocentrism is not necessarily our best point of reference for this task.

The Darwinian revolution, then, is more than a revolution in the scientific worldview. It is a vast cultural revolution impacting ethos and religion as well. We are still trying to adjust culturally to this new vision. The key players in the nature fakers controversy were each involved in this process. Despite their differences and faults, they were piecing together a new vision of our relationships with nature. Each had pieces of the puzzle, but none put it all together. Theodore Roosevelt understood the natural history, political process, and resource management issues. John Burroughs understood the natural history and evolutionary theory and their philosophical and religious implications. Seton and Long and Burroughs pointed out that we have moral obligations to nature, as well as to other people. Seton, Long, and Burroughs each tried to craft a religion of nature.

The term *nature faker* suggests a conscious effort at fraud on the part of the faker. Long was not a fraud. He was, though, careless in his interpretations of animal behavior, because he rejected the methods of science as tools useful to his quest. If few of the fakers were frauds, what is a nature faker? Perhaps the term is best applied to people whose sentiments about nature blind them to the real living animal in the wild—people whose deeply held personal beliefs lead them to spin fanciful visions of nature. Animals go on being animals despite what we think of them. What we think of them, though, affects our ability to live together within this natural world.



6.
THEIR PATHS DIVERGE

The paths of many writers and naturalists intersected during the nature fakers controversy, but when this "storm in the forest" passed and the dust settled each went his own way. Despite all the noise and bluster, few changed their positions. Many authors, publishers, and school committees did pay closer attention to issues of accuracy, but little else changed. Long was defeated, but not converted. John Burroughs had sharpened the focus of his attack, but he seemed largely weary of the whole thing. President Roosevelt held his strategically placed ground. Jack London was secure in his own views. The question of whether animals can reason was not resolved. Science education and nature appreciation often remained poles apart.

Charles G. D. Roberts, never a major participant in the controversy, had larger literary matters on his mind. Although animal stories were an important part of his writings, Roberts had established his reputation as an early poet of the Canadian Confederation and turned his pen to novels, stories, and books about Canada and its history. He received many honors for his diverse literary accomplishments, including a knighthood from King George in 1935. Roberts is now remembered as the "father of Canadian literature."[1]

The debate did shake Ernest Thompson Seton. As a result of the controversy, many people, such as novelist Zane Grey, ultimately regarded him as a fake. Seton, however, had a sound natural history background,



Wild Birds Unlimited News

May 1996

by Jeff Pentel

Last week, during one of the rare warmer days of this spring, I was driving back through the Bridger Mountains and decided to let Cooper, our dog, out for some exercise. I stopped at the parking lot at Brackett Creek so Cooper would have some water to drink and a place to cool his belly when he got overheated. He immediately ran off to explore the exotic scents of the woods, though, so I looked for signs of returning summer birds. None. Then I heard a song, a delicate warbling that struck me as both unknown and familiar at the same time...what was it...finch? Warbler? Vireo? I knew I had to see the bird but I realized I couldn't tell where the sound came from. I walked over to the willows along the creek, where the song was a little louder, expecting to discover some rare migrant warbler or other unusual species hiding in the brush, but I still couldn't place the sound. I walked upstream a bit and then realized the singing was coming from under the small bridge. There was only one bird I knew of that lived under that bridge, and in all my years of observing that species I had never heard it utter more than an occasional chatter. But there, singing like a warbler in the dark shadow of the bridge was an American Dipper.

If you have spent any time along a mountain stream you have probably seen a Dipper, also known as a Water Ouzel. The Dipper is a marvel in the bird world, a small, stocky gray bird which walks into fast-moving water looking for insects and can hold its own on the slippery submerged rocks, even though its feet are shaped like any other songbird's. Its name comes from its habit of doing quick knee bends while standing still. And it is not known for singing; this happens only for a few weeks in the spring when the male is courting a specific female. Besides the wonderful song, he spreads his wings low to the ground and dances, sometimes with his head tilted upward. (This is a very effective courting display...Amy married me strictly on the basis of how well I danced under a bridge.)

Dippers are the only aquatic songbirds on earth. All birds have a preening gland which produces waterproofing oil for their feathers. In dippers, however, this gland is ten times the size of that in other songbirds because they spend so much time under or in the water. Also, since they spend so much time walking under water, they have special scales which close off their nostrils while they're submerged. And while underwater, they can "fly" down to 20 feet in search of aquatic insects. Still, their most amazing feat is how they use their feet...they can stand underwater in a current so strong a human couldn't stand up in it. Dippers are fairly dependable for birdwatchers, since they spend their whole life within the same half-mile stretch of water. They often nest under small bridges in a cozy home made of woven moss.

Speaking of water birds, we have new residents in our little backyard pond-a pair of mallards flew in a few weeks ago and decided to stay. For some people who live near wetlands this may not be so unusual, but our yard is just a city lot in a non-wetland area, surrounded by a 6-foot fence! But our 12-foot wide pond must have looked attractive, because they stayed, mated, and she has begun laying eggs. They probably won't hatch, though, since after the hen drops an egg she leaves it and goes swimming for a few hours.



Fortunately wild birds have more nesting success than tame ones, and we have a lot to look forward to this spring as new migrants are arriving daily. Mountain Bluebirds have just begun to nest, as have swallows, chickadees and Robins. Later this month we can expect House Wrens to show up and claim any unused bird house in brushy areas, especially along rivers and creeks.

There is still plenty of time to put up bluebird/swallow houses. The Tree Swallows have only been here for a couple of weeks and are just beginning to claim nesting sites. Those of you at higher elevations (4500ft and above) in open areas are likely to see Mountain Bluebirds. And since Tree Swallows and bluebirds use the same size house there is often some fierce competition. If swallows win and take a house meant for a bluebird there is a fairly simple solution: put up another house 5-10 feet away from the first one. A swallow's territory size is only a few feet around the box, so it will keep any other swallows from moving into the new box. Remember to face the openings of each house to the opposite side of the other house, and the two species should then live as considerate neighbors.



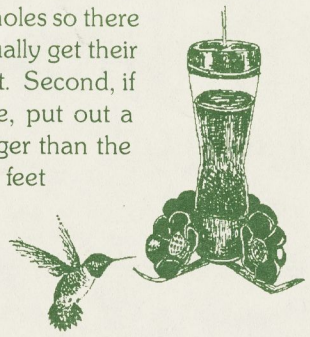
Perhaps the most welcome migrant is the hummingbird. Many people consider the real beginning of summer the time when this delicate and agile beauty returns from the tropics. The Calliope Hummingbird is the most common species in our area, and also the smallest North American hummingbird. Its most distinctive feature is its gorget - the mass of red feathers on its throat. During the mating display the male spreads the gorget out from the throat in a beautiful fan shape, reflecting the sunlight in iridescent shades of red, pink and purple.

The other two species common to this area are the Rufous and Black-chinned Hummingbirds. The Rufous is known by its distinctive buzzing wing sound...you can hear it coming two blocks away. It's also the most aggressive, with one bird sometimes attempting to monopolize an entire yard, even when there is more than one feeder. Rufous Hummingbirds also depart from the usual nectar-eating habit of most hummers and will often eat the sap that runs from trees where sapsuckers have perforated the bark.

We now have the best selection of hummingbird feeders we've ever had, the newest one a flower on a stake. This simple feeder is designed to blend in with your garden and provides a dozen drip-proof, bee-resistant feeding holes.

If you are bothered by bees around your hummingbird feeders there are a couple things you can do: first, use a feeder which

holds the nectar below the feeding holes so there are no drips and the bees can't actually get their little tongues in far enough to taste it. Second, if the bees are simply unmanageable, put out a bowl of sugar solution that is stronger than the feeder solution, and place it several feet away from the feeder. This should attract the bees away from the feeder.



On the positive side, there is also a little trick to help attract (and feed) the hummingbirds. Their primary source of nutrients is insects, and an effortless way to provide insects for them is to hang a few pieces of melon rind in an onion bag near the feeder. This will provide a ripe breeding ground for fruit flies, which hummingbirds love.



Soon we will see the arrival of some of our favorite feeder birds. White-crowned Sparrows, known for their distinctive head markings, and Lazuli Buntings, which look like finch-sized bluebirds, are primarily ground feeding birds who prefer to eat white millet or sunflower chips. Both these birds will fill your neighborhood with a lovely song, perched from the very top of a spruce or pine.

Cassin's finches are here already, and are often confused with house finches. For those who have difficulty telling them apart, here are a few good tips. Males: 1) The red on the head of a House Finch is only on the forehead and over the eyes, like a visor; on the Cassin's Finch the red covers the entire crown of the head and often appears to be tufted. 2) Male House Finches have brown streaks on their breast below the red, while Cassin's Finches have no streaking. Females: This is more difficult, since females have no red, but the female Cassin's shows a definite lighter patch on the cheek while the House Finch appears to have a uniform plain brown streaking. Song: Both finches have a wonderful musical warbling song, difficult to tell apart, except that the last note in the House Finch's song is a hoarse, sharply rising note.

WATER GARDENING FOR HABITAT

A couple weeks ago, after one of our unusually annoying spring snowstorms, I looked into the back yard pond and noticed all the water plants that were beginning to sprout from the underwater planters. Some of the lilies had already sent the first small pads to the surface, and the water iris were stretching six inches above the surface, and remained green in spite of the subfreezing temperatures. It's nice to know they're hardy enough to take our cold weather.

Our completed pond is now in its third year and the birds are enjoying the improving habitat (as evidenced by the mallards). We've learned a lot about the hardiness (or lack thereof) of certain plants, and how to manage algae, fish, and various ways of filtering the water. If you want a good bird magnet for your back yard, put in moving water; if you want it to come to life, add a mess of aquatic plants...it's amazing how the plant life will attract birds which don't normally come to feeders, both with the simple shelter it provides, and also with the insect population it will promote.

In the first year our pond had only water lilies, and in the second we added marsh plants: grasses, cattails, mint and iris. The most remarkable change came the very next day after the plants were added: dragonflies! We are in the middle of a dry open area, and within one day our new plants attracted little blue damselflies,



red dragonflies and even a huge darner. How do they know? Do dragonflies cruise the dry grasslands waiting for ponds to appear? Maybe they have a communication system like bees, who tell the rest of the colony where the pollen is.

Last year my favorite visitor to the garden was a Savannah Sparrow, a bird which normally is found out in open country. Every day it hopped up and down the little water run, jumping up for the little bugs that lived in the mini cattails and sedge grass. Then in the evening it sat on the fence and sang for us, unafraid even when we were out in the yard.

We will be placing our order for water plants around May 15th, so be sure to let us know if you would like some plants. The ones we have found to do best are hardy lilies, water mint (the best you'll ever taste), water celery, microminiature cattails, yellow water iris, gray sedge, and sweetflag. If you would like to install a pond or water run we have preformed ponds or flexible liner available in any size, as well as pumps, hose, biological filters, ornamental fish, and, of course, lots of books on the subject. If you take the time and set it up right, a water garden will be the most rewarding feature of your back yard habitat.

BIRDING BY EAR

One of the most frustrating thing about birding is trying to identify birds you can't see. Often there is only a melodious song drifting out of the woods, the singer hidden from view. If the song is unfamiliar, what do you do, short of hiring a guide?

Practice! - at home! - with the excellent song identification series *Birding by Ear* and *Western Bird Songs,* both part of the Peterson Field Guides. On cassette or CD, *Birding by Ear* teaches you how to listen to bird songs and calls, grouping them by type of song rather than species to teach you how to differentiate between similar sounds. It covers 91 of the most common Western species, with an excellent teaching narration and even a few quizzes. Once you have mastered the basics, *Western Bird Songs* gives you the songs and calls of 522 species and is an excellent reference for any questions about bird songs. Both are indispensable elements of our personal library and we refer to them often. They are a great way to tune up your skills for the coming season. We also carry the Eastern versions *Birding by Ear* and *More Birding by Ear,* which cover most of the Eastern warblers as well as other birds. And for computer owners, try our CD-ROM of 550 species showing pictures, songs, text and range maps, for Mac or IBM.



"Expansive, airy pine forests," described by a traveler in 1791, once covered 92 million acres of the Southeast. Prescribed fires help preserve a three-million-acre remnant, habitat for a red-cockaded woodpecker (left) tagged at five days old. This often burned Florida grove (below) is a reminder that much of the serenity we admire in the landscape depends on the violence—and the magic—of fire.





forests dwindle. Other pine species that require fire, like the table-mountain pine in Great Smoky Mountains National Park, which reproduces best on the bare, ashen land fire creates, will continue to decline. Even wetlands change. Saw grass, which dominates the Everglades, sprouts from the base of the plant, where it is protected by the damp soil; trees and shrubs that would compete with saw grass are killed by fire. When fire's excluded, the competition thrives.

Grasslands also change when we suppress fire. Like the saw grass, prairie and desert grasses grow from points at or near the surface, resistant to the swift fires that keep their competitors at bay. Dry grasslands can turn to scrub when deprived of fire. In the Southwest millions of acres once in grass are now dominated by plants like mesquite and creosote. Overgrazing is part of the reason for this change, but lack of fire is another.

In places where fire still thrives, there is a curious peace, as if flames nourish serenity. One afternoon I walked through such a place in southern Georgia, a 200-acre stand of old-growth longleaf pines that is maintained by regular fires. I went with Sharon Hermann, a fire ecologist at the Tall Timbers Research

The Beauty of Life (Including Snakes and Bugs)

By RICHARD BERNSTEIN

Any new book by the famed Harvard University entomologist Edward O. Wilson is worthy of note, even one of his more minor efforts, like this slender volume of essays on such subjects as the fear of snakes, the genetic bases of human behavior and biodiversity. In it you will find reflections on the sorts of questions that Mr. Wilson has spent a lifetime asking, and striving — once with spectacularly controversial results — to answer.

Why has nature produced so many more insect species than mammals and birds? Why do human beings love (or hate) other living organisms? Why is sharing food a common trait among virtually all the cultures of the world? How long would human life last if there were no insects? (Answer: a few months.) If termites developed an advanced civilization, what would their values be?

Mr. Wilson has explored most of these questions and many others more fully in his earlier books, which include "On Human Nature," "Sociobiology: A New Synthesis," "The Ants" (written with Bert Holldobler) and "The Diversity of Life." Two years ago, he published "The Naturalist," a charming and learned volume that recounted his scientific career, beginning with his origins as a lonely boy in the Florida Panhandle with a preternatural interest in snakes.

In 1975, when he published "Sociobiology" — explicating the theory that human behavior, culture and values are grounded in biology — he was nearly censured by the American Anthropological Association for propagating ideas that, it was argued, justified the racial and sexual status quo. Since then Mr. Wilson, who is now a University Professor at Harvard and curator of entomology at the Harvard Museum of Comparative Zoology, has seen sociobiology well established as an academic discipline (one, he writes in this book, that justifies nothing about the status quo), even if it is still attacked on political grounds.

Mr. Wilson's new book, "In Search of Nature," is a graceful, eloquent, playful and wise introduction to many of the subjects he has studied during his long and distinguished career in science. It is a book that will surely whet the appetites of those who have not read his longer works. Those who have will learn less, but they will learn nonetheless, certainly about the liveliness and capaciousness of Mr. Wilson's mind and the nature of the curiosity that has always fueled it.



Shearwater

IN SEARCH OF NATURE

By Edward O. Wilson

Illustrated. 214 pages. Island Press/ Shearwater Books. $19.95.

"The true frontier for humanity is life on earth — its exploration and the transport of knowledge about it into science, art and practical affairs," he writes in a lyrical passage about the importance of the study of diversity in nature. Ninety percent of living organisms do not yet even have scientific names, he notes, beckoning researchers with the prospect of innumerable discoveries. "Life around us exceeds in complexity and beauty anything else humanity is ever likely to encounter."

Mr. Wilson starts his new book with a suggestive reflection on snakes and why they inspire such fear and fascination that even city dwellers dream of them as much as the inhabitants of the rain forest. One explanation, of course, was offered by Freud — the snake as ultimate phallic symbol — but Mr. Wilson goes, as he often does, into "deep history" for his vision of this question. Deep history looks at the two million years or so before recorded and archeological history, the long period that in fact covers most of Homo sapiens' existence on earth.

"For more than 99 percent of human history people have lived in hunter-gatherer bands intimately involved with other organisms," Mr. Wilson writes, striking one of the basic sociobiological themes. He notes that other primates, like monkeys and chimpanzees, also have an instinctive fear of snakes, which suggests that they, too, have a kind of genetically induced culture when it comes to the serpent. Human beings have broadened that genetic culture, investing the snake with "a rich medley of dread and magical power."

The point is that however distant we may believe ourselves to be from our primitive human ancestors, we are biologically pretty much identical to them, and we are therefore still invested with genetic traits that led to survival way back then. A decade ago, Mr. Wilson coined the term "biophilia" to designate the human emotional affiliation with animals, and he wondered then whether that urge was innate. Clearly, he believes that it is a genetic legacy from the long period of hunter-gatherer society.

Mr. Wilson also wonders about a connection between biophilia and what he calls the "environmental ethic." For years, he has used the authority of science to warn of the consequences of humankind's relentless assault on natural diversity. His claim is that we are destroying as many as 30,000 species a year. Why should we care? One answer he gives has to do with biophilia, the idea that "the diversity of life has immense esthetic and spiritual value." Diversity is the true creation myth, he argues, the myth that satisfies our spiritual craving and is also consistent with science.

In other words, it is human nature to love nature; but is it also human nature to destroy it? Mr. Wilson's final essays ask whether humankind is, as he puts it, "suicidal."

"Is the drive to environmental conquest and self-propagation embedded so deeply in our genes as to be unstoppable?" he asks. His answer is no. "We are smart enough and have time enough to avoid an environmental catastrophe of civilization-threatening dimensions," he concludes.

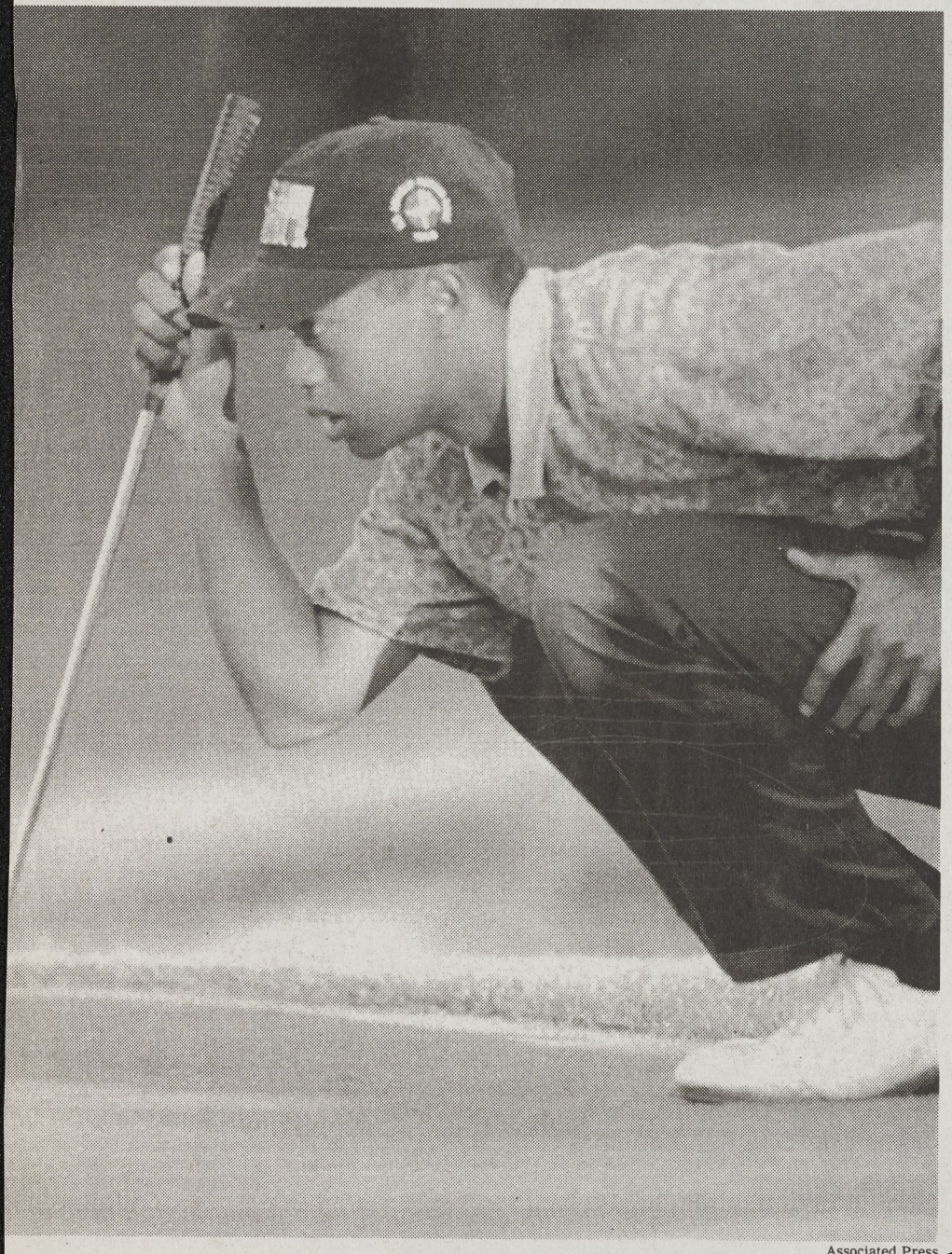
Still, what remains in mind after reading this book is not so much Mr. Wilson's hopefulness as the awe he feels when he contemplates what is threatened. "More organization and complexity exist in a handful of soil than on the surfaces of all the other planets combined," he writes. That is more than a description of the astonishing world around us. It is a kind of scientist's credo, a call to discover and to know.

...o's Star Turn in a Pipe Dream



The New York Times

s Is Halfway Home to a Third Amateur Title



Associated Press

p a putt yesterday during his match against Jerry Courville in the United States Ama

By LARRY DORMAN

CORNELIUS, Ore., Aug. 22 — Tiger Woods is halfway there, on what seems to be an inexorable march toward history. After brief early scares in both of his matches in the United States Amateur today at the Witch Hollow Course at Pumpkin Ridge Golf Club, Woods, 20, turned things around and prevailed once again.

Woods got into the quarterfinals in his attempt to become the first man to win three straight United States Amateurs by overcoming two very different challenges and very different challengers.

He beat the old: Jerry Courville, 37, the 1995 mid-Amateur champion, 4 and 2, in the morning.

He beat the young: Charles Howell, 17, a high school senior from Augusta, Ga., in the afternoon match, winning 3 and 1.

And in between, he beat golf balls, working with swing coach Butch Harmon to iron out the swing problems that plagued him in the early part of his match with Courville.

Basically, his angle had got a bit steep and his tempo a bit quick, problems that caused a few errant shots and a few anxious moments.

Now Woods will play D. A. Points, a 19-year-old from Pekin, Ill., who defeated Randy Leen, 3 and 2.

"I hit some bad shots and got away with them," Woods said after closing out Courville on the 16th hole. "Neither one of us played very well on the front nine, but, just like yesterday, things turned around on the eighth hole."

Should he win this championship, Woods might just want to get an aerial photo of the 382-yard, par-4 eighth hole framed so he can bring it home to Cypress, Calif., with the trophy.

All three of his match victories have turned on that hole. He chipped in for birdie from a nearly impossible spot to spark his victory over J. D. Manning on Wednesday. He rolled in a 6-footer for birdie to square his match with Courville this morning. He went 1-up with a par to Howell's bogey there this afternoon. Fate and karma might be at work. Either that or it just takes Woods that long to wake up.

Whichever, he birdied four of the next seven h
the morning to put away Courville and thre
eight to beat Howell in the afternoon.

"I let a good opportunity slip a
said Courville, a Milford, Con

And that was true.
with bogeys. "I jus

While Co
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ELENA ROBERTS

appearances, about the perception
pen men's draw was rigged to favor

draw for the
cials sai
pl

April

You don't love nature because it is peaceful, because it isn't. You don't love nature because it is violent, either. You love it because you are turned to it music. But it happens to have been formed in violence.

Apr

You don't ~~love~~ hate nature
because it is peaceful
or because it is violent.
~~You love it because~~
~~of the peace in you~~
~~when you are there~~
You love it because
~~you have bee~~ you have
always been here, except
for the last few ~~years~~ centuries,
and it feels ~~[illegible]~~ like
home, somehow.

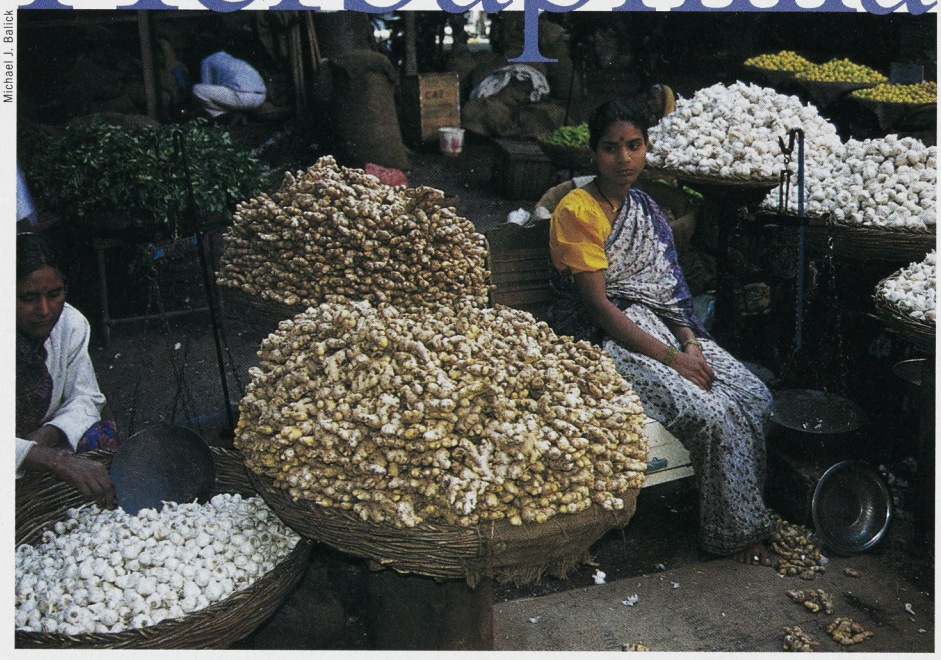
Epigraph - something

from: Annie Dillard.

Herbaphilia

Plants, People, and Culture: The Science of Ethnobotany, *by Michael J. Balick and Paul Alan Cox. Scientific American Library, $32.95, 228 pp., illus.*

By Steven Austad



Michael J. Balick

Open-air markets, such as this one in India, are places to explore local uses of plants. Right: A detail from Mexican muralist Diego Rivera's History of Medicine *shows an ancient Aztec healer with medicinal plants.*

Review Once, through stupidity of epic magnitude, I managed to get completely lost in a trackless stretch of rain forest in Papua New Guinea. For several hours, in darkness and heavy rain, I thrashed through the bush, desperately looking for familiar landmarks. Earlier in the day, I had refused an offer to be escorted into the forest by village hunters accompanying our expedition. "Don't worry about me," I'd told them, "I've got an excellent sense of direction." As I settled under a small canopy of fig roots to wait for morning, I couldn't decide whether to laugh or weep at my hubris.

Before long I heard shouts. I shouted back. Surprise! Relief! I was found! The hunters who had been waiting for me back at camp had managed to follow my spoor over rocks, through streams and thickets, and down mud slides *in the dark!*

I probably wouldn't have been so surprised by their ability to read the signs of the forest if I hadn't been such a skeptic in the first place. These hunters were always telling me about things that I couldn't see. Looking up and down a tree trunk, they would say that a large animal had come down the tree just after dark. It ran across to *there,* they would add, pointing. Then something frightened it, and it hid among *those* roots before heading to *that* stream for a drink. Previously I had always chuckled to myself about how gullible they thought I was. But now I am a believer. These people, whose ancestors have walked and wandered in these forests for thousands of years, indeed see and feel and understand things about their forest that I will never be able to see or feel or understand.

A substantial portion of *Plants, People, and Culture,* a new book by ethnobotanists Michael Balick and Paul Cox, details the relationships that indigenous peoples have with their landscapes and native plants. The book deals specifically with plants as medicine, as food and shelter, as glue, rope, and poison, as intoxicants, as gateways into the spiritual world.

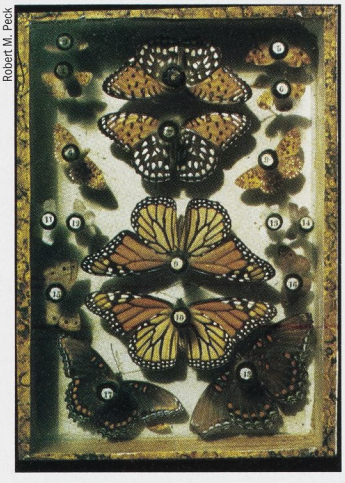
Not all their fascinating ethnobotanical stories concern indigenous peoples, however. Probably the most memorable story for me—being a periodic malaria sufferer—concerns a secret mission to South America by botanist Raymond Fosberg during World War II. Midway through the war, the Japanese had captured all the Pacific islands with plantations of the quinine-producing cinchona tree. Since quinine was the only reliable treatment for malaria at the time—and no other commercial sources were known besides these island plantations—the U. S. government enlisted Fosberg to traverse the jungles of South America, cinchona's natural habitat, seeking new stocks with which to treat the malaria that was killing so many American soldiers in the South Pacific.

The book also treats us to incisive accounts of how folk remedies such as the root of *Rauwolfia serpentina* for snakebite and foxglove broth for dropsy (edema caused by congestive heart failure) gradually achieved medical respectability as the drugs reserpine and digitalis, respectively; how Polynesians were able to colonize the rest of the South Pacific because they understood which trees made the best shipbuilding materials; and how European exploration was driven largely by the search for spices.

But the authors focus most often on people living traditional, nontechnological lives. Taking a lead from their academic mentor Richard Schultes—a biologist who became famous for observing and participating in indigenous rituals involving plants—the authors have spent long periods engaged in bouts of "immersion ethnobotany." Michael Balick even went so far as to be personally treated for some unspecified malady by a traditional healer in India. (My guess is that while there may be bold immersion ethnobotanists, there will not be too many old, bold immersion ethnobotanists.)

Traditional indigenous healers, the authors imply, are in fact natural scientists somewhat like ourselves without the fancy instruments. They rely on trial and error, as we do, building upon successes, avoiding the repetition of failures. But in the authors' eagerness to make the case that

To the Editor


Robert M. Peck

Butterfly Books

I enjoyed the short profile of Titian Ramsay Peale ("A Forgotten Naturalist") in your May issue. Peale was indeed deserving of more credit than he received for his many contributions to science. During his tenure as curator at the Academy of Natural Sciences in Philadelphia (1817–19 and 1825–31), he helped amass one of the earliest and largest systematic collections of insects in the United States.

Peale invented his own method of preserving moths and butterflies so that they could be seen without being handled. Specially designed "book boxes" held lepidopteran specimens mounted between sheets of glass. The names and collecting information for each were written inside wood and marbleized-paper covers. The "books" were sealed from within with metal foil, protecting the specimens from temperature and humidity changes, as well as damage from living insects.

Thanks to this method of preservation, Peale's specimens are as brilliant today as they were when they were collected 150 years ago.

Robert McCracken Peck
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Pre-Colosseum Gladiators

In "The Tallest Tale" (May 1996), Stephen Jay Gould writes that "Julius Caesar included . . . [giraffes] in public slaughters at the Colosseum." Julius Caesar lived in the first half of the first century B.C. The Colosseum (more correctly, the Flavian Amphitheater) was not built until more than a century later. Before then, gladiatorial contests, including animal fights, were held largely in the Circus Maximus, which was originally built for chariot races.

James L. Streiff
Leavenworth, Kansas

Alternate Etymology

The native Dene peoples, whose forest habitat fronts the Canadian Barrens, call whites "rock people," but not because mining "is so central to the Canadian north's modern economy," as stated in "Rediscovering the Barrens" (May 1996). The Chipewyan were the first Dene to trade with the Hudson's Bay Company at its post on the western shore of Hudson Bay. They called the company's personnel "rock people" because of the great stone fortress that the company had erected in the 1730s for the Chipewyan fur trade. The Dogrib people then took up this usage.

June Helm
Iowa City, Iowa

How Big Is Big?

I have been impressed with Neil de Grasse Tyson's articles since they began appearing in your magazine. He has a gift for explaining obscure ideas in a clear and entertaining manner, with minimal distortion and commendable accuracy.

I am troubled, though, by his assertion in "Antimatter Matters" ("Universe," May 1996) that a single antistar, annihilating with a single ordinary star, would "temporarily outproduce all the energy of all the stars of 100 million galaxies." Certainly the conversion of a couple of solar masses of matter into radiant energy would be a spectacular event, but not, I think, quite that big.

Current models of supernovae, single stars that can become so luminous that they rival the light of the galaxies they live in, tell us that only about 10 percent of a solar mass is converted into energy by the explosion. We can think of this as one galaxy's worth of luminosity. Were two stars to annihilate each other with 100 percent of the mass converting to energy, the resultant luminosity would be about twenty times that of a supernova, or twenty galaxy's-worth, not 100 million.

R. E. Nather
Austin, Texas

NEIL DE GRASSE TYSON REPLIES: Supernova explosions, those spectacular death throes of high-mass stars, cannot be directly compared with the energetics of star-antistar collisions. A supernova's visible energy, which rivals that of its host galaxy for one to two weeks, represents only a tiny fraction of the total energy released. More than 99 percent escapes as nonluminous, hard-to-detect neutrinos. In my May essay, I referred to the *total* energy of a star-antistar annihilation. If released in a fast (say, 1,000-second) collision, the explosion's energy would, for those moments, outproduce all the stars of 100 million galaxies.

In the coming issues of
NATURAL HISTORY

Climate
Reading the Rocks
The bone-dry valleys of the Great Basin were once covered by a multitude of lakes. How did they form? When did they dry up? The dark patina that coats desert rocks turns out to be a valuable record of ancient climatic changes and, perhaps, a key to predicting the future.

Culture
A Fearful Coming of Age
In much of Africa, female circumcision is a fact of life. An African writer's haunting memoir recounts her childhood fear of this controversial rite of passage.

Findings
Whistling Moths
You know how to whistle—you just put your wings together and pulse.



Schalkwijk: Art Resource, NY

traditional healing is more than unadulterated superstition, they fall into the opposite error of claiming too much for it. Although Western scientists no doubt underestimate some of the benefits of traditional healing, we have no credible cases so far that stack up to those in the annals of modern medical treatment. Why else am I besieged for the simplest medicines (such as aspirin) when I venture into a new village? Why else does life expectancy leap when the crudest sort of Western healing is suddenly available?

Considering how our science differs from theirs is a useful exercise, however. For one thing, the two probably didn't differ dramatically until rather recently. Lewis Thomas once said that not until well into this century did medical doctors cure more people than they killed. So visiting a shaman in Belize probably offers about the same degree of hope and hazard that a visit to a Dodge City sawbones did in 1890. But in this century, certain procedures have become incorporated into standard scientific practice—at least in fields such as biomedical research—that have fostered therapeutic successes. The most important of these may be the use of blind controls, or disguised nontreatments, in tests of new drugs or therapies. Without blind controls, almost any new therapy can be said to work faster than you can say "placebo." Also relatively new is the suspension of belief in any experimental result until it has been duplicated by at least one other investigator, preferably someone who hates the initial experimenter passionately. Blind controls and duplication—hallmarks of successful modern science—are probably not in the procedural manuals of most village shamans.

As thoroughly enjoyable and provocative as this book is in most respects, I am somewhat bothered by what seems to me the excessively worshipful tone with which the authors approach so-called natural habitats and their indigenous peoples. The authors seem to have a Panglossian perception of an Edenic Nature, whose beneficent forests provide medicines to be discovered by appropriately humble, ecologically correct spiritualists attuned to the earth's natural rhythms. (And I thought Rousseau was dead.)

But forests also contain powerful poisons, mutagens, carcinogens, and a veritable bestiary of parasites, bacteria, fungi, and lethal viruses. Biochemist Bruce Ames has calculated that 99.99 percent of the carcinogens we consume come from plants in our diet, not chemical companies. Indigenous people—in spite of their natural food diets, daily exercise, and shamans—have life expectancies that wouldn't get many of us through college.

And installing indigenous people as cardboard saints, supremely wise stewards of the natural world, strikes me as unfair to them. This is the "dances-with-wolves" vision of people-as-icons. Indigenous people are like us. Some are sagacious, intelligent, compassionate, and altruistic. Others are treacherous, lecherous, lying, and imbecilic. And there are all types in between. I've seen these stewards of the environment deforest an acre to make camp for a night. Where the impact of Western medicine has allowed populations to grow dense, indigenous peoples tend to devastate their forests, just as we do, for short-term gain.

All in all, though, there can't be many books that provoke their readers to ponder the universality of human personality, rethink the tenets of Western science, contemplate the acceleration of medical progress, and alter their view of world history. This book will do all of the above. And you will never look at your salad plate or medicine cabinet in the same way again.

Former lion trainer Steven Austad, an associate professor in the Department of Biological Sciences at the University of Idaho, is finishing a book on the biology of aging, Why We Grow Old, *to be published by John Wiley and Sons.*

Finding a Husband for Sukcha



MBC-TV



N. Setboun; Rapho



Israel Talby

TV-matchmaking by satellite hook-up, top, coexists with traditional Korean wedding rituals, such as a bridal procession, above. At right: A newly married couple.

Excerpt *Young Koreans stoutly claim that arranged marriages are old-fashioned and on the wane. Nevertheless, when unwed sons and daughters approach their late twenties, their mothers become preoccupied with matchmaking. Anthropologist Laurel Kendall describes this process in her adoptive Korean family.*

I knew that things had gotten serious when I went to see Ömöni (Mother) in July. She was filled with matchmaking schemes and was thoroughly exasperated with Sukcha. Sukcha had already gone through three arranged meetings (*massön*) with eligible bachelors and had found each of the men unsatisfactory. One was too short, another was too ugly, the third did not have enough money. One of these men had even called her up the next day wanting to date, but Sukcha would have none of it. I could not help but wonder if, by the logic of well-intentioned matchmakers, the obvious deficiencies of these less-than-ideal candidates were intended to balance Sukcha's lack of beauty. Ömöni now pinned her hopes on the next meeting; the date was soon to be set.

Ömöni tends the child of a woman who works in a government office, a fertile hunting ground for "groom material" (*sillanggam*). Ömöni could not resist enlisting her patron in the task of finding a promising young civil servant as a husband for Sukcha. The request had yielded up a prospect, as Ömöni related in hushed and breathless tones for my benefit and that of a neighbor. "She says that this man doesn't drink or smoke, that he's steady-going. He's already thirty-five, but then they say that women age more quickly than men." (Recalling Ömöni's own circumstances, I didn't have the heart to say, "Yes, but women live longer.") "I've seen his photograph," she continued. "He looks very serious, wears glasses. He goes to night school, he's very busy, we can't have an arranged meeting until his vacation in August. If all goes well, we'll hold the wedding in November. Sukcha turns thirty at the end of the year. I have to marry her off before that. . . ." Ömöni broke stride and tilted her head toward the open doorway. Beyond the fence I could barely discern the figure of a slim young man in a short-sleeved shirt walking down the alleyway. "It's the bachelor from the eyeglass shop," she said in a stage whisper, following the retreating figure with her eyes. When he had disappeared from view, she explained the obvious, "I'm thinking of groom material for Sukcha."

"You know, Sukcha had her nose fixed," our third sister told me with much amusement. Envious of delicate Korean noses, I marveled at the complementary insecuri-

Spinning Myths Without Sentimentality

Continued From Page B1

from the front were witty portraits and adept, formulaic views of clashing armies. But his paintings were weightier, unsentimental and immediate. "Home, Sweet Home" shows two soldiers beside their pitched tents, an image of nothing, really, yet moving for what Homer doesn't paint: neither overt sadness nor heroism, though both are implied in the postures and partly shrouded gaze of the soldiers. This quality of understatement, a kind of pictorial stoicism, prevents his art from sliding into caricature.

Something similar but more elaborate occurs in "The Veteran in a New Field." A Union soldier, his back turned, has laid aside his Army jacket and canteen to scythe a field of wheat. A hard light picks out his white shirt and makes it vivid against three horizontal bands of sky, wheat and ground, their strict geometry interrupted by the diagonal curve of the scythe. The image is explicitly symbolic: the faceless man who mechanically cuts the wheat refers to the Reaper who slaughtered soldiers in the fields at places like Gettysburg and Antietam, and who mowed down Lincoln; conversely, he is an emblem of renewal, a harbinger of the prosperity that will come to postwar America once its swords have been turned into plowshares.

The curators, Nikolai Cikovsky Jr. and Franklin Kelly of the National Gallery of Art in Washington — where the show originated before traveling to Boston and New York, its last stop — cite the symbolism in this painting and others to counter the notion that Homer was a pure realist. ("To think, to imagine, to select, to refine, to compose," Henry James once wrote, "all this Mr. Homer triumphantly avoids.") It's true, of course, that he wasn't a realist in the narrow sense, though what great artist was? All art is fiction, and Homer's art is, too. His achievement was to tap into the most potent fictions in late 19th-century America and make them seem real.

Foremost among these in the years after the Civil War was the rosy, amnesiac way America chose to regard itself. It was a vision of youth, innocence and recreation. From the battlefront, Homer moved to New York and began to paint fashionably dressed young women,

An American artist who never succumbed to the prestige of Europe.

like Greek statues, enjoying the rage for croquet. He also went to the shore, and in "Long Branch, New Jersey" represented two stylish vacationers with parasols peering over a sandy, sunswept cliff. On the beach below are tightly packed cabanas, like carriages of a train, that form a curve mirroring the curve of the cliff. Together these two forms clamp the composition in place: an image of leisure rendered with a rigor that makes it look almost heroic.

You see his formal order everywhere. "Snap the Whip" is his classic painting of a friezelike line of boys playing in a spring field beside a red schoolhouse. It is partly nostalgia — the rural life of the schoolhouse was already giving way to urban explosion — but it is also heraldic. Like the croquet players or the women with parasols, the children are etched against the background, robust, stony and timeless.

Homer could make milkmaids resemble caryatids, and his suggestion of loftiness and solemnity in images of ordinary people recalls Vermeer. Above all, it helps to explain why he is embraced as the quintessential American painter, because in ways you sometimes scarcely realize he creates a mythology out of the very ordinariness of American life.

This extended to the lives of blacks, whom he, unlike almost all other artists at that time, painted with a grave respect. He revisited the South in the mid-1870's to witness the change, or rather the absence of it, that Reconstruction had brought to the lives of former slaves. The result was a work like "The Cotton Pickers." Stately, silent and with barely a flicker of sadness on their faces, the two black women in the painting are unmistakable in their disillusionment: they picked cotton before the war and they are still picking cotton afterward.

Homer became increasingly wary and restless over these years. A visitor to his studio in 1881 wrote that his "strength as an artist is only equaled by his roughness when he does not happen to be just in the humor of being approached." That year he went to England and painted the fishermen and women on the rugged, rainswept coast near Newcastle, making them nearly into gods, their arms akimbo against the sea, their clothes billowing in the wind like the sails of ships. Two years later he decided to quit New York for the remoteness of Prout's Neck in Maine, where he spent his last 27 years, save for expeditions to places like Florida, Quebec, Cuba and the Adirondacks.

The watercolors from those trips are among the finest ever known, peerless examples in a notoriously tricky medium. They capture the autumnal shadows and watery reflections that Homer saw on his fishing trips in the Adirondack woods, and the enveloping turquoise of the Caribbean. There have been exhibitions of Homer's watercolors, but this show differs by putting them on equal footing with the paintings, where they belong.

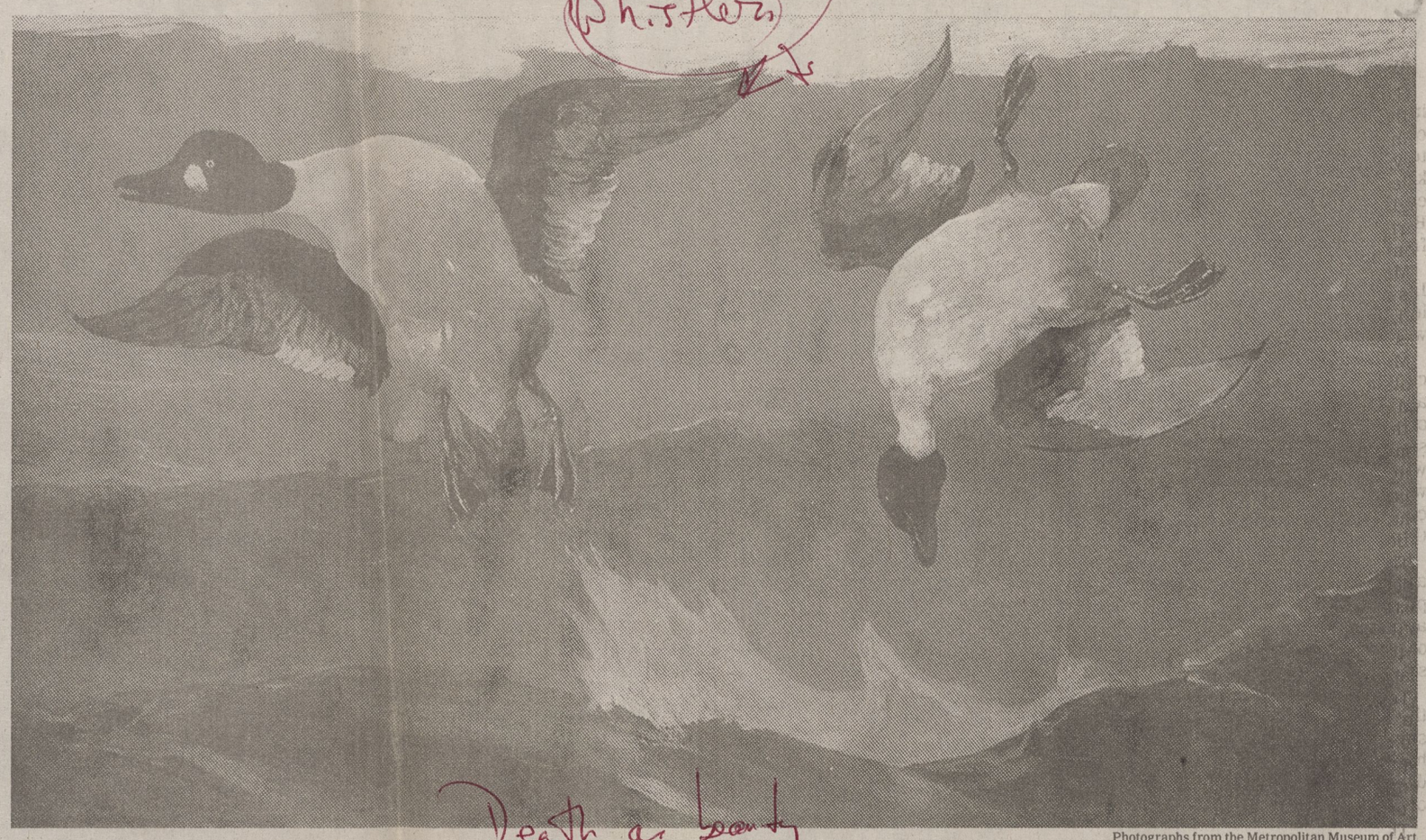
"I deny that I am a recluse as is generally understood by that term," Homer once told a correspondent who wanted to visit him in Maine. "Neither am I an unsociable hog. I wrote you, it's true, that it was not convenient to receive a visitor, that was to save you as well as myself. Since you must know it, I have never yet had a bed in my house. I do my own work. No other man or woman within half a mile & four miles from railroad & P.O. This is the only life in which I am permitted to mind my own business."

Homer's retreat to Prout's Neck was about seeking isolation in nature. It is a theme he began to explore as early as "The Veteran in a New Field." Later, in "Crossing the Pasture," in which a pair of farmboys are arrested by a bull in a field, nature is still benign, like a giant velvet glove enclosing the figures in its palm. But eventually with Homer, nature gains an upper hand, becoming an awesome, uncontainable and inscrutable force. Figures are buffeted by gales or scrambling from shipwrecks. Nature remains beautiful, despite the violence. You see this in a work like "Eastern Point, Prout's Neck," in which the paint is luxurious and the image majestic: giant waves crashing against a wedge of boulders that juts into the ocean like the prow of a wrecked ship.

Still, there's an essential bleakness, an underlying strain of wry and ironic pessimism that the curators in their catalogue liken to Darwinism. A typical example is "Right and Left," Japanese in its positioning of two ducks in the foreground like inverted commas above a roiling sea. The perspective is so startling that it takes a minute to realize what's happened: the tiny speck of red just beneath one of the ducks indicates a shotgun blast from a distant hunter who has felled both birds at once.

The apotheosis of Homer's Darwinism may be "The Gulf Stream," painted in 1899. Adrift in a mastless, rudderless sloop encircled by sharks in bloody waters, a lone black sailor gazes absently toward oblivion. He notices neither the spout of an approaching tornado nor the schooner on the horizon that is his only hope. Sardonically, Homer seems to suggest that the black rectangle of the hatch is his tomb and the crumpled sail over the gunwale his shroud. It's an image that relates to Gericault's "Raft of the Medusa," but the effect is totally different because of the expression, or really the lack of one, on the face of the sailor: he looks as relaxed as Homer's croquet players or beachcombers. In the face of inevitable death, Homer suggests, the only thing to do is stay calm.

"Winslow Homer" remains on view at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, Fifth Avenue at 82d Street, Manhattan, through Sept. 22, along with its companion show, "American Printmaking, 1860-1900," which includes prints by Homer related to the paintings in the retrospective. "Winslow Homer," which is being sponsored by the GTE Corporation, was installed at the Metropolitan by H. Barbara Weinberg, curator of American art.





Photographs from the Metropolitan Museum of Art

Nature and violence: "Right and Left" (1909), above, and "The Adirondack Guide," a watercolor from 1894, in the Winslow Homer retrospective at the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

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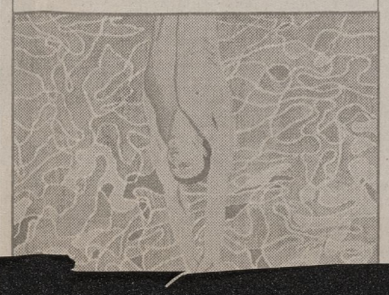

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–Marshall Fine, GANNETT NEWSPAPERS

The Metropolitan Museum of Art

Man at the mercy of nature: Winslow Homer's "Gulf Stream" (1899), based on one of his many winter visits to tropical locations, is among some 180 works in his retrospective at the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

ART REVIEW

Spinning American Myths Without Sentimentality

6/21/96

A view of Winslow Homer through fresh eyes.

By MICHAEL KIMMELMAN

If you harbor any doubts about whether Winslow Homer was the greatest painter America produced in the 19th century, the Homer show that has just arrived at the Metropolitan Museum of Art should dispel them. The doubts are understandable, considering that his images of rocky seascapes, freckled urchins and Adirondack woodsmen have been so thoroughly absorbed into our collective memory, and so degraded by generations of outdoor magazine illustrators, that it is possible to take Homer for granted, if not unconsciously to confuse him with his imitators. To a degree, Homer has become synonymous with a certain quaint, populist, long-gone Americana, and this has caused people to misgauge his achievement.

Quaint he never was, in art or in life. In his later years he was a loner, the archetypal Yankee salt in his cottage on the Maine coast, though the truth is that Homer was always too diverse and complicated to be slotted into any of the usual categories. This show proves that. Grandly installed, a brilliant distillation of about 180 paintings, drawings and watercolors from the roughly 2,000 works by him that survive, the exhibition is a joy.

From his very first oil painting, of a Civil War sharpshooter — an accomplished image that in its compactness and lack of anecdotal detail was unlike any art coming out of the war — to the seascapes he painted toward the end of his career, Homer comes across as an original. You see where, along the way, he echoed Monet or Tissot, Turner or Böcklin, and where he borrowed from Japanese or Greek art: he took what he needed and not more. For unlike so many lesser American painters of his day, Homer never succumbed to the prestige of Europe or lost himself in emulation of its fashions. He stubbornly kept to his goal: to create an art of empirical lucidity freighted with symbolism, meaning an art more sophisticated than it first appears, and also determinedly, self-consciously American.

Homer was born in Boston in 1836, was apprenticed to a commercial lithographer and then did magazine illustrations. At 25 he went to Virginia to cover the Civil War for Harper's Weekly. His first wood engravings

Continued on Page B12

tion on the etched glass panel. [illegible]
Dakota Jackson chairs.

The menu, as you would expect in a hotel restaurant, offers something for absolutely every taste. Vegetarians will find many choices: soups, large salads, even a sampling tray of five vegetable dishes (ratatouille; spinach with garlic; a gus. Salmon is served with truffled whipped potatoes, spinach and morels, and the crab cakes are fresh, light and beautifully arranged on the plate. Grilled shrimp are ornately presented, a towering stack of excellent shrimp in a chunky pond of Manhattan clam chowder.

[illegible] But as the staff relaxed into it, the room became more comfortable. Today Fifty-Seven Fifty-Seven seems like a wonderful luxury; it is not just another hotel restaurant restaurant but one that is setting a new standard for an old tradition.

The Good Life On Sale Now

JUNE 30 ISSUE



AUSTRALIA HITS THE BIG TIME

The days when Australia's wine was known only for its "best

NEW VIDEO RELEASES

Sense and Sensibility

1995. Columbia Tri-Star. Laser disk, $39.95. 136 minutes. Closed captioned. PG-13. Release date: Tuesday.

Adapted from Jane Austen's first novel, Ang Lee's film is less incisive than "Persuasion," another Austen-based film, but the richly depicted rhythms of English country life hold the attention. Left virtually destitute by male-dominated inheritance laws, the salvation of the Dashwood women rides on the abilities of the two older sisters, Elinor (Emma Thompson) and Marianne (Kate Winslet), to attract prosperous suitors (Greg Wise, Alan Rickman and Hugh



Clive Coote/Columbia Pictures

Emma Thompson in "Sense and

in "The Murrow Boys," the least-qualified journalist was Murrow himself. He went to Europe not as a reporter but to enlist others to do radio talks; instead, he invented himself as a daring and instinctive broadcaster. Above all, he earned the loyalty of his boys in the field, a fact lost on many a problematical network news chief in later years. Murrow never asked any of his boys to risk anything that he wouldn't himself, from going out on bombing missions to witnessing the horrors of the concentration camps.

The transition from radio to television affected several correspondents in the same way that talking movie screens caused the decline of some silent-film stars. Sevareid, always nervous before the cameras, said, "In the radio days, two men with a microphone, a typewriter and a telephone could put more substance on the air at one-hundredth of the cost." Early on, Murrow himself grumbled that he wished television had never

who were pushed aside, denigrated for outspokenness on and off the air or forcibly retired. Mr. Smith was told that his too-liberal ideas violated rules of objectivity and should be peddled elsewhere; Shirer was accused of editorializing; Collingwood was passed over for major anchor roles he richly deserved; Kendrick, a sophisticated reporter, didn't have the right look (too-thick glasses) for documentary producers; Sevareid and Burdett, two of the best writers, found themselves with little to do toward the end of their careers.

What of Murrow himself? After long struggles with management — the authors say he was "bitter, depressed, purposeless, perpetually exhausted" — he took a year's leave of absence in 1959. Returning in 1960, he found there was no longer any real work for him to do. He said to Collingwood: "You're only important around here as long as you're useful to them, and you will be for a time. And when they're finished, they'll throw you out without another

Apr. 1?

Hong Kong Journal

Nature is not a chinese tea ceremony

In These Frazzled Times, Finding Time for Tea

6/8/96

By EDWARD A. GARGAN

HONG KONG, June 7 — Tendrils of steam plumed from the teapot's spout as Yip Wai-man splashed the parchment-thin ceramic thimbles with boiling water. Then, in a liquid ballet, he filled a tiny red clay pot with water, spilled tea into a blue and white china jug and carefully poured a mouthful of pale amber liquid into each thimble.

"This is Iron Buddha tea," Mr. Yip said, balancing the translucent china thimble in his fingertips. "Smell the bouquet and then sip it carefully."

In the frenzy of Hong Kong's day, executives in crisp suits scurrying into glass towers, the 24-hour roar of construction equipment, the buzz of business over hurried lunches, Mr. Yip preaches the need for tranquillity and harmony — elements of the traditional Chinese tea ceremony. It is a ritual, he insists, that has been all but lost here.

"Basically everything of tradition in China was destroyed with the fall of the Qing dynasty," Mr. Yip said, referring to the collapse of China's last dynasty in 1911. "When I went to China, I was devastated to find there was no one to teach me about tea.

"Frankly speaking, China is not so useful; they've lost everything related to the tea culture. Nobody talks about the Chinese tea ceremony, only the Japanese ceremony. Of course, its origin was in China."

With nervousness growing as Hong Kong braces for the takeover by mainland China on July 1, 1997, Mr. Yip, cherubic in a Beatle-ish mop and white cotton Chinese jacket, extols the virtues of "cha dao," or "the way of tea," as a political healer and social pacifier.

In a city with some of the busiest McDonald's anywhere, where Coke and cognac consumption spirals upward and where tea is more an afterthought than passion, Mr. Yip's obsession nears the quixotic. But he is undeterred.

"I used to drink Coke," said Mr. Yip, 37, a former social worker. "I was like the Hong Kong masses. I was totally not into tea. I didn't even think it tasted good. Then I became interested in China's history and culture. It arose from my concerns about 1997, to dig into my past, my thoughts about being Chinese."

Being Chinese is apparently not at the forefront of many Hong Kongers' sensibility. A recent poll by the Chinese University of Hong Kong found that only 36 percent of Hong Kong's people see themselves as Chinese, while 49 percent identify themselves as "Hongkongese."

Mr. Yip said that escaping history was not so easy. "I realized that because of jitters over '97 and my sense of the growing distance between people here in Hong Kong, I want to use tea to spread harmony," he said. "What I want is a new Hong Kong tea culture, a product of the combination of the old and new China, of north and south and the ingestion of Western influences."

Already he has staked out land in the New Territories, Hong Kong's bit of the mainland, for a tea farm and the site of his members-only International China Tea Club.

Intended as a refuge from the frazzled existence of urban Hong Kong, the Tea Club, to open in September, will be a traditional two-story Chinese teahouse where the elaborate ritual of tea drinking can take place in leisure and relative solitude, a privilege that will cost the equivalent of about $6,500 a year.

"The idea is to relax, drink tea and make teapots if you wish," he said.

To be sure, Hong Kong is not lacking in tea. There is not a restaurant here where tea is not a staple. But hunched behind his desk in his tea shop on Argyle Street in Kowloon, Mr. Yip disdains the plebeian practice of sloshing plain green tea into mug-like teacups.

In his Jabbok Tea Shop, the paraphernalia of the tea ritual — what he insisted are the essentials of the tea experience — sit carefully on well-lighted shelves and in glass cases. On three glass shelves, 15 palm-sized red clay teapots are arrayed under spotlights.

"These are very special," Mr. Yip said, adding that they cost about $8,800 each.

Along the wall, fat canisters of tea displayed the profusion of regional vintages, from Pu-er to Long-jing, from Mu-dan to Iron Buddha, teas in a rainbow of colors, smells and tastes, with prices from $5 to well over $1,000 for a bit more than a pound of tea leaves.

"Tea," Mr. Yip declared, "is like French wine. It matters where the leaves are grown, on a hill or a valley, and when they are harvested, in the spring or autumn."

Mr. Yip spreads his devotion to tea, to the esoterica of ritual and his faith in the tea ceremony's palliative properties, in courses he teaches — more than 8,000 students over the last decade, he said. But a few other tea masters in Hong Kong, less fervent perhaps, have brought the ferocity of competition to the genteel world of tea sipping.

Vesper Cha, the proprietor of the Best Tea House, a small chain of tea shops in Hong Kong, sells a wide range of ordinary and rare teas, teapots and the assorted utensils used in a traditional ceremony. But Mr. Cha, a former dealer in industrial lubricants, saw the lack of high-quality teas in Hong Kong as a marketing challenge.

"All over Hong Kong, I could not find one high-quality tea," he said. "So this was a big chance for me to open a shop with high-quality tea. My first shop was only 400 square feet." Today, he has shops in Hong Kong and Canada.

Still, the infatuation of Hong Kong's young people for Coca-Cola and beer remains a hurdle.

"If your only customers are old people, you're doomed," he said with a laugh. "When people are too young, they don't know how to appreciate a cup of good tea. They have too much energy. But hopefully when they get to be 30, they learn to enjoy real tea."

Mr. Yip, who admitted that he is not immune to market pressures, insisted that his more refined approach to the tea business, and to tea culture, would endure.

"Tea has always been closely related to Chinese life for the last 3,000 years," he said. "It brings out the concept of harmony, which is a central theme of Chinese civilization. Tea is a real instrument of furthering harmony. It is a real linkage in relationships."



Edward A. Gargan/The New York Times

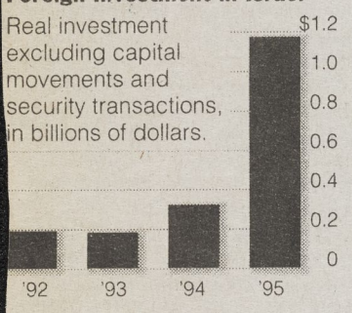
Tea, says Yip Wai-man, "brings out the concept of harmony, which is a central theme of Chinese civilization." He runs a tea shop in Hong Kong and has staked out land for a tea farm and a members-only tea club.

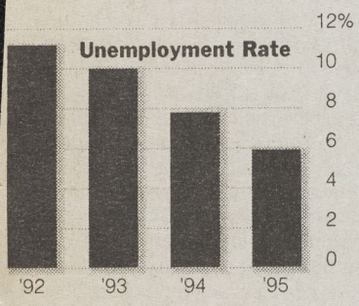
Moderation on Netanyahu



Foreign Investment in Israel

Real investment excluding capital movements and security transactions, in billions of dollars.





The New York Times

A hawkish policy might scare off investors after some golden years.

tegic policies in check. The incendiary promise he made to spend tens of millions of dollars on expanding Israeli settlements on the West Bank will have to be balanced by the demands of the 700,000 recent immigrants from the former Soviet Union for more housing.

And both those outlays will have to be weighed against the country's need to cut the state budget, which by some calculations consumes 60 percent of the gross domestic product of $87 billion, and to reduce the nation's $10 billion deficit in its international balance of payments.

Clearly, Mr. Netanyahu, whose are ironclad safeguards to prevent the artillery shelling from the heights that made daily life unbearable for the Galilean kibbutzim below. And he cannot divide up Jerusalem because the city is sacrosanct in the Israeli consciousness.

But economic experts like Ben-Zion Zilberfarb, a professor of economics at Bar-Ilan University near Tel Aviv, think that Mr. Netanyahu will sidestep some promises, like closing Orient House, that could inflame the Palestinians needlessly.

"He will not do something so provocative as to endanger the political standing of Israel worldwide because this would have implications for trade, which is something we all want," Professor Zilberfarb said.

Mr. Shoval, the head of the Bank of Jerusalem, plays down the role of peace in invigorating the economy, contending that the bigger lift came in the late 1980's with Russian immigration. And he vows that modifications in Mr. Peres's vision for peace will have to be made because Israeli voters, unhappy with the persistent insecurity and terrorism, chose Mr. Netanyahu over Mr. Peres.

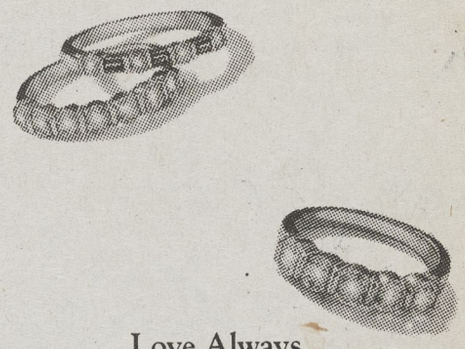
"Mr. Netanyahu is going to continue the peace process with or without economic benefits," Mr. Shoval said. "But if you ask me whether he will backtrack on major aspects of his policy because of economic considerations, the answer is no. We don't believe that a policy that could hurt Israeli security in the long run would be helpful to its economy."

Still, Mr. Shoval, too, praises the peace effort and is forthright in saying that it has given foreign investors the solid belief that Israel "could be a good venue from which to do business in the Middle East in general."

Mr. Netanyahu has already shown his concern about business, emphasizing greater privatization in a conciliatory speech to Likud supporters. When the Tel Aviv stock market tumbled after his election, Mr. Netanyahu calmed investors by issuing a statement that the political stability essential to foreign trade was important to him. The market quickly bounced back.

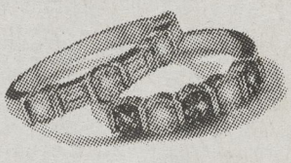
The next indication of how responsive Mr. Netanyahu will be to business concerns will come in his choice of a finance minister. If he appoints a militant like Ariel Sharon, who is passionate about enlarging the settlements, business people will worry about reviving Palestinian tensions. If, however, Mr. Netanyahu appoints a man with true business credentials, like his patron, Moshe Arens, or a moderate like Dan Meridor, former Minister of Justice under the last Likud Government, then business people say they will feel that Mr. Netanyahu's campaign promises were dictated by politics, not by

ANNIVERSARY PRESENTS



Love Always

Diamonds, rubies, emeralds and sapphires from Tiffany's exceptional collection of band rings. From $2,100 to $6,700.



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(cont.) April

It's when John Muir wrote of Yellowstone's "happy animals" that he lost me. Happy human watching the animals, yes. There is a line between But romanticism and fantasy? Thoreau recognized it generally; Burroughs certainly. Muir — no.



Learning to
See
No incentive

Dear Anna, Datus + Scott

I'm back



Ireland
people & places

How are things? Greetings from the green country! I suppose you've currently eating the subject of this potrait as I write!

Anna, bad news: I'm back on coffee. Sorry, I need consciousness. You know how it is. I had a great time in New Hampshire and in Montréal. Ireland has been one shot of reality after another which has been less than fun at times. Kim is fine and agrees that we should just be friends so I think that situation should be okay. She's an amazing woman! Thanks again for having me! I'll call you when I get back! Love, Jim

Huckleberry + Tess Collins-Proper,
1085 Hamilton Road,
Belgrade,
MT 59714,
U.S.A.

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 Photography by Ron Sanford

Incentive. April part I —

Nothing Happening Peace

You make it happen by hunting for it. Not shooting, wind you: that's not legal for another 4+ months, & not for most things even then. But you can hunt any time you wish to for a snipe's kakking drilling, a lark's crane's nest (you won't disturb it), whatever.

You can learn the hunter's vision.

Not a spectator sport.

The hunters are flex —

+ Why non-hunters (fishers)
don't see game, don't
see a rise.

P. 190 Calvin

(Schwatka)

(The postcard with a hen
pheasant)

Use in ~~[illegible]~~? April

Learning to See

It's a matter of incentives. ~~No~~ a human male, for example, sees his thinning hair ~~as others see it. He sees a receding hairline~~ as something that can be ~~so~~ concealed by artful combing, a bald pate as something to ~~[illegible]~~ be cured by wrapping strands of hair around three times & then gluing them down. He may even invest in ~~a~~ transplanted hairs that look like a thicket, to him, and a picket fence to everyone else.

So it is with nature - you see ~~what~~ as much of her as you want to see, and the best way to want to see it is to be looking for ~~your dinner~~ something out there to ease your hunger. (in stomach or brain)

(Cont.)

And besides, you see more than you h/f/s because it is about focus. Seeing is not a gift. It is something you learn, like reading the cryptic squiggles called words.

(April) 1

But if people are not entertainers in Nature — then why do crave time in her company?

Is it ~~just~~ the view ~~factor~~ from the 21st floor — a ~~our~~ ~~dimegenetic~~ program we evolved on the african savanna? Why do so many of us also want to be out there?

I want the whole emotional template: (5 senses) want to feel what my ancestors felt in whatever feeth way.

Hunting instinct

"The savage in man is never quite eradicated". Thoreau

Shock

April

Fire.

I don't mean to exaggerate the violence. Every animal dies, but only once, so there is much more life than death. But each wild life (animal) is on constant lookout for that moment, & therefore creative.

Each of us see on a portion. I don't see rays, or smell the snipe in the marsh, (like Hank), or know the plants (example) like ~~the~~ Sharon Cavenaugh.

We live in one reality, which is only a portion of nature. What I want is to expand my reality.

Nature not entertaining

(Epigraph?) (April)

"... people are often disappointed when they finally do get a chance to visit a wild place — nothing seems to be happening." (Lutts 193)

(That's the good thing here.

Something is very likely to happen soon, be it only a muskrat sundath or a ~~black~~ raven's ~~croak~~ gronk.) (Not nevermore. They have no syllables.)

Selling off the records.

(after the crane's music?)

They were part of urban living, the life vicarious.

~~Felt~~ Realized we'd not listened for a year.

(April)

I have never seen a nature movie. I have seen ~~hour-long~~ ~~movies~~ films of those short times when things happen to animals — a film-maker ~~of~~ scientist's ~~lifetime~~ year condensed to ~~[illegible]~~ half an hour.

(a pick)

7 blackbirds & a magpie

... all on a bush
squawking & grating.

(re anthropomorphism)

(Rights)

Loving Nature at a distance.

Leaving her because you

fear your love might hurt

her.

Ortega: "a funny and sloppy

love and anything wild,

man or animal."

Harrier -

cross between seagull

+ falcon.

Out by the pond a magpie is tormenting something that turns out to be the ~~[illegible]~~ neighbor's cat, hiding in the grass.

(April)

This is the hand mouth for males. They must fight, fast, + expose themselves to predation.

Dictionary. Drake chases 3 rivals off the pond and is greeted by his mate, who – well, snuggles up to him, or as close to it as a duck can get.

The rhubarb (apron) garden

The Marsh hawk doesn't ~~actually~~ confine itself to marshes. Follows the dogs over prairies ~~big~~ on the foothills. But marshes ~~are~~ have a lot of game.

April 10

Snipe winnowing loudly even at 10 p.m. on a starry night with frost coming on. Territory must be important now.

Watch for one on wood fenceposd.

Cite Irish Boys + sequel. Soul poured into a topic growing obsolete even in the Ireland of mechanized turf-cutting.

"... predation ~~of~~ is actually of benefit to a bird population as a whole." Anderson 1749

(Human hunter tries not to make the benefits fortuitous. Shoot ~~doe~~ ♀ deer (too abundant), ♂ pheasant (could use more of them).

Raptor = bird of prey. (AHD)

audubon: usually applied to carnivorous (meat-eating) birds, such as hawks, eagles, falcons, + owls.

meat: "The edible flesh of animals, esp. that of mammals as opposed to that of fish or poultry."

Predation: (Audubon) "act of one species killing + eating another animal species.

" (AHD): "The capturing of prey as a means of maintaining life."

4/29 – 3 falcons
overhead: Merlin, I
think, just passing
through but having a
look in likely cover.

(So specialized, not
only falcon but small.
Is there a niche left?)

April

Epigraph

"... tacit attitude: There is no
place for death in nature. Prevent
it when you can."

Faith 194

4/10/94

Thoreau 476

" The blue bird ~~carries~~
carries the sky on his
back."

Never mind the clichés like

"living in harmony with

the environment."

It's fighting with ~~[illegible]~~

knapweed.

Nature is not harmonious.

~~travel~~ walking

And therefore you are not traveling. Thoreau wrote of traveling widely in Concord, which was his way of saying that he did not want to travel at all. You feel the same way in the Alentejo. You are already where you want to be.

Travelers are looking for divertissement, like Pascal -- trying not to be someplace but to leave everyplace [sic] behind. Travel is between human places. Sometimes they are expensive hotels, identical except for the local folk-art. Travel is better when it is travail, but it is still just travel. I did not find what I was looking for when I crisscrossed America by motorcycle and bus and hitch-hiking.

April

The incentive

(Last ¶ / Transition to the girl's first trout.)

~~K~~ F F as incentive for far more than I would have thought. Maybe there's a future in H=D. after all.

quotation that "after tedious study angling is a rest to the mind and a cheerer of spirits". It was an Eton schoolmaster who said that some 350 years ago and it is as true today as it was then.

Indeed only a few years ago I used to fish the Wylye, a small chalk stream in Hampshire where I frequently came across a fellow member of the club who was known as a very eminent London surgeon. He was also a very good fisherman, better than I was, and once then we were sharing a seat by the river, waiting for a rise, the subject came up why we went fishing.

"In my case," she said, "I do a number of operations during the week and it is a great relief to get away. You see when you concentrate on a rising trout nothing else matters. When I do that I stop worrying whether or not I have killed any of my patients".



Conrad Voss Bark

It was explosive. It took our breath away. It was at first greeted over here as a gimmick, an American fad, and it took quite a while for the Brits to admit that it was an American, Lee Wulff, who taught us how to behave. Nowadays in our lectures, in articles in our magazines, we are constantly referring to the need to conserve our wild fish. Catch and release has caught on in a big way. Even in the natural killing ground of the Scottish salmon rivers catch and release is being advocated and is frequently taking place with large hen fish full of spawn in the autumn run. Indeed one of the owners of beats on the Scottish Dee is offering sides of smoked farm salmon to his visiting rods for every wild salmon they catch and release. That would have been unthinkable some years ago.

So you see the Brits owe you a very great deal. It's nice that I have this opportunity of saying so. In one way however we are doing quite well on our own without your help and that is we are rapidly destroying, if we have not already destroyed, the illusion that fly fishing is an occupation for men. The days are long past when the dear little woman sat in the car knitting while her husband or boyfriend flogged the water. Indeed in the lectures I used to give until recently on fly fishing, there were growing numbers of women and girls who wanted to learn fishing and at times there were more of them than men and boys. Now the curious thing is that on average the girls were quicker to learn how to cast than the boys. Why this should be so we had no idea but we assumed they had a greater sensitivity of touch and a greater feeling for the rhythm of casting, in other words a greater affinity with the rod than the boys. Nor did this only apply to teenagers. Quite young girls were good at it. The granddaughter of a friend of mine, aged seven, using a 5 line and a nine-foot Hardy graphite rod was able to cast a straight line across the river into a head wind after practicing for only a few days. Her four-year-old brother tried to do the same with a seven-foot rod but couldn't, so she stopped fishing to teach him how it should be done. At the moment of course it is all very exciting and new but I daresay in a number of years time when she is something in the City and exhausted by the pressures of work she will know the value of an escape to the river, as Roosevelt did to clear his mind for the great decisions which had to be made.

The therapy of the river and of the rising fish is one of our greatest gifts, as Izaak Walton reminded us in that admirable

MEMBERSHIP CHANGES

Since the announcement in the Autumn 1995 *Bulletin*, the following have been elected to membership in The Anglers' Club of New York:

Resident

Zack H. Bacon, III
T. Kimball Brooker, Jr.
Robert Victor Chartener
Brent R. Nicklas
Timothy L. Porter
Andrew W. Regan

Non-Resident

Charles A. Bell
Charles H. Collins
Joseph M. Cronley
Charles R. Godchaux
Eldridge C. Hanes
Charles D. Owen, Jr.
R. Stockton Rush
Wm. Todd Seymour

In Memorium

Robert E. Ahearn
Dermot N.F. Wilson
Richard D. Wood

Catch + Release

Letter from England

Conrad Voss Bark

During the wartime meeting of President Roosevelt and Winston Churchill which was to define the future conduct of World War Two, Roosevelt took a morning off to go fishing. Churchill recorded in his diary that though Roosevelt caught nothing, he came back in high spirits and the conference made good progress. "Evidently", Churchill commented, "he had the first quality of an angler, which is not to measure pleasure by the catch."

The details are in Churchill's fourth volume of his book on *The Second World War*. I mention this story, partly because it has charm, partly because the war changed our attitude to fishing and to the tackle we used. In the 1930s I was using a cane rod, a braided silk line and silkworm gut. Only a year or so before the war I was trying out new carbon fibre rods (graphite), plastic lines and nylon leaders which we were beginning, like yourselves, to call leaders instead of casts. In fact we owed a considerable debt to the American fisherman and the American tackle industry for much of our progress. The first fishing waistcoat I used—sorry, vest—came from America and how splendid it was and how astonished I was by the quality of the floating fly lines which you gave us that never needed to be greased!

We take it all for granted these days but the fact is that the period of the last fifty years since the 1940s has seen a revolution in fly fishing of an extent and of a scale which has never been seen before. Progress until then had been dreadfully slow. It took four hundred years before we were able to change our horsehair lines to silk, and the flies of The Treatyse in the fifteenth century lasted until well into the seventeenth before someone—Venables perhaps or Cotton—saw the obvious ways in which they could be improved. But the greatest revolution of all was not so much in the minds of fishermen themselves. It came originally in the mind of just one fisherman, again an American, a rugged outdoorsman form Alaska who declared in a foreword to one of his books—let us quote it precisely—that "gamefish are too valuable to be caught only once".

The State argument.
Economics.

lenge, interestingly enough, that Manchester (along with the Warren Commission) had no small part in creating. Rereading *Death of a President* almost 30 years after its publication, one is struck by the author's palpable, barely suppressed fury at Lee Harvey Oswald for killing the most powerful man in the world and robbing Manchester's generation of its first president. The assassin is beneath contempt, a callow nonentity with a mail-order rifle. Could even the most talented writer rescue Oswald from this fate and give this killer back his humanity?

OSWALD'S TALE: An American Mystery
by Norman Mailer
Random House,
848 pp., $30

Mailer and his collaborator, Lawrence Schiller, did just that for Gary Gilmore 16 years ago in *The Executioner's Song*. But the task here is even more difficult, given the layers of cant and crud that have accumulated over 30 years. The best part of *Oswald's Tale*, covering the 2 1/2 years he spent in Russia (1959-1962), recalls the movie *Citizen Kane*, for the approaches are similar. Like Welles, Mailer cleanses his subject by refusing to adopt an authoritative narrative; the account is an exploration rather than a solution, and the posture works brilliantly. Mailer painstakingly draws upon many voices and sources—interviews with friends and family, KGB reports on this strange American, diplomatic cables, and Oswald's self-described "historic" diary—to assemble a compelling mosaic. No one of these rough, sometimes irregular pieces presents Oswald in the round, but the accumulated effect, when one draws back, is stunning. Perhaps it is an illusion shared by the writer and reader, but Oswald does begin to be comprehensible, a tragic rather than absurd figure.

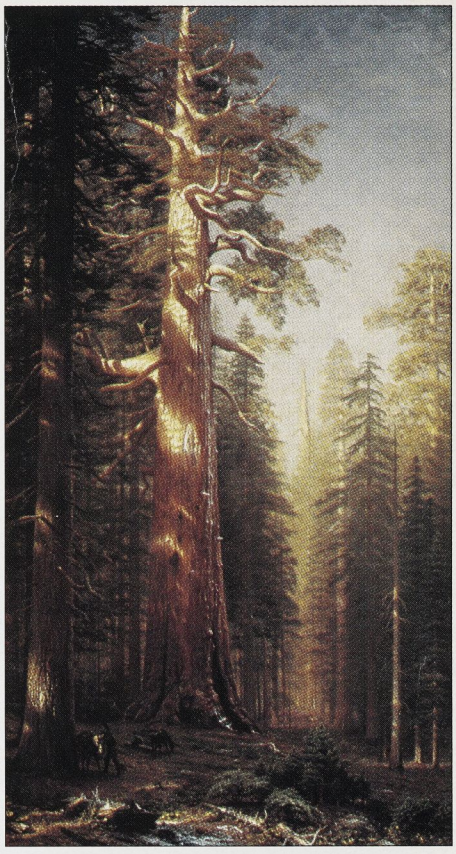
Mailer/Schiller spent six months in Moscow and Minsk gathering information and impressions; it was what Mailer calls "the equivalent of an Oklahoma land-grab for an author." They were armed with a promise from the Belorussian KGB that it would open its files on Oswald in Minsk, and although the materials were less comprehensive than promised (or imagined?), they enabled Mailer to reconstruct an important and largely undocumented part of Oswald's life. Oswald lived in a bell jar, and before the state security organs decided that he was boring, no movement, conversation or contact was too insignificant to be recorded by the KGB—literally. Observation reports and tape recordings of Marina and Lee are used sparingly but to great effect. The end of the Cold War also meant that the Oswalds' Russian and Belorussian acquaintances were free to talk about the defector in their midst, and these testimonies are persuasive more than 30 years after the KGB warned friends, former lovers and enemies alike to keep their mouths shut.

Shortly after Oswald leaves Minsk, however, the book begins to falter. So much so that one is tempted to believe the author's original conception was "Oswald in Minsk" rather than *Oswald's Tale*, and that Mailer began the project fully expecting the Soviet archives to reveal that Oswald was working for a secret agency (CIA or KGB). But Mailer became utterly convinced that no one sent Oswald to spy on Russia, and that the KGB had no interest whatsoever in recruiting him once he arrived uninvited. The only secret power center Oswald worked for was the one "in the privacy of his own mind," Mailer writes.

Conceptions often must be altered in midstream, of course, and Mailer musters a good argument for forging ahead. He likens the chapters on Moscow and Minsk to a base camp, from which he will launch an assault on the "greatest mountain of mystery in the 20th century." Yet that expedition proves to be nothing more than a running, occasionally amusing or interesting, commentary on testimony excised from the exhaustive Warren Commission hearings—some of which is reprinted—along with so many excerpts from Priscilla Johnson McMillan's 1977 biography, *Marina and Lee*, that she deserves a royalty cut. There is, literally, nothing new here.

To Mailer's credit, he cast aside his initial prejudices and wrote a work that concludes, albeit grudgingly, that Oswald "had the character to kill Kennedy, and that he probably did it alone." This was not virgin territory, after all, for Mailer. He has publicly praised different conspiracy theories for years, and Oliver Stone in particular for supposedly driving out nonsense ("the mind-stultifying myth of the lone assassin") with superior nonsense. Yet ultimately Mailer lacks the guts to say what needs to be said besides the fact that Oswald was the assassin: The Warren Commission got it right.

—Max Holland



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• **"The Great Trees" (Albert Bierstadt, 1876)**

An Eye on the Natural World

IF YOU WONDER WHY AMERICAN literature tends toward the abstract and the allegorical while English fiction is usually tidy, contained and concrete, you have only to consult Gertrude Stein's marvelous essay "What Is English Literature." Here she comments on the effects of landscape—on the way the English language, developed to fit a tiny island, had to stretch and re-create itself to cover a whole continent. "In England the daily island life was the daily life and it was solidly that daily life and they generally always simply relied on it," Stein accurately observes, whereas in America "the daily everything was not the daily living and generally speaking there is not a daily everything." Therefore, as she goes on to point out, American writing has "inside it a separation, a separation from what is chosen to what is that from which it has

LANDSCAPE AND MEMORY
by Simon Schama
Knopf,
672 pp., $40

been chosen.... Now you can see how different this is from English writing, which almost completely makes that from which it is chosen."

Simon Schama, in his *Landscape and Memory*, does not quote Gertrude Stein's distinction; he embodies it. An Englishman by birth and education, a Lithuanian Jew by ancestry, and an American only by current residency, he looks at the natural world with eyes that have been trained by language, literature and history. "Whether we scramble the slopes or ramble the woods," he says toward the end of this long, digressive and often intriguing book, "our Western sensibilities carry a bulging backpack of myth and recollection.... It is not that we are any more virtuous or wiser than the most pessimistic environmentalist supposes. It is just that we are more retentive. The sum of our pasts, generation laid over generation, like the slow mold of the seasons, forms the compost of our future. We live off it." We are not just the destroyers of the natural landscape, Schama reasons; we are also its creators. For without this bulging backpack of myth and recollection, the concept of landscape would itself be meaningless.

As Gertrude Stein might have predicted, this theory serves him particularly well when he is dealing with English materials. Schama is excellent when talking about Sir Walter Raleigh's "fluvial" fortunes, or the mythic quality of Robin Hood's forest, or the mountain worshipping of Britain's 19th-century Alpine Club, or the Arcadian origins of Hampstead Heath and the London Zoo. On these subjects he is by turn informative, incisive and hilariously sardonic. But the farther afield he ranges, the less sure of his footing he seems, and by the time he gets to

C D - R O M s

The Latest Disc from Durant, Durant

By Bob Garfield

"I want to know what were the steps by which men passed from barbarism to civilization."
—Voltaire, as quoted by Will Durant in the epigraph to
Our Oriental Heritage, Vol. 1 of *The Story of Civilization*

THIS INQUIRY OF VOLTAIRE'S, WHICH WILL DURANT invoked in 1935 to commence one of the great feats of scholarly endurance in modern times, turns out to be a trick question. But if we will accept for the moment that the road from savagery to enlightenment is one-way, let us pause well along the route, in 1087, when the overfed and irritable William the Conqueror burned the French cathedral at Mantes to the ground. Then (as Durant informs us in *The Age of Faith*, the fourth of 11 massive volumes written in varying degrees of collaboration with his wife, Ariel), the corpulent king circled the charred wreckage in triumph, whereupon his horse stumbled, thrusting the royal belly into the iron pommel of his saddle. Thus did internal bleeding achieve what Philip I of France could not: It conquered William. But this larger-than-life historical figure was larger than death as well.

"The coffin made for him," Durant reports, "proved too small for his corpse; when the attendants tried to force the enormous bulk into the narrow space the body burst, and filled the church with a royal stench."

Which is more or less what I expected of the Durants' work, when its enormous bulk was squeezed into one narrow compact disc. Yet here is Will and Ariel Durant's *The Story of Civilization* from World Library, Inc. ($99.95), subtitled "15,000 Years of History on One CD-ROM," stuffed like a bloated medieval king in a virtual coffin. Well, to paraphrase Voltaire, I wanted to know what were the steps by which *The Story of Civilization* passed from analog to digital. I wanted to know, would the thing royally stink?

Would the late historians be revealed as intellectual heirs to John Gower, the 14th-century English landowner who, in their estimation, "imbibed too much scholastic erudition and achieved dullness in three languages"? Or would they turn out to be like the learned Frenchman himself, about whose *Dictionnaire philosophique portatif* Will Durant marveled: "the vast accumulation of data, the erudition in almost every field.... What industry, loquacity, pertinacity!"

As one reads its awful pages the gruesome horror mounts, until at last the cumulative effect is oppressive and overwhelming.

That's from Vol. 4, speaking of Dante's *Inferno*, but it frankly describes my experience with the table of contents of Vol. 1 alone. Notwithstanding the manifest genius of the Durants' 50-year accumulated effort, and notwithstanding contempt among some academic historians for the authors' accessible narrative treatment, such headings as "From Hunting to Tillage," "The Coming of Metals," "Persian Manners and Morals" and "The Philosophy of the Upanishads" promised, shall I say, a less than seductive reading experience. But it is not so much the particulars as the monumentally imposing whole that, for decades, has made this work impossibly daunting to philistines such as myself.

Oh, the books have sold in the millions, thanks to Book-of-the-Month Club come-ons and similar Crate o' Knowledge promotions, but have they been read? I've seen yellowed-but-virgin copies of Vol. 6, *The Reformation*, at yard sales, offered for a dime. I've seen Vols. 1 through 4 used to prop up a bed. I've also seen them in bookcases, to prop up the illusion of urbanity—like the half arches in the triforium of a Norman cathedral, propping up the arches of the nave. Or, put another way, the Durants' collected works are like the outsize jewelry they describe as favored by

~~Dogs~~ April/May

Ducks / Poiretillism

Are to the landscape what highlights are to a painting. They pose (Not that they know it.)

- Use distance for cover.
- Pond as stage.

Learned to see ducks by hunting a lot + shooting a little. Can freeze them in flight; landing wings down; climbing.

~~Old hunters get~~ Even non-hunters pay thousands for duck decoys. A ~~red~~ "folk" art good as [See campbell cover] marks.

- Duck stamps are in dusty.

Let sentimental too about ~~co~~ dried cattails, old boats, ~~+ blizzards~~. skim ice on the ponds, + blizzards that ducks ride from the north that we imagine as wilderness.

Problem: can get ~~ducks~~ duck with the cold.

But I can still see them.

(~~for~~)

would have found it
easy to discuss all of
this with Shakespeare;
~~less of it today.~~
have to explain more today.

Shakespeare had learned
to see — from the
real teacher/old inventor.

Learning to See

Read art history, like Thoreau. You may choose to exploit what you see, alter it, ~~but you~~ exaggerate the details that impress you – but you have to start by seeing it clearly.

Right Brain, par. Betty Edwards

Learning to See (+ tinker)

The rest of it has gone pretty much the same way. You learn to see what's really going on, as opposed to what you want to see, and then you do something.

I'd like to see harmony ... but I get noxious weeds.

I'd like to see ~~the~~ nature in balance ~~of nature~~ — but what I get is an ecosystem tipped in favor of predators and against ducks. (Canyon Ferry)
(owl + goshawk)

We're a mall culture, now. Can't ~~bear to~~ see nature + don't want too, really. We want fake. Kind Grizzly Dads etc.

2 Steps in seeing

— The eyes. Learning to Read.

— Learning to accept.
(the violence.)

(April)

~~Dec/June 3~~
~~Cont~~

The luxury of being able to conceive of ~~anything~~ wildness. Most Americans cannot, in the twentieth century; Emily Dickinson could not in the 19th.

You need peripheral vision. ~~Watch out~~

~~for~~ lenses ok to sharpen.

BOOKS OF THE TIMES

Ambient Dirt's Moment Under a Pointillist's Gaze

By MICHIKO KAKUTANI

If writers had bumper stickers, Nicholson Baker's would read: "God dwells in the details."

As his novels have repeatedly demonstrated and as this eccentric new collection of essays attests, Mr. Baker is a connoisseur of the minute, the particular, the specific. He is a reader of footnotes, a consulter of dictionaries, a student of concordances. He's the sort of guy who loves model airplanes, argues about punctuation and saves the outtakes from his writings. In another life, he might have been a librarian, a painter of Fabergé eggs, a builder of miniature doll houses.

Mr. Baker's first novel, "The Mezzanine," revolved around the small events that take place during a man's lunch hour: his trip to a convenience store, and his purchase of a cookie and some milk. The essays in "The Size of Thoughts" focus on such equally momentous subjects as nail clippers, the mechanics of movie projectors and the best way to make a chocolate sundae.

Along the way, Mr. Baker serves up dozens of interesting (or, depending on your point of view, irrelevant) facts and aperçus. He tells us that the semicolon was invented in 1490, that "ambient dirt" is a problem for movie projectionists, that people in mail-order catalogues never read best sellers.

In a passage that almost reads like self-parody, Mr. Baker writes: "Consider the infinitesimal hooks on horsehairs that draw from the cello string its lavish tone, consider the grosgrain in silk, the gargoyles on a cathedral, the acanthus sprays or egg-and-dart molding along the tasteful curve of a chair, the lumps of potato that, by exception, prove the otherwise fine uniformity of a cream soup."

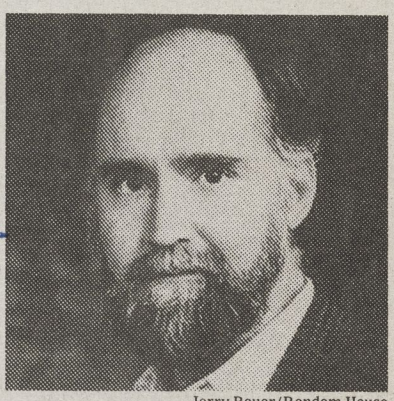
It is Mr. Baker's conviction that "major truths, like benevolent madonnnas, are sustained aloft by dozens of busy, cheerful angels of detail," and the stronger essays in this volume nimbly illustrate the truth of this assertion.

"Discards," an extended meditation on the demise of the card catalogue (and its replacement, in libraries, by an on-line indexing system) is a sparkling model of the essayist's art: it's shrewd, observant, impassioned and also oddly touching, a powerful and persuasive case for holding on to our paper-ridden past and cherishing old-fashioned scholarly methods.

The 147-page essay "Lumber" — an almost ludicrously detailed inquiry into the evolution of the phrase "lumber room" as a metaphor for the human mind — is a far more quixotic demonstration of the author's pointillist art. In it, Mr. Baker prattles on for pages, recounting his search for "lumber" on CD-ROM reference disks, in dictionaries and reference books, and in the twisting, book-lined corridors of his own mind.

Showing off his own erudition and dogged scholarly skills, he theorizes that 17th-century phrases like "learned Lombard," "Ill Poets by their Lumber known," "book-learned blockheads" and "the Lumber Office of his Brain" form "the various tributary strands" that fed into Alexander Pope's famous couplet, "The Bookful Blockhead, ignorantly read/ With Loads of Learned Lumber in his Head."

The actual phrase "learned lumber," he goes on, might have been coined by Samuel Garth in "Dispensary," or it might have been edited into Garth's poem by his friend, Alexander Pope, who then reappropriated it for his own use a few years later.



Jerry Bauer/Random House

THE SIZE OF THOUGHTS
Essays and Other Lumber

By Nicholson Baker

Illustrated. 355 pages. Random House. $25.

Why should nonscholars care about such literary minutiae? Well, Mr. Baker at his best makes us care, by writing energetically and colorfully about his subjects.

For instance, he makes Pope's modus operandi wonderfully vivid. "We pardon Pope, most of the time, because he rehabilitates every secondhand phrase that comes through his shop," Mr. Baker writes. "He unscrews a line he likes, sorts and cleans its pieces, stores them, finds matches, does some seemingly casual beveling, drills a narrow caesural ventilation hole, squirts the Krazy Glue of genius into several chinks, gives the prototypical whole a sudden uniting twist and hands the world a tiny two-cylinder perpetual-motion machine — a heroic couplet."

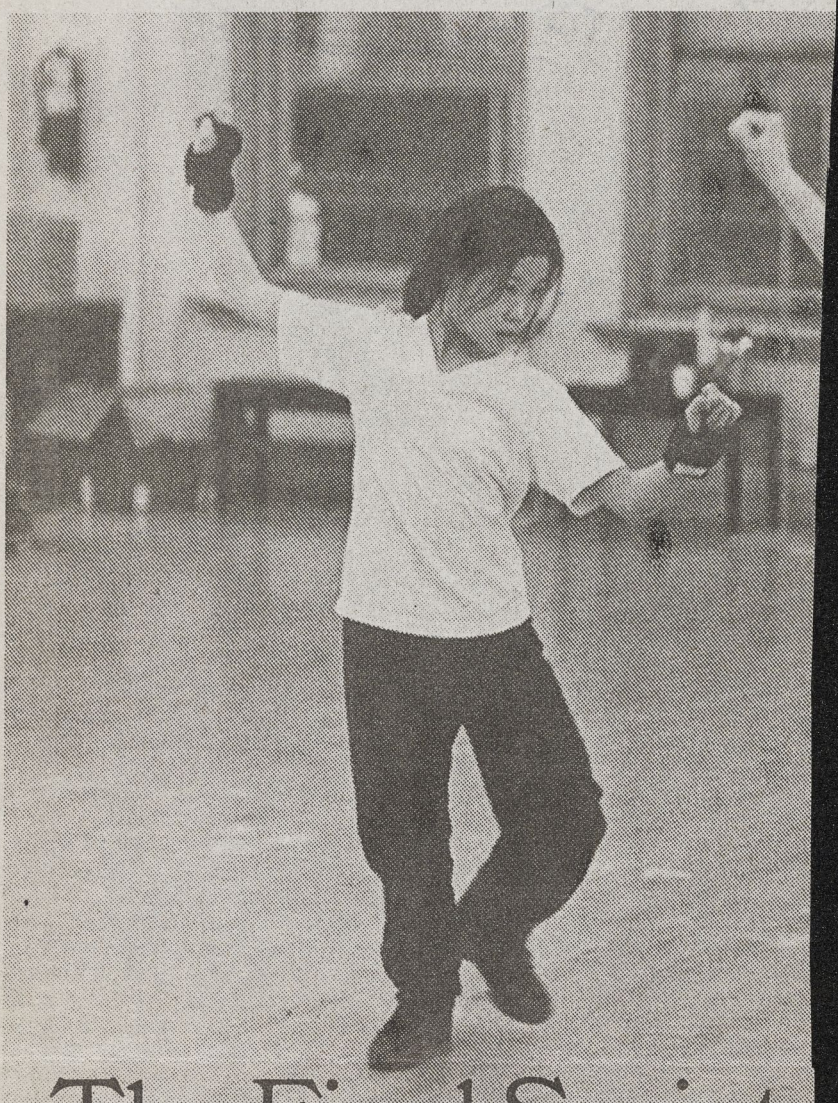
> A collection of essays from a connoisseur of the minuscule.

As he recounted in his funny literary tribute cum self-portrait "U and I," Mr. Baker has long been obsessed with the work of John Updike, and his own tactile, metaphor-ridden language owes a decided debt to his idol's. In some of Mr. Baker's earlier essays, like "Changes of Mind" and "Rarity," his highly abstract subject matter defeats his efforts to subdue it with fancy writing.

The results are strangely amorphous pieces that have the detached, disembodied feel of his writings about sex in "Vox." In these pieces, his incessant metaphor and simile-making leads to mannered, self-conscious prose. He writes about opinions "mating, burrowing and dying, like prairie dogs," and describes a thought filling "out the entirety of its form," the way "a ladleful of batter colonizes cell after cell of the waffle iron."

Give Mr. Baker a tiny, concrete subject like model airplanes or the history of the semicolon, however, and he can dazzle, proving indisputably that he is the master of the miniature, the lord of the Lilliputian, the bard of the small.

T



The Final Sprint To Opening Nigh

Ensemble members of the musical "Big," in a rehearsal hall, learning th

By PETER MARKS

The first night that "Big" played to an audience during its recent tryout in Detroit, the creators of the $10 million musical knew something was wrong.

The first act wasn't working. The show, adapted from the 1988 hit movie that starred Tom Hanks, was not giving enough weight to the central character of Josh, the 12-year-old boy magically transformed into a grown-up.

"We weren't effectively tracking the emotional progress of our main character," said Richard Maltby Jr., the show's lyricist. Mike Ockrent, the director, sai was about growing up, and wh from that theme, "We were of ics in Detroit also complained was thin and that the show children than adults. Clearly needed work.

So the creative team retu York last month to try to fix bers from the first act, inclu song, were tossed out and r other songs were rewritten, a redone. By day, Mr. Ockrent Susan Stroman, the show's ch have been restaging scenes a by night, they have been listen

Hear the One A

By BERNARD WEINRAUB

HOLLYWOOD, April 1 — His phone has been ringing all week. "The best show in years," said Bruce Vilanch merrily, looking back at the Academy Awards telecast on March 25 and looking ahead to, well, writing just about every awards show in sight.

"I'm doing just about all of them," he said, almost apologetically. "I did the Grammys, the American Comedy Awards, the People's Choice. I did the Ice Capades and the Miss U.S.A. Pageant. Frankly, I've done some bizarre specials."

Mr. Vilanch leaned forward. "I'm going to Monaco next to do the World Music Awards, a great favorite of mine," he said.

a lot and, just as important, writing funny lines since worked with such performe bert Humperdinck and th ("That was the litmus test," h three years of 'Donny and M proving I was square enough TV.")

What's the secret of writi and comedians? "Having an their style, knowing what the is, what their persona is," h hardest work is when som persona, which happens a lot

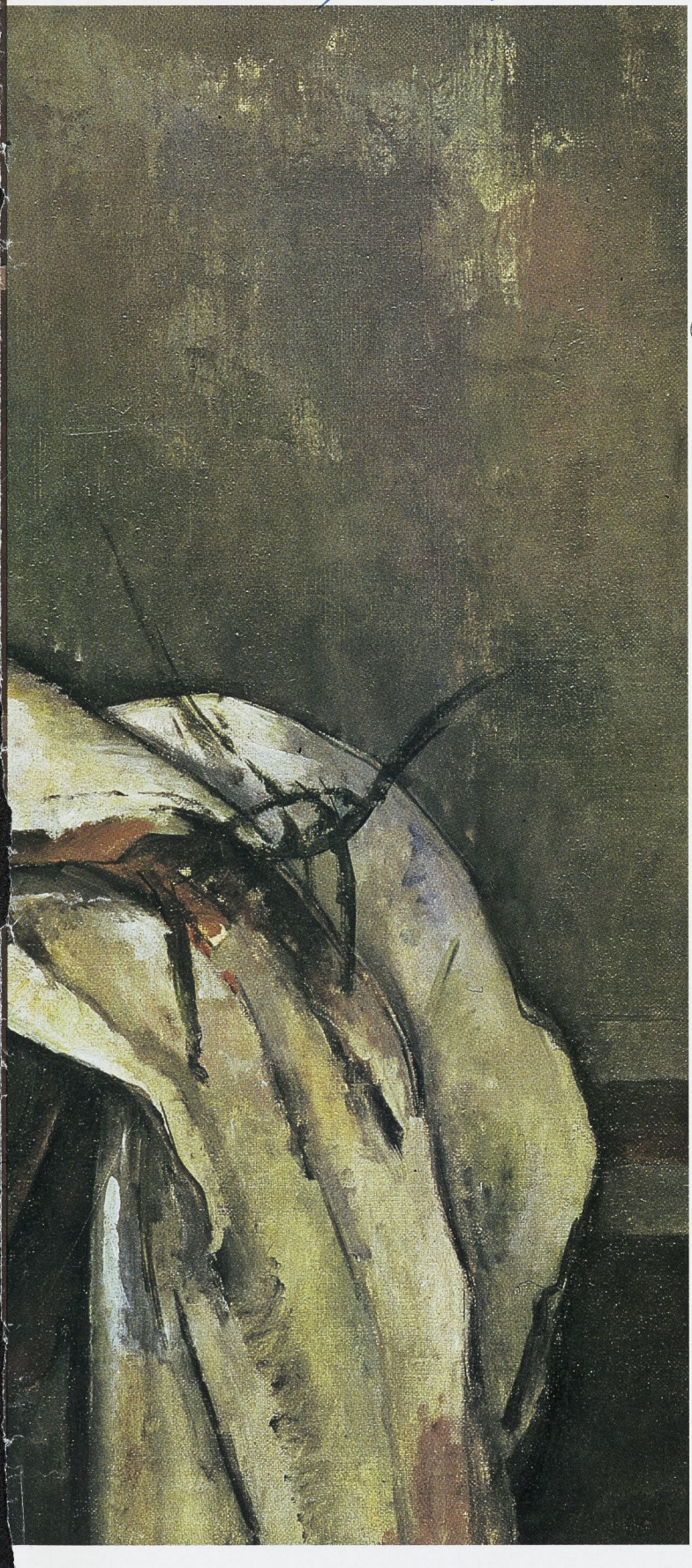
Making rock st

(April) Pointillism

Mallard heads sticking up out the two barley stubble + drakiny back.

You have to learn to see things and, because natural things are part of a place, you have to settle down long enough to see the place. It's like learning English: you don't know exactly when you know how to read, and you never get to where you don't need a dictionary. The English language is part of nature, I think — the part of human nature.

Some farmers get it instantly, others can't name a species beyond John Deere.



By Helen Dudar

Cézanne's endless quest to parallel nature's harmony

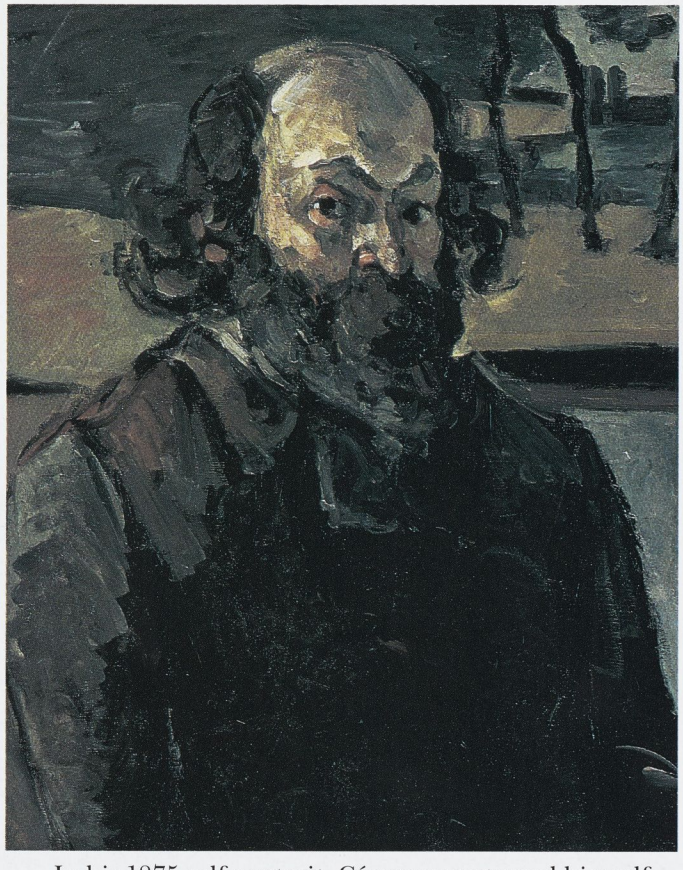
After all the analysis of his apples, his bathers, that mountain, his paintings still electrify in a show coming to Philadelphia

Surely nothing tells us more about Paul Cézanne's unsinkable faith in his own genius and his obsessive drive to justify it than the fact that he painted for years with little formal recognition. A bruised veteran of a few group shows, Cézanne had to wait until 1895 for a full-scale one-man exhibition in Paris. By then, he was 56 years old and had been so long absent from the mainstream art scene that some of the regulars thought he was dead.

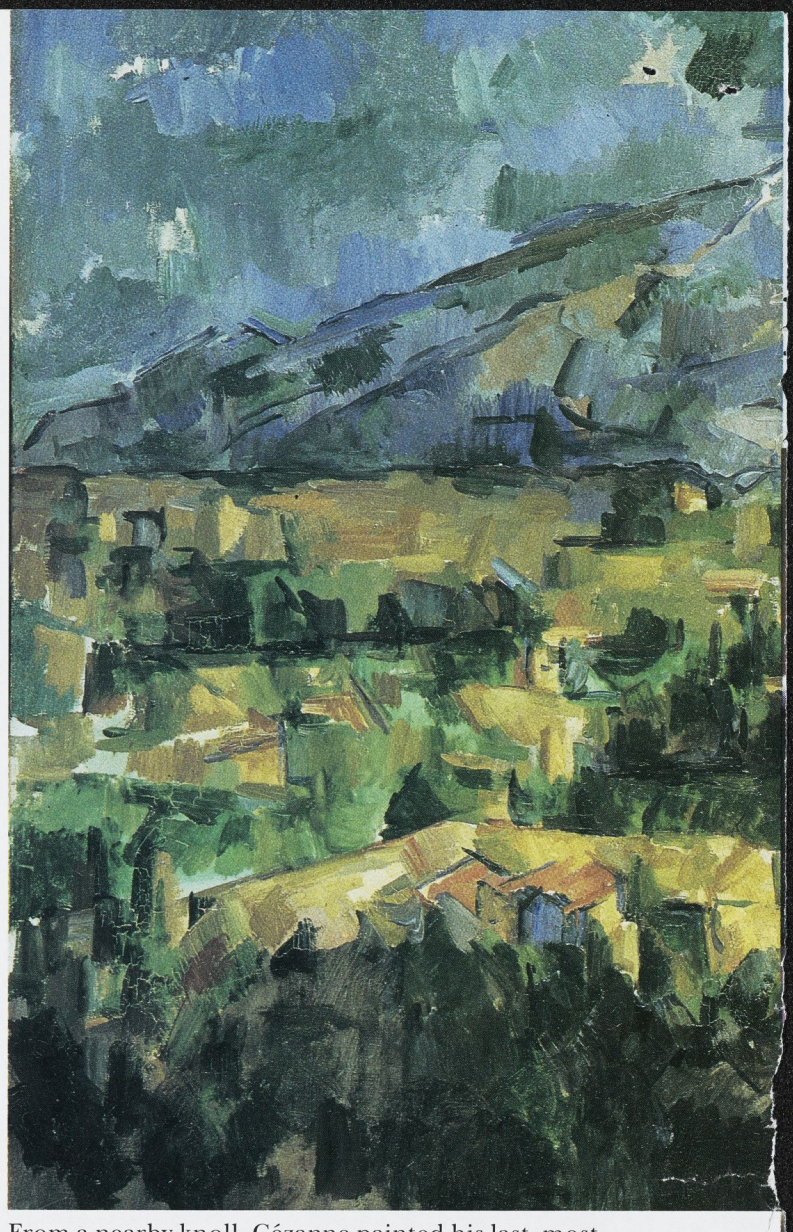
The impact of that event was immediate and lasting. Other artists looked at the work—at the way he used color without line to suggest form, at the still lifes that transformed complicated arrangements into holy objects—and those with francs to spare succumbed to the lust to have one, to pierce the mysteries of his vision. The critics rarely stopped sneering, but Monet, Renoir and Degas bought paintings, and a few years after the show, a young, impecunious Henri Matisse was making payments on a small, treasured *Three Bathers*, a work that would transform his imagery and technique.

If the 1895 exhibition lit a few fires, the great homage of 1907, a year after Cézanne died, was close to an explosion. At least one art historian believes that Georges Braque and Pablo Picasso saw it together, taking in the skewed perspectives in the late portraits and the naked

Still Life with Onions: the onions lend a rustic touch to this study of transparent and opaque materials.



In his 1875 self-portrait, Cézanne portrayed himself as an unruly cross between bourgeois and peasant.



From a nearby knoll, Cézanne painted his last, most-heroic *Mont Sainte-Victoire* series; here, an oil (c. 1902).

bathers that looked like invented figures; he is persuaded that, as those young men moved, stunned and shaken, past fertile offerings of Cézanne's late artistry, the former turned to the latter and said something like, "Pablo, we've been doing it all wrong."

In no time at all, correctives were in place. Picasso went back to his atelier to work on a painting of large angular women imagined as stylized objects; with *Les Demoiselles d'Avignon* the focus and direction of modern art was transformed. So was the language. Only a year later, Matisse, making his way through a joint Braque-Picasso gallery show, could not resist a cheerfully acid comment. "Oh. See the little cubes," he said. Cubism had arrived, and a platoon of artists from Klee to Kandinsky would go to school with Cézanne.

To Picasso, Cézanne would forever reign as "my one and only master!" For a time, in his youth, he packed a gun, waving it half-seriously at anyone who annoyed him, particularly anyone insulting the memory of Cézanne. "One more word," he would say, "and I fire."

Now, to be sure, late-Cézanne landscapes do suggest arrangements of cubes, and Cézanne's big, nude, featureless bathers verge on abstractions. All of this is demonstrated in the sprawling, demanding exhibition of his art that reaches Philadelphia next month. (The sponsor is Advanta, a financial institution.) But as you work your way past some 100 oil paintings and 70 works on paper, you may find that seeking clues to Cézanne's impact on later artists can be a blight as well as a blessing. It is a little like trying to parse sentences in Henry James' gloriously complex late novels.

The exhibition at the Philadelphia Museum of Art from May 30 to August 18 is the final stop in a celebration that began at the Grand Palais in Paris last fall—the centenary of that seminal 1895 retrospective at Ambroise Vollard's gallery—and then moved on to the Tate Gallery in London.

Certainly there have been other major Cézanne shows in years past, but Joseph Rishel, one of the principal organizers of the current one, believes this is the first exhibit in six decades to offer a full survey of the artist's life's work. A figure of florid charm, Rishel is Philadelphia's senior curator of European painting before 1900;



"The structure is more and more implied, and less and less apparent," wrote scholar Lionello Venturi.



With her center part and steady gaze, Cézanne's wife, Hortense, is an island of calm amid complexity.

leading a group of art writers through the Grand Palais last September, he swiftly confessed to being "hopelessly biased" on Cézanne—"arguably the greatest painter to come out of the 19th century."

The exhibition's first shock is some of the early paintings; while fascinating and revealing, they hardly hint at greatness to come. The works from Cézanne's 20s are dark, angry and often violent images of male cruelty to women, bearing such titles as *The Abduction* and *The Murder.* Those early pieces surely reflect the tormented young man who studiously dressed like a beggar, who was full of rage and haunted by depression, who could not bear to be touched, who suffered agonizing shyness around women and who felt out of place almost everywhere. "Life is fearful," he would say, or, "The sky of the future is overcast."

His 30th birthday had come and gone when two events brightened the heavens, not to mention his canvases. Cézanne met and began to live with a young woman named Hortense Fiquet, who bore his only child, Paul, and stolidly sat for dozens of portraits that scarcely suggest affection. In time, she seems to have become more of a convenience than a companion.

Soon after Hortense gave birth to their son, Cézanne had the luck to fall under the spell of Camille Pissarro. Ten years his senior, Pissarro was kind, gentle, gifted, a source of fatherly friendship and direction. For several years, they painted together in the countryside north of Paris, and Pissarro's influence briefly transformed Cézanne into an Impressionist. He would eventually move beyond that style, but he began to realize what could be accomplished with brilliant blues and greens, and to respond to the demands of his craft. "It was only when I kept company with Pissarro, who painted nonstop," he once said, "that I learned discipline."

Cézanne never did learn to control his anger. When his eye failed him or when his work was interrupted, he could explode in fury: brushes would be broken, a half-finished canvas slashed or simply discarded in the brush by some country road. Vollard once visited Cézanne in Aix-en-Provence; the first object he noticed upon stepping into the studio was a huge picture "pierced full of holes with a palette knife."

Aix was the sleepy medieval town where Cézanne was born in 1839 and to which he always returned from painting expeditions around the country. Presumably, his spiky temperament grew out of the hard circumstances of his youth. His father, Louis-Auguste, was an authoritarian, miserly man who achieved wealth and then power, first as a prosperous dealer in hats, later as the owner of the only bank in town. He did not marry the mother of his children until Paul was 5.

A steady flow of profits allowed the elder Cézanne to acquire and renovate the Jas de Bouffan, a handsome 18th-century manor on 37 acres. In that old town, riches did not guarantee social respect. According to John Rewald, Cézanne's biographer, the Cézannes were pretty much ostracized as parvenus, and the son forever found it difficult to make friends.

But in adolescence, he cemented one friendship that would sustain him for decades. Together with a third schoolmate, Cézanne and Emile Zola became "the inseparables." They roamed the radiant countryside and bathed in the Arc River; they read Victor Hugo and memorized Baudelaire. And almost anywhere they went, Mont Sainte-Victoire loomed on the horizon, a huge, brooding, gray-rock pyramid that would become an obsessive subject for Cézanne in the years ahead.

Even after Zola moved on to Paris they maintained a close friendship and an intimate correspondence. The budding young writer would provide hospitality, encouragement, even spare cash when the elder Cézanne's stingy doles failed to cover his son's needs. Actually, years passed before Cézanne acknowledged to his father that his expenses included a mistress and a son.

At his father's insistence, young Paul had unhappily begun law school in Aix. But his spare hours were spent copying works at the town's little museum. Eventually, in 1861, the elder Cézanne agreed to allow his 22-year-old son to study art in Paris. He stayed for five difficult months. "The least obstacle reduces him to despair," an exasperated Zola wrote to a friend.

Cézanne went home and put in time at the family bank where, legend has it, the ledgers were his sketch pads. By late 1862, he was ready to try Paris again. As he had earlier, he became a student at the Atelier Suisse, and this time he made important friends: Pissarro, Renoir, Sisley, Degas. They were seminal connections—a new generation groping toward a style that would be called "Impressionism," applying techniques that the traditionalists among the students regarded with scorn and contempt. A man with Cézanne's unease could feel comfortable among those outsiders.

In the great city, Cézanne began what would be an unchanging habit during his Paris stays: some part of the afternoon he spent in the Louvre, filling sketchbooks with drawings of sculptures and paintings by the masters. As he once wrote, "The Louvre is the book from which we learn to read."

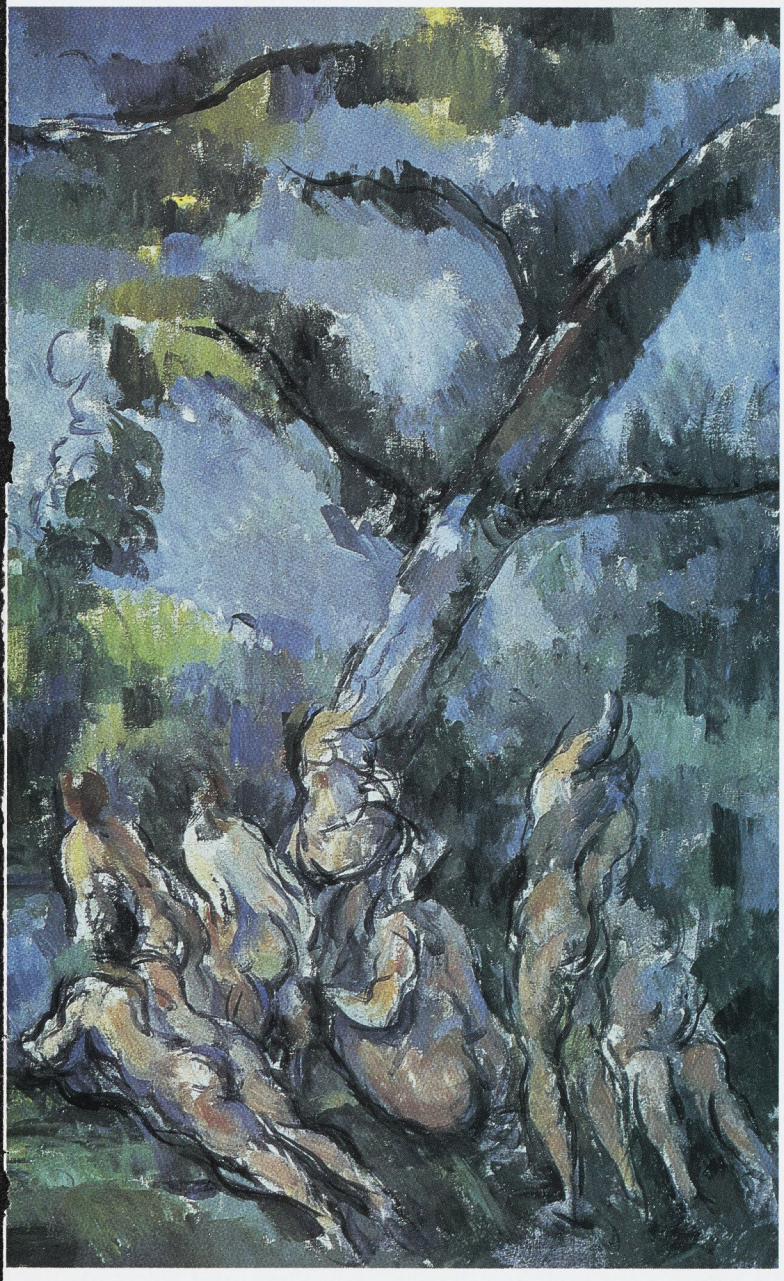
Certainly those early imagined scenes of erotic violence were the work of an imperfect "reader," betraying a lack of control and an absence of models. On the other hand, the earliest portraits—the brooding image of Uncle Dominique as a monk—impaled on canvas in thick slabs of a palette knife are transfiguring. "Painting



Cézanne worked out formal problems in the *Bathers* series, but this oil sketch is unusually lighthearted.

like a bricklayer," Joseph Rishel calls it, as a way of praise. And the first few times Cézanne set down an arrangement of kitchen items—*Bread and Eggs*, for example—the results promised a remarkable body of vibrant works created out of everyday objects.

Public approval was absent. Cézanne's work had been included in an 1863 outsider exhibition, but in 1867, when two entries were refused for an establishment show, a critic for *Le Figaro* went to the trouble of ridiculing "M. Sésame" and his rejected paintings. Seven years later, three Cézannes could be seen in what was the first Impressionist exhibition, and a journalist denounced their creator as "a sort of idiot who paints in the throes of delirium tremens."



By the early 1870s, Cézanne had settled into the rich, verdant countryside around the towns of Pontoise and Auvers-sur-Oise, not many miles north of Paris, and was laboring steadily alongside Pissarro. Years later, critics would accuse the two of copying each other during that period. Pissarro's calm response was that surely they influenced each other, and just as surely each artist responded to a landscape in his own way.

Actually, Cézanne would soon part from the Impressionist way of looking and would leave it far behind. A farmer who watched the two men at work once noted that Pissarro was "stabbing the canvas" while Cézanne "slapped" the paint on. An Impressionist "stabbing" a canvas was interested in idyllic natural scenes awash in light and color. Cézanne's short, parallel, often slanted strokes created a lively texture on the surface of the canvas but, more importantly, introduced a mathematical rigor and precision into his pictures.

Cézanne's landscapes shimmer with color—and without obeisance to the sun's light—and sometimes appear to stretch for miles toward the horizon. There was another crucial difference in much of his work: an absence of signs of human existence. As a rule, in a Cézanne countryside view, not a child is to be seen on a road or a cow in a field; there is no narrative in his landscapes. And among the elements that spoke to the next generation of artists were the squares and triangles so artfully set down on the surfaces of his later works. The images in *The Gulf of Marseille seen from L'Estaque*, for example, might be the walls and rooflines of a cluster of houses or an arrangement of cubes and cones.

Experts continue to debate his role

Still, for every dozen experts who rank Cézanne as the great god of modernism, we are confronted with at least one authority proposing that we rethink the idea of his modernism. For example, Françoise Cachin, director of the Musées de France and one of the three organizers of the exhibition, bluntly sees that role as "overplayed," and the work "too often observed from a modern point of view." Cézanne clearly influenced 20th-century art, she has said, but "he also embodied his own era. . . . Cézanne was not an abstract artist."

It is striking that while we have a generous body of biographical material on Cézanne and a wealth of letters to family and friends, Joseph Rishel, among others, insists that we know little about him "in terms of daily factual mundane detail. Whole years of his life go past and we might have a street address, we might not."

Rishel is certain of one thing: that for all of Cézanne's self-doubts, the sneers of critics, the rejections of the art establishment, his faith in his gift was strong. "He knew



In the early 1890s, Cézanne painted five major versions and numerous sketches for his *Cardplayers* series; this oil was done after the larger one at the Barnes Foundation. Workers at the Jas de Bouffan, where he had lived since he was 20, served as his models.

he was different. He somehow always knew he was out there." Or, as Cézanne late in life told a young artist, "I have perhaps come too early. I was the painter of your generation more than my own."

Except for fellow painters who set up their easels alongside him, the only witnesses to Cézanne at work were those who posed for portraits, and the only sitter who has left a substantial account of the process was Ambroise Vollard. In his little 1914 book, *Paul Cézanne*, Vollard reported that the portrait required an astonishing 115 sittings.

Some experts have questioned the count, believing that Vollard tended either to embellish reality or to ignore it. (Vollard's book never mentions, for example, that his 1895 show was organized at the urging of Pissarro, Monet and Renoir, who understood Cézanne's importance.) In any event, at the rate of 115 sittings for one portrait, it is hard to imagine a lifetime labor that could produce more than 950 oils and close to 650 watercolors.

While at work, Cézanne required absolute silence; according to his dealer, the sound of a barking dog could destroy his concentration. He also wanted absolute immobility from his subjects. Once, when a numbed Vollard dozed off and tumbled from his perch, an exasperated Cézanne scolded him: "Do I have to tell you again you must sit like an apple?"

Apples were ideal subjects; they did not fidget. Their obedience may help to explain how a relatively minor genre—the still life—became, in his hands, a body of major work. A variety of objects may be seen in those arrangements, including oranges and onions and tableware; but apples, voluptuously round and rosy, hint at what might have been accomplished had Cézanne been able to deal with his discomfort with live naked women.

Hortense, who apparently had no trouble sitting like an apple, was his most frequent female subject. While many of his portraits of men are intense and penetrating, including at least 30 self-portraits, images of Hortense often suggest Cézanne still lifes. His references to her in his letters are certainly polite and even affectionate, but in private he called her "*La boule*," a label suggesting an object without noticeable intelligence, say, a round wooden missile for a game.

She and Cézanne were not married until 1886. Only a year earlier, he had been involved in an intense affair about which nothing is known except that mail from his lover was sent to the residence of Zola, who forwarded it to a safe address. The Cézanne marriage commanded the attendance and presumably the approval of the elder Cézanne. If nothing else, the ceremony legitimized Cézanne's treasured 14-year-old son. Cézanne's father died soon after, and the artist was at last free of financial worries.

The year of Cézanne's marriage was also the year when Zola dealt their friendship a fatal blow. He published *L'Oeuvre* (*The Masterpiece*), a novel about a subject on which he considered himself to be expert. Its dominant figure, Claude Lantier, is a failed painter who can

Freelance writer Helen Dudar, of New York City, last wrote about Johannes Vermeer (November 1995) and the film Jefferson in Paris *(March 1995).*

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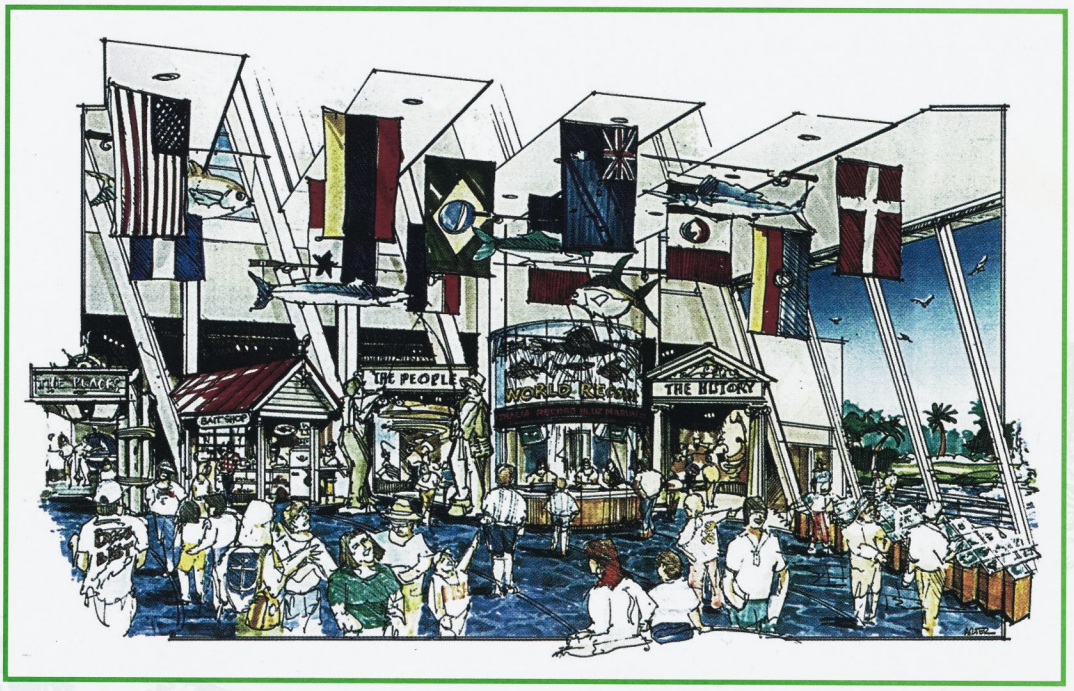
"Who hears the rippling of rivers will not utterly despair of anything."

Henry David Thoreau

Into the 21st Century

The International Game Fish Association

IGFA World Fishing Center



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"Ah, the gallant fisher's life! It is the best of any;
'Tis full of pleasure, void of strife, And 'tis beloved by many."

Izaak Walton
'The Compleat Angler'

Romanticism?

April

Epigraph: Meir on happy animals.

C.I.A., Bunker Free, Is Declassifying Secrets

To the Editor:

An April 29 letter, an April 16 Op-Ed article and, especially, your April 20 editorial refer to declassification of records pertaining to covert operations during the cold war, which you say has not proceeded as quickly as envisioned in 1993.

We intend to do more without compromising the Central Intelligence Agency's responsibility to protect sources and methods. We have, however, accomplished a great deal.

We have doubled the resources devoted to the agency's declassification of historically valuable records. In addition, I have formed a staff responsible for implementing the automatic declassification requirements of Executive Order No. 12958. The staff will review for declassification more than 40 million pages that are more than 25 years old.

Over the last few years, unprecedented quantities of intelligence-community records have been declassified — more than in all of the preceding decades.

Additional perspective on the cold war and the intelligence contribution to understanding that period is now available as a result of declassification of more than 450 National Intelligence Estimates on the former Soviet Union and international Communism, a vast quantity of film shot by the Corona reconnaissance satellites and many of the Venona project translations of decrypted Soviet intelligence cables that led to some of the big espionage trials in the 1950's.

In addition, we have declassified more than 200,000 pages of C.I.A. records relating to the assassination of President John F. Kennedy. And a major effort is under way to declassify records relating to Persian Gulf war illnesses.

As your editorial points out, we have also promised to review records of 11 covert actions of the cold war era. The Bay of Pigs and the 1954 Guatemala covert actions are being reviewed; we expect to declassify many of these records this year, and more will follow.

While there is room for improvement, I take issue with your assertion that a large obstacle to declassification review is the "bunker mentality of keepers of the secrets." It is clear that we got out of the bunker a while ago, and we are committed to staying out of it. JOHN DEUTCH

Director of Central Intelligence

Washington, May 1, 1996

The Day Is Too Short for Genius, Too

To the Editor:

Re "Longing for a New Lone Genius" (Week in Review, April 28):

It takes time to be a genius, as it does to be a leader. Newton got his best ideas sitting under an apple tree; Beethoven and Strauss got their best melodies walking in the woods.

Today's pace is more rushed than 20 years ago, than 50 or 100 years ago. Who except tenured academics and those born to wealth has time to be a genius? The towering genius has seldom come from those classes.

The greatest series of studies of the "genius," overlooked by your article, was by the Austrian writer Stefan Zweig, who pulled them together into a collection he called "Master Builders."

Unlike Edmund Wilson and Stanley Edgar Hyman in their studies of great thinkers, Zweig included thinkers of both sexes.

Zweig died tragically in 1942. He committed suicide in exile in South America, in despair about where progress and evil geniuses had led the world. DAVID E. ANDERSON

Chicago, May 1, 1996



Matthew Martin

Whitewater Counsel Should Step Aside

To the Editor:

Mark H. Tuohey 3d, in defending Kenneth W. Starr as the Whitewater independent counsel (Op-Ed, April 26), stresses that those who criticize him fail to appreciate "Mr. Starr himself," his "sound judgment" and his reputation for being "fair-minded."

Mr. Starr's proclivity for being fair and reasonable is not sufficient justification for him to continue as independent counsel. If those character traits were all that is required to conduct the investigation headed by Mr. Starr, the Justice Department itself could conduct the investigation.

The driving force behind the independent counsel legislation was to insure that counsel conducting an investigation of a high-level administration official was independent of that administration's Justice Department. It is equally important that the person be independent of companies and causes engaged in ideological or commercial grievances with the administration.

Digest

THE NEW YORK REGION

NEW YORK

Umbrella Tied to Standstill

An umbrella on the electrified third rail may have caused thousands of passengers to be stranded on the Lexington Avenue subway line during the Wednesday evening rush hour, transit official said.

The officials also said that the trains that were forced to stop in the incident were ready to move after 31 minutes, but a four-hour standstill resulted when passengers illegally climbed out of the subway cars and made their way out of the tunnel on the tracks. Officials had to leave power to the third rail, which supplies electricity to trains, shut off for hours for fear of electrocuting passengers who might still be in the tunnel.

Flushing's Poet Laureate

Hal Sirowitz is emerging, unofficially of course, as the poet laureate of Flushing, Queens. And he owes it all to his mother, who probably would not have approved.

Mr. Sirowitz, 47, is a performance artist who for the last 15 years has made his living as a special-education teacher at Public School 224. Now he writes of many things, but mostly of his mother, the quintessential noodge. And while his poems are very New York and very Jewish, they have struck a more widely felt chord.

Through regular appearances at "poetry slams" in places like the Nuyorican Poets Cafe in the East Village, on MTV and on the PBS series "The United States of Poetry," Mr. Sirowitz, as a self-styled mama's boy, has become something of a cult figure, "the mother poet" as he's sometimes called.

Mayor Declines on Surcharge



Swingin' on a Stalk

Children from Taft Elementary School in Washingtonville, N.Y., enjoy Liberty State Park in Jersey City yesterday.

CUNY Misused Fiscal 'E To Cut Staff and Costs, Ju

By KAREN W. ARENSON

NEW YORK, May 2 — A State Supreme Court justice ruled today that City University of New York wrongly decided to lay off more than 100 professors, close or merge departments and cut remedial aid last June by using emergency financial authority even after the budget was effectively balanced.

The justice, Alice Schlesinger, solidation plan which had met with much criticism.

It was not clear whether the departments would be reopened and the professors retained. Nor is it clear how the decision might affect this year's round of budget stringencies, if at all. The board declared a new financial emergency in March. Although that declaration was not addressed in today's decision, Mr. Polishook said the faculty now plans

April?

Crane epigraph –

See Leopold, 96

April

(Learning to see)

More like learning to read a foreign language. The thing is there ~~on the page~~, but it makes no more sense than Xenophon in the original. And I hear that ~~the study~~ students of Greek ~~has~~ are ~~few, in the age of Tx~~ fewer than they were in Thoreau's day.

Tx actors want you to see them. Animals don't

(Greenpeace)

If it's green, it's not peaceful. It may seem so, to us humans, because nature is our old home and we love nostalgia trips. But we have dropped out of nature. All readers of this book will be new humans, with medical care, houses, and professional defense forces. We can afford to relax in nature; not much out there is likely to kill us. But for animals still part of nature, it's a constant threatening cycle of life & death.

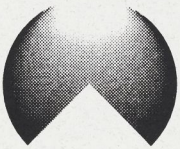
(April)

It's not a war out there, mind you. (Nothing is organized) It's just every animal for itself, or for its family, out there looking for dinner.

Nature peaceful or tragic (April?)

Even Ernest Thompson Seton, who was not above nature-faking, ~~admitt~~ wrote that the "life of a wild animal always has a tragic end." (Lutts 34)

William J. Long, however, "began with the assumption that all of nature is fundamentally a place of peace rather than conflict. (Lutts 92/3)



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a feeling of community that
people +
include ducks + mayflies. But
NOT a people community)

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Emily Dickinson — Prediction / Death.

116

A Bird came down the Walk —
He did not know I saw —
He bit an Angleworm in halves
and ate the fellow, raw.

322

Nature — the Gentlest Mother is
Impatient of — no child —
The feeblest — or the waywardest —
Her Admonition mild —

End of Section on Nothing Happens (April)

In the end what is comforting about nature is reality, and you are part of it. Perhaps our ~~wish to deny~~ denial of mortality in nature has been a denial of death in ourselves. We're part of it; you are part of it. The lark will die. The sparrow will fall. So will you.

(Love + death)

(what the old ones knew in their paintings)

acceptance of death, therefore life.

April

Animals + fear.

"no fear is felt," says (Watts 166)

Darwin of an animal's death.

Perhaps ~~I suppose~~ they do feel fear, but
don't let it get to them for long.
We worry about not only death
but fear itself.

(One of the widest gulfs
between us + the other.)

[Apr.]

aggressiveness vs. concealment. ~~as protection/~~ ~~defense~~.

Best defense is a good offense for:

Muskrat.

B-Slack Sinds.

Magpies?

Mating is risky. Mallards aren't good at hiding anyhow, + drakes are now { mad w/ lust. crazy.

Blacklinds?
April?

Appearance matter..

They look tough, + that may be the reason. It's safe to be tough; dangerous to look vulnerable.

(~~Incentives~~ / Decision)

~~The~~ A problem with giving animals rights is that you can never give them decisions. Humans will take those ... + humans who fish for trout ~~are~~ will take pro-trout positions, even at some personal cost. People who do not fish will have less of an incentive.

Tess & the Moore-Gray

lawn.

4/30 Migration

~~A connection there is between legs & words.~~

anderson marsh / pond:

- yellow-headed blackbird
- ~~curlew?~~ Willet
- phalarope.
- robin w/ white primary feathers - 2 or 3 in each wing.

Call is the best we have – but I like brass (French Horn in this case). Loon better.
Cranes would fit into an orchestra w/o clashing w/ French horns.

CRANES

Not trumpet-like but French horn-like.

in April, go into display when nervous (pale underwings on large mail)

Crane fossils date from
Eocene (Epoch) (40–60 million years b.p.)

Both sexes incubate & raise young
Doing well here. Limited on migration

David King & his 2 chicks.

3–4 feet long; 6–7 ft. wingspread

Grua call is their name in Port. & some Latin languages.

~~Rattlesnake rattle contest~~
~~Social Centers~~
~~School, grain elevator, Stockman café, Doug's~~
~~Shop service center.~~

Mallatin Lake 5/9/95

First fish – a 12" rb, well mended from the S.A.D. Caught on a ~~midge~~ trico sp. Then noticed splashy rises to an insect – ~~aqu~~ aquatic, I think – that looks like [Ronald's Oak Fly] (aquatic?) Not a sedge.

Could have caught fish earlier. They love hardware. But they needed to mend (saw one or 2 dead), + I didn't want to spoil them for the mythic sport. →

Turtle head eyeing me. Fatten on dead trout?

Also saw mayfly spinners, and

Spawning rocks clean.

Caught my trout on an imitation

of one.

~~Took Tess [illegible]~~

Invited Tess to join me,
thinking that she might be
~~[illegible]~~ interested in a trout
once diverted it. Her interest
was more active. Dived in &
tried to catch one on her own,
without success.

(Dogs + The Hearth) (~~Aug~~ April ?)

~~The morning~~ I lit a fire this morning + pulled up half of the couch w/ a dog-bed at each end. Tess lay on hers, but w/ head up. Hank wouldn't. He sat up on the cold tiles, looking at the fire, groaning occasionally. I squeezed the bed in and he ~~flopped~~ ~~contented~~ was snoring by ~~the dis~~ within seconds. Tess squeezed in + snored too.

(The Lark, etc.) Apart?

The thing about a farmer is that he's part of this nature – the agent of life or death for some (not all) ~~animals~~ of the biota on his farm. (Examples)

(Stewardship as death to good effect, etc..)

This is the chasm that separates town & country. Town does not want to think of death. Farmer makes it his business. Town loves a kindly nature. Farmer knows that nature is a cycle of life & death.

actions vs. motives = see Lutts 34.

Everything beyond what you see or hear or smell is interpretation, and I choose to enjoy it. ~~May indeed be anthropomorphism.~~ The action is not.

(There is room between science and fakery for fun.)

What you (and indeed is the fact. (p. 122 Lutts)

The beauty is ~~entirely~~ only how we respond, I think,

Apr. 2

I ~~have never~~ don't know

what life-affirming

means. life ~~does not m~~

is, ~~whether you agree or~~

~~not~~ and does not ask

you to agree.

But death-denying is

is ~~a mistake~~ life-denying. all life

lives on other life.

p. 937 Robin throws eggs of cowbird from nests.

Brewer's blackbird
(spooky) yellow eye
hoarse call
a native bird that compete with any in the ugly contest.
But may outcompete the starlings here.

p. 942

Western Meadowlark
state bird of 6 plains states
"flutelike", gurgling double-noted.
Song compared to wood thrush
Sings from posts + fields —
and in flight.

animal food 2/3 of diets.
(both predator + prey)
Weighs ± 3 oz.

(call Ben — is he sure of ground call?)

Louder than thrush — or just open country?

Intro

Apr. 1

Nature - literacy runs very low, in this country.

Writers turn out to concerned with people who live in nature usually, not Nature itself.

Intro

Farmers, hunters, anglers, hikers, & bird-watchers all see something out there, which is better than nothing but perhaps not much of what is happening.

over →

Most of us love her in principle but swat her when she lands ~~on our in the wrong~~ on the counter.

Gravel

4/30 in Anderson Pond:

- willet (?)
- phalarope
- yellow-headed blackbird (head glowing)
- robin w/ white stripes in each wing (white primary feather)

Predators as cleansing (April)

of the Marsh Hawk:

"There is health in
thy gray wing ...."

(Thoreau?) Bly, 107

Tom + his mice

Wee... cow'rin', tim'rous beastie

(fluff on the bacon)

Wee, sleekit,
cow'rin, tim'rous
beastie

Mondego

check ref to

Burns.

Wee Tim'rous Beastie.

EnRP
FaFP
FF
Fm
GoTs
HAP
HeIP
~~Ha~~ InPs

~~A~~ NAEL-2
~~NoEC~~
NoP 811.08
OAEL-1
OxBS
PoE
PoLF
PPP
PrIm
TEP
TrGrPo

(over)

(First mowing)
(April)

~~Gray fuzz overlay on the lawn,~~

~~Lawn dotted with a pretty~~ layer of gray fluff during the lawn mowing effect.

mouse fuzz via comic

Title - April / May

Living in a Zoo

Aggression / B. Blackbirds

~~chasing red~~ Sitting on buffalo's. watching red tail. chasing it when it moves. Takes on eagles, too.

Aggression may or may not be good for an individual; depends how hard he pushes his luck.

But for a tribe, it works.

(~~March~~ April)

Perfect weather is the
kind that justifies
a fire in the morning
but ~~but~~ draws you
out in shirtsleeves
after sunset.

4/29 — Broken egg shell —
pheasant color. One of
the discards?

$$\begin{array}{r} 18 \\ 9\overline{)150} \\ 9 \\ \hline 70 \end{array}$$

4/21

Sandhill cranes resting on Mike's side of the swamp in dried cattails + reeds (?)

Canada geese ~~very~~ broody.

~~F~~ Hunk points a single partridge - looking broody too, but must be the odd one out. should be paired..

Pond ~~[illegible]~~ as Display

Muskrat cutting a silver V across ~~the~~ pond darks as the clouds reflected on it.

Everything is a burst of light, when it's this way. Duck lands in a crater of it.

(Prinetillish) April / May

Duck heads ~~jus~~ appear out of the grass, at this time of year. Now you see one, now you don't. Mallard drakes' heads are easiest to see because they are so big and dark. Don't quite know what the drakes are doing back there; just looking for whom, I suppose, to see if she's ready for a fuller.

2163
481
1682

Heron
(was Hernshaw)

4/22/95

Sat at the fireplace this stormy day and watched a heron catch a trout in the pond. It was a good eating size, for him, but he had it by the tail and the trout looked as if it might get away. No. Heron flipped it somehow & swallowed it head first.

Then the heron flew off and rain moved in from (the range to the north). It was wet, when it first hit, then hail windrowing by the abundance on the N side of the bedroom. Then sun came out ~~bright~~ gold on the surface of the pond.

Fish must think it's a rough world up here.

Suits me fine.

You always root for the victim, in a carefully thin: brave & beautiful & the trout struggling against ingestion most foul.

songbirds as predators : even hummingbirds. April

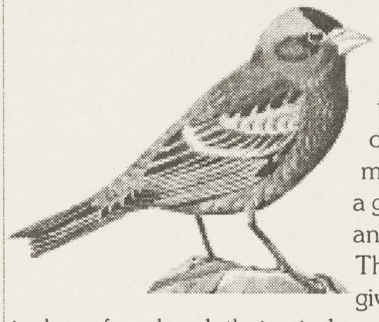
Wild Birds Unlimited

May 1995 News

by Jeff Pentel

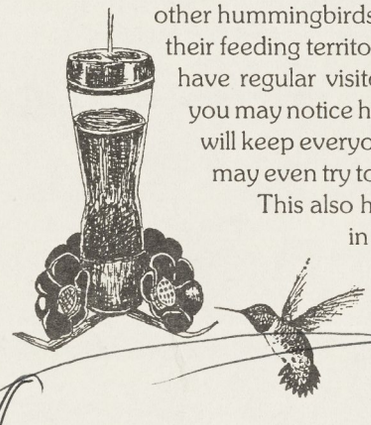
Often it begins in the evening, just after sunset. It's late March, maybe early April, and we've had a taste of spring weather already...a few days of fifty or sixty degrees, daffodils a foot high, even green grass. Then it comes...snow. Quietly, all night long, the snow falls, big fat flakes piling up quickly, sending the world back into the dead of winter. By morning there is anywhere from 12 to 24 inches in town, twice that or more in the mountains. And in the back yard there is a spectacle we only witness at these times: a flock of rosy finches larger than any flock that has come to our feeder during the rest of the year, larger than the flocks of Bohemian waxwings that appear every winter stripping mountain ash, chokecherry and apple trees of their fruit. The finches have invaded the yard 700 strong, crowding every feeder, the deck, the power lines, the trees and the ground. They politely struggle for room at the feeders, not fighting but flying into, landing on top of and walking over each other. So, out of pity, I take a bucket and scatter sunflower seed all over the yard. They descend from the trees and the wires even before I am back to the house, practically landing at my feet, and as several hundred birds all crack seed at once it sounds like rain, like raindrops hitting the street.

An hour later all the seed is gone and the birds are lined up on the wires and back in the trees, waiting, silent. I go out and cover the ground again but this time I only go back to the deck. The birds don't mind. They drop down a few at a time, then a dozen at a time, then the last hundred come down all at once. They land in front of me, behind me, under my feet. I hold out seed in my hands and they look at me strangely, head cocked to the side like a dog's, as if I were OK before but now that I want to get involved I warrant some attention. After a few minutes I am accepted and they readily jump into my hands, even walk across my lap going from one hand to the other. There in my own hands I get to examine three of the four variations of rosy finch that occur in Montana: gray capped, Pribilofs and Hepburn's. And then I get to experience one of their fire drills. It seems they can only stay put as a flock for three minutes or so, then they flush with a great rush of wind, circle the yard and come right back down to eat. The experience is unique. One bird gives the alarm call, they pass within inches of my head, their wind moves my hair and blows sunflower shells all over my lap. I can't tell if they are really afraid, though, since they come right back down. Perhaps it's only to keep them in practice for when a predator shows up. Once a magpie came cruising low into the yard from the neighbor's, unaware what was on the other side of the fence. The large magpie spooked the finches, launching them into a cloud when it's hawk-sized body appeared. But the magpie was more disturbed. At the sound of whooshing wings and the sight of the great flock that rose up from the ground, the magpie stopped in midair, even flew backwards a few feet, and left the yard faster than he came in.



It's too bad rosy finches aren't regular visitors the rest of the year. Their main habitat is high up in the mountains--way up high, from 7000 to 11,000 feet for most of the year. And they don't come into town every year...they always come down to the lower elevations of the mountains, but I see them only when we get these late winter snowstorms. It's too bad. I like sharing breakfast with them.

Hopefully the snow is behind us for the year, for the bluebirds, meadowlarks, tanagers and swallows are all back, and they depend heavily on insects for their food. And in a week or two the hummingbirds will arrive, an event many of us look forward to more than any other species arrival. Around the Bozeman area we see primarily two species: the calliope and the rufous. The rufous is probably more common, and can be identified even before it is in sight...it's wings are the loudest, probably the only ones you can hear from a distance. And they use them a lot, chasing other hummingbirds, and even large birds, away from their feeding territory. If you are fortunate enough to have regular visitors at your hummingbird feeder, you may notice how one hummer, usually a rufous, will keep everyone else away from the feeder, and may even try to monopolize two or three feeders. This also happens around your garden, and in the wild...since flowers are able to replenish their nectar every fifteen minutes, they are definitely worth defending.



Though we usually associate hummingbirds with drinking nectar, they derive most of their nourishment from insects. They also depend on insects for other reasons, specifically spiders. All hummingbird nests are "glued" together with spider web, and without this material their nesting success goes way down. They use the spider web to bond together lichens, moss, even flower petals into a tiny nest no larger in diameter than a silver dollar.

But even before the nestbuilding there has to come courtship, and this is perhaps the most amazing part of hummingbirds' behavior. The male, in seeking to attract the female, flies up to 100 feet above the ground, hovers momentarily, then zooms toward the ground and arcs back up into the sky, making a whistling, humming or buzzing sound with its wings or voice, right at the bottom of the

Hummingbird Attraction Tip

We have always advocated placing hummingbird feeders near a garden, since hummers are attracted to color, especially red, when they are looking for nectar. But that's only part of their diet...what about the insects? Providing live, free-flying insects may seem impossible, but here's a good way to do it. Next time you cut open a watermelon, cantaloupe, or similar fruit, leave a piece of the rind outside until the fruit flies gather. Then move it to a shaded location near your hummingbird feeder. Hummers love fruit flies, and the bugs will help get your hummingbird feeder noticed!

You can manage for any birds.

dive. I got to see a Costa's hummingbird do this in the Arizona desert earlier this year, and it is simply amazing...graceful, powerful, poetic. And he does this just to impress the female, not me. I don't know where she watches from, but it works. I know. Amy married me strictly on the merits of my aerial display.

The Costa's hummingbird uses its voice during the display, a very high-pitched whistle that rises as the bird falls and falls as the bird rises. While in Arizona I visited the Sonoran Desert Museum where there is a hummingbird aviary, a huge screened in place complete with plants, spiders and specially prepared food which is changed every couple of hours. It also has a ten foot ceiling. While walking through there I marveled at the birds, who even nested and raised young there. But then I witnessed something sad...In one spot a male Costa's sat on a branch right up at the top, and it was making its display sound...while perched. No doubt he dreamed of the sky, and of all the females he would impress were he free.

The food we put in our hummingbird feeders should approximate that of the flowers they drink from, which is 20% to 30% sugar. The best solution for use in a feeder is **1 part sugar and 4 parts water.** A little more sugar can be used, but it will tend to ferment more quickly. To keep it from fermenting too soon, boil the mixture for two minutes and let it cool before you put it in the feeder. Store any leftover solution in the refrigerator. Change the solution every 3 to 5 days, and clean the feeder with a brush if it gathers any mold. And remember, **no red coloring!**

If you need good reference materials, the best guide to hummingbird feeding/watching is *The Hummingbird Book* by Donald & Lillian Stokes. Also see *Hummingbirds: Their Life and Behavior; Hummingbirds: Jewels in Flight; Dancers in the Garden;* and *A Hummingbird in my House*, an amazing tale of a pet hummingbird. We also just received an spectacular new video called *Dances With Hummingbirds*. It has the best hummingbird footage we've ever seen, including shots of several South American species.

Other bird species may come to a hummingbird feeder from time to time, but a regular visitor is the Bullock's Oriole, a fruit-loving bird about the size of a robin, black and orange in color. They are found in moist areas with mature trees, especially along rivers and streams. They build a nest that hangs like a sack from the lower branches of a tree, and they love hummingbird nectar, so much so that there is a special feeder made just for them. Call us if you would like to know where to find orioles.

Landscaping for Wildlife

When I first bought my house in 1980 I had a single tree in an otherwise bare yard. Then the tree died. I had a couple of feeders on posts, and got a few birds who took shelter in the neighbors' trees. After a few years I went down to Cashman Nursery and started asking questions. I knew nothing except that my lot consisted of rocky clay beneath the sod. But over the next ten years Jerry, Jan and the crew have helped me (Amy & me since 1991) transform a bare, windswept lot into a pretty decent bird habitat. I had ideas about what I wanted to plant, but Cashman's knowledge of the climate, specific varieties of plants and of my soil helped us choose the right plants for this lot. Now we have a nice cotoneaster hedge, willow, lilac, cherry, and dogwood shrubs; poplar, pine, chokecherry and ash trees; and a variety flowers. And birds. Our combination of vegetation has helped us attract birds that normally wouldn't show up in this neighborhood: black-headed grosbeaks, lazuli buntings, Wilson's warblers, Clark's nutcrackers, ruby-crowned kinglets and western tanagers. And I don't mean passing through, I mean taking advantage of the environment we have created.

When you plan your landscaping for birds, keep in mind the four basic requirements for success: food, water, shelter and places to nest. When all four are present in your yard the birds will come. Regarding the second element, Cashman's helped us build a 17-foot pond last summer using supplies from our own store. We built it with a small waterfall for bathing, a deep area (2 feet) for water lilies, a shallow area (8 inches) for water plants such as iris, pickerel rush, mini cattails, sedge grasses, water mint and marsh marigold. Then I went out and gathered critters...tadpoles, fish, several species of water bugs...and within just a few days we had dragonflies visiting the pond every afternoon. Later the tadpoles turned into frogs, the water bugs multiplied, and now every fall migration we have warblers bathing on the lily pads. This year I want to see a heron come down and go for goldfish!

For those of you who would like to add a pool or pond to your habitat, we have the books, the supplies and the plants to do it. Whether you would like a temporary fountain or basin pool for your deck or patio, or a good size pond for your yard, we'll set you up with the right parts and the right plants. And if you would like to special order custom fountains or an extra large pond liner, we can handle it. Come in and look through our catalogs. We have several species of lilies and shallow water plants ready to plant, as well as planting baskets, liquid plant food and slow-release plant fertilizer tablets.

Spring Birding Trips

In conjunction with the Sacajawea Audubon Society, here are the birding trips we have scheduled for May and June. All trips are guided and are free of charge. We'll be happy to help anyone who would like to develop their birding skills, whether by sight or by sound, and interested children are welcome. Unless otherwise noted, all trips begin at the Museum of the Rockies at 6:45 a.m. We rent binoculars for $5 per day, and we supply a spotting scope.

May 6 Story Hills and surrounding area. Approximately two hours. One-mile walk, downhill.

May 13 Nixon Gulch near Manhattan. Celebration of International Migratory Bird Day. Two to three hours. Easy walk on the road.

May 20 Bozeman Fish Hatchery. Two hours. Possible later trip to Brackett Creek and Flathead Pass Road. Short walk around the hatchery trails, mostly driving later.

May 27th Sourdough Creek Trail. Morning Trip. One of our favorites. Easy one mile walk.

June 3 Headwaters State Park. Half-day trip with return stops at the Three Forks ponds and the Heeb Road wetland area. Very short walk at the park, no walking at the other stops.

June 10th Spring Creek Ranch in the Paradise Valley. All day trip. Two mile walk on fairly level trails and road. Meet at Museum at 6:15 for early birding along Trail Creek Road; or, for those in the Paradise Valley, meet at the Old Saloon in Emigrant at 8:30. We'll go from there to the ranch.

June 16-17 Overnight trip to Ninepipe Wildlife Refuge and National Bison Range north of Missoula. We'll leave Bozeman Friday evening. Easy walking. Call Jeff or Amy for details.

Spring + my diary.

It starts with [illegible] + moves on through [list]. ~~It~~ It is a process of creation taking longer than 7 days.

Too bad there's no fishing. Eyebrights better, in May. But place moves around.

Swipe at the end. A quiet bird
(when you get it the midges are hatching + trout rising in the pond (+ stream)
Cloudy, mild days; calm evenings.
Old timers have never noticed.

Learning to know it's there, by eye + ear.
The hunter's gift. But I wonder if even the Indians knew it? They would have known it, except in the west, and then with second sight.

April

4/7/88 Brown stonefly on West Gallatin at Manhattan
Whitefish good eating

4/11 Snipe + mayflies: drumming + dancing (spinner outside BR windows).

4/7/89 ice out + snipe kakking

4/10 Mayfly + cold - Big Baetis on window at 10°F. OK.

4/22 Spring symphony. (No peepers) Snipe (winnowing), Sandhill Cranes, Canada geese. Duck quacking on pond. Pheasant crowing S. of pond. Redwing + Brewer's blackbirds. Meadowlark later. Magpie called twice.

Mixed flock of tea (3 kinds) downstream of house, makes showing off

4/7/90 1st trout from Gallatin Lake. Griffiths gnat.

4/29 1st swallow

?
4/17/92 Turtle on lawn, lookin' for love. Pretty, like painted turtle I had as a kid. For what this decoration? Is ♀ artistically inclined.

4/11/94 Trout spawning in Gallatin Lake. All in there must have been spawned ~~it~~ in it, by now.

Painted turtles - 2. So they've colonized the pond.

4/12 Snipe trundling ~~on~~ on lawn - male w/his tail up.
(my term X a new one for an old bird?)

4/15 Tess pointed ~~4~~ 3 pairs partridges on Bachs.

4/16 Wildflowers in partridge places 1st part of Gral
See diary.
Yellow Bell, Rocky mtn. Douglasia,
Moss campion, Wyoming kittentail.

4/17 few b-berry flowers.
baldpates on pond

Huck has values. See.

4/18 - Dennis' surprise party.

4/19 - Thunderstorm. See.

4/29 - Currant Bushes
Blooming suicidally.

4/25 - 2 pheas. remain

4/28 - Mating - Ducks,
Robins.

4/30 - Caddisflies.

Tess ~~ss~~ducing Huck. See. "It always works"
Guaneny - See.
Drake - See. ← connect →

The Great Seal Principle

Lady Luck smiles on the beginnings of institutions and organisms

by Stephen Jay Gould

Tennyson's *In Memoriam,* published in 1850, was surely the most popular of Victorian poems. The good queen herself remarked to her poet laureate, following the death of her beloved husband, Prince Albert: "Next to the Bible, *In Memoriam* is my comfort." As a paradoxical and ultimate testimony of success, many lines became so popular, so much a part of everyday speech, that their relatively recent source was forgotten, and a false Shakespearean or biblical origin often assumed. Be honest now; didn't you think that Shakespeare wrote: " 'Tis better to have loved and lost / Than never to have loved at all." (*In Memoriam* also gave us, nearly a decade before Darwin's book, the classic metaphor for natural selection: "Nature, red in tooth and claw.")

After loving and losing, the most famous misattributed line from *In Memoriam* must be: "He seems so near, and yet so far." Such an excellent epitome for that constant and unwelcome companion of intellectual life: frustration. I may be fascinated by big questions—the origin of the universe, for example—but I am not frustrated because I expect no near or immediate solution. Frustration lies just beyond the finger tip—the solution that is almost palpable, but for one little, stubborn obstacle.

Scientific frustration takes two primary forms. In the usual, empirical variety, deeply desired data lie just beyond our reach. Remember that we looked at the moon for millennia but never knew the form of her back face (and couldn't really develop a decent theory of origin and subsequent history without this information). So near (if we could only grab hold of the damned thing and turn it around)—and yet so far (a good quarter of a million miles). One space probe and a camera resolved this frustration of the ages.

But another species of frustration arises from logical problems, and these sometimes seem more intractable because solutions must come from inside our heads. Consider the classics, Zeno's paradoxes, or the puzzles of our primers:

> Brothers and sisters have I none
> But that man's father is my father's son.

Again, the answers seem so close (after all, the arrow does move and Achilles does pass the tortoise), yet the structure of resolution eludes us.

Empirical frustrations are resolved by evidence; I don't know that they present much of a general message beyond the obvious value of data over casuistry. Logical frustrations have more to teach us because solutions require a reorientation of mental habits (if only the minor realization that problems need not be viewed as external to their posers, and therefore "objective"; the man in the old couplet is pointing to his own son).



The Great Seal on a U. S. dollar bill

The study of evolution is beset with frustrations, most of the empirical variety (inadequacy of the fossil record, our inability to track and document enough members of a population). But the profession also features some persistent logical puzzles, most treated (and some resolved) by Darwin himself. Several take a similar form, roughly: "I can figure out why a particular feature is useful to an organism once it develops, but how could it arise in the first place." I have treated one standard form of this puzzle in several essays—the "10 percent of a wing" problem, or how can wings evolve if tiny initial stages could confer no aerodynamic benefit? Darwin's solution, now experimentally confirmed (see my essay of October 1985), argues that initial stages functioned in a different manner (perhaps for thermoregulation in the case of incipient wings) and were later co-opted, when large enough, for current utility.

A related and equally thorny problem asks why a useful evolutionary trend can begin in the first place, and why one pathway is taken in a large potential field. The knee-jerk adaptationist answer, "because the evolved feature works so well (and must therefore, in some sense, have been prefavored as a solution)," simply will not do, for current utility and historical origin are entirely separate issues. (What, in nature, works better than a wing? and yet we all agree that benefit in flight did not initiate the trend.)

Darwin also thought about this issue and proposed a solution. (His argument includes a trio of important properties: it is interesting, probably correct, and largely unappreciated. Moreover, this past year's evolutionary literature includes two fascinating examples—hence my choice of a

If only for a moment, she defies gravity.

Her grace and form are flawless, a tribute to perseverance and tenacity.

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Phillips Petroleum has been national sponsor of United States Diving since 1979. And will continue to support this organization for many years to come.

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For more information on how you can help these athletes, please write to: Executive Director, United States Diving, 201 South Capitol Avenue, Suite 430, Indianapolis, Indiana 46225.

PROFILES IN CONSERVATION

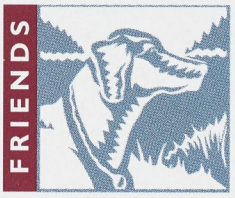


Scott Larson, right, helped form the Stevens County (Minn.) PF Chapter in 1984, and has been its only habitat coordinator. At left is Ralph Huebner, also of the Stevens County Chapter.

In Fall 1984, Scott Larson helped form the Stevens County (Minn.) Pheasants Forever Chapter. Since then, Scott has served as a leader of the chapter, and its only habitat coordinator. Under Scott's direction, the Stevens County Chapter has worked hard with cooperators to plant more than 4,000 acres of long-term nesting cover for wildlife. Currently, Scott sits on a Minnesota Department of Natural Resources oversight committee monitoring state pheasant stamp expenditures. He also participates in church and school activities and is a volunteer instructor of advanced hunter education. Importantly to him — and wildlife — he continues as an advocate for conservation and youth activities.

Bob West, field trainer and consultant for Purina HiPro dog food, says, "Hunters are always asking questions like, 'What is the best dog to use for grouse? pheasant? waterfowl?' or 'What makes the best hunting dog?' Factors affecting breed selection include:

Type of hunting: **If you plan to hunt waterfowl, you will need to hunt with a breed suited for retrieving and cold-weather water work. Many upland bird hunters prefer pointing dogs. Versatile breeds are multi-purpose gun dogs.**



Hunting environment: **Consider the environments in which you will mainly be hunting.**

Weather: **Very cold weather requires a dog with a dense coat and a layer of protective fat for cold weather.**

Size of dog: **I think the individual dog's desire is more a factor than size.**

Disposition: **This is critical.**

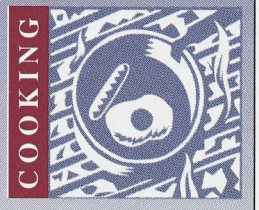
Home environment: **Will the dog live inside or out?**

PHEASANT FACTS

THE HEN, NOT THE rooster, is gaining weight in April. Rooster testicles reach maximum size in April. The rooster's breeding territory may be 1 to as many as 75 acres. Harems may reach 18 hens, but 3 to 4 is normal. Roosters can service up to 50 hens. In May, hens eat 14 times more calcium and more protein than roosters eat. Pheasants produce precocial chicks, so hens put more energy into their eggs than do robins or doves. One egg uses 18 percent of her daily diet. Sperm remains viable within the hen for 11-42 days. Early May is the peak egg laying time. Nests have 10-12 eggs that are incubated for 23 days. From 9 to 10 chicks hatch. In alfalfa fields, 70 percent of the nests and 50 percent of the hens will be destroyed by the swather. Waiting 5 to 7 days before mowing allows most nests to hatch. Peak pheasant hatch occurs the first two weeks of June.

Ken Solomon
PF Regional
Wildlife Biologist

DUTCH OVEN PHEASANT OVER WILD RICE



2 pheasants, cut into serving pieces
1/2 cup flour
Seasoned salt plus pepper (or alternatives)
1 stick (1/4 lb.) butter
2 large onions, sliced
1/2 cup grated Parmesan cheese
1 pound fresh mushrooms, sliced
2 cups chicken or pheasant stock, preferably homemade

Wash and dry the meat pieces. Dredge the pheasant in the seasoned flour.

In a large skillet, heat up butter. When the butter is hot but not smoking, add the pheasant pieces in batches. Don't rush this process. Brown the pheasant pieces all over.

Transfer the pheasant pieces to a greased Dutch oven and arrange them in a single layer. Place a layer of onion slices over them. Place the cheese over the top layer of the pheasant-onion mix and cover with the fresh sliced mushrooms.

Pour 2 cups of chicken stock over the whole dish and bake at 350 degrees for about 60 minutes.

Stir and serve over wild rice.

This and other recipes can be found in Steve Grooms' new guide, "The Complete Pheasant Cookbook," which can be ordered in the merchandise section of this magazine.

NATIONAL HIGHLIGHTS

Ohio Wildlife Division Joins PF For Life

The Ohio Division of Wildlife recently became the first state wildlife agency to join Pheasants Forever as a Life Member.

Agency chief Richard Pierce presented the $1,000 check at Pheasants Forever's fourth state council meeting in February. Pierce said, "The Ohio Division of Wildlife is proud of the efforts of Pheasants Forever to provide wildlife habitat. Our commitment demonstrates that we value our partnership with PF, and we are both in this for the long haul." Ohio PF chapters and the division have enjoyed an extremely successful relationship since the first PF chapter formed in 1987.

Agency chief Richard Pierce said, "The Ohio Division of Wildlife is proud of Pheasants Forever."

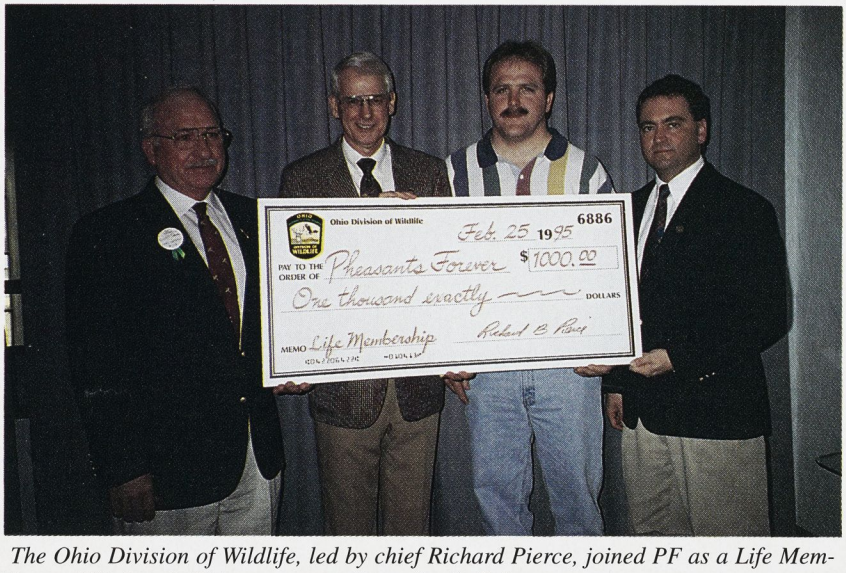
Cooperative projects have included the purchasing of seed cleaning equipment by the state council in return for free switchgrass seed from the division. To date, more than 24,000 pounds of switchgrass have been distributed to private landowners for establishment of nesting habitat. The division's public wildlife areas also have benefited from PF National's free seed program. In five years, the division has received more than 145,000 pounds of seed corn and 184,000 pounds of sorghum for establishment of annual food plots on public hunting areas.

Additionally, Pheasants Forever National and Ohio PF chapters have contributed $7,000 to the division in the last year for restoration of wetlands, affecting more than 400 acres of public lands. At the past convention, the state council committed $5,000 to the division to aid in the purchase of five grassland drills that will be utilized by the division to restore upland wildlife nesting acres throughout Ohio.

Chapters are also assisting in a state research project by funding $15,000 over three years to evaluate switchgrass as nesting habitat for ring-necked pheasants and passerines. The division's commitment to PF is another block in the foundation of a joint venture that has been extremely beneficial to both parties and one that will continue to be built on in future years.



Ohio Sen. Ben Gaeth was presented a mourning dove sculpture for leading efforts to pass a dove-hunting bill in Ohio.



The Ohio Division of Wildlife, led by chief Richard Pierce, joined PF as a Life Member at PF's fourth Ohio state council meeting in February.

• • •

Ohio Sen. Ben Gaeth, R-Defiance, was presented a sculpture of a mourning dove during a visit to the Wayne Crowe farm near Forest, Ohio, for a pheasant hunt. John Beall and Crowe presented the sculpture in appreciation of Gaeth's successful efforts to place the dove on Ohio's game bird list. Ohio was one of the few states where doves could not be hunted.

Beall is a Pheasants Forever regional wildlife biologist; Crowe is president of the Hancock County PF Chapter. All 63 acres of the Crowe farm are enrolled in the CRP program.

Sen. Gaeth has been an avid hunter, born and raised on a farm in Northwest Ohio. He and an old hunting companion, Defiance County Commissioner Bob Switzer, managed to bag their limit of birds last fall one day on the Crowe farm.

Hope for the Botanically Challenged

by Steven Austad

I first realized that I was among the botanically challenged one raw spring day while crossing Harvard Yard with a plant-enthusiast friend of mine. The wind was blasting the ancient elm trees in the Yard, making seeds rain on the paved walkways below. There, scurrying students heedlessly ground the seeds underfoot. "My God," said my friend in something between real and mock horror, "look at all the road kills."

To make that observation requires a certain imagination—an imagination that I unfortunately lack. But it does point out how a visceral appreciation of plants requires an awareness of fulfilled or squandered possibilities rather than the mere observation of intrinsically dramatic events. Appreciation of plants also presupposes an ability to come unstuck in time, like Billy Pilgrim in Kurt Vonnegut's novel *Slaughterhouse Five*. After all, plants do little that we can actually observe in everyday human time, except perhaps attract animals that are more immediately rewarding to watch.

Not that plants don't perform all the same biological necessities—voyaging, mating, sacrificing, fighting, aging, manipulating, and deceiving—in as interesting a fashion as animals. But they operate on a different time scale, one more suited to, say, weathering house paint or people who drive ten miles per hour below the speed limit.

In principle, if we get the perverse thrill that most of us do from seeing a lion eviscerate a wildebeest, then we might also find the spectacle of a fungus eviscerating an oak thrilling—if we had a few years to spend watching it happen. Alternatively, we can view David Attenborough's new television series, *The Private Life of Plants*, and let the camera speed up the evisceration to a rate that is indeed thrilling.

The series doesn't only cover plants. It also covers fungi and algae and might more properly be titled *The Private Life of Things That Aren't Animals and That Most People Think Are Boring*. But the series is anything but boring and represents what I think is Attenborough's best work so far. The medium of film, with all its tricks of time lapse, slow motion, stop motion, and animation, is ideal for dramatizing the superficially mundane. And Attenborough has used all these tricks to excellent effect. Besides the expected, but spectacular, time-lapse shots of sprouting leaves, blooming flowers, and ripening fruit, we also see leaves dance and dodge as they try to track spots of sunlight fluttering across the forest floor; vine tendrils lassoing twigs as neatly as any cowboy; and toadflax reaching high to tamp its seeds inside castle wall crevices as precisely as a persnickety gardener.

In addition to these cinematic tricks, there is the usual incredible photography—the perspectives so difficult to get and so exquisite to perceive that any normal nature documentary would be built around one such sequence. Yet this Attenborough series packs in many such shots: ants slipping into a pitcher plant's throat, taken from beneath the liquid inside the pitcher plant; the fate of the seeds inside the chambers of an ant colony; or close-ups of a hummingbird so near and clear that we can almost count the individual pollen grains on its beak.

Attenborough's gift should not be misunderstood as merely a talent for recognizing and arranging superior cinematography. He also has a knack of identifying especially intriguing phenomena and knowing how to dramatize them. The usual suspects are here, of course—the giant sequoia for its immense size, the bristlecone pine for its great age. But more typically, he dramatizes something less well appreciated, such as the remarkable ability of trees to draw groundwater up into their canopies. To do this, he mounts a fire truck's ladder, rides it up into the canopy, turns on the fire hose, and over the roar of the truck's pump, explains how a tree performs the same task—silently.

The reason Attenborough's cinematic narratives are so compelling is that he himself is astounded by what he's working with. He conveys this admiration superbly in his book, which is drawn from the series. The opening lines set the tone: "Plants can see. They can count and communicate with one another. They are able to react to the slightest touch and to estimate time with extraordinary precision." He backs up these extravagant claims almost immediately. By the end of the series, had he said that plants first discovered symbolic logic, I might have believed him.

The book's six chapters parallel the organization of the six one-hour shows, expanding on most topics, adding others, and including different examples and additional details. One thing the book cannot replicate is Attenborough's wonderful camera persona—the unconscious and endearing nerdiness possessed by the best teachers. He sprawls on the forest floor to look at the undersides of leaves, squashes his face into the ground to point out a small flower, gives a stage sneeze to dramatize allergies to pollen, enthusiastically scoops up fresh elephant dung to show the acacia seeds embedded in it. He even manages not to look too nauseated while eating a freshly hacked-open durian fruit, whose infamous aroma he has just described as like "an

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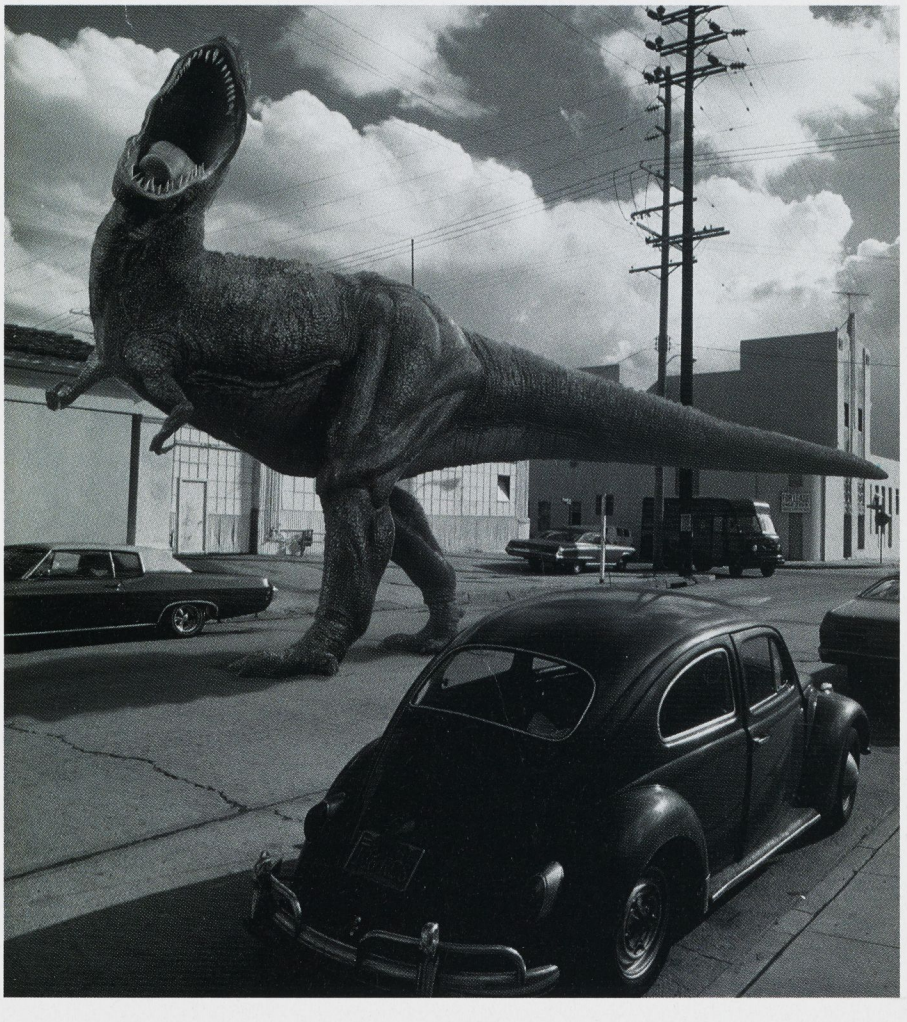
THE PRIVATE LIFE OF PLANTS: A NATURAL HISTORY OF PLANT BEHAVIOUR, by David Attenborough. *Princeton University Press, $26.95; 320 pp., illus.* This book accompanies a six-part television series, airing on TBS Superstation from October 9 to 14.



Tyrannosaurus in Hollywood I



I realized that one way to revive them existed in the cathode-ray tube in front of me. It seemed too simple, but if the desired fantasy could become reality through the digital circuitry so popular today, why not try it. I resolved to try to reproduce creatures that would appear to be alive through the application of natural light to dinosaur replicas created in the analog world, adding moistness to their skin, tension to their muscles, so that they would become the creatures of my youthful imaginings. To be honest, I was looking forward to seeing these images more than anyone else.

Tyrannosaurus in Hollywood II

Game (OED) 11. "Wild animals or birds such as are pursued, caught or killed in the chase."

Predation (OED) the action of plundering or pillaging; depredation.

Destruction, consuming, wasteful

April?

About 1,500 words
Revised August 3, 1992

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Snipe

NED'S WAY

My old friend taught me how to hunt snipe

For a time I was moving around the continents so often that I would scarcely have known when I touched ground, except that there were always marshes near the airports, and in the marshes there were always snipe -- most widely distributed of the world's game birds. I was under the impression, therefore, that I knew something about the species even before my work took me to Ireland. There I met Ned Maguire in his home at the foot of the Wicklow Mountains. Ned had things to teach me. Snipe were a destination, for him, not a diversion. His was a boggy land, a state of wetness. What other nation would put a snipe on its coins? I think Ned saw the bird as a soul on wings, and the soul was Irish.

Ned was thin and fragile from his various operations. I realized after I knew him awhile that my hand wanted to touch his skull -- to remember its bony lines through my fingertips -- though of course I did not do that. I wanted to learn the part of Ned that went beyond talking, beyond the smoky smell of his

vintage tweed jacket. He knew everything that mattered. He could gauge worthless dogs within seconds and good ones within minutes. He could spot a fine old gun in the distance and tell me that the man carrying the gun did not deserve it. He was not the fount of all knowledge, exactly, but he specialized in its best parts, the relics that had come down from other old men forever. And it was Ned who showed me how snipe ought to be hunted.

We drove up into the hills, Ned's English setter with eyes burning bright, body quiet, tail thumping softly against the seat. Midge lay still even when we pulled on our rubber boots and put our guns together. Then Ned gave a low command and she was off through the bog, hunting upwind, white flash in the heather.

Too fast, I thought. She'll bounce every snipe off Calary Bog. But she didn't. She stopped all at once and lowered her body slowly, careful not to frighten the bird she had smelled. Setters were bred to drop like that, once upon a time, and Midge still had the knack. I would have rushed to her point, three hundred yards away, but Ned could not walk fast and I kept pace with him. Midge did not twitch. Her snipe flushed to my side, squeaked "Escape!", and did. I opened my gun, removed two empty shells while they were still hot, and stood there, rueful.

Ned told me why. I had failed to get my head down on the stock, he said. It's a problem that people have with snipe. (I was glad that he did not narrow the people down to, say, one impetuous Yankee greenhorn.) Snipe are the same color as their marshes, by no coincidence, and they fly off low so that you

cannot get them silhouetted against the sky. You lift your head for a better look, and that makes you shoot high.

We worked through more of the bog, stepping from tussock to tussock, and Ned lamented the scarcity of snipe. There used to be multitudes, he said. I guessed that he was talking about the years before World War II, which were as far back as I could imagine, but Ned had in mind an older set of good old days. He told me of a priest who had hunted Calary Bog in the nineteenth century, followed by a horse-cart heavy with powder and shot. Ned showed me the book when we got back to his house. The priest had written that Saint Peter might chide him, when the time came, for not getting out snipe-shooting more often.

Before we left the bog, however, Ned and I did shoot snipe, plural. I missed one while it was still twisting and squeaking "'scape!", then dropped it with my second barrel. Midge brought the bird to Ned and he rested it on his hand, long beak hanging down. He lifted a small feather and plucked it. That's the one I wanted for tying a fly, he said. He told me to have a half-dozen Snipe-&-Purples ready for next spring, when the squalls would come and brown trout would start taking iron blue duns. I should use a Partridge hook in true size 16, Ned said, with a body of Pearsall's silk and a couple of turns of the snipe's feather.

I listened. The advice was practical, thrifty. It was also the core of a good life: bog, setter, gun, snipe, dinner, river, squall, mayflies, trout, another dinner. The loop opened and closed, opened and closed, all within Ned's scope. He could have

sent off for fantasy feathers from a catalog, like me. Instead he tied real things together. He did not explain. He just kept me standing there in the heather, dark clouds drifting in, and showed me how the pieces fit one another.

Then Ned tucked the snipe into my game-pocket, slowly, and I put the feather in my billfold to remember.

Ned got the next snipe and then a duck from a tiny pond hidden in the heather. Midge pointed even the duck. Sometimes a snipe heard the setter coming and flushed before she got wind of it, but she felt bad about that. A hare scampered off and the little bitch braced to chase it, then looked back at Ned, who was frowning. Midge forgot about the hare.

I was relaxed when I moved up for the next point. Two snipe flushed but I concentrated on just one, lifting my gun slowly and squeezing the trigger when muzzles passed bird. It collapsed and there was still time to make the second shot count. I don't make doubles often on anything, let alone snipe.

"You didn't waste time rushing," Ned said.

I did not worry about finding the downed birds, either. If you don't have a sharp dog, you must not let yourself think of doubles. You must keep your eye on a tuft where the snipe tumbled and head for it, unwavering. Otherwise you lose your bird, which is a disgrace. We lost no birds with Midge.

A mist was drifting down from the clouds. I'd have called it rain but Ned ignored it, so I must have been wrong. We had flushed every snipe on Calary Bog, by then, and most of them had

flown to other marshes far away. I thought we'd head for home but Ned told me to drive up the road. There was no point in asking for reasons because he was hard of hearing at any time and deaf when he wanted to be. We drove till Midge had been blown dry by my car's heater, and then Ned told me to turn off the paved road. We pulled in between a hawthorn hedge and a boggy brook. He started peering under the hedge for firewood, groaning a little when he bent down. I got the message and rustled up sticks.

Ned built a fire, a fine hot blazing fire, which seemed to me miraculous, considering that rain had been falling every day for the last century. Then I sneaked up on the brook, scared some tiny trout, and dipped water. Ned boiled it in an old black billy-can and dropped in a fistful of tea leaves. The tea was almost as black as the billy-can. We poured the steaming brew into tin mugs and diluted it with milk and drank it right down to the leaves, by which time I had perceived that the contents of the clouds were, in fact, no more than mist and edging toward sunshine.

Ned removed our birds from the game pockets and laid them on the grass, which was dark green with tiny flowers between the blades. We took turns recounting the last seconds of each snipe's life as if we had not seen it clearly already. We gave structure to our memories, and though we did not actually say that the birds deserved eulogies, we recalled them as individuals. Ned's was a jacksnipe, smaller than the rest. Mine were common snipe, exactly like the ones back home in America. (We do not have

jacksnipe in America, though we use the term sometimes just for decoration.)

Mind you, Ned's is not the only way of hunting snipe. It is not even the most efficient method, unless you have an exceptional dog. But Ned's way is the one that changed my thinking. He's gone now, and I have not been back to Ireland, but I still pour cups of black tea from my billy-can, and I still offer toasts to bogs and dogs and birds and one skinny old Irishman.

I trust that St. Peter is writing all this down.

Nature is an arms race.

The problem is that one species won.

We as epigraph for 2nd section of April: The arms race.

(1st section is learning to see.)

SCIENTIST AT WORK

Geerat Vermeij

Getting the Feel of a Long Ago Arms Race

By CAROL KAESUK YOON

DAVIS, Calif.

Running his fingers across a shell, whether the rocky spire of a 400-million-year-old fossil or the glassy dome of a modern-day cowrie, Dr. Geerat Vermeij is quietly reading tales from the history of life. Examining the shells' punctured armor, he sees every detail of their encounters with predators and their close scrapes with death or final agony. Yet at the same time Dr. Vermeij sees nothing at all, because he is blind.

Born with glaucoma and never able to make out more than fuzzy shapes, Dr. Vermeij (pronounced Ver-MAY), a paleontologist whose colleagues call him Gary, has been completely blind since the age of 3 and has never really seen a single creature, living or fossil. Yet by using his fingers to feel both the damage on shells as well as the girth and power of the claws and jaws that attack them, this professor at the University of California at Davis has found evidence of an ancient arms race. According to the histories recorded on these broken and mended fortresses, mollusks appear to have evolved ever more rugged armor to protect their delicate flesh just as their predators developed more vicious weaponry.

"Gary is a brilliant guy, an idea man, a synthesizer," said Dr. David Jablonski, a leading paleontologist at the University of Chicago. "It's very

From mollusks' scars, he figures the winners and losers of ancient battles.

easy to think about how a predatory snail will catch a clam and kill it. But how does that play out over millions of years of ecological time? Gary is the guy who has really dug into that. His observations have swept the field and will still be cited 100 years from now. We should all be so lucky."

Researchers say paleontologists have typically ignored ecological interactions like predation, many focusing instead on how large-scale, physical factors like climate change shape life in the fossil record. Dr. Vermeij's views have forced them to rethink the importance of animals in shaping each other's evolutionary fates. Researchers say Dr. Vermeij's findings are among the foundations of the emerging field of paleoecology.

"It's anything but the romantic idea that nature is nice and kind and stable," said Dr. Vermeij. "To some people it isn't a pretty view of the world. It's nasty and things get nastier and nastier. Everyone is affected mostly by their enemies. That is indeed my view."

When meeting Dr. Vermeij, one is struck by an air of spareness. Born in the Netherlands and raised in New Jersey, this thin, almost gaunt 48-year-old man holds a visitor's attention with his quiet voice and a direct if unseeing gaze. His office likewise has a spartan feel, filled only with papers and boxes of shells, leaving the visitor to wonder how it is that this man who cannot see can manage to be an evolutionary biologist, a teacher, the editor of Evolution, the field's foremost journal, a MacArthur Fellow, an obsessive shell collector, a world- traveled explorer and a field naturalist.

But within these walls, sight is entirely superfluous. Data can be taken by touch. Voluminous books can be tapped out in sheaves of Braille pages. Words meant for the sighted can be written on a typewriter and the voice of a person reading can allow the perusal of anything ever written.

But it is the observation and exploration of the living world that would appear to be the most difficult hurdle for Dr. Vermeij. Instead, researchers say it is the greatest strength of this keen natural historian, who has worked in such places as Guam, Africa, New Zealand and Panama and who at times has strayed far from his beloved shells to publish on such diverse topics as leaf shape and the evolution of birds.

In fact, he is famous for the invention of what amounts to a unique method for observing the natural world. When biologists disembark on new shores, it is largely their eyes that inform them. Life is what can be seen. But for Dr. Vermeij, life is what can be grasped, with hand or foot, and examined in every other way.

"I listen and smell and feel," said Dr. Vermeij, a man who would seem to like nothing better than for you to forget that he is blind and who strikes a triumphant note when recounting tales of exploring snake-filled swamps and wading neck-deep in oceans swimming with sharks and stingrays.

Continued on Page B8







Photographs by Terrence McCarthy for The New York Times

Dr. Geerat Vermeij, who is blind, reads the embattled history of a snail in the dents and damage to its shell. His work has forced ecologists to consider the role predation plays in evolutionary fate.

Cruising Inside World Wide Web

By PETER H. LEWIS

As with all truly great communications tools, including the printing press, the television, the telephone and the personal computer, the Internet's World Wide Web is both a dynamic information source and a prodigious productivity waster.

As an information engine, the Web has the potential to transform business, education and other aspects of daily life. As an entertainment source, it also has the potential to be a time-sucking black hole. It is a speed trap on the data superhighway, a Bermuda Triangle in the information ocean, the junk food aisle in cyberspace's digital supermarket.

And that is why more than a million people love the Web. It is always fascinating, even when it is just plain weird. On a recent foray into the Web, a writer went looking for a technical document and, just by pointing and clicking on automated links to other documents, wound up with a treatise on how to cause grapes to explode in flames in a microwave oven.

The best way to cruise the World Wide Web is with a program called a Web browser. Just as there are many different types of word processing programs, there are many different browsers, each with its own strengths and weaknesses.



Stuart Goldenberg

Characteristics of a good Web browser include reliability, ease of installation and use, speedy display of graphics and formatted text and simple tools for navigating through Web addresses, which are called U.R.L.'s (universal resource locations). Given that Web addresses often look as if they are written in Navajo, the ability to add favorite addresses to a one-button "hot list" cannot be overstated.

For example, the U.R.L. for the exploding-grape documentation is http://www.cbi.tamucc.edu/pmichaud/grape/.

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The first Web browsers could link and display text documents. Later generations added pictures and sounds to the documents. The newest generations of Web browsers include features that allow the user to send electronic mail, move seamlessly to other Internet services like ftp, gopher and Usenet, fill out forms and conduct secure financial transactions electronically, paving the way for electronic commerce and multimedia junk mail.

The Web currently has an estimated one million to two million users, but its potential is so great that all of the major personal computer operating system makers and commercial online information services will soon include browsers as standard components of their software.

The OS/2 operating system comes with an optional Web Explorer browser, and Prodigy has just made one available for its Windows software. America Online is demonstrating its Internetworks Web browser to analysts this week. Microsoft plans to include a Mosaic-based browser in Windows 95. Netcom, one of the larger Internet service providers, offers a browser called Netcruiser. Browsers come with many books written about the Web.

Internet users who have direct or dial-up connections to an Internet Protocol (I.P.) computer — most commonly through an account called SLIP or P.P.P. — can choose their own browsers. More than a dozen are available now for Windows and Macintosh computers, and it seems as if a new one arrives every week. Several browsers can be downloaded without charge from the Internet, which means it does not cost a lot to test several different ones.

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The best-known browser is called Mosaic, originally developed at the University of Illinois's National Center for Supercomputer Applications (N.C.S.A.). Versions of N.C.S.A. Mosaic are available for the Unix, Windows and Macintosh operating systems (for information, send a blank E-mail message to orders{at}ncsa.uiuc.edu). N.C.S.A. Mosaic is a good choice, but it has been eclipsed by several of its commercial offspring.

The university has licensed Mosaic to Spyglass Inc., a private company, which has developed its own version of Enhanced Mosaic and has in turn licensed Mosaic to a variety of other companies, including Microsoft, I.B.M., Digital Equipment and AT&T.

The latest version of Spyglass Enhanced Mosaic, 2.0, is much faster than the original and has some impressive features.

But Mosaic's main challenger today is called Netscape Navigator from Netscape Communications Inc. Netscape Navigator is rapidly becoming the browser of choice for many Internauts because of its speed and reliability. Recent surveys suggest it has already captured 60 percent of the browser market, as against 20 percent for Mosaic.

Netscape Navigator (for information, send a blank e-mail message to info{at}mcom.com) uses a variety of tricks to accelerate the retrieval and display of Web-based information, which is important for people who gain access to the Internet using standard modems at speeds of 9,600 or 14,400 bits a second. It allows the net-surfer to scroll through text on an electronic page before the pictures are fully downloaded, which can save time.

People who have an indirect or "shell" Internet account normally cannot gain access to the Web. But a new Windows shareware program called Slipknot acts as a graphical Web browser for people who do not have a SLIP account. For information, send a blank E-mail message to slipknot@cromind.com.

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BOOKS OF THE TIMES

Of Writers, Fickle Fame and the Enemy Within

By MICHIKO KAKUTANI

In her last book of essays, Cynthia Ozick tried to set down a definition of the art form: an essay, she wrote, is "an experiment, not a credo," something "made up in response to an excited imagination," "a short story told in the form of an argument or a history or even (once in a very great while) an illumination."

Certainly not many writers are capable of creating such "bewitched contraptions," but Ms. Ozick is among those happy few, as she demonstrates with customary passion, authority and grace in "Fame and Folly," her glittering new collection of essays, reviews and reminiscences.

As the volume's title suggests, Ms. Ozick is concerned with both the external machinery of fame and the internal mechanisms of self-destruction that shape the lives of artists. She argues that Trollope damaged his own reputation by revealing that he sat down daily at his writing table with his pocket watch before him, that his diligence left behind a (false) impression of shallowness and dull industry. She observes that the simple vagaries of life — wild and exotic loves, distracting travels, illness, loneliness and moral anguish — consigned her talented friend Alfred Chester to the suburbs of fame forever, deemed that paltry thing, a "minor voice," a "neglected" writer. And she notes that the American Academy of Arts and Letters resisted modernity for years, refusing to admit to its shining pantheon such writers as T. S. Eliot, Ezra Pound, Marianne Moore, William Carlos Williams, Hart Crane and Wallace Stevens in the extraordinary literary decade that followed World War I.



Julius Ozick/Alfred A. Knopf

FAME AND FOLLY
Essays

By Cynthia Ozick

289 pages. Alfred A. Knopf. $26.

Ms. Ozick is not interested in fame in and of itself, however. She is interested in how changing cultural values and changing artistic styles affect an artist's reputation. In a dazzling essay called "T. S. Eliot at 101," which moves back and forth effortlessly between the private world and the public, the personal and the emblematic, she uses the poet's career as an index of modernism's ascent, efflorescence and gradual decline. She conjures up that vanished era when a poet could achieve the fame of a rock star (in 1956, 14,000 fans filled a football stadium to listen to Eliot lecture), that vanished world when modernism stood unchallenged inside and outside academe.

In documenting Eliot's (and modernism's) fall from grace, Ms. Ozick occasionally overstates her case. She argues, for instance, that by the early 1970's, only a few tenacious English departments offered "a vestigial graduate seminar" in Eliot, when in fact there were public high schools (at least the one I attended) that encouraged students during that very period to memorize his poems.

Still, Ms. Ozick is eloquent in describing how the cultural and social changes of the last few decades have affected our perception of Eliot's poems and other modernist works. "If it is true that 'The Waste Land' could not be written today because it is too tame for the savagery we have since accumulated," she writes, "there is also a more compelling truth: because we seem content to live without contemplation of our formal beginnings, a poem like 'The Waste Land,' mourning the loss of an integral tradition, is for us inconceivable. For the modernists, the center notoriously did not hold; for us (whatever *we* are), there is no recollection of a center and nothing to miss, let alone mourn."

When it comes to tracing the imaginative transactions Eliot made between his life and art, Ms. Ozick proves an equally persuasive guide. Eschewing the formalist principles that Eliot himself embraced, she nimbly explores the connections between his failed first marriage and the anomie of "The Waste Land," between the guilt he felt over the collapse of that marriage and the yearning for redemption found in poems like "Ash Wednesday."

In another powerful essay ("What Henry James Knew"), Ms. Ozick similarly uncovers the autobiographical roots of the late shift in James's style. She argues that a series of events — including the death of his sister, Alice, the suicide of a close friend and the public humiliation he suffered when his play "Guy Domville" opened to boos in 1895 — conspired to make James look into the abyss of mortality and terror, leading to a darkening of his vision and an embrace of "a host of labyrinthine depths and devices that have since been signally associated with literary modernism."

> An author who creates 'bewitched contraptions.'

Although many of these observations are hardly new — they are minutely grounded, after all, in Leon Edel's magisterial reading of James's life — Ms. Ozick uses her gifts as a novelist to dramatize both the facts and metaphysics of the Master's life. Indeed, it is Ms. Ozick the novelist rather than Ms. Ozick the polemicist who is most visible in this volume. In her earlier collections of essays, "Metaphor and Memory" (1989) and "Art and Ardor" (1983), she returned again and again to favorite themes (like the perils of idol worship and the nuances of language); in these pages, she seems more content to elucidate the lives and works of other writers. Each essay, to be sure, shimmers with intelligence and idiosyncratic aperçus, but Ms. Ozick is less judgmental, less dogmatic here than she has been in the past.

"Alfred Chester's Wig" is a wonderfully sad-funny-regretful memoir that conjures up the life of a college friend who became Ms. Ozick's literary rival and secret sharer, a man who went on to earn a modicum of recognition before his life unraveled and he died at the age of 42. "Isaac Babel and the Identity Question" is a disturbing meditation on the curious life of the writer, a Russian Jew who threw his lot in with the Revolution and rode with the Red Cossacks. And "Saul Bellow's Broadway" is both an appreciation of "Seize the Day" and an elegiac valentine to the days, in Mr. Bellow's words, when literature "was something you lived by," "something on which you formed your life." In this volume, Ms. Ozick presents the reader with a fistful of marvelous essays that live up to her own exacting standards of what an essay should be. In these pages, Ms. Ozick gives us history, argument and, yes, illumination.

Today's Television Highlights

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Tony Nominations Are a 'Rent' Party

Continued From Page B1

since it was first presented in New York. As a result, the drama will vie for best play with August Wilson's "Seven Guitars," David Hare's "Racing Demon" and Terrence McNally's "Master Class."

The nominations for the 50th annual awards, which will be presented on June 2 at the Majestic Theater and broadcast live on CBS, are unusual in that so many of the categories have highly competitive races. Although Zoe Caldwell ("Master Class") and Ms. Andrews are widely seen as likely winners for best actress in a play and musical, respectively, virtually all the other acting categories are wide open. That is a reflection of the rich array of talent that arrived on Broadway, especially in the last month of the season.

For instance, many in the theater world said that depending on the whims of the 720 Tony voters, best actor in a musical is a contest any of the nominees could win. Besides Mr. Glover, the nominees are Nathan Lane of "A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum," Adam Pascal of "Rent" and Lou Diamond Phillips of "The King and I."

As always, however, there were complaints about omissions, like the shutout for the New York Shakespeare Festival's production of "The Tempest" (most surprising, the failure of its star, Patrick Stewart, to earn a nomination). Cherry Jones for "The Night of the Iguana," Frank Langella for "The Father" and Leon- are concerned. "It's a big problem," said one, who refused to be named. Yesterday, those involved in planning the Tony telecast, produced by the American Theater Wing and the League of American Theaters and Producers, began talks on whether musicals not nominated might still be included.

The nominations reflected the strength of the nonprofit, institutional theater. Not only did all four best-musical candidates begin at not-for-profit theaters, but three of the four best-play nominees started at nonprofit theaters outside New York. And Lincoln Center Theater is now a bona fide Broadway powerhouse, having earned 11 nominations yesterday for the three productions it staged on Broadway this season: "Chronicle of a Death Foretold," "Racing Demon" and "A Delicate Balance."

The biggest winners of the day were clearly the downtown hits moved uptown: "Rent," which won the Pulitzer Prize for drama last month, and garnered nominations in all four acting categories as well as for score, book, lighting, choreography and direction. "Noise, Funk" will go head to head with "Rent" in a total of eight categories.

Jonathan Larson, the composer and lyricist of "Rent" who died in January at the age of 35, was nominated posthumously for two prizes, best book and best original score.

The other major celebrants yesterday were the producers of the two dark horse best-musical nominees.

"I was amazed," said Graciela Daniele, who directed and choreographed "Chronicle." "I really was. I couldn't believe it. It's quite a hopeful sign actually, to realize there is a place for new, inventive theater."

Contenders for the Best on Broadway

By The Associated Press

These are the nominations for the 1996 Tony Awards, honoring the best of the Broadway season. Winners are to be announced on June 2 on CBS-TV.

Play
"Buried Child," by Sam Shepard
"Master Class," by Terrence McNally
"Racing Demon," by David Hare
"Seven Guitars," by August Wilson

Musical

Featured actor in a play
James Gammon, "Buried Child"
Roger Robinson, "Seven Guitars"
Reg Rogers, "Holiday"
Ruben Santiago-Hudson, "Seven Guitars"

Featured actress in a play
Viola Davis, "Seven Guitars"
Audra McDonald, "Master Class"
Michele Shay, "Seven Guitars"
Lois Smith, "Buried Child"

Featured actor in a musical
Wilson Jermaine Heredia, "Rent"
Lewis J. Stadlen, "A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum"