Let me lay out how I want to try to do things in - aren't of time we have - 

SKY material as a speech (last heard by 500-600, Con 8/13 this) 
- deliver it in full opera (writing in a performing art)
- don't go crazy trying to take notes constantly - it's speed as a speech, I hope my main point are pretty broadly elaborated, it'll be around a bit after if you want to check anything from my text.
- 2nd 1/2 of our timespan, I'll be glad to take you guys out damn near anything, if I have some further info of my own to make.

So, swell you up to auditorium size for two 1st part, then goes.
Wouldn't it be great if the col be county historian...

MT's celebrations: a change since it was a kid here.

Jobs
Truer Than Fact

By Julia Glass

Marblehead, Mass. Y 5-year-old son loves the Olivia stories. Our favorite is "Olivia Saves the Circus," in which Ian Falconer's bewildingly cheeky heroine tells her class about what she did on her vacation. She relates how she went to the circus and, because all the performers were sidelined with ear infections, conducted the entire show herself: as lion tamer, tightrope walker, tattooed lady, and so forth. "And now I am famous," she concludes. The teacher does not look pleased and asks if the story is true. "Pretty true," says Olivia. "All true?" demands the teacher. Olivia stands firm: "Pretty all true." And though Mr. Falconer cleverly wins the National Book Award for his alter ego of a grown man who's got the aging of a television deity. (Okay, Smokey the Bear says it.)

In the month-long fray over James Frey, one question has gone largely unexamined: Why do readers suddenly and so-called it, "bake it?" Fiction writers work tremendously hard to make things that are patently untrue seem as true as possible. "Let me tell you a story that isn't true," beckons the fiction writer, "and I will show you some of the truest things about the human heart." The ugly truth, I fear, is that many people are drawn to sensational memoirs for the same reason they are riveting, the first as a psychological immersion in one mother's dark night of the soul. Would the mother's story be more "real," more "redemptive," had she and her suffering been drawn from "life"? No. When I give myself over to a good novel, I surrender to the truths fashioned from one writer's heart, mind and soul. I do not waste a nanosecond wondering whether what I'm reading "really happened." I know that it might happen; in tandem with the author, I contemplate the consequences of the question "What if?"

Why have we forsaken the novel for the memoir?

The Whole World Over, a profoundly human urge that fuels and nurtures the growing minds of children, whereby they can project themselves both deep into their private fantasies and out into the bizarre world of the grown-up lives around them. Definition 2: A form of entertainment that permits perfectly sane adults to shed the burdens of ordinary life as they immerse themselves in a drama intended, at its best, to cast light on life's most urgent questions; a drama concocted by someone you don't know from Adam who nonetheless may bestow on you a gift of consolation, catharsis or broadening of conscience, sometimes while making you laugh yourself silly. Definition 3: A literary genre that appears to be shriveling in popularity, threatening further the already-dwindling profits of book publishers.

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phone convstn w/ Marcella, 12 May '03:

$1800 for my June 26 appearance @ Heritage Project teachers' seminar.

1:30 to 3 (I'm to give the Sky craft spch, then do q&a)

Marcella is booking us rms @ Holiday Inn Express, where the conference is, and will cancel them if we don't need them.

She says Dave will be on hand, as I want to use him as research ref'ce.

Points I could try to cover in q&a, abt research:

Some research I think needs doing:

--total homesteader profile of a county, drawing on filing papers in Nat'l Archives etc. Who were these people, how did they shape the county, how many families derive from them, etc. This would be more than 1 yr's class could do, but tackle it by watersheds. (Pass around Anna's map)

--effects of wars: ask how many in the room have been in military?

Meagher County WWII totals: '40 population 2,237; 273 in the service

Big Horn County WWII totals, 202 & then "The Men Who Gave All" (the dead)

(source: Big Horn County in the World War, dark brown vol. abt size & shape of high school annual, w/ patriotic eagle on cover)

Dave: MSU '40, half became all killed in war

--effects of the relief programs in the Depression years. My Eng Crk research, guys time & again told me of going off to work on WPA road crew on the Cook City highway or some such; or went to Ft. Peck. How did this work--did families move, did they come back to the county once they'd gone away, did the counties themselves gain much in the way of public works & social stability from New Deal projects?

My research points:

--Oral history is great--Richard White: "there are regions of the past that only memory knows. If historians wish to go into this dense & tangled terrain, they must accept memory as a guide." But you have to check it out. (J school saying: "If your mother says she loves you, check it out.) Ed Big example, Sky p. 30. Cite John Gruar, pass around Townsend paper clip & death certfct.

--Arithmetic counts. The bars in White Sulphur: in my memory, it seemed like quite a few...1948 phone book I found in UW library showed 9. And my taped interview w/ Pete McCabe added the info that he ordered 12 barrels of beer a week just in his Stockman bar. That was just beer; down at the Rainbow Bar they were more heavily into whiskey, and the Grand Central had its population of winoes. For me it all added up to about 12 pages of saloon tour from a sharp-eyed kid's point of view (which Kittredge chose for the Penguin Portable Western Reader).

--And oddball stuff counts. Corvallis hi schl kids taken w/ my suggestion to write down slang now.

--Walking the entire Southgate Mall in Missoula, reading bumper stickers, used "Calf ropers do it in front of their horses" & put on the ballcaps of Baloney Express geezers (I bowling. Where else can you get a pair of shoes so cheap?)
A Master and the World He Commands

By Max Hastings

A few years ago, I decided that it would be fun to hold a dinner to celebrate the achievement of Patrick O'Brian, the novelist whose 20 books set in the era of Nelson's Royal Navy have given untold pleasure to admirers around the world.

I arranged a date with Patrick, then in his early 80s and notoriously elusive. I booked Wren's Painted Hall at Greenwich, one of the Navy's most cherished historic landmarks, begirded the services of the filets and drums of the Royal Marines, and waited to see who would pay for a place at the table. We did not advertise but merely passed the word around London.

On the night, we were over 500 strong. Thirty-seven Americans attended, along with 17 members of the Cayman Islands Patrick O'Brian Society. Almost the entire top deck of the British secret service appeared. Spies, it seems, love Stephen Maturin, the doctor and secret agent who makes up half of O'Brian's fictional seagoing double act, with Captain "Lucky Jack" Aubrey. Three cabinet ministers came too, and two rock stars, assorted writers, and a galaxy of grandees.

As the slight, white-haired, almost simian figure of O'Brian walked to the top table, we rose and clapped him through the throng. Later I asked if his admirers had done anything like it before. He murmured that, yes, there had been one or two such evenings. The New York Yacht Club had organized one, and the U.S. Navy.

Though O'Brian was English, the U.S. made him a literary star. At his home in southern France, he had been writing worthy, unprofitable novels and biographies since the 1940s. He published a half-dozen titles in the Aubrey-Maturin sequence—the first appeared in 1970—before a couple of big American reviews gave him lift-off. Thereafter the sequence became major best-sellers. Even the French, vanquished villains of the stories, learned to like them. Along the way, the British caught up.

Now, thanks to Russell Crowe and a Hollywood spectacular, a new generation seems likely to embrace the books three years after the novelist's death.

It would be mistaken to suppose that everybody loves them. My friend John Keegan, the military historian, remains faithful to C.S. Forester's naval tales. "Nothing ever happens in them!" he complained of O'Brian's books.

I can see what he meant. The action in O'Brian is far slower than in Forester. Yet herein lies some of the former's power. They move at the pace of their age, not ours. O'Brian's works reveal a mastery of the early 19th century's culture, nautical skills, language, politics, medicine, music and mind-set. Forester was a brilliant storyteller, but his Hornblower books merely dressed 20th-century characters in buckles and breeches.

Reading O'Brian, one learns to appreciate the nature of a world in which movement was utterly dependent upon the elements. A captain finding his ship driving toward a lee shore in a gale could often do nothing to avert catastrophe. Aubrey and Maturin, like seamen for more than 2,000 years, found themselves becalmed for weeks on end amid an escort of the crew's floating excrement. Their frigate, Surprise, is sometimes obliged to lie to among hundreds of other anchored vessels in the Channel, waiting for a change of wind. The battles O'Brian describes were real events, meticulously researched.

Maturin, the secretive doctor whom O'Brian acknowledged as his alter ego, is a passionate naturalist full of cunning and wisdom. Yet he still indulges the medical madness of that era, bleeding any man who looks weak. The descriptions of his operations, performed without anesthetic, are not for the squeamish.

There are occasional anachronisms. O'Brian admitted to causing Aubrey and Maturin to attend a performance of Mozart's "Figaro" three years before the piece reached London. Though the sandwich pre-dated the Napoleonic Wars, I doubt the word and the fare were common during O'Brian's period. Yet in heavy weather Aubrey lives off little else. I am among many O'Brian fans who loathe going to sea, except in ships so large that we can be oblivious of being aloft. Why do our kind read him? Partly we are drawn by the pleasure that middle-aged men in comfortable homes have always gained from adventure stories: They make us feel grateful not to be climbing aloft in a gale, or tapping wee­vis out of our biscuit, or accepting a French saber slash in the abdomen.

O'Brian's characterization, of men at least (his women are less convincing), is vastly superior to that of most of his fore­runners and rivals. Jack Aubrey is a fighting seaman devoid of imagination or social graces. He gets himself into tangles as soon as he steps ashore. His financial affairs are seldom out of chaos, and his dalliances usually end in tears.

Maturin, conscious of his lack of physical charms, is a tortured soul. His chief misery is caused by his love and eventual marriage to the tempestuous Diana Villiers, who is incapable of fidelity. I once asked O'Brian why, in the 19th book, he kills off Diana in a coaching accident with a casual brutality. He replied: "Well, I don't think poor Maturin could have been asked to wear horns for any longer, do you?"

O'Brian himself liked to be an enigma. An unauthorized biographer discovered that he had perpetrated all manner of deceits about his own origins and life, maltreated his first wife and indulged family feuds of frightening intensity. The novelist once put into Maturin's mouth his intense dislike of "the interrogative style of conversation," which those of us who cherished our acquaintance with him took care to respect. He was deeply unhappy that his personal secrets and agonies had been exposed to the world.

He became desperately lonely after the death of his second wife, two years before his own. My wife and I met him one night at Brooks's, an old London club. He revealed an eagerness for society such as I had never seen before. He died a few weeks later.

His literary achievement commands respect as well as profound affection for the manner in which he sustained his story, and his characters, over so many volumes while teaching his readers so much about the early 19th century. Of course there are lapses and longueurs. 1 sometimes think I shall scream if I encounter one more passage in which Maturin expresses a yearning for coffee.

But such strictures are trifling. O'Brian fulfilled the first duty of any novelist, by creating a wholly original world and peopling it with sympathetic and believable characters. He wrote beautifully and elevated the boys' adventure yarn to remarkable literary heights. I feel envious of all those who will now seize upon the books after watching Russell Crowe portray Aubrey on screen. Newcomers have a banquet before them that O'Brian veterans would love to be tasting afresh.

Hardly anybody with even a minimal reading background would argue against the proposition that poetry and history are natural opposites—as different as moonlight and money. Poetry is emotional and exciting and fanciful. History is dull and dry and factual. Poetry is poetry and history is history, and never the twain shall meet.

But the truth is they have much in common. Poetry may get along without history (though the psalms of David and the works of Sir Walter Scott might raise a question), but history without poetry is dead, or in a state of suspended animation.

To state the case properly, one needs to understand his terms. History, of course, is no problem. We all know that history is what everyone agrees to believe about any portion of the human past. Poetry is a little harder to define. To Alexander Pope it was the neat and skillful fitting of familiar ideas into metrical patterns—"what oft was thought but ne'er so well expressed." Since the time of the Romantics, however, the emphasis has shifted from the mind to the heart. "Feeling is all," said Goethe, and that has been the poet's creed ever since.

Poetry starts with feeling, and feeling shapes expression in two special ways. First, under stress of feeling, language begins to become rhythmical ("Darling, I love you! Will you marry me?"). In anger, love, or sorrow, the accents tend to become stronger and to come with greater regularity. As a result, the language of emotion approaches the bounds of meter. In the second place, when our feelings are involved, we reach for metaphor. The Imagists considered a straightforward statement meaningless and insisted that only by seeing one thing in terms of another can human beings communicate. They were right, in the sense that one good image is worth a hundred words. If you tell a man his table manners are bad, he knows what you mean. But if you tell him he is a hog, he feels what you mean. And that explains why figurative language—images, metaphors, connotative or pictorial words—are the lifeblood of the poem.

Everybody feels deeply about something and is therefore a potential poet. To many, perhaps most, young men, the female of the species is the most beautiful and moving of all things, though some can be found whose chief delight is a fast automobile or a good horse. For some people the sight of growing things is a supreme pleasure; a seed catalogue contains more pure poetry for them than the works of William Shakespeare. Some have a passion for the long road, some for money; some for God. For a scholar the objective of all desire is a sabbatical year with a grant from HEW, an important research project, and a fine library in which to complete it. These things in combination are for him what the heavenly Jerusalem is to a saint. They bring him to the verge of poetry.

The main difference between a poet and a scholar is that the poet is impelled to communicate his feelings, whereas the scholar is usually content to convey information. For a man to be called a poet, he has to have deeper and stronger feelings than ordinary men and a gift of expression which helps him to communicate them. If he is without these gifts, he is a maker of verses and not a poet at all.

He can be a poet, of course, without writing in verse. Some of the best poetry of our century can be found in the prose works of Thomas Wolfe and William Faulkner. A selection of Wolfe's chapters has even been assembled and published as poetry under the title The Face of a Nation. Charles Dickens's famous description of the death of Little Nell, written (he said) with tears streaming down his cheeks, comes close to blank verse and has been so transcribed. It would not be hard to make a case for the view that the best poems of the last hundred years or so have been written in prose and the worst of them have been in verse.

This can all be brought home to the historian. After all he is human, too, and has his own deep feelings. In fact he probably becomes a historian because of those feelings. He begins his career because he enjoys looking through the windows of the past. He is curious about the deeds and passions of men and women who are now dust and ashes; he loves the drums and trumpets of long ago. He is like the youth in the story of Germelshausen who finds himself in the forgotten village on the one day when the inhabitants awaken from their century-long sleep. He likes the feeling of discovery—almost of creation—as he pushes farther and farther back into Shakespeare's "dark backward and abyss of time." The towers of Babylon rise once more. The armies of Napoleon march before him. The white-topped wagons creak and strain on the Santa Fe Trail.

For a young man with this bent, a great library is the Earthly Paradise. I still remember how it felt, many years ago, to leave the sunlight of Harvard Square every morning...
The sad part of it is the tendency of these fine feelings to evaporate as the budding historian moves into his chosen path. In a few years he is likely to become dry and dull and a weariness unto student flesh. One asks oneself, Why are there so many bright young faces in the graduate seminar and so few bright old faces at the history conventions? The answer is that we get caught up in the machinery of our business. Wordsworth’s ideas about childhood and maturity apply here. We come into the world, he says, “trailing clouds of glory” — but with time the glory disappears. “Shades of the prison house begin to close / About the growing boy,” and he “moves farther from the east.” Substitute “seminar” for “prison house” and the situation becomes clear.

Our training is at least partly to blame. The demand for objectivity and for precise documentation begins to squeeze the joy out of the young scholar’s work and thought. His imagination is handcuffed. He can’t make even a tiny joke or a play on words. He must avoid the first person, thus making sure that the historian is left out of history. It is as if Moses had brought down a Historian’s Commandment from Mount Sinai: Be thou dull!

The consequences of living in this academic straitjacket begin to appear when the historian mistakes facts for truth. Truth is the sum of many facts, but in this case the whole is more than the sum of its parts. Truth is the forest and the facts are trees which keep us from seeing it. Eugene Manlove Rhodes was commenting on this form of myopia when he remarked that it takes three facts to make a truth. To approach reality, a researcher must draw some conclusions, make some deductions, think about the significance of the facts he has dug up — and this is what we our education discourages us from doing. We learn that the objective historian does not make value judgements and that it is a sin to “editorialize.” So we look at the trees.

Another explanation for this special sort of negative behavior is our need for security — security from criticism. We trade our freedom for it. We know what can happen to us if we are caught in an error, and anyone who has attended a historical convention and seen an established scholar make mincemeat out of a junior member of the guild knows how much blood a man can lose and still live. Hell hath no fury like an authority on military history who catches a young scholar quartering the wrong military unit at Fort Bowie in 1877. Scholars may be gentle, kindly men in most of the relationships of their lives, but when they are patrolling the boundaries of their little kingdoms, they shoot trespassers first and ask questions later. Consequently the budding historian often finds himself in the position of the man in the parable who had one talent and buried it for safekeeping.

Even scholars need to remember that there is no profit without risk — there is no real history unless a man will ask what it all adds up to, will venture an opinion, will try to throw some light on the array of facts he has assembled. He will never be Emerson’s Man Thinking otherwise — and of all people, the historian should be Man Thinking.

Unfortunately it is the same in other disciplines as in history. The joy and the personal rewards go out as professionalism creeps in. Shakespeare specialists get so busy counting something that they cease to enjoy Shakespeare, and Beowulf scholars, according to Tolkien’s famous essay, “Beowulf, the Monsters and the Critics,” are in the same situation.

The ironical part of it is that we richly reward a historical writer who disregards the taboos and puts the poetry back into history. We have done it for Irving Stone, Bruce Catton, Samuel Eliot Morison, Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., and Bernard DeVoto, to name a few. They do not prove that every student of history should think in blank verse, but they do show that the imagination need not be left out of historical writing entirely.

The question now arises: How do you get the imagination in? The problem solves itself, at least partially, if a historical writer is excited enough about what he is doing. But some concrete suggestions can be made. It comes down to this: Can you document your poetry — your metaphors, your vivid language? A conscientious historian will not invent conversations — but if he knows what was said, he can put it into direct discourse. If he can find out what kind of day it was when the Indians attacked Custer at the Little Big Horn, he can talk about the weather. If he has been there and knows what the country looks like, he can describe it. If he knows the chief character pretty well, he can explain his feelings and motives. If he has thought about causes and consequences, he can analyze them. If he wants to communicate feeling, these are openings which he can use without violating the decencies of scholarly writing.

Twentieth century writers and critics seem to be the first to have any doubts about the role of feeling and emotion in historical writing. Our predecessors were all for it. Listen to

Continued on page 59
THE POETRY OF HISTORY

(Continued from page 27)

Sir Philip Sidney's Defense of Poesie (1595):

"...it is not ryming and versing that maketh a Poet ... but it is that feyning notable images of vertues, vices, or what els, with that delightful teaching, which must be the right describing note to know a Poet by:"

The Greek historian Xenophon, he adds, "made an abso­
lute heroicall poem" out of the Anabasis.

Two hundred and forty years later Percy Bysshe Shelley expressed the same view in A Defense of Poetry (1821):

"Poets were called in the earlier epoche of the world, legis­
lators or prophets; a poet essentially comprises and unites
both these characters. For he not only beholds intensely the
present as it is, but he beholds the future in the present. . . .

"The parts of a composition may be poetical, without the
composition as a whole being a poem . . . And thus all the
great historians Herodotus, Plutarch, Livy, were poets;
although the plan of these writers, especially that of Livy,
restrained them from developing this faculty in its highest
degree, they made copious and ample amends for their sub­
ject by filling the interspaces of their subjects with living
images."

Imagine a graduate student in our time "filling the inter­
spaces of his subjects with living images!"

A little later in the nineteenth century Lord Macaulay
remarked that a historian should ideally be a combination
of poet and philosopher. We can go part way with him, for
we award the highest historical standing to philosophers of
history: Oswald Spengler, Arnold Toynbee, W. H. McNeill,
Vilfredo Pareto, and a handful of others. The poet-historian
makes his way in our time with a little more difficulty, but
he is with us too, and not without honor. He is the rare writer
who has the feeling and the power of language to convey to
us his vision of truth. Take the beginning of Arthur M.
Schlesinger, Jr.'s The Age of Jackson, in which he describes
commenting on his "natural grandeur which few men could
resist;' his "grim, majestic visage,' his "calculated rages.' He
makes Jackson even more real by introducing little vignettes
from Jessie Benton Frémont's memoirs:

"Jessie Benton knew she must keep still and not fidget
or squirm, even when General Jackson twisted his fingers
too tightly in her curls. The old man, who loved children,
liked to have Benton bring his enchanting daughter to the
White House. Jessie, clinging to her father's hand, trying
to match his strides, would climb breathlessly the long
stairs to the upper room where, with the sunshine flooding in
through tall south windows, they would find the General
in his big rocking chair close to the roaring wood fire. The
child instinctively responded to the lonely old man's desire
for a bright, unconscious affectionate little life near him;
and would sit by his side while his hand rested on her head.
Sometimes, in the heat of discussion, his long bony fingers
took a grip that made Jessie look at her father but give no
other sign.'"

Such passages are appetizers—the frosting on the cake.
The bulk of the book is solid, meat-and-potatoes fact, but
Schlesinger has his vision and he speaks from his heart. He
knows what the Age of Jackson was and how it fits into the
pattern of our history. He loves it and understands it and
wants his reader to love and understand it too. His enthu­
siasm generates a language and a method which make com­
munication possible. He writes history: he does not get lost
in the facts. He is aware of something which many Americans
saw once but few see now. Emerson saw it in 1884 and
wrote it into an essay called, significantly for the purpose
of this study, "the Poet":

"We have yet had no genius in America, with tyrannous
eye, which knew the value of our incomparable materials,
and saw, in the barbarism and materialism of the times, an-
other carnival of the same gods whose picture he so much admires in Homer; then in the Middle Age; then in Calvinism. Banks, and tariffs, the newspaper and caucus, Methodism and Unitarianism, are flat and dull to dull people, but rest on the same foundations of wonder as the town of Troy and the temple of Delphi, and are as swiftly passing away. Our log-rolling, our stumps and their politics, our fisheries, our Negroes and Indians, our boasts and our repudiations, the wrath of rogues and the pusillanimity of honest men, the northern trade, the Southern planting, the western clearing, Oregon and Texas, are yet unsung. Yet America is a poem in our eyes; its ample geography dazzles the imagination, and it will not wait long for metres."

PROFESSIONAL HISTORIANS need to remember — and to teach — that bricks alone do not make a building. An architect is needed to make something out of the bricks. Somebody is needed to assemble the facts according to his design, to try to understand what they mean. Most historical writers have to be content with making contributions to history, but some can be historians. For these chosen few, history is as much feeling as fact, and they can pass the feeling on to others. They can teach the rest of us to enjoy history and not be ashamed of our reactions. They resemble Sir Philip Sidney trying to find a way to say what he felt:

"'Foole,' said my Muse to me, 'Looke in thy heart and write.'"

You will note that Sidney's muse did not say, "Look in thy Turabian."* The Muse of History does not say much of a thing either. What she says to those who stop to listen is: "Call no man historian unless he makes you feel."

C. L. Sonnichsen is a retired professor of English and is editor of the Journal of Arizona History and chief of publications for the Arizona Historical Society. His 1974 book Colonel Greene and the Copper Skysc E 09 17 60 11 00 off Ind St. c ate that dipl fro C to h to 1 Tex off me cor Ne div ap be wet sel Ap e Spai 176 off Ind St c at e that dipl fro Cro to h to 1 Tex E of t beg win of 1 who fight sam sold coat dis man led, from Spain F over esco com year putt beca to th insp fic cat puet mar

A STATE OF LESS THAN ENCHANTMENT
(Continued from page 9)

he was rewarded with the governorship of Guatemala for his sterling—if incomplete—services.

The month after England's thirteen colonies formally declared their separateness, Spain's Council of the Indies separated the northern territories from the rest of New Spain into the Provincias Internas, a single governmental department under Commandant-General Teodoro de Croix, who was to attend first to reducing the hostile Indians. The French-born Caballero de Croix had served in various capacities under the Marqués de Croix, Bucareli's predecessor as viceroy of New Spain, had returned to Spain with his uncle in 1772, and now in 1776 returned to the Americas to head up the Interior Provinces.

It was inevitable that Bucareli and Croix would grate on one another and clash as often as they did. The viceroy had just lost control of almost half of New Spain to the forty-six-year-old soldier with friends in high places. Croix, for his part, returned coolness with coolness during his nine-month "familiarization" stay in Mexico City; and even before he reached the lands he would administer, reports from the various governors of the northern provinces convinced him that he needed two thousand additional troops to carry out the king's will on the fifteen hundred miles of bleeding frontier. The fiscally conservative Bucareli was appalled at the six-hundred-thousand-peso annual cost of meeting such a request and brushed him off, saying Croix would probably change his mind once he actually inspected the provinces that O'Connor had tamed.

The ill feeling between vicerey and commandant-general then went into its long-distance phase. When Croix finally went north and made a partial inspection, he decided even two thousand troops would be inadequate. There were Indian uprisings—some completely out of hand—in all the provinces. He forwarded horrendous casualty and damage reports, adding that the governments were inept and corrupt, and that the military officers had sunk into "all the abominable excesses of drunkenness, luxury, gambling, and greed," setting bad examples for the troops. O'Connor, Croix clearly implied, had lied about the true state of things in the north.

An attack on O'Connor, Bucareli's appointee, made Bucareli burn, but with Croix regularly airing his dissatisfactions to José de Gálvez, the powerful chief minister of the Council of Indies in Spain, the viceroy could only defend O'Connor by pointing out that some officers presently serving under Croix had filed encouraging reports. The commandant-general persisted in his demands for the two thousand troops which, even if they had been available, would never be sent. In February of 1779, Croix received a royal order to cease offensive war against the Indians and to try to win them over by gentle means. It was a heavy blow to Croix, followed by another one in September when José de Gálvez informed him that Spain had gone to war with England. That meant no reinforcements, ever, and that he was on his own.

In truth, Croix had been pretty much on his own all along. Apparently a natural complainer but nonetheless an able officer, he had had his local successes along the impossible boundary that knew few silences between war whoops. He had organized local militias among the settlers to provide a defensive capability that would free presidial regulars for
Clockwise from top left, the British spies Donald Maclean, Anthony Blunt, Kim Philby and Guy Burgess.

A DIVIDED LIFE
A Personal Portrait of the Spy Donald Maclean.
By Robert Cecil.

THE MASTER SPY
The Story of Kim Philby.
By Phillip Knightley.

MOLEHUNT
Searching for Soviet Spies in MI5.
By Nigel West.

By Robin W. Winks

APPARENTLY there is a deep longing, in Britain certainly and in the United States possibly, for a return to the time of the ideological spy, when men (and on occasion women) betrayed their country for their beliefs. These three books, each quite good in its own way, are testimony to that nostalgia. Today, in the United States certainly and in Britain possibly, spying is done for money, sex, revenge or just for the hell of it by tawdry little people of no discernible talent beyond showing up the nation's counterintelligence organizations. How elegant Donald Maclean, Guy Burgess, Kim Philby and Anthony Blunt seem by contrast, with their Cambridge educations, proper accents and high motives. There are moments, as one reads these able inquiries into the life styles of the traitorous and famous, when one might almost imagine each was an honorable man, as each betrayed a trust for ostensibly noble reasons.

Of course, betrayal is not that uncommon these days — betrayal in marriage or sports, betrayal of classroom ideals and youthful expectations — and divided lives of one kind or another are routine. Recently I asked 15 bright undergraduates to write short autobiographies, and 10, without comparing notes, chose

Continued on page 38

Robin W. Winks, the author of "Cloak and Gown: Scholars in the Secret War," is the Randolph W. Townsend Professor of History at Yale University.
contemporary history of changing attitudes toward one might resist Hitler by rearming Britain. Lord told them to do and should be honored for that: “Such a primitive view of ethics could be used to justify almost itself to Stalin's Russia as the best hope against primitive arrogance, Anthony Blunt made the judgment that to explain without forgiving a generation that Hitler's Germany and Franco's Spain. With unreflected man had about the rise of fascism in the 30's. harsh on investigative journalists who are out for sides will have their victims. He does not pontificate stand for "the victims," for he recognizes that both is not taken in. He does not embrace the notion that an morality tale of compelling interest.

A dividend to "A Divided Life" is Robert Cecil's biography of Donald Maclean, is sympathetic, hardheaded and clear. Mr. Cecil was Maclean's contemporary at Cambridge and that on the day Maclean disappeared the Argentine Minister-Counselor called on Maclean to discuss British-American trade negotiations, and then hanged himself. Cecil tells us, in his prologue, that within hours he would be on his way to the Continent and exile behind the Iron Curtain, Maclean did his accustomed duty and prepared a "full and accurate account" of the discussion.

What kind of man was it, Mr. Cecil asks, who did the job expected of him to the last minute, not as cover but because it was what he was paid to do, and yet was so consistently a betrayer of that job? He was a serious Marxist, a deeply complicated man, a person of ideals and discipline who was, nonetheless, addicted to sex and alcohol, whose divided life, 38 years of it passed in Britain, 31 in the Soviet Union, becomes the focus for a morality tale of compelling interest. Though Robert Cecil is sympathetic to Maclean, he is not taken in. He does not embrace the notion that an intellectual, to maintain independence, must "be ready to change sides at the drop of a hat" in order always to change sides at the drop of a hat in order always to stand for "the victims," for he recognizes that both sides will have their victims. He does not pontificate about whether one ought to choose, if forced to it, to betray one's country rather than one's friends, for he recognizes that for most of us one's country is, in some measure, composed of one's friends. He is suitably harsh on investigative journalists who are out for scoop goods and ready to put the worst face on whatever they discover while defending the journalism that results. Mr. Cecil is just the right person to discuss Donald Maclean's character, because he is balanced, not at all divided himself, and thus able to see how the divided life could so logically grow out of the concerns a young Englishman had about the rise of fascism in the 30's.

A dividend to "A Divided Life" is a pithy, astringent foreword by Noel Annan, who finds just the right line to explain without forgiving a generation that cognitively the age of Stalin was as the best hope against Hitler's Germany and Franco's Spain. With unreflective arrogance, Anthony Blunt made the judgment that "almost all the intelligent and bright young undergraduates had become, under the pressure of Hitler coming into power," thus dismissing all who thought one might resist Hitler by rearming Britain. Lord Annan makes short work of those who would tell us that the Cambridge spies sacrificed their country to the cause of Hitler putting to death: "Mr. Cecil concludes that treachery is an elitist concept that Philby betrayed class interests more than he betrayed his country. "No one pretends that if Philby had been the son of an accountant, a great recruit from a north London grammar school and a red brick university, his treachery would still be under discussion nearly half a century later." This doesn't seem me quite right. Had that redbrick university graduate risen to so prominent a position in British intelligence, had he consorted with men like James Angleton, director of counterintelligence in the Central Intelligence Agency, had he escaped from Beirut in such dramatic circumstances, he too would be written of today. Mr. Knightley's point is that no redbrick university graduate would have been given Philby's chance at promotion, surely, telling us much about what Philby felt he was betraying.

Nigel West's "Molehunt" carries us from the Third Man, Philby, through the Fourth Man, Blunt, toward the Fifth Man. Robert Cecil's book implied that there were five moles in British intelligence, and while some observers believe that neither Golitsin nor his figure are to be trusted, others have concluded that a fifth man existed. Mr. West recounts the search for this fifth man from the 60's on. He examines the evidence against Sir Roger Hollis, Deputy Director General of the British counterintelligence agency (he was the principal candidate of the investigative writer Chapman Pincher, whose book "Their Trade Is Treachery" contributed mightily to the tidal wave on which "catcher," by the high-level counterintelligence technician Peter Wright, rode to shore). Mr. West passes rather summarily over Guy Liddell, once the deputy director under Hollis, to land on Graham Mitchell, another Hollis deputy, against whom Mr. West makes a damaging circumstantial case by close analysis of Mitchell's report on the defection of Philby. Along the way Mr. West casts his own earlier book, "A Matter of Trust," against which the British Government took action before Mr. Wright's "Spycatcher" was published, and then examines in some detail what happened to Hollis himself. Some readers will find this material less interesting than the Knightley and volumes, though in fact it is of the highest significance, especially for those interested in the continuing inquiry into old cases. Mr. Knightley details the evidence that the Crown's case against Mr. Wright, together with his assessment of the importance of his own and Mr. Pincher's, is a contribution to a very small and ill-defined field: the historiography of intelligence literature.

Did Philby, whose confession in January 1963 put in train the mole hunt Mr. West recounts, achieve his own reward, but Mr. Knightley one last victory for disinformation? Almost certainly not, though old spies do try to run their biographers as though they were agents. Mr. Knightley is healthy, is discussion the point that Philby is planting false information on him. Has Mr. West got the sums right, and may we now conclude that there was a fifth man, and that it was, most likely, Mitchell? Is it true, as Robert Cecil says, that the best person to write a biography of someone is a person who is a product of "the same class and educational system," or ought the historian to be from outside that circle? Such questions bubble up as one reads these books, and for specialists in intelligence history there are hundreds of similarly intriguing queries to be put to these authors.

In the end, however, one cannot be certain that, taken collectively, the books have met the highest challenge. One must always ask of any work of history a somewhat rude question: What? Did these spies.truly make much difference? Would not the Soviet Union stand roughly the same today in relation to the West whether Maclean, Philby and even the presumed Fifth Man had ever existed or not? Certainly some men are dead because of Philby's treachery. But all the United States stands in a weakened position vis-a-vis the Soviet Union, is this due far more to the staggering disinformation of the cold war? Are these single spies anything like so important as the staggering numbers of errors committed openly, with full information, by democratic societies?

What is clear, perhaps most particularly from Robert Cecil's book, is that Burgess, Maclean, Philby and Blunt, and the Fifth Man too if he exists, did destroy one cherished inheritance from the past: trust. Looking back, one can see that it was probably right to doubt the judgment of the many young men. Yet distrust was not a natural part of the moral landscape, not then, and among the "same of the class and educational system." Trust between the intelligentsia and the intelligence agency, M.I.6 and M.I.5, between British and American intelligence, within embassies, between friends and drinking companions, within a marriage and at one's college — all this web of trust and confidence had been treated belatedly. He is not the last or least of the principal victim. In the end, Maclean and Philby were not, as the latter was called, international men; they remained dissonantly, unchangeably British.
In the West now, backhoes outnumber the tractors. (Jackson, WY woman heard on NPR)
Stegner grew up hungry for culture; I grew up hungry for learning.
NEW YORKERS HAVE THREE
more days to catch "A Sense of
Place, a Sense of Time," the Mu­
icipal Art Society's small, de­
lightful show of drawings by
J. B. Jackson. But those who miss the show
at the Urban Center (451 Madison Avenue,
at 51st Street) can catch it at the Rhode Is­
land School of Design in Providence, where
it will run from April 29 through May 25.
And those who hop on a train to see Jack­
son's drawings will not regret the journey.
They will have the chance to travel through
Jackson's subject: the American landscape
in all its battered, democratic glory.
John Brinckerhoff Jackson, 86, is Ameri­
can's greatest living writer on the cultural
forces that have shaped the land this nation
occupies. In a series of insightful essays,
many of them originally published in Land­
scape magazine and later collected in books,
Jackson has taught several generations of
designers to see the environment with fresh
eyes. His drawings are valuable chiefly for
the light they shed on his writings. No one
familiar with the writings needs further proof
that Jackson has an eye. But like Ruskin's
drawings, Jackson's graphic work shows
that the man has a hand as well.
Jackson has always insisted that we look
at the environment in other than pictorial
terms, and his drawings should not be seen
just as pictures of buildings, hills or high­
ways. For Jackson, it seems, drawing is not
primarily a way of depicting things. It is a
tool for framing things, a technique for fix­
ing or loosening the boundaries around the
object on view.
Jackson, who continues to write from his ranch near Santa Fe, did not invent this way of looking. A century ago, Louis Sullivan wrote that “once you learn to look at architecture not merely as an art, but as a social, economic, political and historical force.” Jackson does not claim himself an architect. Some of his sharpest words are aimed at those who believe that a landscape can be beautiful without the human presence.

Jackson, who writes that “once you learn to look at architecture not merely as an art, but as a social, economic, political and historical force,” claims himself an architect. Some of his sharpest words are aimed at those who believe that a landscape can be beautiful without the human presence.

Though he has been a major influence on environmentalists, Jackson does not style himself an ecologist. Some of his sharpest words are aimed at those who believe that a landscape can be beautiful without the human presence. "The older I grow and the longer I look at landscapes and seek to understand them, the more convinced I am that their beauty is not simply an aspect but their very essence and that that beauty derives from the human presence," Jackson writes in "Discovering the Vernacular Landscape," published by Yale University Press in 1984.

For far too long we have told ourselves that the beauty of a landscape was the expression of some transcendent law, the conformity to certain universal aesthetic principles or the conformity to certain biological or ecological laws. But this is true only of formal or planned landscapes. The beauty that we see in the vernacular landscape is the image of our common humanity: hard work, stubborn hope and mutual forbearance and striving to love. I believe that a landscape which makes these qualities manifest is one that can be called beautiful.

Jackson writes as if culture itself were an ecological system, an environment in which art, politics, philosophy and other spheres of information are constantly interacting. At times, he claims that Jackson is using landscape as a metaphor for the complex links between these spheres.

Those who fall under Jackson's spell will find it hard to look at buildings as distinct objects, even though that is the way architects usually design them. Though a building has physical boundaries, its meaning and value depend on its relationship to the city outside them. Not just the physical space around the building, but also the economic, social, political and historical forces converging on its site. The building provides a frame for examining those forces.

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Moving the Water (UMont spch?)

lead: Rudy was so full of snoose the mosquitoes wouldn't touch him.
--irrigating the bar @ Burt ranch
--Swift Dam project: What a dream was Valier.
--Fort Peck

Imagine the reverse of satellite-eye view: upward from within the earth, to see the declining water table, saline seep, the mudgut of dams.

Lang: history saved the Yellowstone R. from damming
    --the Columbia once was dammed by blockage mightier than the concrete dams

Hemodynamics is medical term for movement of blood (see NYT piece, "Scanner Pinpoints Site of Thought...", June 1, '93, in C's
The tendency (of looking backward to the good old days) is to believe the world has become a larger place, therefore a diminished one.
Once upon a time, there was a city with a vast hinterland. Out on the plains east of this city, farmers had fallen upon hard times.

The leading merchants of the metropolis were worried because the city needed these farmers as both suppliers and customers. And so the merchants loaned money to the farmers to carry them through the tough times.

Moreover, when farmers elsewhere in that city’s hinterland feared that their pinto and pinto beans would wither from a drought, the merchants gathered and said unto each other: “Yea, let us join and support these farmers in their petition to the national government for dams and canals to bring water to their fields, for unless those remote farms have water, our city will not thrive.”

Today this sounds like a fairy tale, but in 1912, the Denver Chamber of Commerce did indeed lend money to hard-pressed farmers in eastern Colorado, in order to “turn them into permanent producers which businessmen in Denver could not afford to see depart.”

Several years earlier, in 1896, the Denver Chamber had sent a delegation to Washington, D.C., to lobby for an irrigation project in the San Luis Valley of Colorado. The chamber wanted to develop the valley as an agricultural community.

This wasn’t altruism. The chamber acted out of “purely selfish reasons”; its directors believed that the “city would grow and prosper by being a service center for a thriving hinterland.”

Nor was it altruism in 1991, when Denver interests, acting through American Water Development Inc. (AWDI), spent $30 million trying to destroy the San Luis Valley as an agricultural community. The plan, rejected by a state water court, was to pump 200,000 acre-feet of groundwater out of the valley each year and send it to the city through 250 miles of pipelines, reservoirs and canals.

Denver once believed it would prosper if its hinterland thrived; its leaders supported rural development projects every way they could. Denver once believed it would prosper if its hinterland thrived; its leaders supported rural development projects every way they could.

But modern Denver doesn’t believe it will make money if water grows potatoes or barley in some distant town. Denver now sees only one way to prosper from water — use it to grow suburbs and shopping malls. Denver once knew how to enjoy economic growth without physical growth; today, it doesn’t.

continued on page 6
tered before a single lamp incandesced, he bought it and operated it at a profit.

In 1890, he moved permanently to Denver. A decade later, on vacation in his native Germany, he saw a prosperous sugar beet industry—something that hadn’t yet worked in the West, despite several expensive efforts promoted by the Denver Chamber of Commerce.

Boettcher made it work, and soon there were sugar mills operating in Colorado from Ovid to Delta, an empire that spread to Billings, Mont.; Lovell, Wyo.; and Scottsbluff, Neb.

Like a successful TV sitcom, Boettcher’s sugar industry inspired spin-offs. Leafy beet tops contained no sugar, but steers found them fattening—a start for the cattle-feeding industry. Boettcher used his clout with the West’s congressional delegations to promote his interests, which were also the region’s interests: irrigation projects such as the Colorado-Big Thompson for cheap water, lax immigration policies like the bracero program for cheap labor, and a stiff tariff on imported sugar to keep domestic sugar beet prices high.

During construction of the Loveland sugar factory, Boettcher saw that mortar cement came from distant Germany at considerable expense. So he founded the Ideal Cement Company, as the head and heart of 300,000 square miles of “Rocky Mountain Empire.”

It’s easy to see where Denver’s attention was in the past. Our question is: Where is Denver’s attention now?

There’s a new convention center, built with state money, so that Denver hotels can operate closer to capacity. There’s Two Forks, a stalled effort by the metro area to take more water away from the hinterlands. And there’s the new Denver International Airport, which Colorado Gov. Roy Romer called the most important regional economic development effort of the century.

The new airport may improve Denver’s connections to Tokyo and Munich, but it will also weaken the city’s connections to its hinterland.

That’s the view of Jeff Wendland, manager of Walker Field, the airport which serves Grand Junction, 250 miles and several mountain ranges west of Denver.

“We send two kinds of passengers to Denver — commuters and connectors,” Wendland said, “and Denver International will probably diminish both.”

For Wendland it costs more for car rental or cab fare at the new airport, but air fares will rise because landing fees will be higher to pay the airport’s construction costs.

Every ticket involving a landing and take-off at Denver International will rise by about $25. Thanks to the hub-and-spoke structure of air routes, this means that someone going from Durango to Billings will change planes in Denver, so the $25 amounts to a tax on regional commerce to finance Denver’s new airport. Technically, of course, this isn’t a tax, and the politicians are thus keeping their promise that no general tax money will be used to build the airport.

But Grand Junction’s perspective, these increased fares amount to “another incentive to driving and increasing the congestion and pollution along I-70,” Wendland said.

So a new airport will discourage Wendland’s commuters. His connectors fly from Grand Junction to Denver, where they catch a flight to their ultimate destination.

But they don’t have to go to Denver if they can catch a flight elsewhere; Wendland has developed Grand Junction connections to Phoenix, Salt Lake City and Albuquerque. If it costs more to change planes in Denver, he says, the connectors will use another regional city with a big airport.

“We’ve worked to give the connectors options,” Wendland said, “so we can keep their business no matter what happens in Denver. But I worry that we’re going to lose a lot of our commuter business after the new airport opens.”

But won’t a big new Denver airport function as an improved import-export gateway for the region?

“Keep in mind that at least 60 percent of the passengers there will never leave the airport — they’re just changing planes,” Wendland said. “They could be anywhere.”

As for the other 40 percent, some, such as skiers bound for the slopes, are important to the regional economy. But in the future, they’re less likely to deplane in Denver and take a car to the ski resorts.

Direct flights to Aspen, Vail (Eagle County)
**Simplot and Coors: Westerners to their cores**

Some companies put down roots; others leave us with the shaft

When it comes to big companies, the West has two types: rooted and unrooted. When adversity hits, rooted companies go elsewhere. When they return, they're more powerful. Among the most firmly rooted is the J.R. Simplot Company, a $1.5 billion-a-year firm based in Boise, Idaho.

Jack Richard Simplot's empire started in 1924, when he raised hogs on the meat of wild horses he shot. But Idaho was potato country, and he entered that business after he bought an electric potato sorter in 1932 for $220.

Simplot saw that hungry soldiers would eat a lot of potatoes in World War II if there were a way to store and ship them. So he bought the biggest vegetable drier in America and became a major supplier to the military.

During the war, he backed a chemist who discovered that it was possible to freeze potatoes without turning them to mush; the trick is to blanch and cook the potatoes first to stabilize the starch.

The result was the frozen French fry, Simplot's biggest moneymaker with about 80 percent of McDon­ald's fries coming from Simplot. But manufacturing frozen French fries is wasteful. On average, Simplot's 10 processing plants require a ton of raw potatoes to make 1,000 pounds of frozen fries. In the past, the residue was dumped into the river. But Simplot discovered that cattle would gain weight if fed potato leavings.

"I didn't know a lot about environmental concerns," he said in 1989, "but I figured I could make a helluva lot of money by feeding the cattle cheap. It takes 150,000 head of cattle just to eat the potato feedings."

The Simplot path to expansion was vertical integration based on regional resources.

As a result of following this path, by 1990, the Simplot empire included five potato processing plants, five processing plants for other vegetables, cattle-raising and beef-packing operations, a hydro-electric plant, and ceramic stoppers. It expanded during World War II, when Britain blockaded Germany, which had supplied ceramics to America's laboratories. Eventually, Coors Ceramics became a world leader making electronic and structural ceramics such as missile nose cones.

A decade ago, then, Coors was similar to Simplot. There was its Golden brewery, Coors Porcelain, coal mines, gas fields, an aluminum company, a glass company, a packaging company, a transportation company and cogeneration that heated Colorado School of Mines.

However, the non-brewing enterprises have since been spun off, explained John Fellows, a Coors spokesman. "We're not nearly as vertically integrated as we were at the start of the '90s."

Fellows attributed that to changes in the beer industry, "The name of the game now is marketing. To stay in business, we've got to compete effectively against Anheuser-Busch and Miller, and that means the company has to focus on market share, rather than on energy, transportation or ceramics."


Simplot has taken one course. Coors has changed from an integrated developer of regional resources into a national brand, which means it is unlikely to stay as rooted in the West as it has been.

What about an unrooted company? The most prominent is Exxon, which was pumping $1 million a day into western Colorado until May 1982, when the directors met in New York and decided that this wasn't the time for oil shale.

Exxon was part of a panicked rush out of the Rock­ies. In the late 1970s and early 1980s, natural-resource companies like Chevron, Asarco and Amoco employed almost 30,000 people in the region, inspired about 55,000 other jobs, and spurred the construction of office buildings in Western cities.

When oil prices dropped in 1982, they didn't look around the region for other opportunities. They left, and the slamming of their doors reverberated in the region for much of the 1980s.

That's the difference between rooted and unrooted companies.

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Now that Den... continued from previous page
I was already familiar with the next best thing to my library book. Cronon had already written a masterful exposition of the far-ranging impact of an energetic city. In Nature’s Metropolis, he explains how Chicago, from 1840 to 1885, transformed a vast chunk of North America in order to enrich itself. He shows that a countryside and its dominant city are inextricably tied together.

An overgrown meadow which pollutes a creek in a remote national forest in Utah is a direct result of the voracious appetite of the beef-picking industry that arose in Chicago after 1860. Thanks to the Chicago model, Denver grew from a few shacks along Cherry Creek into the region’s leading city from 1860 to 1880 despite spirited competition from Cheyenne, Pueblo and Colorado City.

It was thus in Denver’s interest to promote economic activity through its hinterland, and Denver pursued its self-interest, taking profits from one area and investing them to develop other portions of the hinterland. Charles Boetcher’s conversion of Leadville silver into Great Western Sugar and Ideal Cement was only one example. David Moffat could use his mining wealth from Creede and his First National Bank of Denver to build a railroad west from Denver into an untapped portion of the hinterland — Middle Park, Steamboat Springs and Craig, with plans for Utah and beyond. Verner Z. Reed put Cripple Creek gold into the Salt Creek oil field near Casper, Wyo. contrast that to more recent tycoons: Marvin Davis and Phil Anschutz taking their billions to the West Coast, where Bill Walters and Ken combined. Newspapers don’t tell people what to think, but they do tell people what to think about, and Denver was thereby able to set the regional agenda.

The Rocky Mountain Empire was an integrated unit; what was good for the region was good for Denver. It was thus in Denver’s interest to promote economic activity through its hinterland, and Denver pursued its self-interest, taking profits from one area and investing them to develop other portions of the hinterland.

Continental Divide

Denver

Leadville

Grand Junction

San Luis Valley

Denver

The Rocky Mountain Empire was an integrated unit; what was good for the region was good for Denver. It was thus in Denver’s interest to promote economic activity through its hinterland, and Denver pursued its self-interest, taking profits from one area and investing them to develop other portions of the hinterland. Charles Boetcher’s conversion of Leadville silver into Great Western Sugar and Ideal Cement was only one example. David Moffat could use his mining wealth from Creede and his First National Bank of Denver to build a railroad west from Denver into an untapped portion of the hinterland — Middle Park, Steamboat Springs and Craig, with plans for Utah and beyond. Verner Z. Reed put Cripple Creek gold into the Salt Creek oil field near Casper, Wyo. contrast that to more recent tycoons: Marvin Davis and Phil Anschutz taking their billions to the West Coast, where Bill Walters and Ken
That's only a start on the evidence that California, especially Los Angeles, is in the process of capturing this hinterland.

Cities are more than markets, and I talked about that with Dick Lamm, who served as Colorado's governor from 1975 to 1987. After some verbal sparring, Lamm has been in politics long enough to insist on rephrasing most questions, he said, "What you're really asking is whether Denver provides any services to the region that you can't get somewhere else in the region."

His answer is no, with one ironic exception: "high-level medical care. That's the only thing Denver really offers that you can't find elsewhere."

Lamm then grumbled about how Denver has lost control. None of its major banks is locally owned, and the same holds for eight of its 10 largest employers, for its newspapers, and its major TV and radio outlets. "The people who make the decisions aren't in Denver any more," Lamm said. "That's a major change from the turn of the century."

But was Denver ever truly in charge of its destiny?

An economic geographer would find only one real distinction for Denver: Its trade area covers a vast territory, thanks to low population density. Otherwise, Denver differs little from other regional cities like Atlanta, Seattle, Boston and Minneapolis.

The real players are what I'll call "megacities," and American history offers three: New York, Chicago and Los Angeles.

Each also has a "Worldanshauung," and American history offers three: New York, Chicago and Los Angeles.

They're our three largest cities, but they have more than size in common.

Each superseded one or more regional rivals, New York beat out Boston and Philadelphia; Chicago surpassed St. Louis; Los Angeles overwhelmed San Francisco.

Each enhanced its natural advantages to make itself into a transportation center and prototype: New York built the Erie Canal; Chicago was the nation's rail hub and built the Illinois-Michigan Canal; Los Angeles invented the freeway after it fabricated a harbor from San Pedro Bay.

And each now dominates or once dominated a medium of mass communication and culture. New York has book publishing and theater; Chicago defined the modern metropolitan newspaper; Los Angeles produces movies, recorded music and most television.

Each also has a Westsahauung, a way of perceiving the world, a culture if you will, which the megacity promotes through its hinterland.

In the "hierarchy of places" that geographers use, regional cities like Denver fall right under megacities like Chicago.

The historical evidence is overwhelming that Denver, like Omaha and Kansas City, began as an outpost of Chicago and organized its hinterland along the Chicago principle of "put the land to work."

Now, however, the old Chicago connection has vanished from the Mountain West, to be replaced by a California link. I didn't even need to go outdoors to see that.

The evidence sat in my home, which has some old big-ticket items: a wood-burning range in the kitchen, made by the Universal Stove Works of Chicago; an upright grand in the parlor, from the Werner Piano Company of Chicago.

Nearby is the newer expensive stuff: computers and software from California, along with VCRs, CD players, tuners, speakers, microwave ovens and a host of other electronic toys made in Asia, but funneled through California.

That's only a start on the evidence that California, especially Los Angeles, is in the process of capturing this hinterland:

* Most milk on the shelves in Los Angeles comes from Idaho. Thanks to environmental restrictions and high land prices, the California dairy industry has moved from the Fresno area to the Snake River Valley.

* For generations, railroad industry pundits assumed that the Denver & Rio Grande Western would eventually join a Chicago-based carrier.
probably the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy. But when theqed in 1992, D&RGW joined the Southern Pacific, the California "Octopus." Those who made considerable money in the Mountain West used to go east in search of new challenges. But the latest crop of billionaires - Marvin Davis and Philip Anschutz - the Mountain West used to go east in search of new challenges. But the latest crop of billionaires - Marvin Davis and Philip Anschutz -

The newspapers give people information for making decisions; this means that those who make the decisions about this region live in Los Angeles. The archetype of Chicago's commercial network was "America's wish book," the Sears catalog that made almost everything available to the rural West. The freeway-ramp shopping mall is the avatar of the L.A. style of retailing. On Jan. 25, 1993, Sears said it would abandon catalog sales and concentrate on store malls. The Colrado, the great river of the Mountain West, is managed so that the demands of Southern California, especially Los Angeles, come first. California, whose watersheds contribute not a drop to the river, draws at least 4.4 million acre-feet annually (about a third of the average flow) from the Colorado River. California imports electricity, too, thus providing a market for power from plants built and proposed around the Mountain West. In 1987, California consumed 190.3 billion kwh, but generated only 130.1. In 1988, consumption was 185 billion, and generation only 126. The trend is clear - California consumes more and generates less for itself every year. California's strict air-quality regulations, energetic environmental activists, and affluent, well-connected "not in my back yard" protestors mean that the new power comes from coal-fired plants in the Four Corners region and Nevada — facilities that can legally be placed in California. Although Southern California Edison, which supplies 11 million people, is currently stressing efficiency rather than added generation, further demands will most likely be met from plants in the new L.A. hinterland, which now extends as far eastward as Colorado.

Los Angeles imports milk, electricity and water from the Mountain West, and it exports trash and dirty air. The new city dump is 600 miles from town. In late 1992, daily unit trains began delivering household refuse from Los Angeles to a state-of-the-art landfill near East Carbon, Utah. And the Grand Canyon is smogged in part by air from Los Angeles.

The twin ports of Los Angeles and Long Beach, busiest in the nation, handle the bulk of America's growing trade with the Pacific Rim. In 1900, Europe accounted for 44 percent of American trade and Asia only 10 percent; in 1988, Europe had only 25 percent and Asia had grown to 39 percent. European goods arrived in the Mountain West via New York, the Erie Canal, Great Lakes and Chicago-based railroads; Asian goods arrive through Los Angeles. A growth in Pacific Rim trade means growth in Los Angeles influence at the expense of Chicago influence.

Wheat from the plains of eastern Colorado once went east to Chicago markets. However, Cargill (an agricultural multinational) had two flour mills in Los Angeles that were always short of wheat. So Cargill bought the nine largest elevators in eastern Colorado and turned that region into the literal breadbasket of Los Angeles.

Chicago was "hog butcher to the world." Los Angeles is the home of Hollywood and Disneyland, which market images and contrived thrills. Recreation is no longer a diversion, but an economy can be built around selling recreational experiences. The L.A. culture comes with a West Coast attitude toward nature that might be unfairly summarized as "groove on the scenery."

Thus many current conflicts in the Mountain West result from collisions between two antagonistic cultures. The Midwest says "don't let valuable timber go to waste," and the West Coast counters with "protect the spotted owl."

Midwest says Montana should send Ron Marlenee to Congress; West Coast says Pat Williams. Midwest says water must be stored and diverted and put to beneficial use -- industry or agriculture; West Coast says rivers should run free so you can raft down them.

Midwest says to get an honest job bucking hay or chasing cows or mucking rocks. West Coast says it's just fine to entertain the tourists -- it is, after all, the home of Disneyland, the archetype of sanitized thrills, where you can experience Frontierland and Adventuredeland and even good old Main Street, USA.

Midwest says stick with trustworthy George Bush, the way that the solid folks of Kansas and Nebraska do. West Coast says take a flying change with Bill Clinton -- the first Democrats in 28 years to win in the Mountain West. It was also the first time since 1948 that Colorado and Montana voted differently from Wyoming, Nebraska and Kansas.

The changes are evident as the Mountain West moves away from an industrial resource and extraction economy and toward a new world where we sell not resources or crops, but "quality recreational experiences."

Those represent two profoundly different ways of regarding the environment, and so it's little wonder that there are conflicts: Sierra Club vs. People for the West, wilderness designation vs. "wise use," Two Forks Dam vs. I-70 corridor recreation industry, Pat Williams vs. Ron Marlenee in Montana.

The Mountain West, the Denver hinterland whose megacity was once Chicago and whose culture was Midwest, is being captured by Los Angeles and the West Coast culture. Those of us in the territory may be like the farmers of Gettysburg -- we aren't actually fighting the war, but we do happen to occupy the site where, opposing forces converged for battle.

How does Denver fit into this conflict between Los Angeles and Chicago, a conflict you can see on any mountain town's Main Street where there's a crystal shop next to a hardware store?

Denver obviously didn't mesh well with L.A. in 1980, when the Los Angeles Times bought The Denver Post, ending 88 years of local ownership. Times management attempted to turn the Post into an upscale newspaper, mirroring a successful strategy in Los Angeles (where the Times deliberately reduced its circulation in poor neighborhoods).

The Times strategy was to make the Post's Empire into a slick city magazine rather than a folksy regional magazine; local features would emphasize the lifestyle of the rich and famous, rather than the problems of the down and out.

Chicago was "hog butcher to the world." L.A. says "groove on scenery."

continued on next page

But as the Bible says, we do not live by bread alone. Megacities have cultures.

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Now that Denver has abdicated ...

continued from previous page

They almost put the Post out of business with this strategy. West Coast culture obviously didn’t mesh with Denver, and the L.A. Times soon sold the Post because it couldn’t figure out how to run the Post profitably.

Perhaps it is symbolic that the Post’s new owners were based in Texas. The 1970s and early 1980s were the years of the energy boom, when money and people flowed between Texas and Denver much as money and people flowed between Chicago and Denver a century earlier.

Like Houston, Denver is now a regional headquarters for international resource exploration and extraction companies — petroleum, natural gas, gold, coal — and their itinerant human infrastructure of geologists and engineers.

At first glance, this appears to strengthen Denver’s ties to the Mountain West, but that is deceptive. These enterprises put in shafts, not roots, and when the vein or oil field pinches out or prices drop, they vanish. Mining and oil companies can exploit resources, but they do not occupy the land these resources come from.

Perhaps this explains the current dissonance between Denver and its old hinterland.

The dissonance is best illustrated by Denver’s use of its wealth to grow suburbs rather than to develop its hinterland. The suburbs used water, and that forced Denver since World War II to deconstruct the rural economies and communities it had helped build before World War II.

But most recently, the ongoing capture of the hinterland by Los Angeles has changed the water game. When Denver and its suburbs tried to build Two Forks Dam in the 1980s, the opposition came not only from hay farmers, but from a sophisticated industrial-recreation complex — a California-style industry — that had grown along Interstate 70.

John Vanderhoof, governor of Colorado in the mid-1970s and a native of western Colorado, felt compelled to veto an earlier Two Forks proposal in 1974. “It was the only way to stop the Denver Water Board,” he said, “They rode high, wide, and handsome, did whatever they pleased. They never consulted anyone else when they took water from the mountains.”

But this time around, there was a substantial economic value in allowing water to remain in the mountains. Rather than issue decrees, the water board had to negotiate with a powerful recreation industry. To buy off the official opposition of tourist-oriented Summit County, the board had to agree to maintain a relatively constant level in Dillon Reservoir so as not to impair its scenic and recreational values. What was essentially an irrigation reservoir, a Chicago operation, had to be operated as an L.A.-style recreational attraction and amenity.

Dan Luecke, the Environmental Defense Fund hydrologist who led the fight against Two Forks, explained that the California power came from the “federal legislation and financial support of environmental groups. The statutes that we used in the process — NEPA, the Clean Water Act, the Endangered Species Act, and so on — generally receive more support from members of the California congressional delegation than from the congressmen from the intermountain states...California ‘values’ and Californians’ support of national organizations like EDF gave the environmental community in Colorado the weapons to fight a project whose defeat may be seen as a benefit to citizens and interests in California.”

Further evidence of how Denver has lost touch with its old hinterland came in late 1991, Newsweek ran a list of movers and shakers in the Mountain West...but Denver knew them not.

How a governor tried to tame the boom-bust cycle

Dick Lamm earned his “Gov. Gloom” title during 12 years as governor of Colorado. Those were mostly the years of the oil and gas industry — a region rooted in its wealth by “Mr. Peabody’s coal train” and left to poverty, isolation, gutted hillsides and polluted rivers.

Multinational corporations such as Exxon, Amoco, Amoco, etc., already controlled the resources, many of them via leases from a federal government that was hellbent for development. That meant only state government could prevent the multinationals from looting the region.

Lamm’s strategy was to collect severance taxes in good times in order to invest in the schools, universities, libraries, communication and transportation systems that would serve the region when the boom ended.

The slogan of the Denver Water Board on a dust-bowl era train in Denver

The Colorado Legislature, controlled by the other party, preferred to cut taxes and avoid public investment, in the hope of luring more private investment. Lamm could only get enough in severance taxes to cushion the immediate effects of the energy and mineral development.

The jury remains out on whose strategy was better, a region looted of its wealth by mining and Denver much as money and people flowed between Texas and Denver a century earlier. But Denver knew them not. The economic interests of Denver and the Mountain West have diverged; Denver is no longer the major market for the produce of the
Mountain West, no matter whether that produce is software or skier vacations. The hinterland from Montana to New Mexico has been, or soon will be, captured by the economy and culture of Los Angeles, and Denver is seldom a big player in the new game. How will the new game turn out? What are its rules?

Such speculation requires some understanding of the past, especially of the role that cities played in the conquest and settlement of the West by Euro-American civilization.

The traditional view, promulgated by Frederick Jackson Turner and his Frontier disciples, goes like this: A few trappers and traders come first, followed by subsistence farmers. They eventually grow a surplus which can be traded. A settlement sprouts. Some settlements grow into cities. The historic truth is more nearly the opposite. The city comes first. Without its markets, there is no farming worth mentioning and no trading beyond barter.

Almost a century ago, William Jennings Bryan proclaimed, “The great cities rest upon our broad and fertile prairies. Burn down your cities and leave our farms, and your cities will spring up again as if by magic; but destroy our farms, and grass will grow in the streets of every city in the country.”" In actual fact, if one were to destroy the cities that provide markets, tools, transportation, communication, culture and organization, the hinterlands would suffer.

Inhabited hinterlands need cities, perhaps even more than cities need hinterlands, which are largely creations of their cities.

My town of Salida, Colorado, is a good example. It was established in 1880 as a division point on the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad. Thus Denver financiers funneled capital into this town, which ensured a steady payroll, which brought about stores and churches and schools and the other accoutrements of civilization.

One long-time industry was a limestone quarry that supplied the blast furnaces of CF&I in Pueblo — an example of regional organization that also required iron ore from Wyoming and coal from Trinidad.

Those enterprises are largely gone. A distant city organized a chunk of hinterland, and abandoned it — left a region to drift for itself when it had been accustomed to getting its direction from Denver. The same holds for vast chunks of the Mountain West.

But most of these towns haven’t died. Cut loose from Chicago-Denver, they turned to Los Angeles and now sell recreation.

So the most probable scenario for the future of the Mountain West is that Denver will continue to decline in relative importance while Los Angeles continues to organize its new province.

The fertile zones will send food westward. The Mountain West will be scenic but sanitized and will be dominated by what Edward Abbey called “the industrial-recreation complex,” just as it was once dominated by a Midwestern complex of mining, logging and agriculture.

Although most of this land is federal, California’s immense population and wealth give it substantial control of federal policies. Thus every acre will be managed for a specific purpose, a grand-scale zoning determined by California interests.

Serving as an immense suburb of L.A. is my best guess for the future of the Mountain West. But I’ve run across other plausible theories.

**Dispersed City.** Cities are human inventions, designed to suit human needs. They are engines that concentrate and distribute talent and capital.

Or so they were in the past, when many enterprises had to sit in a city — that’s the only place that offered good transportation connections, timely communications and quick access to specialized services.

Now we’re in the age of United Parcel Service and Federal Express, of fax machines and satellite dishes, of instant access to anyone and anything from anywhere.

Economist Paul Hawken calls this a time of ‘‘disintermediation’’ — that is, we are removing the intermediaries, and the city was the greatest tool of mediation which brought together capital and labor, publishers and writers, lawyers and clients, goods and markets.

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**How Midwesterners gobbled up Colorado’s banks.**

On the three big pioneer banks that dominated regional finance on 17th Street, once known as “the Wall Street of the Rockies,’’ none remains under local ownership.

The First National, home of the Evans dynasty and David Moffat’s financial tool for putting Denver on a main line, fell the hardest, flitting with failure a decade ago. Now it is owned by First Interstate Bancorp of Los Angeles.

Denver U.S. National became United Bank of Denver about 20 years ago. The chain was recently bought by Norwest Corp., based in Minneapolis.

The Kountze Brothers Bank was founded at about the same time as Denver; it became Colorado National in 1866. It was the last major independent to be sold; in November, 1992, it and another old-line bank, Central Bank, were acquired by First Bank System, also based in Minneapolis.

Other big players in the Colorado takeovers are Golden West, based in Oakland, Calif.; First Nationwide, based in San Francisco; and Banc One, from Columbus, Ohio.

Altogether, about 62 percent of Colorado deposits are now controlled by giant out-of-state corporations, based either in the Midwest (38 percent) or on the West Coast (24 percent).

Does this recent invasion by Midwestern bank chains negate the theory that the Mountain West is changing from Chicago to Los Angeles?

Not necessarily. Major developments, for example, are not financed by commercial banks. When Rancho-Purina or Twentieth Century Fox buys a ski area, those companies don’t borrow from the bank, they float their own paper. Commercial banks supply capital to small businesses, not big ones, so the orientation of commercial banks is irrelevant to major projects.

— E.Q.
So perhaps we see L.A. at imperial summit. The fact that so many Californians are moving to the Mountain West may mean L.A. is collapsing.
note; it is most likely the "indigenous" view of Charles Wilkinson, one of the West's leading natural-resource-law authorities. As he discusses artifacts like the doctrine of prior appropriation, cut allocations, and the Mining Law of 1872, a theme emerges, remarkably similar to Peña's Homeland Commons paradigm.

To consider only logging, Wilkinson proposes neither Chicago clearcuts nor L.A. amusement-park woodlands. He wants to see a small-dispersed logging industry in the West, producing timber mostly for local markets.

Go through back issues of High Country News and see some writers reach similar conclusions about grazing on public lands. It won't go away, but can we shape it so we can live with it? They ask. And then the letters pour in from the Chicago side (how dare you interfere with the sacred beef industry?) and the L.A. side (our public lands are for our scenic amusement; how dare you put cows on them? Cattle-free in 93!)

The consensus was that small-scale sawing and dredging were as acceptable as fishing or rafting — don't tear up the river bed or banks, don't spill mercury, try not to bother other river users, and have a good time.

But a middle road — whether on grazing or river use or whatever — is difficult to follow in the modern Mountain West. We've got the Chicago-L.A. war over control of the territory, and it polarizes every issue. (Remember the farmers at Gettysburg.) You're either one of them tree-hugger environmentalists who'd like to lock up the West for an elitist playground, or else a shift for some earth-raping component of the global industrial complex.

Many of us would like another option, but we're not allowed that option because of the bipolar way the public discussions are framed. Or at least how they are framed right now.

And that, I think, is Denver's opportunity. If cities are still important, it is here that Denver could make itself necessary again.

Denver still dominates the mass media of its hinterland; we generally read Denver papers and watch Denver TV. The community of interest remains, at least in that respect.

Denver could develop a local culture and thereby promote a better world-view toward the rural West — not the Chicago Clearcut Stripmine nor the L.A. Amusement Park Preserve, as well as between Chicago and L.A. world-views, are inevitable unless the Mountain West can find a city or some other center to refine and promote its culture.

If Denver doesn't want to meet this challenge, if Denver believes it is now a world city between Munich and Tokyo, too sophisticated to concern itself with the Bozemans and Chamas of this world, we can only hope that Santa Fe will return to its roots and take the job.

Ed Quillen is a free-lance writer and Denver Post columnist. His stories were paid for by the High Country News Research Fund.

In case you are not sated, here's a reading list

Although I encountered a wealth of interesting material as I researched, and keep finding more every day, the list of recommended further reading is fairly short.

Foremost is Nature's Metropolis: Chicago and the Great West by William Cronon (W.W. Norton, 1991). Although it mentions Denver and its tributary hinterland only in passing, Cronon provides the key to understanding how the traditional Mountain West was a result of Chicago.

The interaction between cities and hinterlands is well explained, though not quantified, in Cities and the Wealth of Nations: Principles of Economic Life by Jane Jacobs (Random House, 1984).


—E.Q.
The Things That Get Left Out
In the Fight for the Wild Northwest

By TIMOTHY EGAN

SEATTLE

SOMETIME next month, President Clinton will release his plan for managing one of the last great American wilderness areas, the old-growth forests of the Pacific for their mystery, their wildlife and their ability to serve as refuge for the battered soul. I think wilderness, like abortion and homosexuality, is ultimately an issue in which the head is led by the heart.

John Muir, a founding father of the American conservation movement, knew all his writings on behalf of protection wild places.

The President has to have a plan for these woods. Plans, it seems, are often made by people looking down from planes.

Forests and Trees: A Reporter’s Perspective

Olympic National Forest in Washington; below, a clear-cut section of the forest.

Photographs by Art Wolfe
will bash the spotted owl, again, and the Sierra Club will threaten to sue if the plan doesn't go far enough.

I grew up among clearcuts in the Northwest, big patches of scorched earth where there used to be a tangle of trees. I've seen fishing holes choked to death by logging debris, and hillsides that have shed centuries of topsoil after the Forest Service had its way with the land.

For me, writing about this issue is sometimes like an out-of-body experience. When it's viewed from the national perspective, the source of this sound and fury is not always recognizable to me as my home, my grandfather's fishing haunts, the place that loggers and hikers who are friends hold sacred in their different ways.

So, when environmental groups like Lighthawk, or timber companies like Weyerhaeuser press me to fly over the forest on a politically tailored tour of the woods, my response usually is the same: been there, done it, lived it.

I am part of the Eastern press now, covering the West and its natural and human wonders. When I venture into the woods to ask about trees and four-legged fauna, the first 20 minutes or so are spent working through the New York stereotype. No, I don't think two-by-fours sprout in a Home Depot warehouse. And hey, how about those Mariners?

Other times I feel like Michael Corleone in "The Godfather," when he goes to dinner with the rival don and asks an accompanying police officer if he would mind if they spoke their own language, the Sicilian dialect. In these interviews, there follows a round of eco-talk, sciencespeak and a few Far Side jokes about the sex life of the horned owl.

Translating this stuff is the problem. To say only that nearly 90 percent of the nation's prime old-growth forests are gone, and that saving the rest may put 30,000 loggers out of work—both of which are true—does a disservice to the truth.

In my view, that of somebody who lives in a wood house and spends as much time as possible under the canopy of nature, there are two ways to look at this debate.

One way is to see trees as building material. For the most part, that has been the predominant view of the Forest Service, which manages more than 20 million acres in the Northwest. It speaks of "board feet" and "stumpage fees." Up to 30 big trees are needed to provide enough lumber to frame a house. If we insist on getting those trees from the old-growth sanctuary, instead of low-cost tree farms, that price will double and triple every few years for a simple reason: we aren't making any more virgin forests.

But the old-forest lumber looks better and warps less. When Bill Gates, the co-founder of Microsoft and the richest man in America, went looking for long, clear, virgin Douglas fir to use in the house he is building on Lake Washington near Seattle, he couldn't find any in the local lumber yards. So he bought and transported an enormous beam from inside a boarded-up old building in Longview, Wash.

Why couldn't Mr. Gates find that kind of timber in his backyard, the Cascade Mountains, where trees grow faster than perhaps any place in the world?

The answer comes from Wallace Stegner, writer of the American West, who died last month. Stegner spent part of his childhood in Redmond, Wash., where his father ran a lunchroom in the woods that are now part of Microsoft's corporate headquarters. "The loggers cut down all the trees and left the lunchroom among the stumps," he wrote in "Where the Bluebird Sings to the Lemonade Springs."

A second way to see these forests is as places of memory and lasting value, sacred

Continued on page 3
to suggest the chaos of a natural forest. What Vel­vereeta is to cheese, a tree plantation is to a forest. Weyerhaeuser can grow a tree faster, straighter and stronger than nature, but it cannot create a liv­ing forest, supporting the thousands of creatures that evolved over eons. Neither can the Forest Serv­ice.

If a Westerner like myself betrayed my ignorance of, say, Art Deco skyscrapers, I’d be laughed out of New York for comparing the Chrysler Building to the A.T.&T. Building. But I have heard countless em­issaries from media and government capitals talk about the tree farms as if they were just like the great jungle at the Pacific’s edge. If they spent a day in the drizzle, their view might be different.

“Soon we will be reduced to accepting a row of planted trees as substitutes for the web of mystery we call a forest,” Richard Manning, a Montanan, wrote in his 1991 book, “Last Stand: Logging, Journal­ism and the Case for Humility.”

“We struck this bargain in pursuit of wealth,” he said, “but if we follow through it shall become the ult­imate measure of our poverty.”

**Sense of Entitlement**

This battle is the Northwest’s own little civil war, each side nurturing memories, slights, and a sense of entitlement to Federal land owned, of course, by all Americans. In trying to explain some of this to Mr. Clinton at the forest summit in Portland last month, an Oregon historian said Northwesterners have always been obsessed by nature.

The President looked puzzled, and the traveling White House press corps appeared bored; for many of those reporters, such talk was the journalistic equivalent of root canal.

When the reporters who cover this issue and the other big natural resources stories — one writer has referred to it as as the "hoof and fin beat" — get to­gether, we talk about the usual suspects and the con­ventional wisdom. But inevitably, the conversation detours to fly-fishing on the Yellowstone or seeing an osprey snag a rabbit.

There is a reason our shop talks end this way. In all the mountains of Federal reports, court depo­sitions and position papers on old-growth forests, I have yet to see anything as interesting as a hawk swooping down from a 200-foot-high tree.
Prairie Dogs
No Suckers For Vacuum Man
By René Kimball

JOURNAL STAFF WRITER

It came to him in a dream, this idea of using a giant vacuum cleaner to suck prairie dogs out of their holes, Gay Balfour said.

He took it and ran with it, and now has Dog Gone — the only known business that does what it does, billing itself as “environmentally safe” prairie dog control.

Balfour brought his vacuum truck to Albuquerque Monday from Cortez, Colo., to remove prairie dogs from vacant land at Menaul and Tramway NE, where the developer plans to begin work soon on a residential development.

“This is the wildest thing we’ve ever done. I’m just crossing my fingers it’s worth the hassle,” said Liz Roberts, president of Prairie Dog Pals, a group that helps preserve prairie dogs, sometimes by trapping them on lands being developed and relocating them.

Alas, with the eyes of all Albuquerque’s news media upon Balfour, the prairie dogs got the best of him Monday. After several hours of sticking the big vacuum hose down prairie dog holes, there was nary a prairie dog to be found in the padded back of his truck.

“I was a little disappointed. I was thinking he’d have better luck,” Roberts said, adding her hopes that Balfour would luck out later in the day.

Developer Mike Knight of ISH Inc. first broached the idea of bringing in Balfour and his prairie dog vacuuming truck. Trapping can take months, Roberts said, and Knight didn’t have that much time to wait.

Besides, Knight said, he had heard trapping only catches about 1 percent of the little critters. His 9-year-old daughter has gone through the development project with him, and she was concerned that the prairie dogs would be hurt when work starts.

Knight gave Prairie Dog Pals $1,500 to move the prairie dogs. The Kachina Hills Neighborhood Association gave $200, and Prairie Dog Pals pitched in $50.

Balfour said during a break in his work that he was operating a marina business a few years ago, but was having financial problems.

Prairie dogs can take months to trap.

Dave Honiker of Dog Gone Prairie Dog Control vacuums for prairie dogs at Menaul and Tramway, where work on a residential development is about to begin.

Kansas last year, he caught 100 and lost one. The problem Monday seemed to be that the prairie dogs had plugged their tunnels so few were interconnecting, and that eliminated the circulation of air necessary to get the suction needed to pull them out, Balfour said.

He’s expected to try again today.
Development projects in Boise, Idaho, are encroaching up the slopes to the 150-year-old Oregon Trail.

Eastward, Ho! The Great Move Reverses

POCATELLO, Idaho — This spring, 150 years after the first wave of immigrants waded through the Oregon Trail dust here in the way to the West Coast, a couple from California dropped into this sage-coated valley cut by the Snake River and pronounced it "Weird.

Pulling up stakes from Orange County, Cindy and Marty Madden had explored the arid plateaus and pine hideaways of the West in their small private airplane. They settled on one of the most remote small cities in nation, a four-hour drive east of Boise.

"One of my friends said, 'Pocatel! What is that?,'" recalled Miss Madden, who is 39 and has lived her entire life in California. "It wasn't ridicule. It was more pity."

A century and a half ago, a similar sentiment was directed at that first hoof train of travelers, 875 people, who packed their belongings into 4-by-10-foot wagons for a 2,000-mile journey from Independence, Mo., to Oregon and California, each technically a foreign territory.

From Dreamland to Desert

Most of them walked the entire way. It was the start of the Great Migration, a continental shift of 350,000 people to the West Coast that began in 1843 and ended a generation later.

Today, the sesquicentennial year of the Oregon Trail's first wave, another migration is under way: a reverse flow out of California and into the interior of the American West, an area the 19th century migrants shunned as uninhabitable. While many of the early westward migrants were searching for more secure or lucrative livelihoods, many of the new migrants are leaving behind better jobs and the promise of fast-lane comforts in search of a vague America that may not even exist, an America that seems to grow more distant as the flood of newcomers continues to swell. They want safety, outdoor recreation within minutes of home and something closer to small-town life.

From 1985 to 1991, according to the Census Bureau, nearly two million people moved from other states to the intermountain West —

Continued on Page 12, Column 1
Eastward, Ho! Disenchanted, Californians Turn to the Interior West

Continued From Page 1

a region that even with its recent growth has less than 5 percent of the American population. Although they arrived from all over the nation, more came from California than from any other state.

The nation's most populous state with 31.5 million people, California is still growing, but the recent gains have come from a huge influx of international immigrants and a high birth rate. In the one-year period ending last July, the flow of people from state to state resulted in a net loss of 212,000 California residents. The trend is the same this year, as longtime Californians flee the state's stagnant economy and troubled cities.

For more than a decade, Golden State exiles poured into the West Coast's other big cities, primarily Seattle and Portland, Ore. But now the flow reaches farther east, filling an area once labeled the Great American Desert. The intermountain West is growing at a rate twice the national average.

A hundred years ago, when the frontier was pronounced closed by the historian Frederick Jackson Turner, it was said that settlers had pushed to the edge of the Pacific and could go no farther.

Americans have long had a habit of moving up communities and abandoning them for something fresh. But virtually no one thought the next frontier, a century after the curtain closed on the previous migrants, would be in the chalk-colored, largely treeless basin that previous migrants had rushed through.

Importing Their Pools

The latest migrants are moving to Nevada, the fastest-growing state in the nation for the last two years; to central Oregon, where sports cars and sidewalks clogged with roller-bladers make the high desert country around the town of Bend look like Santa Monica North on weekends; to Eastern Washington and the cities of Spokane and Richland, where home prices have doubled in three years; to Arizona, which grew by 25 percent over the last decade; to Utah, which boasts of "kid-napping" firms from California and bringing them to the cheap labor haven around the Great Salt Lake, and to southern Idaho, which led the nation in new job growth last year and is expected to do the same this year.

"What I see are people coming for the new frontier: the quality of life that most big cities have lost," said Karen McGee, president of the Pocatello City Council.

But when these newcomers arrive in places like St. George, Utah, or one of the subdivisions around Las Vegas, or even Pocatello, they tend to recreate California-style suburbs, with big lawns, two-car garages, swimming pools and artificial lakes. They also bring some of what they thought they left behind: congestion, soaring home prices and gas.

On the slopes of this demure city, developers have claims undeveloped...
The Oregon Trail has been called the world's longest graveyard, with one body, on average, buried every 80 yards or so. People lost their lives to influenza, cholera, severe dysentery, or accidents. They were crushed by wagon wheels, stepped on by oxen or killed when a simple cut turned into a gangrenous infection.

Nearly 350,000 people made the overland trip from 1843 to the mid-1860's, when stagecoach lines and then railroads replaced the trail as the main overland route. One out of 10 died along the way.

Drownings were common, a father or child caught in a river's grip. Many women gave birth along the way. Thousands of others walked the distance in the late term of pregnancy.

On average, it took 100 days to make the 2,000-mile trip. In a good day, a traveler could make 20 miles.

Meals were the same: coffee, biscuits and beef jerky, often around a campfire burning buffalo chips, the dried manure that served as fuel on the treeless prairie. On iron-wheeled tires, without shock absorbers, the pioneers were in a real roller coaster ride, the children's safety he said and would go just about anywhere and see mini-LA.'s.

The Lures

Seeking Fresh Start
In a Simpler Place

While the Oregon Trail migrants left the land and a free job market, the desert and mountain states of the West offer cheap property, low business expenses, a virtually crime-free environment and cooperative local government agencies. And there are plenty ofhybrid verbs heard everywhere from the ranch country of eastern Montana to the desert basins down to size, including those who have taken root 800 miles away from Boise and Seattle; national politics is all around you, from the newspapers and business in California and put their sleeping in cars and parks, left out of the road is a deep gap in the service area of this city.

Still, resentment is building along old Oregon Trail toward the new arrivals. There is a very popular saying here down: Not California isn't Idaho, said Mr. Collins, using a hybrid verb heard everywhere from the ranch country of eastern Montana to the desert basins down to size.

Political analysts believe one reason 7 out of 11 Western states voted Democratic in last year's Presidential election. More than 2,000,000 people are moving into the Pacific Northwest, and Washington, Nevada, Utah, New Mexico and Arizona are looking to the old Northwest for work in government agencies.

While the Oregon Trail migrants less than it used to, because only a small minority of people depend only on the land and a free job market, the desert and mountain states of the West offer cheap property, low business expenses, a virtually crime-free environment and cooperative local government agencies. And there are plenty ofhybrid verbs heard everywhere from the ranch country of eastern Montana to the desert basins down to size, including those who have taken root 800 miles away from Boise and Seattle; national politics is all around you, from the newspapers and business in California and put their sleeping in cars and parks, left out of the road is a deep gap in the service area of this city.

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A Grave Every 80 Yards

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The Challenges

When Newcomers
Bring Their Trouble

Pocatello, like Boise, Coeur d'Alene and dozens of other mid-sized communities in the intermountain West, has a housing shortage. In fact, all along the old Oregon Trail, home prices are soaring. In Scottsbluff, Neb., where the trail's best-known landmark, Chimney Rock, towers above the plains, Leroy Scalford came in from California earlier this month and bought a three-bedroom brick home for $62,500. He paid cash.

"Housing is hopping like I've never seen it," said Jan Bauer, a Scottsbluff native who sells real estate. "There aren't enough listings to satisfy demand."

There is a particular historical irony in the migration to southern Idaho, where the Oregon Trail came to a fork, the southern route going to California, the northern one on to the Willamette Valley. Those who could read, an old Northwest joke, went to Oregon; the rest went to California and put their faith into finding gold in a stream.

The fork in the road is a deep gap in the service area of this city. Newcomers "life style refugees" say they are responsible for finding work in jobs unrelated to the traditional timber, mining and agriculture fields.

"We are here for clean air, streets and uncrowded streets, many of the transplants, like the Oregon Trail migrants of last century, are finding out the hard way that this may not be the promised land.

Last year, Boise led the nation in job growth, a percent rise, gaining about 10,000 jobs in the metropolitan area. Denver, which took the lead in 1984, is now eighth. Boise's growth, a 6 percent rise, gaining about 10,000 jobs in the metropolitan area.

But even if the newcomers come here for clean air, streets and uncrowded streets, many of the transplants, like the Oregon Trail migrants of last century, are finding out the hard way that this may not be the promised land.

NEXT: Controlling the history.
Connie Stevens Plans Retreat in Wyoming

By Ruth Ryon

Connie Stevens, who first gained fame as singer/photographer Cricket in the 1960s TV series "Hawaiian Eye" but now heads a $65 million skin-care company and tours eight weeks a year with her band, has purchased 100 acres near Jackson Hole, Wyo., where she plans to build a retreat.

She also just completed a re-design of a five-bedroom Puerto Vallarta beachfront getaway that she bought about a year ago, and she recently added a wing to her seven-bedroom home in the Holmby Hills community of Los Angeles.

Stevens, 54, who has starred on Broadway and had hit songs, guests periodically on such TV shows as "Murder, She Wrote".

She is planning to make some movies and home videos through her own production company. "I have three films ready to roll that I've written," she said in her Holmby Hills home. "Maybe I'll focus on them in Jackson Hole."

She bought the land, Stevens said, partly because of what her grandfather told her when she left home at 15: "He told me that if I was to go into show business... it would not be a regular living... so I should save my money and buy some land."

She's also looking at the property, which she bought for about $100,000 an acre, as a place for her future grandchildren to run and play. She was drawn to Jackson Hole through Project Windfeather, which she founded in 1982 to help Native Americans.

"I'll probably build a beautiful home as natural as can be with all the nice things I like but with a salt lick in the back for the animals and no motorboats on the lakes or rivers," she said. She and her large, extended family plan to camp there this summer.

Stevens, who was honored Friday as "Mother of the Year" at a luncheon for 1,000 to benefit Cedars-Sinai Hospital, is one of five children but only has two herself: Joely, 25, and Tricia Leigh, 24, both by ex-husband, singer Eddie Fisher.

Her daughters are also actresses and singers. With them in mind, Stevens designed the addition to her 8,400-square-foot Holmby Hills home to include two townhouses, where they now live, and a recording studio/rehearsal hall, which they all use.
Sunsets on land like this on the Ladder Ranch seem to be magic to many of Hollywood's celebrities who are flocking here to buy land. Jane Fonda and Ted Turner bought the 300,000-acre Ladder Ranch a year ago.

Stars Buying N.M. Ranchland

By Leslie Linthicum

There they are in the pages of Mademoiselle magazine, pictures of that potent Fonda jawline next to a furry I'm-between-movies face. Actors Bridget "Point of No Return" Fonda and Eric "Mask" Stoltz pose for young-Bohemians-in-love photos and talk about career, attraction, fear of commitment — the usual celebrity interview grist.

And then, just after a discussion of the pleasures of kissing while eating doughnuts, it is revealed: They, too, have bought a piece of New Mexico. They're fixing it up together, they say, and arguing about furniture.

Well, kids. Take a number.

The California-to-New Mexico migration of celebrity homesteaders isn't yet a stampede. But listen and you'll hear the pitter-patter of $300 calfskin loafers as thousands upon thousands of acres of New Mexico's open spaces are being bought up by the glitterati.

Assume for a moment that Fonda and Stoltz are doing it up right. Assume they haven't bought Lucchese boots, a Range Rover with turn signal guards and a blue heeler pup.

MORE: See HOLLYWOOD on PAGE A4
Hollywood Stars Buying Up N.M. Ranchlands

CONTINUED FROM PAGE A1

Assume they haven't given their spread a Spanish name and put old pine benches in every room.
Assume they will come to their property often, get to know their neighbors and pitch in when the road washes out.
Assume they have good intentions.
Or, assume the worst—that they have heard Montana and Wyoming are full-up with celebrity weekend ranchers and that New Mexico is ripe for the picking.
New Mexico cattlemen—who have seen what California money has done to real estate prices in Santa Fe and have learned lessons from the Hollywoodification of Wyoming and Montana—look at the run on ranch land nervously. They fear that the sons and daughters of ranching families won't be able to compete with Hollywood big bucks when it comes time to buy land and build a herd, and that a centuries-old tradition will suffer.
"They're coming from a real estate market and a pay scale that is completely different from New Mexico," says Al Schneberger, executive director of the New Mexico Cattle Growers' Association. "They don't raise cattle or buffalo for a living. They make movies for a living. And it all seems cheap to them."
Christopher Webster, Santa Fe Realtor-to-the-stars, is adept at matching celebrities to properties, and he knows the bottom line.
"Prices are basically affordable," says Webster. "You can spend a million in New Mexico and get a nice piece of land. You can spend 2 million and get a gorgeous piece of land."
While $1 million and $2 million sounds like real money to real New Mexicans, (who annually earn on average about 1 percent of that), that kind of money no longer talks in star-studded Bozemans or Jackson Holes, and it won't even buy a condo in Malibu. Toss in the Santa Fe allure and it adds up to a whole posse of celebrity cowboys headed this way.
Fonda and Stoltz won't say where their property is—privacy is part of the reason they chose New Mexico, his manager says. Other celebrities aren't able to keep their secrets as well. Jane Fonda and Ted Turner bought the 300,000-acre (that's 500 square miles) Ladder Ranch near Truth or Consequences a year ago. Shirley MacLaine scooped up 7,357 acres north of Abiquiu last month and Val "The Doors" Kilmer has 60 acres near Tesuque.
Other celebrities in our midst: Actress Marsha Mason—235 partially irrigated acres near Abiquiu. Actor/director Robert Redford—190 acres near Tesuque. CBS news anchor Dan Rather in a partnership—12,000 acres in San Miguel County. ABC newsman Sam Donaldson—5,792 acres in Lincoln County.
"Of course, the gentrification of Santa Fe is all but finished. Don Meredith kicking back at the Coyote Cafe, Brian Dennehy wolfing corn and asilago pie at the Zia Diner and Carol Burnett doing everything everywhere—it's all old hat."
Even City Councillor Debbie Jaramillo, who rails against gentrification, has been driving a red Jaguar. But ranches?
Used to be ranches were owned by ranchers. They named their children Ty and ate their big meal at noon. Mainly, they raised animals.

MORE: See HOLLYWOOD on PAGE A5
Hollywood Stars Buying Up N.M. Ranchlands

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primary residence for tax purposes, and they may spend very little time here. Most have confidentiality agreements with their real estate agents because they don’t want the kind of attention they get back home.

That kind of attitude doesn’t wear well out on the range, where ranchers help each other load livestock and bring a dish to the church supper on Saturday night.

Al Schneberger grew up on the other side of the Black Range from the Ladder Ranch. He is a man who is very comfortable wearing a hat and speaking his mind.

“Rural communities are very traditional, close-knit communities. People visit the old-fashioned way— they stay overnight,” Schneberger says. “When people like Shirley Maclaine—all these rich, pampered people from urban areas—come in, the likelihood of those people spending time on the land and really getting involved in the community is very remote. They come and they buy big chunks of deeded land and nobody sees them again. It’s like a black hole in the community. They’re not who we are.”

Rosella Orr is an outspoken 69-year-old who helps her sister Thelma run the Cuchillo Bar near what has become Ted Turner’s fifth home. When she heard the cable TV mogul wanted to turn his ranchland over to buffalo, Orr stood up and said Turner wouldn’t do it without a fight.

“Because,” Orr says, “I thought it was a stupid idea.”

“Other than the shape of the animal,” says Tim Murphy, Bureau of Land Management resources manager for the area, “it’s a ranch.”

And because they’re raising livestock, they’ll pay not only property taxes but additional per-cow assessments on their herd. There will be some jobs for fence riders and cowboys, and those people will need to eat and buy gas and the circulating dollars known as a local economy probably won’t suffer.

“It’s the toy ranchers who worry the neighbors. They’ll keep a few head of cattle to maintain a lower property tax rate but won’t contribute the way an active rancher would.

“They don’t pay state tax. They don’t pay income tax. They do raise land prices, they do make it more difficult for rural people to live on the land and live their lives,” Schneberger says.
Allen Bebnor(sp?) & Toral Thorstenson, plentywood 1941—I think these are the same guys who spelled out their names in coyote carcasses in n'paper pic in my Plentywood file.

MiS Pac 89-48  Dorn, Rita file
Power trip takes us to extremes

Vincent Carroll, Editor of the Editorial Pages — 892-5477

Power, my folks used to say, is a "perfume that can go quickly to the head." They were talking about people such as the policeman on our beat who got a sergeant's stripe or the meek and mild teacher who became an officious oaf when promoted to assistant principal. We would talk around the dinner table about the disturbing effects of conferred power. "Perfume," I can still hear them say.

The hunger for power is not limited to those whom it is given by others. Some people are so desperate for power that they create their own realms and adorn them with their own accoutrements of power. In every community and virtually all institutions of any size, the "power tripper" can be seen building fiefdoms of all kinds.

It is in this context that I think history will place David Koresh. He was a man desperate to wield power over others. The more we learn about the Branch Davidian cult leader in Waco, Texas, the more it appears he was a genius. His talent lay in his mastery of manipulation of others. The best evidence of this is to be found in the recent reports on the cult's children. It was compiled after considerable study by the Department of Psychiatry at the Baylor College of Medicine.

Small children, the Baylor doctors found in their interviews of surviving children of the cult, were paddled. They were beaten for such infractions as spilling milk. They were beaten with a device called "the helper," in itself a chilling concept. The cult children were ordered to fight each other. Failure to fight hard enough constituted grounds for an encounter with "the helper." Children were paddled, and if they were paddled they were paddled, and if they were paddled they were paddled, and if they were paddled they were paddled.

Families were driven apart by Koresh. Wives and husbands were separated from each other. Children were told to call their parents "dogs" and refer only to him as father. Girls as young as 11 and 12 were devastated for the high honor of being one of Koresh's "wives."

That meant he engaged in their sexual abuse at will. Each girl so chosen was awarded a plastic Star of David to denote possession of the parents. No one in law enforcement had encountered this kind of "power trip" before. Attorney General Janet Reno was raked over the coals in Congress for permitting actions that led to the deaths of 24 children. The criticism sounded as if the interlocutors had higher knowledge and a better plan.

That is questionable. It is time instead for all of us to admit that Koresh took the nation and the world into new territory, certainly with respect to the treacherous limits of child abuse. We found out, as never before, to what lengths the lust for power can lead.

Universal Press Syndicate

It's time for another teardrop to fall

Rheta Grimsley Johnson

I have dreamed of strewing roofing tacks at popular dump sites, but maybe someone stopping to pick a bunch of wild Sweet William or take a photograph would run over them instead. With my luck it would be a nature-loving lawyer.

A friend insists it's time to play hardball, to bring back the "Crying Indian," the Native American star of the public service announcement who raised our consciousness about littering the first time around, in the 1970s.

That actor did more for the anti-litter cause with that single slow tear than the rest of us could do in a lifetime of walking the roads picking up beer cans. He introduced guilt to the cause, and as so many Southern Baptists know, guilt moves sinners and moral teams toward the "right" side.

The most recalcitrant region when it comes to littering is mine. I have a theory about that.

No people on earth love their cars like Southerners. Automobiles and trucks are the most important Southern status symbol, especially in the Deep South, where middle-class kids get cars when they are 13 and wax them until age 15, when they are eligible for a driver's license.

People drive Cadillacs and live in sheds, and a Camaro is more coveted than a college degree. A big Buick is not a way to get from here to there, it's a statement of worth.

People wash the paint off their vehicles in this corner of the world, and to drive a dirty old car is to admit worthless­ness.

A can of wax separates the trash from the decent folks in the South, and so it's no surprise that people don't want common garbage resting on the velour next to them.

You can see the U.S.A. in a Chevrolet, but if this keeps up, it won't be worth seeing.
THE MYTH OF
THE AMERICAN FRONTIER
Its relevance to America, Canada and Australia

Sir George Watson Lecture
delivered in the University of Leicester
21 January 1971

by

ROBIN W. WINKS
Professor of History, Yale University

The Sir George Watson Lectures are endowed from a Fund established in 1921 by Sir George Watson (1861–1930) and administered by the Sulgrave Manor Board. They deal with the history, literature, and institutions of the United States of America. Since 1965 they have been given annually in the University of Leicester.
THE MYTH OF
THE AMERICAN FRONTIER

Its relevance to America, Canada and Australia

I AM concerned with three frontiers: with what Americans thought their frontier to be, with what their statesmen have made of what they thought it to be, and with what people of other nations have attempted to make of what Americans thought it to be. The notion that America is a young country, and that all that happens there is to be excused in terms of its youth, is an example of a popular blending of all three notions of the frontier.

The United States is the second oldest nation in the world, in fact, second only to Britain in terms of continuity under a system of government; yet, because Europeans and Americans alike continue to embrace the idea of America as a frontierland, both attribute American mistakes and American successes to its presumed, mythical, youthfulness. A myth, Edmund Leach tells us, must be an expression of "unobservable realities in terms of observable phenomena" – which is to say that myth, by its very nature, is non-rational. Historians increasingly are concerned with the non-rational, and it is a truism of history that what people believe to be true is more important than what 'in fact' actually happened, since they act upon their beliefs, not on 'the facts'. This is not to say that historians should not also try to discover what actually happened, but if their concern is with the way people feel about themselves, if they wish to study human motivation, if they are entertained by the idea of national character, then clearly they must be concerned with what people believe to be true as much as with what is true.

As Leach also has pointed out, although in a different context, myth is always binary; that is to say, it draws upon the Alpha and the Omega, upon the conflict of opposites. The American frontier myth in particular embodies a peculiarly American conception of opposites. The virtues of the American character, the yeoman virtues of Jeffersonian and, later, Jacksonian democracy, the notion of Middle America today, and the thought that the
American flag stands for Coca-Cola and the swing on the front porch in Terre Haute, Indiana, are all reflections of the Frontier. The Frontier itself encapsulates the opposition of the good against the bad, the west against the east, the simple against the sophisticated, America against all others, and now nostalgia against change.

A Western poet of great insight, Thomas Hornsby Ferril, has captured nicely what Americans have made of their West:

What shall I tell the children about Time?
Children who never counted the sling-back sway
Of the shoes of a single-footer horse,
Surrey by goldenrod or pung by snow,
But know the red light from the green
And when to go
And go
And go so soon
Over and under the poles of the earth
And toss the earth like a toy balloon.

This is not a grand poem, but it is a good poem, for it captures a primary historical concern of Americans - what shall we tell the children about themselves? (Indeed, there was once a time when a most enlightened and liberal state contemplated a law, to be called the pure history law, by which it would be illegal to teach children anything derogatory about the Founding Fathers, including the fact that George Washington - to whom indirectly we owe this lecture - wore false teeth made of iron.)

Yet, we have to tell the children something, and what we have told them about is the Frontier. We have told them about it in our history, we have told them about it in our geography, we have told them about it constantly on our television and in our motion pictures. The average American today appears to think he is still engaged in a personal shoot-out at the O.K. Corral. He is still Gary Cooper in High Noon, a rugged individualist, a loner standing tall against the sky, alone amidst the forces of evil. Some myths, of course, ultimately have the force of truth, since they are believed to be true, and an America beleaguered within and without may allow its myth to dictate its policies, may retreat from the world where black and white do not exist, and may seek artificially - through government intervention - to restore the old ideas of a free enterprise capitalism.

Let us take a look at the idea of the frontier as used by historians for a moment. The thought that the frontier was the central force in shaping the American character dates most clearly from Frederick Jackson Turner’s address before the American Historical Association in Chicago in 1893. Turner had come out of the West himself - out of Wisconsin. He had, in a simple way, studied the fur trade and had then moved to the East where he found himself among a group of European-oriented scholars at The Johns Hopkins University. They were teaching that democracy in America was an outgrowth of traditions brought from the Continent and from Great Britain. Turner found this view disquieting and began to cast about for an explanation in the American environment as to what it was that made America both unique and democratic. He found the answer, as most historians ultimately find the answers to the problems they pursue, in his own autobiography, in his own childhood.

His thesis was relatively simple. Democracy grew from a series of constant adaptations to the new environments of the North American continent, since settlers coming from Europe brought with them a variety of cultural baggage which proved to be irrelevant to the struggles they would confront when they arrived in the new environment. Thus environment, while not conquering man, helped to transpose him into something rather different than he had been. The American became a highly adaptable creature because the environment in America was itself so diverse and because movement across it, relatively speaking, took place so rapidly. The American might within one life-time live in environments as diverse as any that one could find in the whole of Europe. Today the average American has lived in three different states and in seven different towns; typically he will be buried in quite a different state from that in which he was born; typically he lives a very great distance from his parents and grandparents. Distance, coupled with mobility, produced environmental adaptation that was faster and in many ways harsher than European man had faced anywhere else in the world.

This adaptation was in the direction of democracy because, Turner argued, on a frontier there was an abundance of free land. (Now, to be sure, it was not free; Turner knew it was not free - he meant free by relative values. Land cost a dollar an acre in 1850; this was a full day’s wages for an eastern seaboard labourer;
nevertheless it was cheap land by any standard and from the 1860s it was, in fact, virtually free for a period of time.) Since there was free land, there was a ‘safety valve’, which helped give form to American attitudes toward dissent, and therefore ultimately to America’s political system. Since land was free, European laws of inheritance could not prevail, and with the demise of entail and primogeniture, America was freed from the danger of a landed, thus perpetuated, aristocracy.

America did not develop a landed aristocracy, then, because there was so much land and because it was spread so broadly in terms of a thin population that virtually anyone who wished to possess realty could do so. Furthermore, movement across this land would take place in such a way and with so many opportunities open to those who would move across it that no employer could squeeze his employees unduly. Rather than strike against him they could simply close up the shop and move westward. Nor could employees demand too much of the employer, or he too could close his shop and move westward, leaving them without employment. This kind of amelioration of European class conflict did seem to occur in the sense that employer and employee did not come to the clash that nineteenth-century Marxist theory suggested that they must. One could close a textile mill on the Thames River, in Connecticut, and move elsewhere in Connecticut, leaving one’s employees without work. Or the employees could move from the textile mill to a brass factory in Danbury. (In reality movement did occur, although not to the West so much as in the East.)

As Americans moved across the continent, they left behind them a series of cultural deposits. Each deposit increasingly was removed from European cultural norms, and while the east coast of America remained a fragment of European society, by the time one had moved through a great variety of other environments, one had produced a truly unique civilization. The quintessential American would be found, then, both in a place – the West – and at the end of a process. This glacial theory of terminal and lateral moraines, as one will recognize quickly enough, is really an Hegelian dialectic. Indeed it is Marxist in its approach, and it is said by some that Turnerians are Marxists in disguise, although most Turnerians would not care to admit it. It is materialistic, emphasizing an economic determination which dwells upon land, upon size, upon space and upon its relative value in terms of the population. The Marxist connotations of Turner were readily ignored, however, as were his pessimistic implications: that when the free land was gone, American institutions might cease to be democratic. The optimistic Turner was taken up by the American people: Americans were different, they could continue to be different, and they would continue to move on the roads of progress because of the very processes that arose from the uniqueness of their environment.

This Turnerian thesis was built upon by other scholars, and it was given two interesting and highly subtle changes which have had an important influence on American historical thought. In 1952, David M. Potter, in an address in Chicago, later published as *People of Plenty, or Economic Abundance and the American Character*, suggested that Turner had seized upon the wrong aspect of the Frontier, although he was quite right to refer to the Frontier as having moulded the American character. What Turner had ignored, Potter said, was that the land was not only free, or cheap, but that it was abundant. Potter, taking the notion of abundance, argued that Americans had become what Turner said they had become – and Turner saw Americans as aggressive, humanitarian, philanthropic, and experimental – because there was always More: more of everything. There was more land when it was needed; there were more resources; there was more space; there were more people. It was, in large measure, because of its economic abundance that America became a unique and democratic nation.

What Potter appeared to be saying was that Americans became a democracy because they were rich enough to do so; he went on explicitly elsewhere to argue that Americans should not expect poor nations to become democracies, since democracy rests upon affluence. (This same argument would be taken up later by John Kenneth Galbraith in *The Affluent Society*.)

Potter was not trying to destroy the Turnerian view, for he agreed that the Frontier experience was basic to the American character. One reason Potter thought it necessary to say this arises from the second level of the myth to which I am referring – the way in which government officials from time to time have used the notion of the Frontier in American history. Increasingly politicians have felt it necessary to ‘get right’ with the Frontier. American politicians had always found it necessary to ‘get right with Lincoln’, as the phrase had it; increasingly they wanted to get
right with the West as well — not the West as a place, but the West as a process. In 1932 Franklin Delano Roosevelt, in an address before the Commonwealth Club (before, it might be noted, he was in office), declared that the problems of America stemmed from the fact that the Frontier had closed, and that his New Deal would create a new frontier by which the small businessman, the true individualist in a capitalist society, once again would be able to grow. This is not to say that Roosevelt had read his Turner; he probably had not; but someone had thrust some quotations from Turner before him, and he had absorbed them. He did see that Americans would respond to the challenge of ‘getting back’ to the conditions that had made America great in the nineteenth century, to ‘getting back to the Frontier’, the land of eternal return, the Fountain of Youth.

I need hardly point out how often the Frontier metaphor has continued to be used in American political rhetoric. There is the New Frontier, of course, of John F. Kennedy, which was followed by the Great Society of Lyndon B. Johnson, which is now followed by a succession of state papers which are, we are told, among the greatest of this century, nostalgic in ring, frontier-oriented in their emphasis on political devolution. The notion of the Frontier, including the Frontier of outer space, has become basic to political success.

Another historian who recognized that the Frontier was becoming a political myth rather than a regional reality was C. Vann Woodward. In 1961, in an address in Chicago, which he called ‘The Age of Reinterpretation’, Woodward argued that American society was changing and would change at a revolutionary pace in the future, and that it would be necessary to reinterpret American history in the light of those changes since they would bring to the surface an awareness of events and movements that had not been properly analysed by historians in the past. One of the fundamental changes that he foresaw related to what has since been called his ‘free security thesis’. Woodward argued that the Frontier, as distance and space, shaped the American character with a security that was free. That is to say, free of charge: the American people had been secure from outside threat for a long period of time without having to spend any money to achieve that security, for during the nineteenth century, when European nations fought a succession of wars and spent a considerable proportion of their national incomes on the maintenance of navies, armies, colonial establishments, foreign offices, and universities that would teach tropical medicine, the United States had spent its money upon developing its frontier.

Whom, after all, had the United States to fear? Surely neither nation with which it shared its borders, for Canada was a dependency of a European power and a hostage to that power’s good behaviour in the New World, while Mexico was a weak, once-defeated, neighbour of no military significance. What jackboots need Americans fear, other than internal enemies? The United States had overtaken Britain and Germany, the latter in the process of overtaking the former, at a phenomenal rate therefore, and had become the leading industrial nation of the world before the end of the nineteenth century, all at relatively little cost to itself. The fact that Americans had never thought in terms of wars fought for limited objectives, of wars which could not become moral crusades, but always had thought of total wars, meant that Americans had not developed a sense of evil and of the need, on occasion, to live with it. The Frontier had provided national (not local, to be sure) security; Americans developed an isolated, unique democracy which did not have to come to terms with a number of realities which would face the world once the Frontier had disappeared.

Note that all three of these historians were agreed upon a single, fundamental point: that the Frontier had closed, and that the element that they preferred to emphasize in terms of the shaping of the American character was no longer operative. Turner said there no longer was a Frontier; Potter said there no longer was natural economic abundance: advertising, in order to create a continued, if artificial, economy of abundance, had arisen in America instead; Woodward said there no longer was free security. The myths upon which Americans had fed themselves from at least 1893 until the 1960s had been shown to be irrelevant to the future. One must anticipate, therefore, that the American character not only would be changing drastically, but that Americans themselves would enter a period of turbulent confusion as nostalgia battled with an unknown and feared future.

The Frontier, then, was not only a state of mind; it was a place, quite genuinely, and it was also a process, as Turner pointed out. Turner recognized, for that matter, that the Frontier was all three
of these, shifting metaphorically, from meaning to meaning. The West was 'a land of beginning again': it was that which made possible the eternal genesis in the American character; it explained why Americans always seem to spring youthfully upon the world, full of energy, always hurrying, busy, busy, a kind of buckskin beau sauvage who were constantly moving westward until they ran into the true beau sauvage and both discovered that one could also be ignoble sauvage.

What was happening, of course, was that this particular myth was being incorporated into the urban east. Easteners felt it necessary to hope that the society developing around them was not in fact the society of the future. They did not want to be told that they had seen the future and it was theirs; they did not want to believe that there was not the opportunity for eternal genesis still lying out there somewhere in the west, and they constantly looked to the west as the place that would provide the final cleansing of the American spirit.

Yet the western character as it developed regionally tended to be the most conservative and least innovative of the American regional characters. The Rocky Mountain west, in particular, proved to have few rugged individualists, and probably the least innovation of any of the American regions. For the West was a colony, and colonies are not noted for their spirit of enterprise. There was, after all, an American empire; there were in fact two American empires. There was the regional empire, the west, which was controlled by Wall Street or if one were in Canada, by Bay Street; and there was an internal, 'ricochet empire' of white settlers in the west who made colonial dependants of the indigenous population, the American Indian.

Westerners take inordinate pride in the beauties of their landscape. They somehow feel that they possess some unique quality of mind because of the beauty of the landscape in which they grew as though the beauty of that landscape were a direct projection of their mind rather than being simply something from which many have fled. Westerners always have felt in some way superior to those easterners who live in grumpy cities and clearly lack the good sense to get out of them. The beauty of the landscape is equated with morality of character. But the impact of the masculine landscape of the West has been to silence voices rather than to stir them to flights of beauty. (When Walt Whitman went west, he tried to write some poetry, found that he could not, returned to the east, took his famous ride on the Brooklyn ferry, and declared that the Western landscape was too overwhelming to deal with in poetic form — better a poem to a locomotive than to Pike's Peak.) One might ask why this free-wheeling, free-spirited land, this land in which there is now ample time for leisure, from which innovation and serenity are said to spring, has not produced any major literary tradition. The great National Parks of the United States are in the West; they were preserved by Easterners who saw that Westerners were not themselves going to preserve their West.

Still, Turner had won the ultimate victory; most Americans are Turnerians even though they have had only a sentence or two about Turner thrust in front of them by their schoolmasters, or by advertisements of Marlboro Country. Not only do Americans know themselves to be frontiersmen — they also know that 'wide open spaces' are there to be exploited, for the recurring Frontier is a recurrence of the land of opportunity. That the West — and the Frontier — survives even Turner's declaration of its death arises in part from his lack of statistical method and in part from his own success as a poet, as the romancer of a census report.

Turner never was very precise in his statistical or demographic definitions of the 'frontier'. At one time he appeared to mean quite literally that region which lay beyond a continuous line which might be drawn down the American map from north to south, so that the line itself might take on the reality of a frontier demarcation. At other times he appeared to be thinking in terms of pockets of settlement which lay beyond the imaginary line as well, so that one had both a continuous line and a series of exceptions dotted upon the map. At other times the notion of a line, as such, seemed unimportant to him, for he was thinking in cultural, economic, or social terms, and while one may draw exact political lines, one may not be so exact in other respects.

Then, too, some confusion arises over where the line might properly be placed, assuming one wished to run a line at all. One might accept — as Turner generally but not invariably did — a rough census definition of what comprised 'settled land'. At other times one might not find this artificial and arbitrary definition useful for analytical purposes, however useful it might be in terms of general or metaphorical discussion.
To these two confusions must be added a third – that the census was not, itself, entirely consistent in its usage of the idea of settled land, changing from two people per square mile as the division point to greater or lesser density in specific areas or at specific times and arriving eventually at the figure of ten. Further, whatever objective criterion one might use for quantifying purposes, there always remained the question of whether in practice, as opposed to theory, an area lay within, beyond or behind a ‘frontier’. Commonly, the United States census designates any community of more than 2,500 people as ‘urban’; manifestly, such a community, if the only one in a hundred square miles of otherwise unoccupied land, or if one of a dozen similar communities strung out along a railroad line at intervals of, say, 20 miles, was not urban in the sense we normally would mean today, while equally clearly, a tiny municipality of even less than 2,000 population, if totally enclosed by a city of a quarter million (as the Shostridge area of Indianapolis was until its eventual annexation), would be distinctly urban despite the insistence of the census bureau that it might be classified in some other way. As one who grew up in a tiny western community which lay miles beyond the end of a paved road, and 20 miles from either a railroad or a town of larger size (and then a town just topping that magic figure of 2,500), my own perception of my situation was that of a frontier environment, and many of the social characteristics of this community were, I realize as I look back now, ones which Turner would have recognized.

In any event, if we accept for the moment one of the statistical definitions which Turner did use with reasonable consistency, we can see quickly enough that in purely quantitative and in roughly demographical terms Turner’s frontier continued to exist long after he said that it was closed. If one could not draw a continuous line north to south to separate this frontier from the east, one very nearly could continue to do so until the 1940s, and one could, in addition, draw a second north–south line much further to the west, so that a vast area in the mountains and high plains area of the United States (not to speak of Alaska) lay between two virtually continuous frontier lines. Using the census of 1940, which became available in 1941, as a basis for analysis – and using this census primarily because it represents the last before wartime distortions are introduced into migrations in North America – one finds a most interesting pattern. If we may use political boundaries for the sake of convenience, and divide these along the conventional county boundary lines, since population statistics were reported in this manner, one finds that in 1940, 50 years after Turner said that the Frontier was closed, vast regions nonetheless still were frontier areas on the basis of Turner’s own statistical definitions.

In Arizona, two-thirds of the state, forming a solid block centreing upon the great Indian reservations to the north-east and the deserts to the south-west were well below a population density of ten persons per square mile. Nine counties which, in total, were larger than England, made up this continuous area which spilled into Mexico: these were Mohave, Coconino, Yavapai, Yuma, Apache, Navajo, Greenlee, Graham, and (with some statistical doubts) Pinal counties. All but two bore self-evident frontier names. Within this vast area lay five towns, Flagstaff, Prescott, Superior, Winslow and Yuma, not one in 1940 of more than 15,000 population, even calculated on the basis of ‘metropolitan’ figures.

In Colorado, 60 per cent of the state, in two large sections, fell below the figure of ten people per square mile in 1940. The list of counties is long, but instructive: Washington, Elbert, Kit Carson, Cheyenne, Kiowa, Baca, Custer, Costilla, Sagangua, Mineral, Archuleta, Hinsdale, San Juan, Dolores, San Miguel, Ouray, Gunnison, Pitkin, Eagle, Fairplay, Summit, Grand and Moffat, with five other counties on the demographic border – Douglas, Montezuma, Routt, Garfield and Rio Blanco. Again, the problem of definition is clear from this list. Douglas County fell below the necessary population; yet it abuts directly upon Denver County, and much of it was, therefore, a sophisticated bedroom overflow, or recreation centre, for the largest city in the mountain west.

Conversely, the county in which my own small mountain town lay, one which I thought of in frontier terms, is not on this list, for the population of Delta County falls just over the cut-off point, notwithstanding the fact that it lacked many of the amenities normally associated with an urban environment. In addition to the informative juxtaposition of place names, this list of counties also reveals that there were two separate, yet vast, ‘frontier’ areas left in so modern a tourist state as Colorado: almost the whole of the mountain, plateau, and canyon country of the ‘Western Slope’ and the high plains of east-central Colorado as well. At once one will note that this second area, while underpopulated, was not unsettled, for much of the land was in wheat, a grain which is
produced best under expansive circumstances where extensive labour-saving machinery may be used, creating a pattern of small towns of a thousand people or less several miles apart. Is the first area a frontier and the second not, was neither a frontier in 1940, or were both so because of their qualification under the head-counting system Turner initially had employed? The obvious answer lies in their attitudes, in their cultural matrix, and in their means of communications to other, larger centres, and not in a simple-minded statistical basis.

Yet it is precisely this simple-minded statistical basis which entered into the American mind. The myth of the Frontier rested, for the untrained, in simple openness, emptiness, and lack of people. Turner may not have thought the 13 westernmost counties of Kansas (15 per cent of the state) comprised a frontier, but in the popular mind that open, windy land between the Smoky Hill and Cimarron rivers surely did so.

To continue this enumeration would be tedious, but let me make one additional point. If one uses Turner's statistical base for designating a frontier area, one finds that in 1940 there were several substantial areas outside the west. Five counties in Florida, comprising ten per cent of the state, for example, were without towns of any real size at all; on the other hand, they were not lands of opportunity, given the technology of the time, since the counties were taken up largely with the Ochlockonee, Okaloacoochee, Everglades and New River swamps. A large portion of Maine, centreing upon Mount Katahdin and Piscataquis County, was without the requisite population, as were the upper Ausable River area of Oscoda County, Michigan and the Lake-of-the-Woods, and Quetico-Superior sectors of Minnesota. The last remain so in 1971, although today they are national park and forest lands. Are deliberate recreational and conservation preserves frontiers or not? Clearly not, for they too - one trusts - are not lands of opportunity in the sense of being open to further exploitation and entrepreneurship. Even Hamilton County, New York, in the second most populous state in the Union (and in 1940 the most populous) had a population density of fewer than ten per square mile.

But let us not flay this horse further, for the point is clear enough. On those occasions when Turner used statistical bases to define his frontier, he was wrong to do so. When the public accepted population as the primary, simple criterion for judging frontier lands, it was wrong to do so. Because it did so, the very delicate ecology of an area which statistically still appeared to be of the 'wild west', while being in truth on the edge of a pressurizing, urban complex of great size and complexity - as N. S. B. Gras and those who followed him would have recognized - was placed under direct threat. The myth itself posed the threat and the myth itself was, therefore, dangerous to the actual, as opposed to the theoretical, survival of genuine wilderness in America. We have much yet to learn about the unfortunate influence of Turnerian image-making upon the conservation movement in the United States.

What is particularly interesting about the myth of the Frontier is the way in which it has been exported to other countries. The 'frontier thesis' has been applied to Canada, Australia, New Zealand, the Soviet Union, Brazil, Argentina and South Africa. If one looks at these societies one does not necessarily find the same kinds of democratic institutions, however. The point here is that the Turnerian conception has come to shape the historiography of other empty or open lands. Now why should this be so? It might be so because, as Walter Prescott Webb argued in his book *The Great Frontier*, the whole of the North American continent was the frontier for the whole of western Europe for nearly 400 years, European society having been shaped in its economic development by this grand Frontier. Or it may be so because other nations have hoped to imitate the great American success story, and since we declared the Frontier to be the basis of our success, they too required a Frontier. But of the two other nations to which the frontier hypothesis has most often been applied - Canada and Australia - one must conclude that it is very much a Myth and very little Fact indeed. Let us look at both, Canada at greater length than Australia since the assumption of frontier-induced similarities has taken firmer hold in the public mind there.

In Canada there have been four distinct frontiers, as well as other, minor examples of the phenomenon usually meant to be described by the word. There was a French frontier in the New World which lasted approximately from 1534 until 1760. There was an English frontier settlement associated primarily with Upper Canada (later to be called Canada West and later yet Ontario), an experience concentrated on the years between 1783 and 1837. There was the Western frontier of open spaces, essentially...
unwooded, explored and developed between the 1840s and 1920. There was a frontier of the far north, known from the earliest days of European contact when Martin Frobisher first sought a Northwest Passage, and not fully exploited to this day. Physically and chronologically these frontiers paralleled developments in the United States. Because of superficial similarities, Canadian historians – beginning with Walter Sage and, more cautiously, A. L. Burt and A. R. M. Lower – embraced the ‘frontier thesis’ and until the late 1930s much of Canadian history was interpreted in the light of Turnerian analysis. Today, partly as a result of the rise of the Laurentian School of Canadian historians, who emphasize east–west trading routes and the influence of the St Lawrence River, partly because of the insights provided by comparative historians and sociologists, most scholars would agree that while there were a series of Canadian frontiers, the total meaning of the frontier experience for Canada was quite different to that for the United States. This being so, the myth served other functions as well.

The French frontier in Canada was at the outer limit of continental European culture. Commerce expanded upon the basis of the frontier, creating an expansion of ideas. If the Renaissance freed the mind, and Luther freed the spirit, as preconditions to the new opportunities and enlarged economic horizons of which the very word ‘frontier’ was a metaphor, a new environment was necessary in which these new freedoms might find expression. In general they did so in North America, but far less so in French Canada, where the basic thrust was almost entirely commercial, where control was vested solely in a distant, politically conservative capital, and where there was little opportunity for religious, political, or commercial innovation. Walter Prescott Webb has argued that through exploiting the New World, the stable European population was presented with a surplus of land and capital, launching 400 years of boom. Yet for the most part the closed Colbertian world of New France did not significantly alter the land–people-capital ratio, and the French frontier in Canada was neither a primary source of boom for France, nor itself a land of opportunity. The economic impact of America on Europe usually is summarized in terms of bullion, trade, and entrepreneurship – that is, in terms of mercantilism. Precisely because French mercantilism differed from British, so too did the French frontier differ from the British frontier.

New France experienced four types of frontier, but these types did not appear in successive waves, as Turner’s typonomy suggested, for they were simultaneous, coterminous, and static. The commercial, religious, military, and settlement frontiers of New France were aspects of a single, obsessive concern for profit. Few settlers came to New France with the intention of remaining permanently. Little economic opportunity was open to the residents, fixed to staple-dependency upon the fur trade and the success of the coureurs de bois. Religion was, if anything, more conservative, ultramontane, and erastian than in France itself. The French frontier was of the whole of New France, not just on the fringes of settlement, and it did not advance steadily westward or in any other direction, for movement was not its purpose. The French frontier was static, opposed to change, antithetical to the usual romantic meanings given to the word ‘frontier’ itself. Only when the British acquired New France in the conquest of 1759 did the frontier of settlement move forward to overwhelm the frontier of stability.

The second, or British, frontier was best expressed in Upper Canada, but it was to be found in all areas of new settlement, especially after 1783, in the Maritime colonies or along the St Lawrence and the Great Lakes. Upper Canada received a steady influx of settlers, ‘Late Loyalists’, Quakers, Mennonites, Dunkards, Negroes, land speculators, foresters, Americans, Irish, all mixed in the eastern townships of Lower Canada (later Canada East and now Quebec), or in Upper Canada from the Bay of Quinté to the Niagara River. Here the Canadian frontier was, for the first and also for the last time, similar to the American frontier. Upper Canadian farmers, in a wooded temperate zone, grew wheat, oats and barley, produced whisky, sought improved transportation through canals and railroads, and were dependent on faraway markets. In common with most frontiers, Upper Canada lacked capital, and a few merchants took leading positions in shaping society. The settlers showed the usual concern for education, for imported high culture; for temperance societies, and for a rude equality in speech, manners, and dress. But there were differences between the Canadian and American frontiers which began to set them apart even so early as the 1830s.

Some of these differences were obvious at the time. Except for
Spanish-speaking frontiersmen who seldom were settlers, the American frontier was ethnically one. There were minorities, to be sure, and many languages would be heard on the American frontier, especially in river towns such as St Louis. But in Canada one-third of the population was French-speaking: too large a minority to ignore, too small and isolated a culture to dominate. Further, its ratio to the total population remained relatively constant. For the most part French Canadians stayed within their province, leaving the exploitation of the cheap lands of Upper Canada to the new arrivals, ravanches des berceaux keeping their level in pace. The majority of the new arrivals were Americans, and many were loud in their desire for annexation of this frontier which seemed physically so similar to Ohio or Indiana. On the American frontier each new arrival strengthened the security of the settlement against the chief source of fear, the Indian, so that growth meant greater national security; on the Upper Canadian frontier, new arrivals from America decreased security, for the Indian posed no threat while the potentially subversive American did. In the United States, in short, More meant Safer, while in Canada More meant Weaker. Finally, once Upper Canada had been developed, once the Rebellion of 1837 had been suppressed by the Crown, and once the Annexation Manifesto of 1849 had been proven hollow bombast, Canadians who chose to move westward would do so by moving into the United States. The great Canadian Shield, on which agriculture was most difficult, swept down to touch Lake Superior at Thunder Bay, severing any possibility of a continuous line of agricultural settlements and diverting the Canadian westward movement to the south of the Great Lakes. It is at this point that the Canadian frontier began to diverge most strikingly from the Turnarian model.

Attempts to apply Turner's thesis, or close variants of it, to the Canadian frontier have been mistaken, then, for that frontier has been markedly different from either the mythical or the real frontier in the United States. There are three fundamental reasons why this is so. First, Canada remained a monarchy. Second, none of the criteria most commonly associated with the American frontier – 'free land', 'abundance', or 'free security' - applied to Canada. Third, the Canadian frontier lacked the environmental diversity over which the process was played out in the United States, and its basic thrust was northward rather than westward.

That Canada remained a monarchy is of fundamental importance if one accepts that frontiers create a selecting, or at least a filtering process. Encounters with new environments in North America forced Europeans to reconsider the cultural baggage they had brought with them, ultimately to create new cultural baggage in response to new demands. But in Canada different selectors were at work, and different cultural baggage was involved from the outset. At the time of the American Revolution, the 'Canadian frontier' lay all about one: in Nova Scotia, where Halifax had been founded as recently as 1749; in New Brunswick, then still part of Nova Scotia; and in Upper and Lower Canada. All four of these colonies received major injections of new settlers as a direct result of the Revolution, the eastern townships of Lower Canada and the Saint John River Valley of New Brunswick being settled almost wholly by Loyalists who had remained constant to the British Crown. Their attitudes, while innovative towards tools and physical artifacts, were bound to remain conservative in political and social expression, and to this day comparative sociologists would agree that Canadian customs are more conservative, and at least marginally closer to European norms, than those of the United States.

The monarchy continued to influence the cultural baggage, however. While French-speaking Canadians had no reason to love the British Crown, they feared it less – since the Crown had confirmed their religion, language, and law to them – than they feared the United States. As Lord Elgin, a Governor-General, was to remark, the last hand to wave the British flag in Canada would be a French hand. Despite vast empty tracts of land stretching back from the St Lawrence, most French Canadians lived in towns from the outset, and their culture, while often rural, seldom partook of the distances and the dangers of a genuine frontier. The British settlers, many demobilized soldiers given grants of land, or collective colonists sent from Scotland as a group, moved onto the land far more slowly than American settlers did, and were from the outset under the control of the common law.

This difference is especially telling. Americans felt that they could shape their own laws to fit their new experiences. While the riparian codes or mining laws of the new western states were in part copied from the eastern states, they were organic to the extent that they were modified in important ways locally and, in any
event, their original models were North American. Settlers often had established themselves before Congress had provided territorial government, so that in many local ways the settlers along the pushing edge of the American frontier could believe that they were shaping their own laws. Not so in Canada, where a myth of sociological jurisprudence could not gain root. Long before Canadian settlers had pressed into the western lands, both the common law and the specific regulations of a powerful, semi-feudal, chartered company – the Hudson’s Bay Company – had been placed upon the land. Settlers could conform or leave, but with the exceptions of Vancouver Island and British Columbia before 1871, they were not free to shape laws in accordance with their own perceptions of their immediate environment. Thus Canadians showed different attitudes towards the law itself, towards the function of the state, towards education, and towards governance than Americans did, and while these differences were of degree rather than of kind in many instances, the degree was significant.

Because the land was Crown land, or Company land, it was not free in the moral, legal or social sense. Because transportation was difficult, a trans-Canadian railroad not being completed until 1885 and a paved trans-Canadian highway not until the 1960s, movement westward beyond the fertile agricultural lands of Ontario was difficult. When that movement took place, it often was through the United States, where many settlers stopped without going further. During the decades between 1910 and 1930, when the Canadian West received its greatest proportionate population increase, land was cheap, but at the end of this period the crops best grown on that land, from which the United States had gained so much, were no longer in demand.

Abundance for Canada often meant staple production. While a succession of staples – codfish, firs, timber, wheat, and minerals – gave Canada a specific economic rôle to play, this rôle was hampered by three considerations, so that genuine abundance in the sense of an attitude of mind which always assumed that prosperity lay just around the corner seldom came to Canadians. The economic rôle of Canada was played primarily within the context of the British Empire, and after 1931, the British Commonwealth, with the aid of Commonwealth preferences, while the American economic rôle was worldwide. The staples themselves, while abundant, often were brought onto the world market just as the item was entering a decline: the beaver pelts of Hudson Bay, the wheat of Saskatchewan, the aluminium of British Columbia. Further, Canada showed many of the characteristics of a staple-dependent economy, such as Cuba has been, while the products of the American frontier were far more varied, moved onto world markets at an earlier time, and also had a substantial domestic market upon which to feed.

The American West provided the United States with distance – with space as a protection against potential enemies. The Canadian West led not to free security but to a constant fear of annexation, for Canada was exposed the further west settlement moved from its essentially trans-Atlantic political, social, and economic ties. The Canadian West did not, therefore, become a symbol of the Canadian future except during the short period of time preceding World War I when the Minister of Immigration asked for strong-armed yeoman in sheepskin jackets to people the plains. Many of these men in sheepskin jackets came from the adjacent American states, however, increasing the dangers of an American cultural, if not political, annexation, so that the cry of More Men still meant to many Canadians a greater danger of loss of a precious identity rather than, as in the American West, a reinforcement of an identity presumed to be unique.

That the Canadian frontier lay primarily to the north of a thin line of towns, strung out like rosary beads, each a worry to London and to Ottawa, meant that the frontier was essentially a story of Northernism rather than of Westering. Environmental similarity marked the northern lands, and this similarity included the impracticality of large-scale settlement on semi-barren tundra, the inability to create chains of villages to sustain railroads built by private enterprise (hence the growth of a Canadian mixed enterprise economy), and an awareness that the northern frontier would produce an extractive economy. Riches would flow into Bay Street or other financial centres and locally-oriented sub-economies would develop more slowly than in the United States, where settlement in such climatically diverse environments as the Dakotas, New Mexico, and Florida (still a frontier land as a whole, demographically, until the 1920s) would lead to diversity.

For these reasons, then, the Canadian frontier differed from the American. The differences themselves could be seen in many ways.
Canadians showed an attraction for group or collective heroes, since their environment was to be mastered more by organization men – the Hudson’s Bay Company trapper, factor, or trader; the Royal Canadian Mounted Policeman; the Saskatchewan grain growers’ associations; or earlier, the servants of New France – than by individuals. Since the Canadian frontier was not occupied by Indian tribes prepared to resist European encroachment, and since the French early had learned to use the woodlands Indians as allies, neither the British government nor the Canadian settlers turned to policies of genocide to clear the aboriginal population from the land. There were few colourful Indian wars, relatively little bloodshed, and while the Indian was not well treated, he did survive near or even on his ancestral lands. Since there was no cattle kingdom, no trail drives, and little vigilante justice, the most colourful episodes associated with the West of American myth-makers could not be transplanted to Canadian locales. The Canadian West did not experience all of Turner’s successive waves of newcomers in the order he suggested. Since the Canadian frontier was not a turbulent one, direct governmental intervention was required only twice – in the two métis rebellions of 1869 and 1884, both led by Louis Riel – and the horse, gun, and that shoot-out at the O.K. Corral did not acquire the glamour given to them by the American frontier.

This being so, the Canadian frontier did not take root in the national literature in the same way that it did in American literature. To be sure, Canadian literature is marked by an awareness of environment, of landscape, waterscape, and cloud; yet this awareness draws as much upon the romanticism of Wordsworth and the Lake Poets as it does upon the frontier. The leading Canadian poets would sing of epic explorations, of the long contest between French and British, or of small urban triumphs and defeats, but seldom of the West as such. The Canadian West did produce a literature of agrarian defeat – of the loneliness expressed by Hamlin Garland – in such writers as Sinclair Ross, and it also produced a literature of spiritual uplift which suggested that frontiersmen and those close to the soil were closer to God (as Willa Cather did on occasion for Nebraska and Ralph Connor – pseudonym for Charles W. Gordon – did for the sweep of land between Manitoba and Alberta), and in these ways the literatures of the frontiers were similar. Still there was a difference, for western-based Canadian literature was the story of the immigrant, of the new arrival: Canadian novels are marked with arrival scenes in Moose Jaw, Cardston, or Revelstoke. American immigrant novels, on the other hand, seldom extend further west than Sauk Center, Minnesota, and they are predominantly eastern- and urban-oriented.

A final difference of importance between the two ‘frontiers’ arises from the fact that they were not settled at the same time. Technology meant that Canadian settlement, when it occurred, moved more rapidly, so that the various frontier ‘stages’ which did exist were telescoped. Canadians could benefit from American mistakes, not only in adaptation to sod huts and barbed wire but in land ordinances, reservation administration, and power projects. Indeed, a Canadian frontier of the north exists today and will for many years to come. This northern frontier is not particularly western, for many areas of future development lie in northern Quebec, in Labrador, and in the eastern parts of the Northwest Territories.

The states which emerged from the American frontiers, whether of the Old Northwest, the Old Southwest, or the Trans-Mississippi West, passed rapidly through the equivalent of decolonization. Once they had achieved statehood, they could within the limits imposed by a written Constitution and the Bill of Rights become social laboratories. That residual powers would shift, by Supreme Court decision, from the states to the federal government was true, but each state remained a reflection of a North American-based government, and often a relatively pale reflection, as one state became a theocracy, another an oligarchy, and yet another a highly progressive democracy. The channels for deviation from normative political standards were more circumscribed in Canada, for under the British North American Act of 1867, the basic Canadian constitution (to which a Bill of Rights was not added until 1960, and then not entrenched), residual powers flowed in the opposite direction.

Further, Canada as a whole was a stalking horse for an empire, and its frontier had to be viewed, politically as well as economically, as a cutting edge for change which, until 1867, basically originated in Europe and even after 1867 did so to a considerable degree. Most of the precedents by which a colony moved from that status through representative to responsible government, and so to
full independence within the Commonwealth, either arose from a Canadian situation, was tried in Canada first, or was demanded by Canadians. The United States became independent by revolution. The revolution itself was, in numerous ways, a product of the American frontier. Canada became independent by evolution. That evolution provided a different ethos, and the evolution was tied to Europe. Just as Canadian encounters with Indians were shaped in part by Imperial regulations meant to govern diverse situations in Australia, New Zealand, or India, so were all aspects of the Canadian encounter with the New World. As the first Dominion, as the North American preserver of European values, however transmuted, Canada's self-image of its future and of its past differed from the American self-image. In the United States, the visible symbols of the past — the living evidence of what a people most wishes to believe of itself — would be codified under the National Register Historic Sites Act of 1960. Three types of historic sites would far outnumber all other kinds: those relating to the settlement of the eastern seaboard, those relating to the Civil War, and those relating to prospector and sodbuster, Indian and cavalryman. In Canada, the scenes memorialized by the National Historic Sites Board of Canada were, numerically, dominated by Loyalist sites, by east coast and fur trade settlements and factories, and by constitutional and legislative precedents. Few sites from the Canadian West were honoured, for the western or even the frontier experience had bitten less deeply into the Canadian consciousness.

But what of the other open, empty land of the nineteenth century, Australia, to which frontier terminology and Turnerian analysis so often has been applied? As in Canada, so in Australia: there have been four clearly distinguishable 'frontiers'. In a sense there was a fifth, for Australia (together with New Zealand) was itself viewed as a frontier of European civilization from the end of the eighteenth until the latter decades of the nineteenth centuries, as Webb (and more recently J. H. Elliott) has implied. This is so not alone because Terra Australis Incognita, the great unknown land of the South, so haunted European (and especially British and French) imaginations. Fundamental to the development of Australia, and of its frontiers, is the fact that the Australian population has always been 95 per cent or more British in stock.

Unlike the frontiers of North America, where highly diverse European peoples came together to rub customs off on one another, Australia has represented a transplantation, virtually complete and only with those changes induced by the environment, of British working-class culture. Australia therefore was a British frontier, a land of beginning again for a variety of peoples who had been unsuccessful, or who were unhappy, in Britain: convicts, remittance men, Chartists, Irish who opposed the church and the rule of the United Kingdom, and dissident religious groups, Methodist foremost. To Australia were transplanted the religious and class quarrels of nineteenth-century Britain, with little notion that such quarrels could be left behind for long.

Internally, the four frontiers were relatively distant. The first lay around Sydney Cove, where in January 1788 the First Fleet of 11 storeships and transports, under the command of Arthur Phillip, disgorged their contents together with over a thousand convicts and jailers. About them lay the Bush, and within the Bush lay aborigines who were ill-prepared to deal with newcomers from within their Stone Age culture. Convicts were sent to New South Wales until 1840 and to Tasmania until 1852; in all some 160,000 arrived, primarily after 1815 (Western Australia also received convicts from 1850 to 1868). Convict settlements were the antithesis to the free settlements of North America: the men were tied to a system, itself ill-organized and inefficient, which precluded free land, social innovation, and the breaking of class barriers through individual performance. In time the majority of convicts were assigned to free settlers, providing a labour force, intensifying class awareness, rooting settlement near the ports of entry, and retarding the growth of forms of agriculture which were not amenable to a gang labour system. If there were a frontier at this time, it lay beyond these settlements, in the Bush which — precisely because it was at the outer edge of imprisonment — became increasingly attractive, romantic, and remote.

The Bush was not, in fact, attractive at all but exceptionally inhospitable to settlement. Australian ground cover was prickly, poor, and weakly-rooted; the land was arid, water evaporated quickly, and the timber cover was sparse except in relatively limited areas, such as the Blue Mountains. Compact settlements were difficult to establish, even as the convict period ended, for lack of water and the poverty of transport kept most Australians
rooted to the seacoast, as they remain to this day. The obvious solution for the near interior was a pastoral economy, and the second frontier emerged upon the basis of sheep.

This second frontier was that of the squatter. Climate and soil did not favour small settlers, and the grants made to emancipists and garrison men were too small to permit wheatfarming. Small settlers lacked capital for expansion, limiting most free settlers to market gardening near the small towns. The New South Wales Corps enjoyed monopolistic advantages, especially over the importation of rum, and John Macarthur built a fortune on rum and then applied his knowledge of monopoly to wool. The economy that arose was not a democratic one, resting as it did upon men of capital, and a pastoral society developed rapidly. From 1821, the first year for commercial export of wool, to 1850, Australian wool growers moved from experimenting upon the fringes of an empire to being proven producers of more wool for England, despite distances, than Germany and Spain together. Middle-class immigrants were now attracted to Australia; many had been comfortable in Britain but faced the prospect of a decline, and they took with them sufficient capital to establish a squattocracy upon the land, a local equivalent of the gentry-bred squireocracy of England.

In the second quarter of the nineteenth century pastoral settlement spread over the potential inland grazing area of southwestern Australia, and in 1836 the government recognized this diffusion by imposing an annual license on squatters who had entered the officially 'unsettled' districts. This asserted the Crown's title to the lands. Three years later the 'unsettled' lands were divided into nine squatting districts, a border police system was established, and a commissioner of Crown lands was named for each district. In 1847 the permanency of the squatters was recognized when New South Wales (which included Victoria and Queensland) was divided into settled, intermediate, and unsettled districts, with 1-, 8- and 14-year leases allowed to squatters. The society that developed bore small relationship to the frontier communities of North America, for there was little fear from a native population (driven to extinction in Tasmania and forced towards the dead heart of the mainland), or from additional urban settlers who would remain on the coast to provide the services a pastoral economy required. Rather, the frontier of the squatter bore more resemblances to that of the Trekboer in South Africa.

During this period of time exploration of the interior of Australia began to confirm the initial impression: climate would not permit to the settlers a wide range of choice in economic activities. Few rivers offered access to the inland; many of the lakes went utterly dry during the summer; valleys ended in blind canyons below high plateaux. Early movement, therefore, was along the coastal lowlands. In 1813, however, the Blue Mountains were penetrated deeply enough to reveal open woodland to the west, and the first inland town, Bathurst, was founded two years later. Within eight years the first sheep stations were running at Canberra. In 1837 Sir Thomas Mitchell, the Surveyor-General, travelled from Sydney to Portland Bay (in western Victoria), opening a rich pastoral area which he named Australia Felix. Most important, Charles Stuart sought to find some Australian equivalent of the North American Great Lakes by following the westward-draining rivers from the eastern highlands, only to prove that nothing lay in the interior save more salt pans. Further to the north a German, Ludwig Leichardt, discovered that the north was as arid as the south once away from the tropical lowlands. In 1848 Leichardt disappeared while attempting a trans-continental journey, and he above all became the symbol of the unpromising, omniverous Outback, the land not of beginning again or of the eternal return but of Never Return. Upon Leichardt would be built many of the legends of the Australian 'frontier', including the finest work of the continent's finest author, Patrick White, in Voss. The Australian frontier clearly did not lie in a Westering process.

In truth, there had been no genuine frontier, and certainly no westward movement. Settlement of Australia, its exploration, and to the degree that such took place, its interior development, proceeded from all directions. Emphasis was placed on the eastern and south-eastern coasts, however, leaving the far west isolated by the great distances of the interior. Communication continued to be by sea, and Australians continued to cluster in seaport villages. Railways were built by the state governments since private enterprise could not expect profit from intermediate communities of settlers, and the Australian grain farmer, in particular, demanded cheaper transportation to the ports. While Victoria had more capital and began the railway boom of the late 1850s, its railways did not reach the South Australian border.
- less than half-way across the continent — until 1885, the same year that the first trans-Canadian railway was completed. To this day Australian distances decree travel by air and there is no all-weather trans-Australian highway from either east to west or north to south, except along the eastern lowlands. Western Australia, therefore, was left isolated, to develop its own frontier.

This frontier lay to the east of Perth, and it rested on sheep, on minerals, and on timber. (In 1883 one of the richest silver-lead-zinc fields in the world was found at Broken Hill, in New South Wales, and from it, from Tasmania, and from Western Australia would come much of the capital which made the latter part of the nineteenth and early part of the twentieth century boom years for Australia.) Westralia remained an appendage of the east, however, just as Queensland — where sugar cane began to be grown commercially from the 1850s — did of the south-east, and the dryland farmers of South Australia of Victoria and New South Wales. Rather than creating new sub-cultures, as the gold rushes and mining booms of Canada and the United States had done in British Columbia, California, and the Rocky Mountains, mining in Australia sharpened the focus of the continent on its two rapidly growing cities, Melbourne and Sydney. Most of Western Australia remains frontier today, in the sense of being unsettled land, but despite the vigour of its capital, Perth, it remains part of an eastern-based economy of exploitation, given to 'independence' movements and, like the New England district of New South Wales, talk of more fully autonomous status.

The fourth frontier of Australia showed more superficial similarities to those of North America, and it lay not within the continent but outside: to the Near North, in New Guinea. Populated with Stone Age cultures which European imperialism had passed by until the 1870s, New Guinea was at first of interest only because it attracted the interest of Germany, and because it could provide some black Kanaka labour for the Queensland cane fields. Australia's Africa, it was regarded as too tropical for white settlement, its unattractive aspect reflecting that it was the land God had made on a Saturday night. Queensland asserted its presence in Australian story. Let us consider the differences.

The rush came later, and briefly New Guinea passed through in miniature the phases associated with a Turnerian frontier. New Guinea was a belt of relatively free land which had attracted some Europeans from the 1870s and 1880s. Now the belt of free land was pressed back from the edge of settlement by colour-conscious whites who sought the gold of the highlands. In the 1930s the discovery of the central highland valley system directed attention to the interior, and miners and missionaries sought out the El Dorado so long denied the Australian dream. Planters began to expand after 1951. In New Guinea, as in North America and not as in Australia, encounters between settlers and the aboriginal population were bloody, the land was dangerous, and the sense of being under siege was acute. The last was a self-romanticizing, in fact, on this final frontier, for the native societies of New Guinea did not reach out to attack white settlers, being content to defend themselves from within the interior against unwanted incursions. The result was a popular image of New Guinea out of keeping with the reality, a concern for the great island as the continent's northern defence, and — during the Second World War, when the Japanese tenaciously lodged themselves on the island — an awareness that at last here was a frontier for which one had to fight. Still, no new European society emerged, for the New Guinea frontier was controlled, and closely, by the Australian government, aware of its responsibilities to the League of Nations and its successor, the United Nations. The white settlements replicated those of northern Queensland. New Guinea became neither notably democratic nor notably free.

Much of Australia remains unsettled today, and in this sense frequently is referred to as one of the world's last frontiers. But if by 'frontier' is meant something more subtle than the mere absence of people, something more than a statistical headcount, Australia is not and never was a true frontier. In particular, very little of the classic formulation of a frontier, as given by Turner, applies to the Australian story. Let us consider the differences.

Australia was settled from all sides, its interior proved to be desert, and those moving onto the land were overwhelmingly of British stock. Australia was not a land of abundance in terms of variety, and it did not offer a range of entrepreneurial opportuni-
ties, encouraging concentration of land and monopolistic trading practices rather than free enterprise on the North American model. From the first moment of settlement the average Australian lived in a town; today two-thirds of the population lives in six cities, each on the coast. As one of Australia's distinguished historians, Sir Keith Hancock, has remarked in his autobiography, Australians had "trams on the mind": those who lived in the small towns behind the Blues, the Dandenongs, or the low hills around the ports hankered not for movement further west, not for distance between themselves and others, but for closeness, compactness, and a homogeneous society. 'Mateship', the characteristic Australian term for comradeship, reflected a fear of the Outback, not romantic involvement with it. Australia was an urban society, and Australian democracy sprang not from its frontier but from its cities. To be sure, Jack was as good as his master, but the source of this demand lay in the Chartism of industrial workers, in English lower-class radicalism transplanted almost whole and kept intact in an alien environment. To be sure, Australians were transformed by their environment, but that environment dictates the outer limits of opportunity is neither Turnerian nor new as a conception, as the first Biblical wanderers in the wilderness knew. Australians did not embrace nature, did not assume that one must get back to the land to stand erect; they did not approve of mixing peoples, and they did not emphasize individualism.

To be sure, there were similarities to the Turnerian model as well, and unsurprisingly, since as we have seen his model was highly elastic and capable of embracing contradictions. Australians showed a sense of destiny not unlike that of the first settlers to press beyond the Missouri. They were a violent people, given to quick solutions to immediate problems. They admired the new and held to the old. They moved often from place to place, showing a North American physical and social mobility - but the place to place generally was from town to town, city to city. Perhaps most important, Australians did embrace the myth of the frontier, of the Outback, just as Canadians and Americans embraced similar myths. Australian literature is filled with the balladry, the poetry, and the plain voices of "a harsh land, a land that swings, like heart and blood, from heat to mist", as Ian Mudie has written. Ned Kelly, a Wild Colonial Boy, and other bushrangers would become the plain man's cultural hero, not alone for being independent but for being men who opposed a system which was urban, capitalistic, and imperially-oriented. Australia's most famous painter, Sidney Nolan, who painted Kelly over and over, has caught exactly the Australian frontier and the Australian difference: alone, alienated, and yet fascinated with a mechanical civilization where, however far across the horizon train tracks might run, they inevitably ended at a port, beyond which stood the world upon which Australia depended.

Yet Canadians and Australians continue to embrace the myth of the American frontier. They insist that they are being Americanized, that they are likely to be taken over by American culture, and yet they grasp that which they take to be the mainspring of that culture to themselves. Perhaps they know too much and too little American history for their own good. Perhaps they should read Walter Van Tilburg Clark, a very fine novelist of the American West. Van Tilburg Clark tried, in Track of the Cat (which followed upon his more famous work The Ox-bow Incident), to do for western fiction what Herman Melville did for the eastern seaboard and the American consciousness in Moby Dick. Clark made of his great black panther in Track of the Cat the same kind of figure that the great white whale proved to be: omnipotent, indifferent, unyielding, to man the image of evil, yet also the unattainable good, the object of man's obsession with himself.

We all must be alone with ourselves as God goes a black-berrying amongst the world as we stalk the track if seldom the cat. Each people who are a fragment of European culture must find a means of freeing themselves from it, and the Frontier will do. Thomas Hornsby Ferril also was trying to write about how the west remained a special place as well as a special idea in American thought and why the myth of the frontier would always remain firm, when he wrote these lines:

Two rivers that were here before there was
A city here still come together: one
Is a mountain river flowing into the prairie;
One is a prairie river flowing toward
The mountains but feeling them and turning back
The way some of the people who came here did.

Most of the time these people hardly seemed
To realize they wanted to be remembered,
Because the mountains told them not to die.
I wasn't here, yet I remember them,
That first night long ago, those wagon people
Who pushed aside enough of the cottonwoods
To build our city where the blueness rested.

They were with me, they told me afterward,
When I stood on a splintered wooden viaduct
Before it changed to steel and I to man.
They told me while I stared down at the water:
If you will stay we will not go away.

The function of the myth of the American west has been to see to it that the conviction of American uniqueness has not ceased to operate in the American spirit.

APPENDIX

In 1940 the following counties in the following states had a population density of fewer than ten persons per square mile (in addition to those mentioned in the text): California: 12 (20 per cent of the state), being Mariposa, Alpine, Sierra, Plumas, Lassen, Modoc, Trinity, Mono and Inyo counties with question marks to be placed back of Siskiyou, Del Norte and Tehama; Idaho: 18 (50 per cent of the state), being Clearwater, Idaho, Adams, Valley, Boundary, Lemhi, Boise (not to be confused with the city of that name), Elmore, Camas, Owyhee, Blaine, Custer, Clark, Oneida, Caribou, and possibly Lincoln, Butte and Power counties; Louisiana: one county, or parish, of Cameron; Montana: 45 counties (80 per cent of the state), being Sheridan, Daniels, Roosevelt, Richland, Wabaun, Fallon, Prairie, Carter, Powder River, Rosebud, Treasure, Big Horn, Musselshell, Golden Valley, Garfield, Petroleum, McCone, Valley, Phillips, Fergus, Wheatland, Stillwater, Sweet Grass, Meagher, Broadwater, Madison, Beaverhead, Jefferson, Granite, Ravalli, Powell, Pondera, Toole, Liberty, Choteau, Judith Basin, Glacier, Flathead, Sanders and Lincoln, and possibly Dawson, Custer, Park, Teton and Hill counties as well; Nebraska: 19 counties (30 per cent of the state), being Sheridan, Sioux, Banner, Kimball, Cherry, Keya-paha, Brown, Rock, Loup, Blaine, Thomas, Hooker, Grant, Logan, Arthur, McPherson, Garden, Hayes and Wheeler; Nevada: the entire state with the exception of Ormsby and Storey counties, which comprised 11 per cent of the total land area; and with two counties (Washoe and Clark) on the borderline; New Mexico: 24 counties (70 per cent of the state), being San Juan, Rio Arriba, McKinley, Valencia, Catron, Socorro, Hidalgo, Luna, Lincoln, Eddy (yes!), Roosevelt, De Baca, Guadalupe, Quay, Torrance, San Miguel, Union and Harding, with Sandoval, Sierra, Grant, Otero, Chaves and Lea as question marks; North Dakota: 10 counties (35 per cent of the state), being Kidder, Grant, Sioux, McKenzie, Billings, Golden Valley, Dunn, Slope, Adams and Bowman; Oklahoma: 3 counties, being Beaver and Texas, and possibly Cimarron — in short, the entire Panhandle; Oregon: 14 counties (55 per cent of the state), being Gilliam, Sherman, Wallowa, Jefferson, Deschutes, Crook, Wheeler, Grant, Malheur, Harney, Lake and Curry, and possibly Morrow and Douglas; South Dakota: 25 counties (40 per cent of the state), being Harding,
Perkins, Corson, Dewey, Ziebach, Butte, Meade, Haakon, Shannon, Washabaugh, Bennett, Mellette, Todd, Tripp, Lyman, Jones, Stanley, Sully, Potter, Hyde, Edmunds, Faulk, Hand, Buffalo, and Aurora; Texas: 47 counties (30 per cent of the state), being Throckmorton, King, Kent, Borden, Armstrong, Briscoe, Andrews, Loving, Reeves, Pecos, Crone, Upton, Reagan, Irion, Glasscock, Sterling, Terrell, Crockett, Sutton, Kimble, Menard, Jeff Davis, Schleicher, Real, Edwards, Val Verde, Kinney, Brewster, Presidio, Hudspeth, Culberson, Kenedy (the King Ranch), Jim Hogg, Zapata, McMullen, Deaf Smith, Oldham, Hartley, Moore, Roberts, Lipscomb, Ochiltree and Hansford, to which one might add Bandera, Hemphill, Sherman and Dallam counties; Utah: 21 counties (75 per cent of the state), being Box Elder, Tooele, Juab, Millard, Rich, Morgan, Summit, Daggett, Wasatch, Duchesne, Uintah, Grand, San Juan, Emory, Wayne, Kane, Garfield, Washington, Beaver, Piute, and perhaps Iron; Washington: 8 counties (20 per cent of the state), being Jefferson, Ferry, Douglas, Grant and Skamania, and perhaps Okanogan, Lincoln and Adams; Wyoming: 20 counties out of 24, being Crook, Campbell, Weston, Niobrara, Johnson, Big Horn, Washakie, Converse, Platte, Albany, Carbon, Fremont, Hot Springs, Sweetwater, Uinta, Lincoln, Sublette, Teton and Yellowstone, and possibly even Natrona, despite Casper. The county names in the other states mentioned in the text were: Florida: Liberty, Okeechobee, Glades, Collier and Hendry; Kansas: Hodgeman, Haskell, Grant, Stanton, Morton, Stevens, Kearny, Hamilton, Wichita, Gove, Logan, Wallace and Greeley; Minnesota – Lake-of-the-Woods, Lake and Cook. The unquestionably 'under ten' Nevada counties were Lyon, Douglas, Churchill, Pershing, Humboldt, Elko, Eureka, White Pine, Lander, Mineral, Nye, Esmeralda, and Lincoln. (All names are listed in a sequence which represents how one would view them from a map, that is as adjacent units, and not in terms of population.) Alaska is not divided by counties.

Not only are the place names instructive in themselves, since relatively few ape eastern names (unlike the names used in the states carved out of the Old Northwest), but as one views them on the map one can see that they fall together into large units which form common patterns based upon river systems or railways. The Texas list, for example, may be broken into four clear groups (with four isolated counties left outside these groups). It is also instructive to set these names against the 1950 census, which incorporates much of the westward movement and the urbanization which occurred during the Second World War. Selecting at random, one finds that frontiers remained, for of the 25 South Dakota counties only four passed above the statistical break-line, of the 21 Utah units only six, of the eight Washington counties only the three problematic ones, and of the 47 Texan counties, only eight.
cultural cycle blind us to the radically unlike which co-exists with the dominant forms, though submerged by them, or subdued. Every period has its minority interests, which the discerning eye must note even when the minority does not enlarge into the majority of the next generation. The burden of diagnosis is then to say what the dissonant note contributed to the harmony, how it came to be part of it, and what fresh, unsuspected, general problem its resolution would imply. The motions of the whirligig of taste present a multitude of riddles—why did the geometrical Spinoza languish in the century of geometry and flourish in the biological century of Goethe? Why are there so few avowed Pragmatists today, when pragmatic doctrine oozes out of the pores of all our straining existentialists and positivists? These questions, like the rest, will not be evaded by the cultural historian, present or future, who sees his duty clear. But he will be able to answer them only by the application of such finesse as he is gifted with. Intelligibility being his goal, he cannot escape the effort to understand; he cannot ask somebody else to explain nor shut his eyes and count. It is insight, after the count has shown a preponderance of old-fashioned dwellings, that makes him say the dominant architecture of New York is modern. The rest is footnotes.

TIME, HISTORY, AND THE SOCIAL SCIENCES: Braudel

[Lucien Fevbre once called Henri Berr's *Revue de synthèse historique* a "Trojan horse" in the camp of traditional historians. In 1929, Fevbre and the great historian Marc Bloch founded the *Annales d'histoire économique et sociale*, in order to continue that challenge to conventional historiography. Around that journal grew up a school which for decades has had an extraordinary influence. Combining a traditional, humanistic view of history with questions and methods adopted from other disciplines and insisting on a broad definition of the historian's proper field, the *Annales* school has inspired meticulous scholarship of an interdisciplinary character as well as continuous, critical reflection on historical methods. "By example and accomplishment," the editors of *Annales* hoped to promote what at the end of his life Bloch called "that broadened and deepened history which some of us—more every day—have begun to conceive."

Fernand Braudel (b. 1902) has been a leading member of that school; his monumental *La Méditerranée et le monde méditerranéen à l'époque de Philippe II* (1949) is the record of an historian gradually extending his field, beginning with the relatively narrow subject of Philip's policy and ending up by placing that subject into a wider context of a regional culture, defined by its physical, human, and material setting. The book stands as the history of a civilization at a particular time and
embraces the breadth that the *Annales* school had always sought. That a scientific historian can also bring deep empathy and, indeed, love for his subject Braudel's work exemplifies—and even his well-known essay on method suggests the balanced concern between the historian's need to understand the structure of a society as it evolved over a long time and his pleasure at reconstructing the particular as it occurred at a given moment.

This essay, which first appeared in *Annales* in 1958, is here reprinted, translated by Sian France, with one section shortened.]

**HISTORY AND THE SOCIAL SCIENCES: THE LONG TERM**

There is a general crisis in the human sciences: they are all overwhelmed by the extent of the progress they have made, if only because of the accumulation of new knowledge and the need for collective research, which has yet to be imaginatively organized. Directly or indirectly, willingly or unwillingly, all are affected by the advances achieved by the most active among them, while on the other hand they still have to contend with an insidious and backward-looking humanism which can no longer provide them with an adequate framework. All, some more consciously than others, are preoccupied with their position in relation to the monstrous body of research, old and new, the co-ordination of which now seems essential.

Will the human sciences find a way out of these difficulties by a further effort at definition or an increased display of bad temper? Perhaps they mistakenly think they have found a way out, since at present they seem to be increasingly preoccupied (at the risk of going back over very old ground or raising false problems) with redefining their aims, methods, and hierarchies. There are endless border disputes over the frontiers which divide them, or fail to divide them, or only inadequately divide them from neighboring disciplines. For each secretly dreams of remaining inside, or returning to, its original territory. A few isolated scholars are working toward closer links: under the impulsion of Claude Lévi-Strauss, "structural" anthropology is moving toward the methods of linguistics, the horizons of "unconscious" history, and the youthful and expansionist empire of "qualitative" mathematics. His aim is to create a "science of communication" which would combine anthropology, political economy, and linguistics. But is anyone else prepared to step over the boundaries and set up interdisciplinary groups? At the slightest provocation, even geography would sever its link with history.

But let us be fair: such disputes and hesitations are not without interest. The desire for self-assertion lies behind all fresh inquiry: denial of another's position is in itself a measure of recognition. What is more, without explicitly seeking to do so, the social sciences do overlap to some extent, each one tending toward a comprehensive view of society in its "totality"; each one, believing itself on home ground, encroaches on its neighbor's territory. Economics discovers common frontiers with sociology; history, perhaps the least structured of the human sciences, is willing to draw the lessons taught by its many neighbors and to spread their influence. Thus in spite of reluctance, opposition, and complacent ignorance, the outline of a future "common market" can be glimpsed; it is an ideal worth pursuing in the coming years, even if at a later stage each discipline would find it profitable for awhile to return to a more narrowly individual path.

But the immediate need is for closer links. In the United States, this cooperation has taken the form of collective research into the cultural groupings of the world today: "area studies" consist primarily of research by teams of social scientists into the political giants of modern times: China, India, Russia, Latin America, the United States. To understand them has become a matter of survival. Even when this pooling of techniques and information has been achieved, there is still the danger that each of the participants might remain buried in his own particular area, as deaf and blind as in the past to what is being said, written, and thought by others. And there is still the danger that not all the social sciences will be drawn into the project, that the older disciplines, for example, might be neglected in favor of the younger, whose promise is so great, even if their achievement is not always on the same level. The place allotted to geography, for example, in these American projects is negligible, and that given to history extremely small. And one might well ask what kind of history.

The other social sciences are very little aware of the crisis through which history has passed in the course of the last twenty or thirty years, and they have tended to neglect not only the work of historians but also that aspect of social reality of which history has always been a faithful servant, if not always a good public relations officer: that is, the dimension of time in
society, the many-stranded and contradictory notions of time in the lives of men, which make up not only the substance of the past but the very fabric of social life in the present. There is therefore all the more reason, in the current debate within the social sciences, to stress as forcefully as possible the importance and usefulness of history, or rather of the dialectic of the different notions of time, which repeatedly emerges from the historian's activity; to us there is nothing more important—indeed, central to social reality—than the sharp, intimate, and indefinitely repeated opposition between the single moment and the slow unfolding of time. Whether one is studying the past or the present, a clear awareness of the plurality of social time is indispensable if there is to be any shared methodology of the social sciences.

I shall therefore have much to say about history and historical time: not so much for the benefit of the students of history who are likely to read this article and who are familiar with our work, as for that of our colleagues in neighboring disciplines: economists, ethnographers, ethnologists (or anthropologists), sociologists, psychologists, linguists, demographers, geographers, even social mathematicians or statisticians—all colleagues whose experiments and research we have watched with interest for many years, because it seemed (and still seems) to us that, by following in their footsteps or by making contact with them, history could be made to appear in a new light. Perhaps we in turn have something to offer them. From recent historical research and experiment there has emerged—although the degree to which it has been consciously formulated and accepted may vary—an increasingly precise concept of the multiple nature of time and, in particular, of the value of the long-term view of time. It is this concept, rather than history in general—history in all its diversity—which should interest our colleagues in the social sciences.

1. History and the Different Notions of Time

The work of every historian breaks down the chronological reality of past time, more or less consciously choosing and excluding. The dramatic, staccato rhythms of traditional historiography, with its emphasis on the short term, the individual, and the event, have long been familiar to us.

Recent economic and social history places the concept of cyclical change at the center of its research and intends to keep it there. It has been captivated by the mirage—and the reality—of the cyclical rise and fall of prices. So alongside the narrative (or "dramatic rendering") of traditional history, there is another kind of history, which takes as its subject large periods of time—ten, twenty, or fifty years—in order to discover the background circumstances of events.

Over and above this second type there is a third, this time on an even greater scale, a history which measures in centuries: this is the history of the long, even the very long, term. Whatever its merits, I have found this expression useful for describing the opposite of what François Simiand was one of the first after Paul Lacombe to call "the history of events" (l'Histoire événementielle). The expressions are not very important: whatever one chooses to call them, the present discussion will range from one end of the spectrum of time to the other, from the instantaneous to the long term.

Not that one can be absolutely sure about these words: the word "event," for example. I should like to see it confined to a very short period of time: an event is like an explosion "blaring out the news," as they would have said in the 16th century. Contemporary consciousness is blinded by its deceptive smoke, but its flash is brief and cannot be recalled.

Philosophers would no doubt argue that this is to empty the word of a good deal of its meaning. An event, in really determined hands, can be loaded with a whole series of meanings and relationships, respectable or not. It may sometimes bear witness to very deep-seated movements, and through the interaction, whether real or imagined, of the "causes" and "effects" much loved by yesterday's historians, it may acquire a resonance reaching far beyond its own duration. Capable of infinite extension, it may be more or less closely attached to a whole chain of events and underlying realities which thereafter seem impossible to disentangle one from another. By this game of infinite addition, Benedetto Croce could claim that the whole of history and the whole of mankind are contained in embryo in every event, where they can be re-discovered at will. The necessary condition, of course, being that the searcher must add to this fragment something that it did not at first appear to contain and must therefore know what it is admissible—or inadmissible—to add. It is this ingenious and dangerous game which is proposed in recent articles by Jean-Paul Sartre.

So for the sake of clarity, let us speak not of time measured in events but of time in the short term, time as the individual understands it, time in our daily life, our dreams, and our superficial consciousness of the past—time as understood by the
diarist and the journalist. Alongside the great, so-called historic events, however, a diary or a newspaper records the trivial incidents of everyday life: a fire, a railway accident, the price of corn, a crime, a theatrical performance, or a flood. It will be clear from this that there is a short term in all forms of life, economic, social, literary, institutional, religious, geographical even (a gale or a thunderstorm), as well as political.

At first glance, the past appears to consist of this mass of details, some spectacular, others unsensational and constantly repeated, the same details which supply the daily raw material of microsociology or sociometry in their study of the present (there is a microhistory too). But this mass is far from constituting the whole of reality, the immense and complex fabric of history which alone can be the object of scientific study. Social science shies away from the event: and not without reason, for the short-term perspective is the most distorting and unpredictable lens through which to view reality.

For this reason, some of us historians are extremely wary of traditional history, the so-called history of events, a label which is sometimes confused with political history, somewhat inaccurately, since political history is neither necessarily nor inevitably confined to events. But it is a fact that apart from the artificial generalizations without any real existence in time with which it used to punctuate its narrative, apart too from the long-term explanations which could not very well be avoided, the history written during the last hundred years, almost invariably political history, focusing on the drama of "great events," worked in and through the short-term perspective. Perhaps this was the price that had to be paid for the progress made during the same period toward the scientific perfection of the tools of research and of a more rigorous methodology. The large-scale discovery of historical documents led historians to believe that the whole truth lay in documentary evidence. Not very long ago, Louis Halphen could still write: "One has only to let oneself be, as it were, carried along by the documents, read in sequence just as they occur, to see the great chain of events reconstruct itself almost automatically before one's eyes." Toward the end of the 19th century, this ideal of "history in the making" led to a new style of narrative, governed by a desire for accuracy at all costs, following, step by step, the history of events as it emerged from diplomatic correspondence and parliamentary debates. The historians of the 18th and early 19th centuries had been very much more concerned with the long-term view of history, which at a later date only the great mind of a Michelet, a Ranke, a Burckhardt, or a Fustel de Coulanges was able to re-discover. If it is accepted that this ability to see beyond the short term has been the most valuable, because the most rare, quality of historical writing during the last hundred years, it will be easy to recognize the outstanding role played by the history of institutions, religions, and civilizations and, thanks to archaeology, which is used to working in great chronological depth, the pioneer role played by studies of classical antiquity. In the recent past, they were the salvation of our profession.

The recent break with the traditional historiography of the 19th century has not meant a complete break away from the short-term view. It operated, as we know, to the advantage of economic and social history, but political history was less well served. It undoubtedly provoked a revolution, a renewal of ideas, inevitably accompanied by methodological change and a shift of centers of interest with the introduction of quantitative history, of which we have certainly not heard the last.

But above all, there has been a change in the traditional concept of historical time. A day or a year were perfectly acceptable units for measuring time as far as the political historian of yesterday was concerned. Time was a sum of days. But a price curve, a population increase, wage movements, variations in interest rates, the study of production (which is still something of a dream), a precise analysis of the circulation of goods—all require much greater units of measurement.

A new type of historical narrative has appeared, which we might call the "recitative" of the total situation, of the cycle or indeed the "intercycle"; it offers us a selection of time scales: the decade, the quarter century or, as its largest unit, the half century of Kondratieff's classic cycle. For instance, apart from some minor superficial fluctuations, prices rose in Europe from 1791 to 1817; they declined from 1817 to 1852: this leisurely twofold movement of rise and fall represents a complete intercycle for Europe and, more or less, for the rest of the world. Of course, these particular chronological periods have no absolute value. If one were measuring something other than prices—economic growth, for instance, national income, or national product—François Perroux would no doubt suggest other, possibly more valid divisions. But this continuing debate is of secondary importance. The historian undoubtedly now has a new time perspective at his disposal, one which attains the sta-
tus of an explanatory framework into which attempts can be made to fit history, organizing it according to new patterns determined by these cyclical fluctuations.

It is in this spirit that Ernest Labrousse and his pupils, following the presentation of their manifesto at the last historical congress in Rome (1955), have set to work on a vast survey of social history under the banner of quantification. I do not think I am misrepresenting their intention when I say that this inquiry must inevitably lead to the definition of long-term social factors (or even social structures) whose rate of movement cannot automatically be assumed to be the same as that of economic factors. We should not, by the way, let these two imposing figures, economic situation and social situation, cause us to lose sight of other actors whose movements will be difficult, perhaps impossible, to trace for lack of precise methods of measurement. Science, technology, political institutions, intellectual equipment, civilizations (to use that convenient term), all have their own rhythm of life and growth, and the new situational history will only be ready for performance when all the instruments are assembled.

Logically, this new type of historical narrative, because of the tendency of its field of inquiry to expand, should have led toward a long-term perspective, on history. But for a variety of reasons, expansion has not been the rule, and we are now seeing a return to the short-term perspective. Perhaps this is because it has seemed more necessary (or more urgent) to forge links between "cyclical" history and traditional short-term history than to go forward into the unknown. In military terms it is what would be called consolidating acquired positions. Ernest Labrousse's first great book, published in 1933, was a study of the general movement of prices in France during the 18th century—a movement, that is, covering a whole century. In 1943, in the most important historical work to be published in France during the last twenty-five years, the same author, succumbing to the need to return to a more manageable time-span, discovered in the depths of the 1774-1791 depression one of the most powerful sources, or "launching pads," of the French Revolution. Even then he was considering half an intercycle, a fairly extensive period of time. His contribution to the International Congress in Paris in 1948, Comment naissent les révolutions? ("How Are Revolutions Born?") attempts to link a dramatic rendering of short-term economic factors (new style) with a dramatic rendering of political factors (very old style)—the revolutionary days. This takes us right back to a short-term view of history. It is, of course, a perfectly legitimate and useful exercise, but how symptomatic it is! Historians are fond of dramatization. How can they resist the theatrical possibilities of the short-term view of history, the best tricks of a very old trade?

Over and above cycles and intercycles, there is what economists, without necessarily having studied it, call the secular trend. As yet it has only tempted a few economists, and their ideas on structural crises, untested by historical verification, are at this stage little more than suggestions and hypotheses which, at most, only penetrate into the recent past, as far back as 1929 or the 1870's at the outside. But they do offer a useful introduction to long-term history. They provide the first key.

A second, much more useful concept is that of structure. For good or ill, this word is of the greatest importance in problems arising from the long-term view of history. To students of society, structure means organization, coherence, a set of fairly stable relationships between social reality and the body of society. To historians like ourselves, while structure does, of course, mean an assembly of parts, a framework, it signifies more particularly a reality which survives through long periods of time and is only slowly eroded. Some particularly long-lived structures become the stable elements of generation after generation: they resist the course of history and therefore determine its flow. Other structures disintegrate more quickly. But all structures act both as foundations and obstacles. As obstacles, they may form a sometimes insuperable barrier (an envelope in the mathematical sense) to man and his attempts at experiment. How difficult it would be to transform certain geographical and biological realities, restrictions on productivity, or even to break out of intellectual constraints: for mental habits too can be a long-term prison.

The most obvious and accessible example is still that of geographical determinism. Man may remain for centuries a prisoner of the climate, vegetation, animal population, types of crops, and the gradually accumulated equilibrium of his habitat, which he cannot disturb without compromising the entire structure. Take, for example, the importance of the seasonal migration of flocks in the life of mountain populations: the permanent establishment of maritime civilization at certain favored sites on the coast; the enduring location of cities; the survival of certain routes and flows of traffic: the astonishing persistence of the geographical framework of civilizations.
Similar examples of permanence and survival can be found in the immense history of culture. Ernst Robert Curtius's magnificent book, which is at last to appear in French, is the study of a cultural system which, while selectively distorting it, yet prolonged the Latin civilization of the late Empire which was itself crushed under the burden of its own enormous heritage: until the 15th and 14th centuries, until the birth of national literatures, the civilization of the intellectual élite continued to be nourished on the same themes, the same comparisons, the same maxims and commonplaces. Following a similar line of thought, Lucien Febvre's study *Rabelais et le problème de l'incroyance au XVIIe siècle* ("Rabelais and the Problem of Unbelief in the 16th Century"), sets out to analyze the intellectual framework of French thought in the age of Rabelais, the body of conceptions which, well before Rabelais and long after him, regulated the expression of life, thought, and belief and imposed strict limits on the spirit of intellectual adventure in even the most emancipated minds. Similarly the subject studied by Alphonse Dupront is one of the best examples of the new research being carried out by the French school of history. The survival of the idea of the crusade in the West after the 14th century, that is, long after the "true" Crusades, is traced by Dupront in the persistence of a lasting attitude constantly re-emerging in the most diverse societies, civilizations, and psychological climates and illuminating with its last rays the men of the 19th century. In yet another related field, Pierre Francastel's *Peinture et société* ("Painting and Society") describes the continuance of a "geometric" conception of pictorial space which remained unchanged from the very beginning of the Florentine Renaissance until the coming of cubism and the intellectual painting of the early 20th century. The history of science too has its examples: theories of the universe which for all their inadequacy as explanations were nevertheless regularly accepted for centuries and only discarded after very long service. The Aristotelian system ruled virtually undisputed until Galileo, Descartes, and Newton; it then gave way to a totally geometric theory of the universe which was to crumble in turn, but much later, in the face of the revolutionary theories of Einstein.

By an apparent paradox, the area where the long-term approach encounters the greatest difficulty is that very area where historical research has achieved undoubted success: economic history. Here the concepts of cycles, intercycles, and structural crises may obscure the continuity and permanence of economic systems or, as some would say, economic civilizations—that is, established patterns of thinking and acting, stubborn patterns which have sometimes survived against all logic.

Let me illustrate this with an example, one that is quickly analyzed. Close at hand, in the history of Europe, we have an economic system which can be characterized according to a few lines and fairly clear general rules: it remained in position more or less from the 14th to the 18th century; to be on the safe side, let us say until about 1750. For several centuries, economic activity was dependent on demographically vulnerable populations, as can be seen from the great decline of 1350–1450 and doubtless from that of 1630–1730. For several centuries waterways and shipping dominated the exchange of goods: any land mass was an obstacle, very much a second best. All the centers of trade expansion in Europe, apart from exceptions that prove the rule (the fairs of Champagne, already in decline at the beginning of the period, or the Leipzig fairs at the end, in the 18th century), were situated on the coastal fringes. Other characteristics of this system were the prime importance of the merchant class; the prominent part played by precious metals, gold, silver, and even copper, competition between which did not abate, and even then not completely, until the vital development of credit machinery at the end of the 16th century; the recurrent catastrophes of seasonal agricultural crisis; the instability of the very basis of economic life; and lastly, the disproportionate importance, at first sight, of one or two large foreign trading areas: the Levant from the 12th to the 16th century and the colonies in the 18th century.

I have just defined, or rather listed like others before me, the major features of commercial capitalism in Western Europe, a system which had a long life. In spite of all the obvious changes which affected them, these four or five centuries of economic life did have a certain coherence, which lasted until the convulsions of the 18th century and the industrial revolution from which we have not yet emerged. Certain features remained constant throughout this period, while all around, despite continuity in some other areas, disruption and upheaval were changing the face of the world.

Of the possible approaches to the problem of time in history, then, the long-term perspective is one which is somewhat awkward, complicated, and often unprecedented. To make it central to our discipline will be no straightforward matter, no ordinary extension of studies and horizons. Nor will it be a matter of adopting the new perspective to the exclusion of all others. The
I do not claim to have given in the preceding lines a definition of the historian’s task—merely one conception of what that task might be. It would take some confidence and naiveté to believe that after the storms of recent years we have found the cost principles, the unchallenged boundaries, or that we are in a position to found a school. In fact, of course, all the branches of the social sciences are in a state of constant transformation caused both by internal change within each subject and the vigorous development of the whole complex. History is no exception. There is no immediate prospect of quiet waters, nor has the time come for founding schools. It is a long way from Charles Victor Langlois and Charles Seignobos to Marc Bloch. But the wheel has continued to turn since Marc Bloch.

For a collection of specialized tasks and perspectives from the past, the present, and the future—to my mind, the greatest mistake would be to adopt one kind of history to the exclusion of all others. That would be to repeat the error of the historicists. Of course, it will be no easy task to convince all historians of this, still less the social scientists who seem to be so determined that we should return to the historiography of the past. A great deal of time and effort will be required before all these changes and innovations are accepted under the old label of history. Nevertheless, a new historical “science” has come into being and is still at the stage of questioning and transforming its own nature. It began in France in 1900, with the Revue de synthèse historique., and continued after 1929 with the Annales. The historian now became anxious to concern himself with all the human sciences, and this has led our subject toward unfamiliar frontiers and fields of inquiry. So do not let us imagine that the same barriers still divide the historian from the social scientist as separated them in the past. All the human sciences, including history, are contaminated by each other. They all speak, or are capable of speaking, the same language.

An observer attempting to understand the world, whether in 1558 or in the year of grace 1958, must first define a hierarchy of forces, currents, and individual movements, then stand back to take a comprehensive view. At every step in his research he will have to distinguish between long and continuing movements and short outbreaks of activity, the latter to be analyzed from their origins in the immediate past, the former from their starting point far back in time. The world of 1558, somber as it was for France, was not created at the beginning of that unappealing year, any more than another difficult year for France began on New Year’s Day of 1958. All “current affairs” are a compound of movements of varying origin and rhythm: today’s time is the result of yesterday, the day before yesterday, and many days before that.

2. The Case against the Short-term View

These may seem commonplace truths. The social sciences, however, have shown little inclination to pursue research into time past. Not that they can be formally accused and found guilty of consistently refusing to accept history and time as necessary dimensions of their studies. Indeed, they even appear to welcome them: “diachronic” analysis, which reintroduces history into the argument, is never omitted from their theoretical discussions.

But apart from these concessions, it must be admitted that the social sciences, by inclination, by deeply rooted instinct, and possibly by training, always tend to eliminate historical explanation; they avoid it by two more or less contrasting procedures: either they reduce social studies almost entirely to events, one might even say to current events, by means of an empirical sociology which disdains all history and confines itself to instant material and on-the-spot surveys; or they simply omit the time dimension altogether, seeking from “communication science” the mathematical formulation of structures which are as it were timeless. It is, of course, with this second approach
that our chief interest lies. But the event-based school of thought still has enough supporters to make it worthwhile considering both aspects of this question in turn.

I have already expressed my distrust of a history which merely records events. To be fair, however, it must be admitted that history, although frequently singled out, is by no means the only culprit in this respect. All the social sciences are prone to fall into this trap. Economists, demographers, geographers all divide their attention (unevenly) between past and present; they would do well to rectify the balance: this is easy and indeed compulsory for demographers; it goes almost without saying for geographers (especially for French geographers, brought up on Vidal de La Blache); but it is rare indeed among economists, who have become the prisoners of an extremely short perspective, caught between a past which hardly goes further back than 1945, and a present which can be extended by planning and forecasts into an immediate future of a few months, or at very most a few years. I would maintain that the whole of economic thought is inhibited by this temporal restriction. Economists would argue that it is the task of the historian to go back beyond 1945 in search of previous economic systems; but by so doing they are cutting themselves off from a heaven-sent field of observation which they have relinquished of their own free will, while not denying its value. Economists have fallen into the habit of putting themselves at the service of the immediate need and the government of the day.

The position of ethnographers and anthropologists is neither as clear-cut nor as alarming. Some of them, it is true, have firmly insisted on the impossibility (but, then, every intellectual has to face the impossible) as well as the futility of admitting history as an aspect of their subject. But this high-handed rejection of history was not very profitable to Malinowski and his disciples. For how can anthropology fail to concern itself with history? As Lévi-Strauss is fond of saying, anthropologists and historians are both participants in the same intellectual adventure. There is no society, however primitive, on which the "claws of events" have not left their mark, nor is there any society whose history has sunk entirely without trace. It would therefore be quite wrong to complain of neglect from this quarter.

There are, on the other hand, strong arguments for criticizing the short-term perspective taken to its furthest limit in that kind of sociology which relies on instant surveys, surveys on every possible subject, mingling sociology, psychology, and economics. They are as fashionable in France as anywhere else. In their way, they are a constant gamble on the unique value of time present, with its "volcanic" heat and teeming richness. What point can there be in returning to time past? In comparison it is an impoverished, oversimplified wasteland, stripped by silence, a mere reconstruction—and that is the key word, reconstruction. But is the past indeed as dead and reconstructed as these arguments would have us believe? No doubt the historian finds it all too easy to extract from a period of the past what he considers to be its essential feature; as Henri Pirenne would say, he has no trouble in selecting the "important events," in other words, "those which have had consequences." The danger inherent in this simplification is plain to see. But what would the observer of the present not give to be able to step back (or rather to step forward to some vantage point in the future) and see contemporary life simplified and stripped of its mask, instead of confused and incomprehensible as it is now under its veil of minor signs and activities? Claude Lévi-Strauss claims that an hour's conversation with a contemporary of Plato would tell him more about the coherence or otherwise of classical Greece than any lectures on Greek history. I dare say it would. But that would be because for years he has been listening to the many Greek voices which have been saved from the silence of oblivion. It is the historian who has equipped him for his journey through time. I doubt very much whether an hour in present-day Greece would tell him a great deal about the coherence or otherwise of contemporary Greek society.

What is more, the investigator of the present can only penetrate to the fine grain of the existing structures by a similar process of reconstruction, by advancing hypotheses and explanations, by refusing to accept reality at face value, by either simplifying or adding to it: these are all ways of escaping from one's material the better to understand it, but what they have in common is that they are all reconstructions. I doubt whether the sociological photograph of the present is any more "true" than the historical painting of the past, and the more it tries to avoid reconstruction the less true it will be.

Philippe Ariès has stressed the important part played in historical explanation by surprise, by the sensation of unfamiliarity: when you enter the 16th century you are suddenly aware of being in a strange environment—strange, that is, to you, an observer from the 20th century. Why should it be strange? There is your problem for you. But I would also argue that sur-
prise, unfamiliarity, and distance—which are all paths toward knowledge—are equally necessary for the understanding of the immediate environment which is so familiar that one no longer sees it clearly. If a Frenchman spends a year in London, he will not learn a great deal about England. But by comparison, in the light of his surprise at what he finds there, he will suddenly become aware of some of the most fundamental and individual characteristics of France, which he had never noticed because they had always been there. Compared with the present, the past likewise reveals no familiar landmarks from which bearings can be taken.

Historians and social scientists could no doubt argue indefinitely about lifeless documents and about eye-witness accounts which are too close to life, a past that is too remote and a present that is too close for comfort. I do not think this a fundamental problem. Past and present will always throw mutual light on each other. An observer who studies nothing but the immediate present will continually have his eye caught by anything which moves quickly or glitters (whether gold or not): by sudden changes, loud noises, or ostentatious display. The danger of producing a mere catalogue of events, as exhaustive as any produced by the historical disciplines, is a trap into which any hurried observer may fall—the anthropologist who devotes three months of field study to a Polynesian tribe or the industrial sociologist who parades the snapshots provided by his latest survey or thinks that an ingenious questionnaire and a set of computer cards will enable him to give a complete account of a social mechanism. Social reality is a more elusive prey.

For instance, what can be the possible significance to the social sciences as a whole of the route followed by a young girl as she goes from her home in the 16th arrondissement to her music lesson and to Sciences-Po, as described in a vast—and not at all bad—survey of the Parisian region? It makes a nice map. But if she had been studying agriculture and practicing water skiing, her triangular journey would have been completely different. I am only too happy to see a map showing the distribution of the homes of employees of a large firm. But if I cannot also have before me a map showing their previous distribution, or if the intervals at which the data has been collected are not long enough to see whether there has been some development, where on earth is the problem, without which the whole operation is a complete waste of time? At best, the value of these surveys for surveying's sake lies in their accumulation of information; they are not at all certain to be useful ipso facto even for future studies. Let us beware of art for art's sake.

Similarly, I do not see how a sociological survey, such as those we have seen conducted in Auxerre or Vienne in the Dauphiné, can be centered on the study of any single town without being set in a wider historical perspective. Every town, being as it is a society built on tension, with its crises, sudden changes, temporary breakdowns, and its constant need to plan, must be considered in the context of the rural complex which surrounds it and the networks formed by neighboring towns, whose importance Richard Hapke was one of the first to point out. It cannot therefore be studied in isolation from the historical development of this complex, which may often have its roots far back in time. Surely it is not a matter of indifference but, on the contrary, absolutely vital, when one records some particular form of town-country exchange or of industrial or commercial competition, to know whether what one is witnessing is the rise of a new movement, the tail end of an old one, an echo from the very distant past, or a monotonously recurring phenomenon?

To sum up: Lucien Febvre, during the last ten years of his life, was fond of saying, "History, science of the past and science of the future." Indeed, is not history, the dialectic of the different notions of time, in its own way an explanation of social reality in its entirety and therefore of the immediate present as well as the past? The lesson it has to teach us in this context is to be on guard against the event: to beware of thinking exclusively in a short time perspective or of supposing that today's headlines are necessarily the authentic features of our age; there are others who move in silence. As which among us does not know?

3. Communication and Social Mathematics

Perhaps it was unnecessary to spend so long at the troubled frontiers of short-term attitudes to time, where the debate continues without producing much of interest or, at any rate, of startling utility. A much more vital debate is that between ourselves and those of our colleagues who have been seduced by the latest experiments in social science, conducted under the twin banner of "communication" and mathematics.

This time it will not be easy to plead my cause; that is, it will be somewhat difficult to relate these new departures to historical time, since at first sight they seem to lie completely outside it. In fact, though, no social study lies beyond the scope of history.

In any case, the reader who wishes to follow this discussion
(whether to agree or disagree with what I have to say) would do well to clarify his own mind, one by one, the terms of a vocabulary which, although by no means entirely new, has been re-adopted and given a new meaning in the course of recent debate. There is clearly no more to be said about "the event" and the "long term," and little about "structures," although the expression—and the reality it expresses—are still to some extent the subject of uncertainty and argument. Nor need we linger long over the words synchrony and diachrony; they are self-explanatory, although their function in an actual social study is not always as easy to define as it looks. In fact, in historical language (as I understand it), one could hardly speak of perfect synchrony: to halt everything at one moment in time, to suspend as it were all the different concepts of time, is a notion bordering on the absurd or, what comes to the same thing, the extremely artificial. Similarly, a diachronic journey down the slopes of time can only be conceived in the form of many simultaneous journeys down the varied and innumerable streams of time.

With these reservations, a brief mention of these terms will serve for the moment. But we must be more explicit as regards unconscious history, models, and social mathematics. The necessary comments I am about to make can—and I hope soon will—be regarded as a contribution to the formulation of a set of problems common to all the social sciences. Unconscious history is, of course, the history of unconscious processes. "Men make their history but they do not know that they are making it." Marx's famous statement illumines the unexplored region, which is by no means confined to historians (on the contrary, they have merely followed and adapted to their own purposes the initiatives of the new social sciences), new tools of learning and investigation have been developed: amongst them models, some of which are more or less perfected, others still at an elementary stage. Models are simply hypotheses, explanatory systems of economic history, for instance, although it is felt increasingly strongly today. The revolution—for it has been a revolution of the mind—has lain in the new determination to tackle squarely the half-light of unconscious history and to give it a place of increasing importance, alongside and to the detriment of the history of events.

In the course of prospecting this unexplored region, which is based on the observation of one particular social environment, can thus be applied to other social environments of a similar nature occurring at other times and in other places. This gives the model its recurring validity.

Such explanatory systems may be of infinite variety, depending on the temperament, calculation, or intentions of those who use them: they may be simple or complex, qualitative or quantitative, static or dynamic, mechanical or statistical. This last distinction I owe to Lévi-Strauss. A mechanical model adopts the form of an equation or a function: A equals B or determines C; X is never found unaccompanied by Y, and close and regular relationships are therefore evident between the two. A carefully constructed model, although in fact based on the observation of one particular social environment, can thus be applied to other social environments of a similar character occurring at other times and in other places. This gives the model its recurring validity.

At a certain remove; and suppose furthermore, until we have proof to the contrary, that this unconscious is to be regarded as scientifically richer than the dazzling surface we are accustomed to watching: scientifically richer, that is, simpler and easier to exploit—if not to discover. But the passage from the bright surface to the darkness below—from sound to silence—is a difficult journey full of pitfalls. It should also be added that "unconscious" history, which belongs partly to a situational, but even more to a structural time scale, is often more clearly perceived than is commonly admitted. Each of us senses the existence of a universal history, outside our own lives, although we are more conscious, it is true, of its thrusting force than of the laws which govern it or the direction in which it is moving. Nor is this awareness anything new (in economic history, for instance), although it is felt increasingly strongly today. The revolution—for it has been a revolution of the mind—has lain in the new determination to tackle squarely the half-light of unconscious history and to give it a place of increasing importance, alongside and to the detriment of the history of events.
leads to the construction of statistical models. These often debatable distinctions are not, however, central to our discussion.

To my mind the essential task before us, before a common program for the social sciences can be formulated, is to define precisely both the functions and the limitations of the model, whose importance is apt to be exaggerated in some quarters. It is therefore necessary to confront models too with the notion of historical perspective, for to my mind their significance and explanatory value are strictly dependent on the notion of time they contain.

To make this clearer, let us take some examples from historical models, by which I mean models constructed by historians, rather clumsy and rudimentary, seldom developed to the rigorous level of a scientific law and never intended as expressions of a revolutionary mathematical language—models of a kind, nevertheless.

I have already referred to commercial capitalism between the 14th and 18th centuries: this is one of several models which can be taken from the works of Marx. It is fully applicable only to a given group of societies during a given period of time, although it leaves the door open for all kinds of extrapolation.

A somewhat different kind of model is one which I suggested in a book written some time ago, of the cycle of economic development of certain Italian cities between the 16th and the 18th centuries: originally commercial centers, they became “industrialized” and finally specialized in the banking trade; this last activity was the latest to develop and the latest to disappear. This model is both more limited in scope than that of commercial capitalism and at the same time more easy to extend in time and space. It describes a phenomenon (some would call it a dynamic structure, but all historical structures are dynamic at least in an elementary sense) likely to recur in a number of easily discoverable circumstances. Perhaps the same could be said of the model devised by Frank Spooner and myself to explain the history of precious metals before, during, and after the 16th century: gold, silver, copper—and credit, that agile substitute for metal—are all “players” in a game; the “strategy” of any one of them must affect the “strategy” of another. It would not be difficult to transpose this model from the period we chose to observe—the unique and particularly turbulent 16th century. Economists have certainly tried, in the specific case of the underdeveloped countries of the world today, to test the truth of the old quantitative theory of money, itself a kind of model.

But the possibilities of extension in time of all the models mentioned so far are small indeed when compared to those of the model devised by a young American historian and sociologist-historian, Sigmund Diamond, who was struck by the dual language used by the ruling class of great American financiers of the Pierpont Morgan generation: one language being used within the class, the other outside it (the latter being in fact a form of special pleading aimed at public opinion, to which the financier’s success was represented as the typical success pattern of the self-made man, and therefore a necessary condition of the nation’s fortune). Diamond sees in this dual language the habitual reaction of any ruling class which feels that its prestige is under attack and its privileges threatened; in order to disguise itself, it must appear to be identified with City or Nation, and its own private interests identified with the public interest. Diamond would be prepared to use this model to explain the evolution of the idea of dynasty or empire—English ruling families, say, or the Roman Empire. A model thus constructed is clearly capable of ranging over centuries. It presupposes certain precise social conditions, but history provides plenty of examples of these; consequently it is valid for a far longer time span than any model previously mentioned, but at the same time concerns more precise and strictly limited situations.

Ultimately, as mathematicians would say, this kind of model could be classed with the virtually timeless models popular among mathematical sociologists: virtually timeless—that is to say, moving along the dark and unexplored passages of the very long time perspective.

The foregoing paragraphs are a very incomplete introduction to the science and theory of models. And historians are very far from occupying leading positions on this front. The models we use are little more than bundles of explanations. Our colleagues, who are attempting to combine the theories and languages of information, communication, and qualitative mathematics are far more ambitious and advanced in their research. They have the great merit of accommodating within their field the language of mathematics, a subtle language but one which at the least inadvertence is liable to escape from our control and carry us who knows where! Information, communication, and qualitative mathematics can be grouped together under the comprehensive heading of “social mathematics.” Once again I shall do my best to light the way.
4. Historian's Time and Sociologist's Time

After an incursion into the timeless world of social mathematics, I have returned to the world of time and the different notions of time. And incorrigible historian that I am, I am amazed yet again that the sociologists should ever have been able to escape from it. The fact is that their notion of time is very different from ours: it is far less demanding, less specific, and never central to their problems and considerations.

The historian by contrast can never extricate himself from a historical conception of time: time clings to his thought like soil to the gardener's spade. Naturally he may dream of escaping from it. Influenced by the anguish of 1940, Gaston Roupnel wrote on this subject in a manner which must pain every sincere historian. Similar sentiments had been expressed earlier by Paul Lacombe, also a historian of repute: "Time is nothing in itself; objectively it is a figment of our imagination." But were these successful attempts to escape? I myself during a rather miserable period of captivity struggled hard to escape the chronicle of those difficult years (1940-1945). Refusing to recognize events and the time during which they occurred was a way of withdrawing to a sheltered vantage point from which one could view them at a distance, judge them more dispassionately, and believe in them a little less. To move from a close-up view to a medium range and then a very distant perspective (the last if it exists must be that of the sages), then having reached that point, to stop, reconsider, and reconstruct the picture one sees, to order the revolving elements—all this is very tempting to the historian.

But these successive attempts to escape are powerless in fact to carry him outside time as it exists, historical time, whose commands cannot be ignored, irreversible time racing on as fast as the earth spins round in space. In fact, all the different concepts of time we can distinguish are bound together. It is not so much the passage of time itself which is a figment of our imagination as the fragments into which we divide it. Yet these fragments come together again when our work is done. The long term, the medium term, and the single event are easily fitted one inside the other since they are all measured on the same scale. So to enter mentally into one perspective is to enter them all. The philosopher, concerned with the subjective, interior aspect of the notion of time, never feels the weight of historical time, of actual, universal time, such as that time of accumulated circumstances which Ernest Labrousse, in the introduction to his book, describes as a traveler who departs from himself as he goes through the world, and who everywhere imposes the same strict order whatever the country, political regime, or social system he lights upon.

For the historian, time is the beginning and the end of everything: a time that is both mathematical and creative—a quant notion to some perhaps—a time that is a force external to mankind, "exogenous" as economists would say, propelling us forward, controlling us, and carrying away with it our own private time of many colors: this is the time of the world that waits for no man.

Sociologists do not of course accept such a simple concept. They occupy a position more akin to Gaston Bachelard's *Dialectique de la durée.* Social time is merely one dimension of whatever social reality is being observed. Contained within this reality, as it might be contained within an individual, it is one of the symbols—amongst others—with which it is associated, one of the properties which distinguishes it as a separate entity. This accommodating notion of time presents the sociologist with little difficulty: he can cut it off, suspend it, then let it flow again as he pleases. Historical time, however, I repeat, will not lend itself so easily to such juggling with the synchronic and diachronic: it is almost impossible for the historian to imagine that life is a mechanism which can be stopped at any moment and suspended in midair for us to study at our leisure.

This disagreement is more fundamental than it appears: the sociologist's notion of time cannot be ours; the whole structure of our discipline rebels against it. Time for us, as for economists, is a measure. When a sociologist tells us that a structure is continually destroying itself only to build itself up again, we readily accept an explanation which is after all confirmed by historical observation. But in conformity with our usual requirements we should like to know the exact duration of these movements of growth and decline. It is possible to measure economic cycles, the ebb and flow of material goods. It ought to be equally possible to trace a crisis in social structure in time and through time, to situate it both absolutely and, even more, in relation to the movements of concomitant structures. What interests the historian and interests him passionately is the way in which all these movements cut across each other, act upon each other, and reach the point of breakdown; these are things which can only be recorded by using the universal time scale of the historian and not by using the many different time scales of
sociology, each of which is appropriate only for one particular phenomenon.

These carping doubts occur to the historian, rightly or wrongly, even when he enters the friendly, almost cognate world of sociology represented by Georges Gurvitch. After all, a philosopher once called him the man "who forced history upon sociology." Yet even in Gurvitch's work the historian looks in vain for his notions of time and historical perspective. The vast social edifice (or should we say model?) constructed by Gurvitch is arranged according to five basic orders of architecture: the paliers en profondeur (the hidden levels of social life), patterns of social intercourse, social groups, global societies—and time, the final tier, consisting of different notions of time, the last to be constructed and, as it were, superimposed on the rest.

Gurvitch offers us a wide choice of time perspectives; he distinguishes a whole series of them: long-term or slow-moving time, illusory or startling time, cyclical time, marking time, time running slow, time alternately fast and slow, time running fast, explosive time. What is the historian to make of all this? With all these flashing colors how is he to produce the even white light which is essential to him? Moreover, he soon realizes that this chameleon-like time does no more than provide an extra label, a touch of color, for categories which have already been distinguished. In the architectural edifice built by our friend, time, the latest arrival, is naturally given lodgings along with the other previously installed inhabitants: it must adapt and conform to the living space provided according to the different "levels" (paliers), patterns of sociability, groups, or global societies. This is a new, but basically unchanged, formulation of the same equations. Every social reality secretes its own time or time scales, like any ordinary mollusk. But what has this to offer to historians? This huge, ideal architectural edifice stands motionless in time. It lacks history. The world's time, historical time, is there all right, but shut up like the winds in Aeolus's leather bag. It seems that the sociologists' quarrel is not, in the end, with history but, unconsciously, with historical time, the one factor which remains uncontrollable, no matter how we try to rearrange it or split it up into categories. From its iron law the historian can never escape, but the sociologist on the other hand finds little difficulty: he makes his escape either into the ever-present moment, which he imagines as if suspended in time, or into repetitive phenomena belonging to no time in particular. Thus he evades time by two separate mental processes, either confining himself to events in the strictest sense, or to a quasi-eternal vision of time. Is this escape legitimate? That is the real subject of the debate between historians and sociologists and even between historians of different persuasions.

I cannot tell whether such an outspoken article, supported as it is by a historian's excessive use of examples, will meet with the approval of my colleagues in sociology and neighboring disciplines. I rather doubt it. In any case, it will scarcely help if I conclude by stressing once again the leitmotiv which has been apparent throughout. While history's natural vocation is to concern itself above all with the dimension of time and all the different perspectives into which it can be divided, it seems to me that of all the possible perspectives the long term is the one most suited to the development of observation and analysis common to all the social sciences. Would it be asking too much of our neighbors to suggest that at some point in their reasoning they should relate their findings or research to this central axis?

As for historians, not all of whom will agree with me, the adoption of this approach will mean a complete about-turn: their instinctive preference goes to the short term. Indeed it is enshrined in the sacrosanct syllabuses of the universities. Jean-Paul Sartre, in some recent articles, lends support to their point of view when, protesting against the over-simple and over-ponderous element in Marxism, he does so in the name of biographical detail and the teeming reality of events. The last word has not been said, he argues, when one has "situated" Flaubert as a bourgeois or Tintoretto as a petit bourgeois. I completely agree. But in every case, the study of a concrete example—Flaubert, Valéry, or the foreign policy of the Gironids—brings Sartre back to the deep structural context. His inquiries lead him from the surface to the depths of history and correspond to my own preoccupations. They would correspond more closely still if the journey was effected in both directions—from the event to the structure, then from the structures and models to the event.

Marxism contains within it a whole range of models. Sartre protests against the rigidity, schematic nature, and inadequacy of the model, in the name of the individual and the particular in life. I would add my voice to his (with only slight differences) in protest not against the model, but against the supposedly legitimate use to which it has been put. The genius of
Marx: the secret of the continuing power of his thought, resides in his having been the first to construct real social models, based on an essentially long-term view of history. These models have been perpetuated in their original simple form by treating them as if they were immutable laws, a priori explanations automatically applicable in all circumstances and to all societies. If they were to be plunged into the changing currents of time, their true texture would become evident, for it is solid and strongly woven; it would constantly reappear but under different lights, sometimes fading into the background, sometimes standing out sharply, under the influence of other structures, themselves subject to definition by other laws and consequently other models. As it is, the creative possibilities of the most powerful social analysis of the last century have been reduced. It can only regain its youthful vigor by a return to the long-term view of history. May I add that contemporary Marxism seems to me to represent very clearly the danger in wait for any social science which is carried away by the model as such, the model for the model's sake?

In conclusion I should like to make it clear that the long-term perspective is only one of the possible common languages which could be envisaged in some future confrontation between the different social sciences. There are several others. I have done my best to describe the experiments in new social mathematics. I find them fascinating, but the traditional mathematics used in the social sciences, and in possibly the most advanced of them—economics—so patently successful, does not deserve the rather disparaging remarks sometimes heard. Many calculations still await our attention in this conventional arena, but we have teams of statisticians and increasingly sophisticated computers to handle them. I am a firm believer in the usefulness of serial statistics and in the need to pursue these calculations and inquiries ever further back into the past. Teams of researchers have already staked out claims all over 18th-century Europe, but some are already at work on the 17th and, even more, the 16th century. Unbelievably long series of statistics have revealed through a universal language the depths of Chinese history. No doubt statistics simplifies in order to facilitate comprehension. But it is the function of all science thus to proceed from the complex to the simple.

Nor should we forget one last language, one last family of models, to be precise: the necessary relation of all social phenomena to the physical space they occupy. We may call it geography or ecology—refusing to be drawn into discussion as to which term is more appropriate. Geography is rather too much inclined to think of itself as a world of its own, which is a pity. What it needs is another Vidal de La Blache to consider, this time, not the relations of time and space but those of space and social reality. The general problems of the social sciences would then be given priority in geographical research. Ecology, on the other hand, as used by the sociologist, is a way of avoiding saying geography, although he may not always admit it, and thereby also evading the problems posed by physical space and, even more, those it reveals to the attentive observer. Maps which offer projections and partial explanations of social realities are in fact spatial models and models which can be used equally, well for all time perspectives (in particular the long term) and for all categories of social phenomena. But social science is astonishingly ignorant about them. I have often thought that the geographical school inspired by Vidal de La Blache constituted one of the areas of French superiority in the social sciences; I should hate above all things to see its spirit and lessons betrayed. For their part, the social sciences should make room for an increasingly "geographical conception of humanity," as Vidal de La Blache was already proposing in 1903.

In practice—for this article has a practical aim—I would urge social scientists to bring to an end, for the time being, their prolonged discussions about their respective frontiers, about what is or is not a social science or what does or does not constitute a structure. I would rather see them concerned in the course of their research, to look both for the guidelines, if such exist, which would point the way to collective research and for the kind of topic which might bring them closer together. I personally see these guidelines as being the increased application of mathematical techniques, the relation of social phenomena to geographical space, and the introduction of a long-term historical perspective. But I would be curious to see what suggestions specialists in other fields would have to offer. For need I say that it is no accident that this article should originally have appeared under the heading "Discussion and Debate." It sets out to ask questions, not to provide answers, in an area where we are all of us, when we venture outside our own field, exposed to obvious risks. These pages are an invitation to discussion.
June 9, 1993

Mr. and Mrs. Ivan Doig
17021 10th Avenue, N.W.
Seattle, WA 98177-3708

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Doig,

Our plans are moving ahead for the annual meeting being held in Missoula on August 28th. The focus of the meeting will be on issues and solutions for large landscape protection -- particularly in the Northern Continental Divide Ecosystem. Although the roster for the major panel discussions is not complete, we do have commitments from several important individuals to speak about protection of key wildlife corridors, and major issues such as subdivision, land use planning and community economic stability. The discussions should be quite interesting, so be sure to mark your calendar and plan to attend if you possibly can.

The evening program will be lots of fun, with the Montana Logging and Ballet Company performing. You will receive a detailed program with specific speakers and activities sometime in July.

I've enclosed a few articles which relate to the topics to be discussed at the annual meeting. The article about Carol Browner, new head of EPA, discusses her interest in ecosystem protection and preventive action. This fits closely with the Interior Department's plans to undertake a nationwide survey of plants, animals and natural habitats. This biological survey has been identified by Secretary of Interior Babbitt as his top priority to address conflicts created under the Endangered Species Act through an "ecosystem approach." By finding a way to preserve habitat of species before they near extinction, the hope is to avoid litigation resulting from disagreements between property owners, government agencies and environmentalists over how to protect endangered species.
Another complementary article deals with current efforts in California to protect the endangered gnatcatcher, a tiny songbird that meows like a kitten. Developers, government and environmentalists are working to find a solution which will allow builders to develop some of the bird's habitat, provided they agree to cooperate in the plan to preserve its ecosystem.

Brad Knickerbocker's article highlights three promising local efforts to balance environmental concerns and development in sustainable ways. It's interesting to me that two of his examples involve some of the same activities we had hoped to implement with our original efforts to buy the Plum Creek land and the Belgrade mill, i.e., value-added production and sustainable timber harvest practices.

The Conservancy's president, John Sawhill, will be visiting Pine Butte Preserve next week and the following week will be in Helena to speak to an important gathering of key corporate leaders in Montana. He will be discussing partnership models that create win/win opportunities for business and conservation. Governor Marc Racicot has also agreed to speak at this function.

Within the next two weeks we expect to have a new conservation easement on Flathead Lake. The property was given to the Conservancy as a "tradeland" property several years ago. We now have a buyer for the property who has agreed to place a conservation easement on 39 acres to protect a bald eagle nesting site. The proceeds from the sale of this property will be used for future land acquisitions.

Other Highlights: Bernie Hall recently served on a committee of the Montana Stockgrowers to nominate stockgrowers for the organization's "Environmental Stewardship Awards." I recently had a productive meeting with Rick Haines, one of the broadcasters for the Northern Ag Network in Billings, to discuss issues that frequently appear in the ag press about the Conservancy's conservation efforts. Our two 30-second PSA's have been running on all the key television stations in the state for the last 6-8 weeks. We hope these will increase our name recognition and reinforce our cooperative, non-confrontational approach to conservation.

That's it for this report. I hope to be able to give you an update on the status of the Gallatin Land Exchange and where we stand with our options for Porcupine and Taylor Fork in the next report.

Best regards,

Linda Coulston
Communications Director
A Songbird That Meows May Resolve Eco-Disputes

By Scott Armstrong
Staff writer of The Christian Science Monitor

LOS ANGELES

WHEN it comes to conflicts between man and animal, California has the potential of becoming a zoological Beirut.

With its Mediterranean climate and varied geography - mountains, ocean, desert - the state has one of the nation's most diverse wildlife populations. It also has a burgeoning human population that keeps encroaching in areas that once were the domain of such creatures as the salt marsh mouse.

The result is that, of the close to 3,500 species that are candidates for protection under the federal Endangered Species Act, nearly two-thirds are in California.

So it should perhaps be no surprise that the Golden State has also become the United States' premier testing ground for a new way to resolve environmental disputes.

CALIFORNIA from page 1

Even as President Clinton wades into the spotted owl controversy tomorrow in the Northwest, developers, conservationists, and state and federal officials in California are working to resolve another conflict with major implications for US environmental policy.

The dispute centers on the gnatcatcher; a tiny songbird that meows like a kitten. But behind it is a process that seeks to balance ecological and economic interests by preserving entire ecosystems instead of protecting individual plant or animal species.

This approach has received the official imprimatur of the Clinton administration. Now it is being watched around the country to see if it can become a blueprint for averting jobs-versus-owl-type imbroglios.

"This is not a panacea," says Steve Johnson of the Nature Conservancy of California. "But it is an important step, virtually an historic step, in the right direction."

Last week, Interior Secretary Bruce Babbitt declared the gnatcatcher a threatened species. That ensures that the 4 1/2-inch songbird, which nests in valuable southern California coastal scrub, is protected.

At the same time, however, Mr. Babbitt invoked a rule that will allow builders to develop some of the bird's habitat, provided they agree to cooperate in the plan to preserve its ecosystem. This marks a major shift in federal policy.

By embracing the California project, the administration hopes it will lead to a change in Washington's problem-prone method of protecting imperiled plants and animals. Babbitt wants to move the federal government away from last-ditch efforts to save individual fish or birds and toward preserving entire ecosystems while they are still healthy.

The secretary hopes this will lead to the protection of an array of species - without triggering economic catastrophes. The gnatcatcher project is intended to protect as many as 50 other plants and animals before they become endangered, thus avoiding endless court battles.

While participants in the California program champion the concept, they caution that working out the details will be as tough as pronouncing the bird's official name (polioptila californica).

The state, in consultation with local governments, developers, and environmentalists - who have been negotiating for three years to reach a compromise - plans to set aside preserves in five southern California counties where the birds live, allowing building on the rest of its habitat.

The question is where, and how large, the preserves will be. This week a state panel of scientists released a set of goals to follow in drawing boundaries. The haggling will come when lines are sketched.

Problematic, too, will be finding money to buy the parcels set aside. The habitat of the gnatcatcher, of which about 5,000 pairs remain, includes more than 250,000 acres of private land, some of it expensive real estate.

Participants hope some largess will come from Washington. But no government currently has deep pockets. Alternatives might be to impose a utility tax or set up a privately funded land bank. "The big question mark is the money," says Laer Pearce, executive director of a coalition of landowners.

While the ecosystem concept has been tried in other states, the California experiment, launched by Gov. Pete Wilson (R) in 1991, is one of the most ambitious. Experts say it could be duplicated elsewhere, with exceptions. It works best when a lot is known about the ecosystem and species to be preserved.

It also helps if the stakes are large. Hailing all construction to protect the bird could cost developers millions of dollars and tens of thousands of jobs. Thus there is incentive to seek a solution.

Even with large economic and ecological interests at stake, though, the plan may not have progressed without the federal intervention - a prod to those who haven't voluntarily taken part.

"I'm sure there still will be litigation somewhere along the road," says Carol Whiteside of the California Resources Agency, which is overseeing the program. "But I think we will succeed at some level in dealing with habitat protection on an unprecedented scale."

California's plan to save the gnatcatcher may set a national precedent by balancing economic and ecological interests.
EPA Boss Has New Slant
On Some Old Problems

Browner pushes for saving 'ecosystems,' not just isolated areas

By Peter Grier
Staff writer of The Christian Science Monitor

WASHINGTON

A young girl, Carol Browner used to ride a bike from her south Miami home into the Everglades. Nowadays she rides the subway to her office-bound job as the new administrator of the Environmental Protection Agency, but she says the memory of her days of sawgrass and alligators remains.

"I was very shaped by growing up in that kind of environment where nature was right there," Ms. Browner says. It's a good thing she had that experience when young, because she may be too busy to get outdoors much for some time. Running a big government regulatory agency is tough in the best of times — and it's doubly so when you're trying to push the bureaucracy in new directions.

Some 20 years after serious environmental cleanup started in the United States, so-called "end of the pipe" laws, which do such things as regulate the amount of smoke spewing from a factory, have done about as much as they can do. They will continue to be an important EPA tool, but "you're really moving from environmental regulation into a new generation, which is environmental protection," Browner says.

In other words, pollution prevention. Protection of the whole economy, not just isolated areas. Getting all the EPA fields to work together, instead of having the water people think only about water cleanup, the air people understand only atmospheric problems, etc.

Browner points proudly to some of the deals she brokered in Florida, where she was head of that state's Department of Environmental Regulation from 1991 until this year.

In one, Walt Disney Company won the right to drain and build on 400 acres of wetlands in the ecologically sensitive Orlando area — in return for a $40 million restoration of an 8,500-acre ranch located at the historic head of the Everglades, Florida's river of grass.

"It would be very, very difficult to do this job if I hadn't had my experience in Florida," says Browner, who was a Senate aide and environmental activist in Washington before moving back to her home state.

She cites the EPA's new regulations issued yesterday governing toxic pollution in the Great Lakes area as a major impact the Clinton administration has already made on the environment. Bush-era regulators had refused to issue the rules. Environmental regulators need to think in blocks as big as "Great Lakes," or "Chesapeake Bay," she says.

"You need to look at a system in its entirety and say 'what do we need to do to restore and protect this system,' " she says. "You need to develop a long-term plan, rather than just saying every facility in this system has to achieve this standard by this date."

Browner's agenda for EPA is ambitious. If you're in business it might sound a little frightening. The Republicans, after all, charged in the presidential campaign that the Clinton crowd favored spotted owls over people's jobs. Browner's mentor, Vice President Al Gore Jr., is viewed by some in industry as an overly aggressive environmental activist.

But the new EPA chief says she doesn't buy the notion that the choice facing the nation is jobs versus the environment. Sure, she says, pollution control can cost some specific jobs. But overall "it creates jobs. It creates opportunities for development, opportunities for technologies to be exported."

Some companies that traditionally do not regard EPA as their friend are already saying guardedly positive things about Browner. Last month she did lunch in Detroit with the heads of the Big Three US automakers, and afterwards all said they had at least liked her approach.

Browner told them she wasn't wedded to the government's Corporate Average Fuel Economy (CAFE) standards, which require automakers to sell cars that average a certain number of miles per gallon (currently, 27.5 m.p.g.).

If the automakers have better ways to approach the same goal of fuel economy and pollution prevention, she says, she'll be glad to listen.

"This agency spends an awful lot of money and time in litigation and it is money and time that I would rather see spent on direct benefit to the environment and health of the people of this country," the EPA chief says.

Born in 1955, and thus young enough to consider even her baby-boomer presidential boss an elder, Browner represents a whole new generation of Washington leadership. She drinks bottled water, constantly; she still bikes for exercise when she can; she lives in Takoma Park, Md., which is the sort of liberal suburb that establishes its own foreign policy.

After 12 years of Republican rule, environmental groups have been looking forward to exercising far more influence and access under the Clinton administration — though they suffered an unexpected setback earlier this week. Under pressure from Western senators, the president pulled from his economic plan provisions that would have raised fees for grazing livestock and for mining on public lands.

Administration officials vowed to eventually proceed with the proposed changes anyway, through separate legislation and presidential directives.
Sustainable Growth
Starts at Grass Roots

The Clinton administration's one-day forest blast in Oregon last Friday started out to be a "summit" but was renamed a "conference" in order to lower expectations. You don't bring together hundreds of interested parties on subjects as complex as ecological protection and economic well-being (not to mention political reality) and hope to walk away with solutions in a short time.

That was one of the lessons of the Earth Summit in Brazil last summer. In fact, the Portland gathering is almost a perfect regional example of what the United Nations meeting of 178 countries was all about: balancing environment and development in a way that is sustainable.

What the president and his staff need to do now is look for the best ideas that have been developing at the local level, then encourage and nurture them so that a trend and eventually a full-blown federal policy emerge. Here are three good places to start:

The 9,000-acre Hoopa Valley Indian reservation in northern California contains 30,000 acres of old-growth forest—home to many wild species including 40 pairs of the controversial northern spotted owl. These species are important to the culture of the tribe, as well as being biologically significant. But logging is one of the few economic bases in an area where seasonal unemployment can reach 70 percent.

For the past year, the World Wildlife Fund (WWF) has been quietly working with tribal leaders to develop what's called an "Integrated Resource Management Plan" designed to promote economic sustainability, protect biological diversity, preserve traditional cultural values, and enhance the tribe's self-governance. The conservation partnership also involves the San Francisco-based Pacific Gas & Electric utility, which financially supported the planting of 27,000 trees on the reservation.

When the management plan is completed, the tribe—with WWF's help—will begin developing means of economic diversification. These could include forest specialty products, a processing mill to add value to logs otherwise taken off the reservation (in some cases shipped overseas), and tourism. It will take some outside help, but the results can benefit both "owls and people."

In another part of northern California—near Mt. Lassen—the Collins Pine Company is managing a productive 92,000-acre tract that is a model of sustainable forestry. This was recently the subject of a unique study developed by Scientific Certification Systems (SCS), an Oakland-based company that specializes in independently checking corporate environmental claims.

The SCS evaluation team included a forester, a conservationist, and a biologist, who used a research and indexing system to rank the Collins Almador Forest in the top 20 percent in three categories: timber resource sustainability, forest ecosystem maintenance, and socioeconomic benefits to the community. "Collins's commitment to focusing on the quality of what remains after logging rather than simply the quantity of timber removed has impressed the team members," SCS reported. This kind of holistic approach to forest stewardship will prevent future spotted owl "train wrecks," as Interior Secretary Bruce Babbitt calls them.

In southern Oregon, a project called the Applegate Partnership was launched last year by a group of local environmentalists, timber-industry representatives, and federal-land-agency officials who work at ground level. Their aim is to manage the 500,000-acre Applegate River watershed on an ecosystem basis, involving all parties from the start in dealing with the impact of past logging, fire suppression, and drought. They have been meeting quietly, without press or politicians to stir things up. They don't agree on everything, but trust is beginning to build among people who rarely communicated in the past.

"We needed to sit down and talk like this for a long time," Dwayne Cross, owner of a logging company, told a local newspaper. Su Rolle, United States Forest Service district ranger and another "partnership" member, described "a sense of hope and excitement here with diverse people coming together with a common vision."

Secretary Babbitt dropped in the other day and pronounced it "a tremendously important experiment." As usual, the best ideas tend to come from the grass roots. The work now is to find and encourage more such successes.
The L.A.P.D. was No. 1. Then came Rodney King and the riots and, inevitably, the orders that racism, sexism and excessive force must be terminated.

Yeah, right.

WANTED: A KINDER, GENTLER COP

BY RICHARD RAYNER

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOSEPH RODRIGUEZ

IN MACARTHUR PARK, AT THE edge of downtown Los Angeles, it's 8:15 on a Friday night and a man is dying. Middle-aged, black, wearing white sneakers and a white T-shirt, he lies beneath a eucalyptus tree that stinks as though a hundred horses urinated against it. He has been shot in the arm and left eye. His right eye is open, and there's very little blood.

"Melon shot," says Officer Kessler, meaning the bullet entered the skull and didn't leave. "This guy pulled a knife. Two guys dumped him." Like most shootings, it was over in seconds.

Patrol cars roll up, one after the other, silent now, sirens off but lights

Richard Rayner, author of "Los Angeles Without a Map," reported on the Los Angeles riots for Granta.
Computer-enhanced M.R.I. can now capture visible changes in the brain linked to specific mental processes. At left, a subject was asked to generate a verb after hearing a word. The word “cake,” for example, might inspire the verb “eat” as a response. At right, a subject was asked simply to repeat a word, for example, the word “cake.” The diagrams show more brain activity when the subject is asked to generate a new thought than when a thought is repeated.

By SANDRA BLAKESLEE

Using souped up versions of conventional brain imaging machines, scientists can now peer into the workings of the human brain, making movies of changes that occur as the mind thinks, talks, listens, dreams and imagines.

At the handful of centers where the technique is being developed, researchers are borrowing the machines at night and on weekends when patients do not need them, and, like children in a toy store, are exploring one another’s brains with unbridled glee. In recent months they have made movies of the brain’s circuitry as it performs.

“Most neuroscience research is conducted at the cellular level. But if you are interested in the human brain, you have to study patterns at the organizational level — what groups of neurons are activated and how they interact with each other during the performance of any complex task.”

The tool making that possible is called functional magnetic resonance imaging, or fM.R.I. Conventional M.R.I. machines employ strong magnets and radio waves to make sectional images of the brain’s anatomy. Most functional M.R.I. machines are clinical machines that have been fitted with special hardware to speed the imaging process and advanced computer programs that can turn the static images into movies. A few fast M.R.I. machines employ much higher magnetic fields and are used only for research.

The concept was pioneered by Sir Peter Mansfield of Nottingham, England, further developed by Dr. Seiji Ogawa at Bell Laboratories in Murray Hill, N.J., and first demonstrated in August 1981 by Dr. Kenneth Kwong of Massachusetts General Hospital.

Scientists were electrified by the concept, Dr. Hans Breiter, a psychiatrist and postdoctoral fellow at Massachusetts General Hospital in Boston where the technique was first demonstrated. “At last we can see inside the human brain.”

Dr. Gregory McCarthy, an associate professor of neurosurgery at the hospital, said, “This technique is not for the fainthearted.” Fast M.R.I. exploits the fact that activated brain cells use more oxygen as fuel than cells at rest. When a network of cells is called upon to carry out a task, like recognizing a face or imagining a picture, those cells release a chemical that summons oxygenated blood from tiny arteries in the brain. As the blood gives up its oxygen, it moves past the brain cells to hook up with tiny veins that will carry it back to the lungs. The M.R.I. machine is able to detect the motion of this blood flow because deoxygenated blood carries a faint magnetic signal distinct from oxygenated blood.

The fast M.R.I. machine locates these faint signals and, through computer enhancement techniques, produces movies of the activated brain networks, Dr. Schneider said. “In half a day we take in a gigabyte of data,” he added.

“This technique is not for the computationally fainthearted.”

A research team at Yale University has one of the first published papers on these experiments, which appears in today’s issue of The Proceedings of the National Academy of Sciences. It is about spoken language in the brain and confirms results from other imaging techniques.

A baseline image is taken of a subject lying passively in the machine, said Dr. Robert G. Shulman, a professor of molecular biophysics and biochemistry at Yale. Then researchers say a noun and ask the subject to speak the first verb that pops into mind. The region for generating spoken verbs is in the left frontal cortex, in back of the left eyebrow, deep down, Dr. Shulman said. It is about the size of a pencil eraser.

At the National Institutes of Health in Bethesda, Md., researchers are exploring the silent generation of words. Subjects are told a letter of the alphabet and asked to think for 30 seconds of as many words that start with that letter as they can, said Dr. Robert Turner, a visiting scholar from the University of Pittsburgh, said, “We have, in a single afternoon, been able to do in humans what took 20 years to do in nonhuman primates.”

Dr. Urgubil’s team asks subjects to silently imagine faces and move imaginary objects through space. Different areas of the brain light up, he said, depending on what is imagined.

Dr. Schneider’s group is confirming decades of research carried out on monkeys to understand human vision. The visual cortex of primates, he said, is laid out in columns about one millimeter wide. Each strip of tissue is composed of thousands of neurons that specialize in separate visual functions, like seeing color, motion, diagonal lines and other features of the visual world.

Fraud Sleuth

Dr. Turner said, impressing the skeptics among them.

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Fraud Sleuth

Continued on Page B6
Scanner Pinpoints Site of Thought

Continued From Page B5

A Picture Window Into the Living Human Brain

Using computers to enhance the magnetic resonance imaging (M.R.I.) technique, researchers can now see the blood vessels and patches of neurons light up in response to different visual patterns, shown schematically at right.

CAPTURING OXYGEN'S FOOTPRINTS

Simulated neurons - oxygen-hungry. They capture more oxygen from blood by releasing nitric oxide.

Areas that respond to moving dots

Areas that respond to colored stripes

The M.R.I. technique finds where the brain activity takes place by distinguishing between oxygen-rich and oxygen-depleted blood, detecting the tiny magnetic change that occurs when blood releases oxygen.

The New York Times; Illustration by Julie Daisher

Brain imaging is a powerful tool for understanding the human brain.

Evidence of colonization anywhere in the galaxy. His assumption is that there is nothing special about the human life span of the Earth's manned space program. Therefore, he reasons, the manned space programs of any civilization would probably have about the same longevity as mankind's, likewise insufficient to colonize the galaxy.

"A lot of people say there's no need for a manned space program, because we can learn just as much by sending out interstellar robots," Dr. Gott said.

"But this ignores the desire by the human race to survive. The Earth is a pretty dangerous place. If we hope to survive in the long run, it would make sense to start colonizing other inhabitable planets. We'll need to do that to prepare for the possible failure of a manned space program, and our opportunity may not last very much longer.

Would emigrating to another planet set back the clock for the human race so that it could start anew and survive another couple of million years? That's a question we can't answer from this vantage point on the Earth today," Dr. Gott said. "Because it hasn't happened yet, it has no past and, therefore, we cannot calculate its future.

The mathematics used in these calculations assumes that the life span of any group of things, can be represented by 40 equal intervals of time, each representing 2.5 percent of the total life span. If the observed or creatures or systems encompassed by their respective life spans are randomly distributed, the chances are 39 to 1 against any individual being in the earliest 2.5 percent of the life span, and equally against being in the last 2.5 percent.

If humans are around for only 5,128 more years, what can be accomplished?

The Earth is a dangerous place, earthlings may need planetary colonies.

Because the Earth is a dangerous place, earthlings may need planetary colonies.

Dr. Gott said, "if you have any specific information affecting the life span of, say, the human race, or a class of stars, you can estimate its life span more realistically. But this statistical methodology allows you to make at least a rough estimate of a life span without knowing anything more than how long something has existed.

"For example, analyses developed by Dr. Gott, and independently by Dr. Brandon Carter of the Paris Observatory, Dr. John Leslie of the University of Guelph in Ontario, and Dr. Holger B. Nielsen of the Niels Bohr Institute in Copenhagen, suggest that it is 95 percent likely that the number of human beings born in the future will be somewhere between 1.8 billion and 2.7 billion. But this estimate can be refined by comparison with other types of statistical analysis."

Dr. Paul R. Ehrlich and Dr. Anne H. Ehrlich, biologists at Stanford University, have argued in books and scientific papers that human population growth from now on is likely to take one of three possible paths. Population might increase to 10 billion and then crash and die out; it might stabilize at 20 billion or even remain stable at 300 million for 4 million years before becoming extinct; or it might stabilize at 10 billion. Which of these possibilities remains a matter of debate, but certainly, one in which we hope to survive in the long term, it is not likely that we are in one of the first 2.5 percent.

The future of brain imaging is spectacular, said Dr. William Orrison, a neuroradiologist at the University of New Mexico School of Medicine who is working closely with computer experts at Los Alamos and Sandia National Laboratories. There, fast M.R.I. and another technique, MEG, or magnetoencephalography, are being combined to produce high-resolution, high-speed movies of the human brain with the aim of helping stroke victims and spinal cord patients.

The great unanswered questions in psychology may now be explored in new ways, the researchers said. What is different about the brain of a poet? Or of a gifted mathematician? Do cats dream? And what about telepathy? Or ESP? Could all this become possible?

Continued From Page B5

Formulas Project Limits For Human Existence

The new technique will find immediate application in medicine, Dr. McCarthy said. For example, patients with obsessive-compulsive disorder may have an altered brain circuit for coping with dangerous, primitive thoughts. Instead of being filtered from consciousness, anxious thoughts invade everyday life. Some people can withstand this, but others are overwhelmed. When Dr. Breiter puts such obsessive-compulsive disorder patients into the fast M.R.I. machine and hands them a dirty pillow, they obsess. He watches their brain circuits light up. "Their circuits are different from normals," he said.

Similarly, Dr. Breiter and other psychiatrists plan to study patients suffering from schizophrenia and depression to trace their altered brain circuits. This work is just getting under way, as is research on the effects of addictive drugs in the brain. "We've seen the dreaming brain," Dr. Breiter said. Screamed scientists can actually fall asleep inside the noisy machines, he said. The visual cortex and a region in the brain stem known as the pons are extremely active.

Researchers face a tradeoff in trying to improve fast M.R.I. machines, Dr. Schneider said. Slower machines are more practical, but even the simplest MRI scan takes hours. Faster machines allow less time forStateChanged.

This is the brain's vein debate," said Dr. Brian Wandell, a psychologist at Stanford University's neuroscience program. "Everyone wonders if the interstellar robots, so if you're at the beginning of that middle period, you have one-fifth to one-fifth of the life span remaining behind your 38-forthes to go. But if you're at the point of the one-fifth to one-fifth of the life span remaining behind your 38-forthes to go. But if you're at the point of the one-fifth to one-fifth of the life span remaining behind your 38-forthes to go. But if you're at the point of the one-fifth to one-fifth of the life span remaining behind your 38-forthes to go. But if you're at the point of the one-fifth to one-fifth of the life span remaining behind your 38-forthes to go. But if you're at the point of the one-fifth to one-fifth of the life span remaining behind your 38-forthes to go. But if you're at the point of the one-fifth to one-fifth of the life span remaining behind your 38-forthes to go. But if you're at the point of the one-fifth to one-fifth of the life span remaining behind your 38-forthes to go. But if you're at the point of the one-fifth to one-fifth of the life span remaining behind your 38-forthes to go. But if you're at the point of the one-fifth to one-fifth of the life span remaining behind your 38-forthes to go. But if you're at the point of the
Trio of UW history dept. lectures, History as a Second Language, could be titled:

"Moving the Water"

"Kissing in the Parliament"

"The Crocodile Factor"
Morning the Water

#1 - History as a second language: vocable "gumboot" originator (gumboot)
  - which way to la quina?
  - cow in my chest

Valiera (NYT piece, inc "4/4 loud")
  - history repeating
  - sounds like

#2 - "Kiss as in..." Parloir (Bukh-Mazakovskiy, play of language)

#3 - "So what?" prop explanation (Robin Wright)
  Life is what happens to you...
THE ATOMIC WEST, 1942 - 1992
FEDERAL POWER AND REGIONAL DEVELOPMENT

September 25 - 27, 1992
First Annual Symposium sponsored by the Center for the Study of the Pacific Northwest Department of History
University of Washington
Seattle, Washington

with support from
The Emil and Kathleen Sick Lecture Series
and the National Science Foundation

Co-sponsored by the Museum of History and Industry

A new light on the old frontier
Richland, Washington
1948

CONFERENCE PROGRAM
SEPTEMBER 25 - 27, 1992

Friday, September 25, 1992
Registration, 11:00 a.m. - 5:00 p.m., 306 Smith Hall
Welcome and Opening Remarks, 12:30 p.m.

Session 1, 1:00 - 3:00 p.m.
1. THE ATOMIC WEST AND WESTERN HISTORY
"Federal Weapons Labs and the West," Greg Herken, Smithsonian Institution
"Hanford, The Columbia, and Energy," Richard White, Univ. of Washington
Presiding and comment: Michael L. Smith, Univ. of California, Davis
Comment: Gerald D. Nash, University of New Mexico

Sessions 2 and 3, 3:30 - 5:30 p.m.
2. THE PAPER TRAIL OF THE ATOMIC WEST
"The Good News: Following the Paper Trail West," Shirley J. Burton, National Archives, Great Lakes Region
"The Bad News: Detours and Hazards on the Paper Trail," Susan H. Karren, National Archives, Pacific Northwest Region
"The Ugly News: Appraisals, Schedules, and Compliance," Joseph Suster, Chicago Federal Records Center
Presiding: Philip Lothyan, National Archives, Pacific Northwest Region
Comment: Karen Steele, Spokane Spokesman-Review
Dennis Deford, Westinghouse Hanford Company

3. CULTURE AND COMMUNITY IN THE ATOMIC WEST
"No Longer Home on the Range: The Boom and Bust of Jeffrey City, Wyoming," Michael A. Amundson, Univ. of Nebraska, Lincoln
"Forty Years in the Wilderness: Southern Nevada's Atomic Culture, 1951 - 1991," A. Costandina Titus, University of Nevada, Las Vegas
"Top Secret Schools: Bastions on the Technological Frontier," Jon Hunner, University of New Mexico

Presiding and comment: Susan Armitage, Washington State University
Comment: Carlos A. Schwantes, University of Idaho
Friday, September 25, 1992, cont.

"The Atomic West," Patricia Nelson Limerick, University of Colorado

Reception to follow in Walker-Ames Room

Saturday, September 26, 1992

Registration continues: 8:30 a.m. - 4:00 p.m., 306 Smith Hall

Sessions 4 and 5, 9:00 - 11:00 a.m.

4. MAKING POWER IN THE ATOMIC WEST

"James L. Tuck: Scientific Polymath and Los Alamos Fusion Advocate," Ferenc M. Szasz, University of New Mexico


Presiding and comment: Bruce Hevly, University of Washington

Comment: Thomas L. Hankins, University of Washington

5. POLITICS: NATION, STATE, COMMUNITY

"Admiral Rickover and Senator Jackson," Wilton Fowler, University of Washington

"Providing the Moderate Alternative to Ourselves: California's 1976 Nuclear Safeguards Initiative," Thomas R. Wellock, University of California, Berkeley

"How Tribal Governments Have Matured During the Atomic Age," Marjorie Ambler, Yellowstone Park, Wyoming

Presiding: John Wunder, University of Nebraska, Lincoln

Comment: Richard S. Kirkendall, University of Washington

Brian Balogh, University of Virginia

Session 6, Luncheon Presentation, 11:30 a.m. - 1:15 p.m.

6. FOUNDING THE ATOMIC WEST: GROVES AND MATTHIAS

"General Groves, the Manhattan Project, and a Hanford Diary," Col. Franklin T. Matthias, Danville, California

"General Groves and the Atomic West," Stanley Goldberg, Wash., D.C.

Presiding: Mary Coney, University of Washington

Saturday, September 26, 1992, cont.

7. THE FALLOUT QUESTION


"Plutonium Production and Public Health," Daniel Grossman, Massachusetts Institute of Technology

Presiding and comment: Thomas Leschine, University of Washington

Comment: Louise Kaplan, Seattle, Washington

8. COVERING THE ATOMIC NORTHWEST: A PANEL DISCUSSION

Hill Williams, formerly Tri-City Herald, Seattle Times

Steve Sanger, formerly Seattle Post-Intelligencer

Karen Steele, Spokane Spokesman-Review

Elouise Schumacher, Seattle Times

Sessions 9 and 10, 3:45 - 5:30 p.m.

9. BUILDING UP THE ATOMIC WEST

"Hanford Site Decision-Making: Past and Present Mandate," Michele S. Gerber, Westinghouse Hanford Company


"Alaska and the Firecracker Boys," Dan O'Neill, University of Alaska Fairbanks

Presiding and comment: Bill Lang, Center for Columbia River History

Comment: J. Samuel Walker, Nuclear Regulatory Commission

10. THE ATOM'S OPPONENTS

"Atomic Operations and the Hanford Credibility Gap," Jay Carlton Mullen, Southern Oregon State College

"The Rhetoric of Religious Localism: Mormon and Western Shoshone Opposition to the MX," Matthew Glass, South Dakota State Univ.

"Anti-Nuclear Activism in the Pacific Northwest: WPPSS and its Enemies," Daniel Pope, University of Oregon

Presiding and comment: Lisa Mighetto, Historical Research Assoc., Inc.

Comment: Gene Rosa, Washington State University

Saturday, September 26, 1992, cont.

Session 11, 6:00 - 9:00 p.m.

11. NUCLEAR LANDSCAPES

Reception and viewing of the Photographic Exhibit "Nuclear Landscapes," Museum of History and Industry, 2700 24th Avenue East, Seattle

Exhibit lecture, 8:00 p.m.

"Nuclear Landscapes: A Photographic Essay," Peter Goin, Univ. of Nevada, Reno

Sunday, September 27, 1992

Brunch and Session 12, 9:00 - 10:15 a.m.

12. COMMENTS: Russell Jim, Yakima Indian Nation

Meany Tower Hotel, 4705 Brooklyn Avenue N.E., Seattle

Session 13, 10:30 a.m. - 12:30 p.m.

13. CONCLUDING THOUGHTS AND NEW DIRECTIONS

Brian Balogh, University of Virginia

Patricia Nelson Limerick, University of Colorado

Betsy Marston, High Country News

Stanley Goldberg, Washington, D.C.

The Audience

Session locations to be announced.

For more information, please contact John Findlay or Bruce Hevly at:

Center for the Study of the Pacific Northwest
Department of History, DP-20
University of Washington
Seattle, WA 98195
(206) 543-5790

Note on accommodations: A block of rooms has been reserved at the Meany Tower Hotel, adjacent to campus. To make reservations, call 1-800-648-6440 and identify yourself as a participant in the Atomic West conferences. Please see the attached list for other suggested accommodations.

B Y E D W A R D O . W I L S O N

I M A G I N E T H A T O N A N I C Y M O O N O F J U P I T E R — S A Y, G a n y m e d e — t h e s p a c e s t a t i o n o f a n a l i e n c i v i l i z a t i o n i s concealed. F o r m i l l i o n s o f y e a r s i t s s c i e n t i s t s h a v e c l o s e l y
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E d w a r d O . W i l s o n h o l d s t h e F r a n k B . B a i r d J r . P r o f e s s o r s h i p o f
S c i e n c e a t H a r v a r d U n i v e r s i t y .

and d r i f t e a s t e a d t h r o u g h t h e o c e a n s . A t n i g h t t h e l a n d s u r f a c e
b r i g h t e n s w i t h m i l l i o n s o f p i n p o i n t s o f l i g h t , w h i c h c o a l e s c e i n t o b l a z i n g
s w a t h s a c r o s s E u r o p e , J a p a n a n d e a s t e r n N o r t h A m e r i c a . A s e m i c i r c l e
m i s f i r e s f r o m g a s f l a r e s r o u n d t h e P e r s i a n G u l f .

I t w a s a l l b u t i n e v i t a b l e , t h e w a t c h e r s m i g h t t e l l u s i f w e m e t t h e m,
that f r o m t h e g r e a t d i v e r s i t y o f l a r g e a n i m a l s , o n e s p e c i e s o r a n o t h e r
w o u l d e v e n t u a l l y g a i n i n t e l l i g e n t c o n t r o l o f E a r t h . T h a t r o l e h a s f a l l e n
t o H o m o s a p i e n s , a p r i m a t e r i s e n i n A f r i c a f r o m a l i n e a g e t h a t s p l i t
a w a y f r o m t h e c h i m p a n z e e l i n e f i v e t o e i g h t m i l l i o n y e a r s a g o . U n l i k e
a n y c r e a t u r e t h a t l i v e d b e f o r e , w e h a v e b e c o m e a g e o p h y s i c a l f o r c e ,
s w i l t y c h a n g i n g t h e a t m o s p h e r e a n d c l i m a t e a s w e l l a s t h e c o m p o s i t i o n
o f t h e w o r l d ' s f a u n a a n d f l o r a . N o w i n t h e m i d s t o f a p o p u l a t i o n
e x p l o s i o n , t h e h u m a n s p e c i e s h a s d o u b l e d t o 5 . 5 b i l l i o n d u r i n g t h e p a s t
5 0 y e a r s . I t i s s c h e d u l e d t o d o u b l e a g a i n i n t h e n e x t 5 0 y e a r s . N o o t h e r
s i n g l e s p e c i e s i n e v o l u t i o n a r y h i s t o r y h a s e v e n r e m o t e l y a p p r o a c h e d
the s h e e r m a s s i n p r o t o p l a s m g e n e r a t e d b y h u m a n i t y .

D a r w i n ' s d i c e h a v e r o l l e d b a d l y f o r E a r t h . I t w a s a m i s f o r t u n e fo r
the l i v i n g w o r l d i n p a r t i c u l a r , m a n y s c i e n t i s t s b e l i e v e , t h a t a c a r n i v o r o u s p r i m a t e a n d n o t s o m e m o r e b i g n e s s f o r m o f a n i m a l m a d e t h e
b r e a k t h r o u g h . O u r s p e c i e s r e t a i n s h e r e d i t a r y t r a i t s t h a t a d d g r e a t l y t o
o u r d e s t r u c t i v e i m p a c t . W e a r e t r i b a l a n d a g g r e s s i v e l y t e r r i t o r i a l ,
A hot rod in the making
at Dan Fink Metalworks
in Huntington Beach, Calif.

A two-door '32 Ford sedan at a show in Pomona, Calif.

The fender of a '32 Ford is a blaze of hot-rod glory.

A steering wheel created by Boyd Coddington
for a '34 Ford coupe.

A button-down computer sales consultant, Reeves is acting like a kid expectantly eyeing the presents under the family Christmas tree. "Would you look at this shift lever. It's a work of art, isn't it?" he says, caressing a piece of billet aluminum machined so exquisitely it could turn a shade-tree mechanic misty-eyed with awe. "Anybody can make something gaudy. But Boyd gets it right — engineering, fit and finish, attention to detail. Even the things you can't see are perfect."

Coddington doesn't come cheap — $50,000 minimum, as much as $250,000 if you get radical — but his work is drop-dead perfect down to the elegant ornamental touch of button-head screws behind the dashboard. For a car lover, strolling through his shop is what it must have been like for Baudelaire to tour Manet's studio. In one corner, there's a jewel-like Deuce; in another a monstrous '69 Camaro with rear tires the width of Delaware; here's a '57 Nomad station wagon getting the old hot-rod hocus-pocus; there's a screaming-red '46 Ford convertible with a white top spectacular enough to, depending on your temperament, die for or kill for.

Yet even as you marvel at these masterpieces, you can't help but feel melancholy. What you're looking at, after all, are dinosaurs — flawless dinosaurs, magnificent dinosaurs that will never be forgotten, but dinosaurs just the same. A decade or two down the road, in fact, they may well be extinct, the victims of death by demographics.

The young guys who ought to be picking up the flame don't care about classic (or faux classic) rods. Even if they did, they couldn't afford them. At any rate, the essence of hot rodding — taking something apart with your own hands and rebuilding it in your own image — is increasingly alien to a generation growing up with cars too complex for amateurs to modify. As for the street rods themselves, they're the most politically incorrect vehicles this side of the Exxon Valdez.

Bob Beck, 42 and a lifelong street-rodder, admits as much after a raucous meeting of the Road Kings car club in Burbank. "A lot of people call my car a gross polluter, and maybe it is," he says as he climbs into his flamed '48 Plymouth. "They say it isn't safe, and maybe they're right. They're starting to try to outlaw the hot rod, and maybe it's for the best. But for someone like me, it would be a death sentence."

As Beck drives off, the growl of his antiquated flathead motor echoes in his wake. It doesn't sound ominous, just plaintive and a little bit forlorn. And when it's gone, swallowed up in the darkness, the silence seems empty and dull.
Five major extinctions (circles on chart) have occurred, the last of which ended the Age of Reptiles. Biological diversity is at an all-time high, but scientists fear that species are being eradicated at thousands of times the pace that new ones are created.

The human species is, in a word, an environmental abnormality. It is possible that intelligence in the wrong kind of species was foreordained to be a fatal combination for the biosphere. Perhaps a law of evolution is that intelligence usually extinguishes itself.

This admittedly dour scenario is based on what can be termed the juggernaut theory of human nature, which holds that people are programmed by their genetic heritage to be so selfish that a sense of global responsibility will come too late. Individuals place themselves first, family second, tribe third and the rest of the world a distant fourth. Their genes also predispose them to plan ahead for one or two generations at most. They fret over petty problems and conflicts of their daily lives and respond swiftly and often ferociously to slight challenges to their status and tribal security. But oddly, as psychologists have discovered, people also tend to underestimate both the likelihood and impact of such natural disasters as major earthquakes and great storms.

The reason for this myopic fog, evolutionary biologists contend, is that it was actually advantageous during all but the last few millennia of the two million years of existence of the genus Homo. The brain evolved into its present form during this long stretch of evolutionary time, during which people existed in small, preliterate hunter-gatherer bands. Life was precarious and short. A premium was placed on close attention to the near future and early reproduction, and little else. Disasters of a magnitude that occur only once every few centuries were forgotten or transmuted into myth. So today the mind still works comfortably backward and forward for only a few years, spanning a period not exceeding one or two generations. Those in past ages whose genes inclined them to short-term thinking lived longer and had more children than those who did not. Prophets never enjoyed a Darwinian edge.

The rules have recently changed, however. Global crises are rising within the life span of the generation now coming of age, a foreshortening that may explain why young people express more concern about the environment than do their elders. The time scale has contracted because of the exponential growth in both the human population and technologies impacting the environment. Exponential growth is basically the same as the increase of wealth by compound interest. The larger the population, the faster the growth; the faster the growth, the sooner the population becomes still larger. In Nigeria, to cite one of our more fecund nations, the population is expected to double from its 1988 level to 216 million by the year 2010. If the same rate of growth were to continue to 2110, its population would exceed that of the entire present population of the world.

With people everywhere seeking a better quality of life, the search for resources is expanding even faster than the population. The demand is being met by an increase in scientific knowledge, which doubles every 10 to 15 years. It is accelerated further by a parallel rise in environment-devouring technology. Because Earth is finite in many resources that determine the quality of life — including arable soil, nutrients, fresh water and space for natural ecosystems — doubling of con-
Long before industrialization, humans had a devastating impact on the number of species that lived in every populated part of the world. The small figures mark the first appearance of humans in each region, and the horizontal line shows the percentage of species of large mammals and large birds that survived at each point over the last million years. The animals pictured typify the species that disappeared in each region.
Many of Earth's vital resources are about to be exhausted, its atmospheric chemistry is deteriorating, and human populations have already crossed the LUKE's critical line. Natural ecosystems, the wellspring of a healthful environment, are being irreversibly degraded.

At the heart of the environmentalist world view is the conviction that human physical and spiritual health depend upon the proper, relatively unaltered state. Earth is our home and the one we leave our future generations. We are an integral part of the evolving mechanisms that have shaped the planet. If we do not maintain the world exactly as we wish it to be maintained, we will lose.

When we debase the global environment and extinguish the variety of life, we are dismantling a support system that is too complex to understand, much less replace, in its foreseeable future. Space scientists theorize the existence of a virtually unlimited array of other planetary environments, almost all of which are uncongenial to human life. Our own Mother Earth, the Gaia, is a special, if not unique, biome in the physical environment they create on a day-to-day basis, which can be destabilized and turned lethal by careless activity. We run the risk, conclude the environmentalists, of bequeathing ourselves upon alien shores like a great herd of pod people.

If I have not done so already, I will now place myself solidly in the environmentalist school, but as not so radical as to wish a turning back of the clock, not given to driving spikes into Douglas fir to prevent logging and distinctness uneasy with such hybrid movements as ecofeminism, which holds that Mother Earth is a nurturing home for all life and should be revered and loved as in premodern (paleolithic and archaic) societies and that ecosomatic abuse is rooted in androcentric — that is to say, male-dominated concepts, values and institutions.

Still, however soaked in androcentric culture, I am rational enough to take seriously the question heard with increasing frequency: Is human suicide? Is the drive to environmental conquest and self-propagation embedded so deeply in our genes as to be unstoppable? Must we, indeed, if you wish — is that humanity is not suicidal, at least not in the sense just stated. We are smart enough and have time enough to avoid an environmental catastrophe of civilization-threatening dimensions. But the technologically powerful and sufficiently formidable to require a redirection of much of science and technology, and the ethical issues are so basic as to force a reconsideration of our self-image as a species.

There are reasons for optimism, reasons to believe that we have entered what might someday be gener-

ous called the Century of the Environment. The United Nations Conference on Environment and Development, held in Rio de Janeiro in June June, are the first 120 heads of government, the largest number ever assembled, and helped move environmental issues closer to the political center stage; on Nov. 18, 1992, more than 1,500 senior scientists from 69 countries issued a "Warning to Humanity," the first step toward a "Joint Appeal by Environmentalists for the Environment." Conservation of biodiversity is increasingly seen by both national governments and major landowners as imperious and religious leaders addressing environmental problems as a moral issue. In May 1992, leaders of most of the major American denominations met with scientists as guests of members of the United States Senate to formulate a "Joint Appeal by Religion and Science for the Environment." The human species is transcendental to human life. Our own Mother Earth, lately called Gaia, is a specialized, complex and fragile organism and the physical environment they create on a day-to-day basis, which can be destabilized and turned lethal by careless activity. We run the risk, conclude the environmentalists, of bequeathing ourselves upon alien shores like a great herd of pod people.

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JAPAN
(Continued from page 18)

sudden interest in the wellbeing of women. When the fertility rate hit a new low of 1.53 in 1991, laws were passed offering men and women a leave of absence after the birth of a child.

"Companies suddenly worried they will not have enough workers," says Su-miko Iwao, a scholar who studies the role of women in Japanese politics. "The Conservative party "almost felt as if the Japanese race was on the verge of extinction."

But women have yet to become a political force, as many had predicted they would a few years ago. The much heralded "Madonna strategy" — the brainchild of Takako Doi, the woman who headed the Socialist Party — failed to propel them into the parliamentary seats of male politicians caught in corruption scandals.

"The truth is that politics and kabuki are a lot alike," says Yuriko Koike, who recently became one of the 49 women in Parliament. In both politics and kabuki theater, she adds, the key roles are still "passed down from men to their sons."

As Crown Princess, Owada will have a strictly apolitical job, but she may well assume Japan's most important political task. She will be the new face abroad, an urbane, English-speaking diplomat. The bargaining power of male politicians, whose mission will be to soften Japan's mercantilist and isolationist image. As a result, many Japanese say she is exchanging one diplomatic job for another. It is a job that comes naturally. Her father, Hisashi Owada, is the country's most senior diplomat, a brilliant international lawyer in charge of formulating Japanese foreign policy.

Masako Owada's decision to marry the Crown Prince has clearly touched a national nerve. For months, women have argued over whether that decision is an advantage or setback for females. The debate will continue long after June 9, when Owada dons a 12-layer, $300,000 silk kimono and walks into the shrine deep in the woods of the Imperial Palace gardens. There will always be those who see in her decision yet another surrender to the status quo. But there are others who feel that the arrival of someone like Owada can only hasten change.

ROM THE START, Masako Owada was a rarity. She was a sogoshoku.
THE AUSTRALIANS have a surprisingly glib recipe for baking in the sun, considering that they have the highest rate of skin cancer in the world. They Slip, Slop, Slap, which means they slip on a shirt, slop on some sunscreen, slap on a hat.

Titanium dioxide is the "new" cosmetic equivalent of slipping and slopping. A cousin of zinc oxide, the greasy white glop that lifeguards used to slather on their nose in the days of "Beach Blanket Bingo," it provides a physical rather than a chemical barrier to the sun's ultraviolet (UV) rays.

Added to lipsticks and face powders for opaqueness, titanium dioxide has long been considered an effective sunblock. But who other than a lifeguard wanted to be seen slapping on a coat of cream cheese? Recently, however, scientists have been able to micronize titanium dioxide into small particles that make it almost transparent to the eye but still opaque to the sun's rays. That's all it took for companies like Origins, Estée Lauder, Neutrogena, Chanel, Clinique and Shiseido to jump on the bandwagon and artfully market these new blocks as "chemical free."

"Chemical free? Really? Well, not exactly. Unlike sunscreens with ingredients like PABA that absorb light at the skin's surface and may cause irritation, titanium dioxide deflects the sun's rays without a chemical reaction. "This is like coating yourself with microscopic paint," says Dr. Darrell Rigel, an associate professor of dermatology at New York University. "It will block anything." (Indeed, the new sunblocks are not conducive to tanning; they're slightly thicker than most sunscreens and need to be rubbed in to lose their whitish sheen.)

With titanium dioxide, the wearer is protected not only from UVB rays, which cause sunburn, but also UVA rays, which, according to Dr. Mary Ellen Brademas, chief of dermatology at St. Vincent's Hospital, are "the sneaky rays." As more is learned about UVA damage and how it slowly destroys the skin's support structure, depletes collagen and affects the immune system, the beauty industry is moving toward broader protection.

"People thought they were being protected against everything, but they weren't," says Brademas. For example, there is no current standard for UVA safety; SPF measures only the amount of protection provided against UVB rays.

"No doubt the lingering confusion about sun protection has led to the latest Food and Drug Administration proposals, out this month, that would require all sun-care products to carry a warning about the harmful effects of the sun. Tanning products with no sunscreen would have to make that clear. And SPF claims would be limited to a maximum of SPF 30; anything higher, the F.D.A. deems meaningless."

The idea of a safe tan still seems to be the public's goal. But since the melanoma rate is rising in the United States by 3.5 percent a year (with all other skin cancers increasing at least as rapidly), it's obvious that we're still groping for an elixir. Accordingly, companies like Estée Lauder and Shiseido have added antioxidants — vitamins C or E — to their new lines, based on the theory that free radicals may cause skin cancer.

Free radicals, produced during metabolism, are molecules with an unpaired electron that may convert healthy cells to cancerous ones if too many are present. Exposure to the sun increases the body's output of free radicals, while antioxidants are said to absorb or neutralize them. Lancome describes the synthethic melanin in its Soins Solaires collection as a "free radical neutralizer."

In the end, though, all the effort may be so much delusion. Brademas, for example, will only recommend the new blocks if they are worn under makeup, for she, like Rigel, insists there's no such thing as a safe tan.

"Someday," he continues, "there may be a pill or, better yet, a vaccine against skin cancer." Until then, it's Slip, Slop, Slap.
The distance between towns along transcont'l rrs in the West: guy who grew up in Saskatchewan, near Swiftcurrent and Beverly, thinks it was 10 mi. there, about the distance you could haul a wagon of wheat fairly comfortably.
"History is everything. People will not in the end forgive you for not having shared theirs."--Thomas Keneally, Woman of the Inner Sea, p. 8
Karl. E. Meyer in a NYTBR review June of July '93; abt Communism's rewriting of history (did a cynical Czech say it to him?): Nothing is as unpredictable as the past.
The middle name of my hometown is Sulphur, and that will tell you something of the smell of my childhood. (not only the hot springs, but the smell of matches as Dad lit endless cigarettes, and the sulphurous talk in the bars.

(the Periodic Table—elements—of Montana?)
LIFE article in livestock file:

--killing coyote by stomping its chest
We never were anywhere much longer than if we'd been clothespegged.
Cliophilia: compare to E.O. Wilson's Biophilia

Fukuyama--cliocide (historicide)
Writing and Writering
UW HUM 47 Dept. - Passion & Precision

Nabokov's passion of scientist + precise 1 poet
(Chose him muddler it in Russian - "My good soul Russian is," as good
as N's good soul Eng.)
- Cronce, cited in Bill Robbins' caption intro, on Turner's rhetoric: of course!
- Orwell, as a way to write plainly but powerfully
- Brandel?
- Voices in Valley: "Three centuries dead, human lie"; echo I got long
- Less pulling & better long
- Solitude
- Commager's: Morrison ignoring Faulkner
- Henderson's "Sourwood Times" as best capturing North Carolina experience

and J.B. Hicks' "Child in Wagon" a Eiseley
- @ Arca: Wild Helix (variant of Double Planet)
- caduceus-like

- include land(scape) in genetic wilderness to preserve?
Todd Denison, UM grad student (who I had lunch w/ during May '93 speech visit and) who did thesis on USFS wilderness policy, when I got to talking to him about Bob Marshall said there's an unconventional view of Marshall in Richard White's "Indian Dependency" book, and recommended on wilderness thinkers Max Oelshaeger's The Idea of Wilderness and The Wilderness Condition.
10 August 1992

Ivan Doig
17021 - 10th Ave. N.W.
Seattle, WA 98177

Dear Ivan:

Thank you for sending me the mention of my new book in Publishers Weekly. The University of California Press and I are not on the warmest of terms these days, which perhaps explains why they had not yet notified me of the listing. In any event, I would much rather hear the news from another writer.

I just finished Ride with Me Mariah Montana two weeks ago (the delay in reading it, of course, was inexcusable). It is a wonderful, wonderful book, Ivan. Shortly after I put it down, I heard that my in-laws were reading it, too, having finished Rascal Fair and English Creek. This surprised me a bit because, while they are very interested in western literature, their tastes tend to have run more along the lines of Louis L’Amour and Zane Grey (I am not kidding; they also envision themselves as libertarians, by the way). Now that they have identified you as a first-rate writer of westerns, I need to do a little research to see what exactly that means, and where exactly you fit in with those others.

There may be a publishable article in this, somewhere.

I am enclosing notice of an event that helps to explain why I have not been a writer of any sort in recent days. However, I am doing some research on Richland, Washington (which is how I found the picture that graces the program cover). I see that community as another magic land or magic kingdom in many ways. As Patty Limerick would say, however, some of the magic there may be of the black variety.

Please stop by for coffee if you are on the campus.

Sincerely,

John Findlay
20 May 1990

Dr. Ivan Doig
17021 - 10th Ave. N.W.
Seattle, WA 98177

Dear Ivan:

I want to thank you for joining me at lunch last week. I enjoyed talking about our mutual interests in western history. I will try to keep you posted as we get our center going and hold events of possible interest to you. I think that you would enjoy meeting Richard White when he comes. We also would welcome any ideas you have for programs or directions we should pursue.

I appreciate your frankness in discussing the obstacles to your participation in a lecture series such as I suggested. It helps me understand more about the realities with which you must contend as a writer. After thinking about the conditions under which you work, I should like to try to sweeten our standing invitation to come speak on campus.

Let me try to be as frank as you were. We cannot compete with trade publishers for new material from you, but I would like to find some way to make the writing and presentation of lectures something other than an economic burden to you. The following ideas occur to me. To me, they seem quite feasible at this end, although I would need to finalize them in consultation with my allies on campus.

I have two kinds of money at my disposal. One is the Sick Fund, which links on-campus lectures to publication of a resulting book by the University of Washington Press. I understand that the press tie-in is disadvantageous to you. However, we have more available money in the Sick Fund than in any other account. Would you look more favorably upon our invitation if we offered you a higher base fee—say $50,000 as a preliminary suggestion—for the lectures-and-book package? Such a figure would come at least in part from the Sick Fund; I would also ask the press to contribute to the package. I believe that you could negotiate your own royalty deal with the press, too.

My other funds come from unrestricted endowments. However, this income must be used for operations and other projects, so I have less of it to offer for a lecture series by you—
let me suggest a tentative figure of $15,000 for three lectures. If this money provided the base fee for the lecture series, there would be no restrictions pertaining to publication by the press. You could take the resulting materials to a publisher of your own choosing, and thereby earn whatever the market would bring. So our lecture fee would be just a start.

Let me make an additional comment. We would be willing to try to schedule a lecture series in coordination with your efforts to publicize a new book, so that, again, the return from participating in the lectures would be maximized.

Again, these proposals would need to be hammered out between you and us and between me and my bosses on campus. (I have avoided broaching these ideas to the press, because I would rather not involve them until you express stronger interest. I have confided in my chairman about them, however, and I know he is supportive.) I offer them primarily as a starting point. I would be eager to speak further with you about them, and to hear any counter-proposals that you might have. Perhaps you have ideas for the content of a lecture series that would require different arrangements; if so, please let me know.

Please give my suggestions some consideration, and let me hear from you about them, even if it is to say no thanks. Again, I know that you have other obligations and opportunities, and will understand if you wish not to pursue these right now. As a fan of your writing, I will be content simply to know that you are at work on things that we all shall see eventually. It would also be enjoyable to get to know you better without playing Let’s Make a Deal.

Sincerely yours,

John M. Findlay

called him 28 June '90: we agreed I’d see if my WHA presentation provides sufficient ideas for the lecture series he wants, and I’ll try evaluate my writing schedule ahead (told him I wouldn’t be able to decide yet this year) to see if I have time for this. We're to check with Richard White in late Sept-early Oct.
Blue as the Odyssey:
a case study of how a novel happens

On a coffee farm in Kenya, as Isak Dinesen worked into the nights on the manuscript which became Out of Africa, her houseboy Kamante stood at the wall, watching. One evening Kamante announced to her that he did not think her enterprise ever could come to anything.

"Look, Msabu," he said, "this is a good book. It hangs together from the one end to the other. Even if you hold it up and shake it strongly, it does not come to pieces. The man who has written it is very clever. But what you write," he went on, both with scorn and with a sort of friendly compassion, "is some here and some there. When the people forget to close the door it blows about, even down on the floor and you are angry. It will not be a good book."

I explained to him that in Europe the people would be able to fix it all up together.

"Will your book then be as heavy as this?" Kamante asked, weighing the Odyssey.

When he saw that I hesitated he handed it to me in order that I might judge for myself.

"No," I said, "it will not, but there are other books in the library, as you know, that are lighter."

"And as hard?" he asked.

I said it was expensive to make a book so hard.

He stood for some time in silence and then expressed his greater hopes of my book, and perhaps also repentance of his doubts, by picking up the scattered pages from the floor and laying them on the table....

A few days later, I heard Kamante explain to the other houseboys that in Europe the book which I was writing could be made to stick together, and that with terrible expense it could even be made as hard as the Odyssey, which was again displayed. He himself, however, did not believe that it could be made blue.

The making of a specific work of fiction, the carpentry of language and ideas to build the printed lines which at last meet the eyes of readers, has not been much recorded by those within the craft. John Steinbeck in Journal of a Novel and Thomas Wolfe in The Story of a Novel are perhaps the best-known exceptions. Even those chronicles, however, report more
about the writerly interior than of the framework of the fiction. "The clumsy attempt to find symbols for the wordlessness," Steinbeck bemoaned. "A story of sweat and pain and despair and partial achievement," Wolfe cried. But as to how it occurred that home-canned string beans which would conceal suspicion of poison became vital to the plot of East of Eden, or that Of Time and the River is methodically studded with dashes denoting interposition and incompleteness, we remain as uninstructed as Kamante watching Msabu Dinesen's pages waft about.

My plan is to tell how a book of my own happens; the carpentry as well as the architect's moods. Veers and adjustments and serendipitous luck will be as much a part of the account as literary intentions; the making of dialogue and etching-in of detail as fully treated as the framing of the plot.

The novel I will chronicle, The Sea Runners, indeed seems to have a vitality of its own which hoots equally at authorial grandiloquence and the tidy dissections usual from literary critics. Often as not it sets surprising terms, and I scramble at the typewriter keys as best I can to keep up.

Item: The storyline of The Sea Runners, the thousand-mile escape of four Swedish laborers indentured to the Russian-American Company in Alaska in the winter of 1852-53, presented itself to me in a place where I had no business to be.

During research on a non-fiction book called Winter Brothers, I was scanning microfilm for a long-ago newspaper item, cited by an academic source, about the whale-hunting methods of the Makah Indians. Unable to find it, in exasperation I turned to some issues before the cited date, then some afterward—and there found myself looking down at the eleven-inch recital of the escape from Sitka of four "poor fellows...who found that they could not bear the ill-usage and tyranny which they were receiving," the only existing account of the forgotten historical incident.

I then idly spun the micro-reel back to my starting point and yes, there came upon the inconsequentially tiny whaling item.

Item: On the morning I set to work on the prospectus of the novel, I had been at the typewriter for two hours when my editor at Harcourt Brace Jovanovich phoned to tell me she was leaving the profession. A few hundred words old, The Sea Runners already was orphaned.

Item: While outlining the plot, I was stymied as to what manner of maps the frontiersmen could have laid hands on for their canoe voyage down the then-wilderness coast from Alaska to Oregon. Recently I managed to afford four days of research at the Alaska State Historical Library at Juneau, and on the afternoon of the fourth day found a series of maps, done at Sitka in that exact time period, which precisely fit their route.
In part, then, Blue as the Odyssey will be a running account of how a work of fiction dawns to mind, develops, has to be persevered with: the alchemy and kismet and tumbles of dice by which a novel somehow happens. But equally, it will be an account of the conscious process of creating sentences. Such as why the novel's first line of dialogue will read: "A strong right arm is the lever of life, these Russians say." How it occurs that one character drowns in a tidal trough, rather than meeting some other fate. What, from some hundreds of pages of research into mid-nineteenth-century Sitka, becomes fashioned into the backdrop of the scenes. Which is to say, the tappings-into-place and tinkerings that are the daily craft of writing.

Just now--this point in my writing career where The Sea Runners is on its way out of my typewriter--I believe is the optimum chance I'll ever have to reflect on how a book of mine has happened. Writers face a future of word processors and other technology. With these contraptions is going to come the obliteration of much of the "track" a writer now leaves: research notes, manuscript drafts, even galley proofs corrected by the author, already are vanishing into the microchips. Scholars of literature can look ahead to a deprivation of source similar to what the telephone has been wreaking on historians, the vanishing of correspondence as a research lode. And the machinery is coming fast; the next novel I write, I'll undoubtedly need at least to experiment with a word processor. So the material I've maintained during the past year and a half of writing The Sea Runners--day-by-day notecards of intentions and ideas, all the consecutive manuscript drafts, a photo file of the book's coastal settings, work calendars--is not likely to occur again in my work.

The Sea Runners should be safely into production by August of 1982, and I'll be free to undertake this project promptly after that. The best length for Blue as the Odyssey I believe would be no more than 25,000-30,000 words. Short enough to be spirited, long enough to say considerable.

Perhaps as not usual for a Fellowship plan, mine involves no need for travel. Time is what I would buy. In the way that a writer with a university affiliation would use the opportunity to free himself for a while from the campus schedule, I would be furloughed from that constraint on a self-employed writer: the need to make hours always add up into dollars (or at least dimes). With the time and support for this undertaking, the loose points of fiction-craft which perpetually get away from novelists can be made, this once, to stick hard and fast--and Kamante notwithstanding, I think the enterprise even could be made blue.

###
The summer crisis in the rain forest "is no way of knowing what is being lost. Scientists have for years gathered data on species of plants, animals and microorganisms, but recent studies indicate there may be as many as 30 million kinds of insects alone." Wilson is nearly evangelically in spreading the word of impending catastrophe and proposing solutions. He's good at it, too. Asked what he thinks Wilson beheld for, Thomas E. Lovejoy, assistant secretary of internal affairs at the Smithsonian Institution and former vice president of the World Wildlife Fund, says: "A few years ago I would have said sociobiology, but what he's doing today is critical. Wilson is one of the real leaders in everybody on the planet. He's a wonderful spokesperson because information that's untimely and mysterious helps make his case clear. He really gets to people." Wilson, like most of today's activist scientists, now focuses on economics as a prime incentive for preserving biodiversity. The greatest hope for biodiversity today, according to a recent report by the National Science Foundation, lies in giving third-world countries, which contain most of the world's tropical forests, an economic incentive to preserve their natural wealth. For example, they could be encouraged to develop economies based on new forest products that would not require vast clearing of land or soil depletion. At least 50,000 plant species have edible parts, but man relies heavily on only about 20 of these. One plant with huge economic potential, the winged bean of New Guinea, has been called a one-species supermarket: its roots, seeds, leaves, stems and flowers are all edible. By bringing economic prosperity to developing countries, Wilson argues, an intact forest system would help mitigate the greenhouse effect. "The land turned to clear another mile of road," Wilson says heatedly, "seems to me obscene." With 40 to 50 million acres of rain forest disappearing each year, Wilson estimates that, annually, as many as 100,000 species are also being lost. When loggers cleared a mountaintop in Ecuador, 38 plant species exclusive to that site disappeared, forever. In most cases, there is no way of knowing what is being lost. Scientists have for years gathered data on species of plants, animals and microorganisms, but recent studies indicate there may be as many as 30 million kinds of insects alone. Wilson is nearly evangelically in spreading the word of impending catastrophe and proposing solutions. He's good at it, too. Asked what he thinks Wilson beheld for, Thomas E. Lovejoy, assistant secretary of internal affairs at the Smithsonian Institution and former vice president of the World Wildlife Fund, says: "A few years ago I would have said sociobiology, but what he's doing today is critical. Wilson is one of the real leaders in everybody on the planet. He's a wonderful spokesperson because information that's untimely and mysterious helps make his case clear. He really gets to people."
Africa's ally, enemy slowly ticks away

By RICHARD CRITCHFIELD

OACHAKOS, KENYA — The drums mute, the faces blur: The African landscape and your days in it have been left behind. Yet just as real as when you walked the hills of Machakos, a mile high in the sky, is the sense of empty, limitless space. Karen Blixen put it just right in "Out of Africa": "Looking back on a sojourn in the African highlands, you are struck by your feelings of having lived for a time in the air."

Africans, as they do for so many of us, aroused the admiration of Ms. Blixen, a Danish baroness. Her book had a classic portrayal of her faithful Kikuyu servant, Kamante: "His fortitude of soul in the face of pain was the fortitude of an old warrior."

Well, times change. In a 1981 book, 50 years later, we find Baroness Blixen, now a celebrated literary figure under her pseudonym Isak Dinesen, having a cozy chat with Truman Capote. "Ah, how fascinating she was," Capote recalls, "sitting by the fire in her beautiful house in a Danish seaside village, chain-smoking black cigarettes with silver tips, cooling her lively tongue with draughts of champagne and luring one from this topic to that."

And Kamante? Oh, after Blixen sold her farm, left Africa in 1931 and never went back, he and her other Kikuyu squatters were kicked off the land. Today Isak Dinesen is dead but Kamante lives on, bent, white-haired and 78, with an ailing wife and a blind son in mud-hut poverty just outside Nairobi.

"What will happen to them if I should die?" he asked an interviewer. "They are both disabled. Who can look after the other?" One wondered, seeing rather more pain than fortitude in the old man's eyes, why, from her beautiful house on the sea, the great authoress failed to look after him.

The moral of this little tale, if there is one, could be that too romantic a view of Africans may be fundamentally insensitive; it blunts our ability to see their predicament as it really is. There is something psychologically fragile, perhaps a bit guilt-ridden, in the way we look at Africans even today. They still seem (in Joseph Conrad's words) "savage and superb, wild-eyed and magnificent." But behind the pride, the liveliness, there are great empty plains, wretched villages, malnourishment, diseases and fearful superstitions.

Africa, in fact, is in trouble. It is the last place on the planet where the population growth rate shows no signs of slowing. Instead, it is going up, from 2.5 percent a year in the 1960s to 2.9 percent last year.
the fields. "This is the problem we face here in Africa," Monica explained. "You see these women there was a rustling sound as the grains popped out of the beaten sheaves onto the hard poppers."

"In Kenya, actually, most farmers are women," said D. M. Thairu, one of Kenya's leading agronomists who ran a dry-land agricultural research center in Machakos. "A family has to have both food and cash. The wife grows the food for the family and the man earns money, either in cash crops or he goes to the city."

He said that women, half of them illiterate, produced 80 percent of the corn sold in Kenya and did all the rural marketing. On market days we saw them, armies of women streaming down the hillsides in their bright cotton dresses and headscarves, heavy loads on their heads, often babies on their backs, parasols against the sun.

Agricultural officials had discovered that if they offered seed or fertilizer loans or technical training, about 70 percent of those who signed up were women. Thairu's problem, he said, was how to persuade these women to grow the new drought-resistant crops his center developed; men still made most decisions. "We can give the basic inputs — plots, oxen, improved seeds — and give these women training. But we have to make them understand how to persuade these women to grow the new crops."

Family planners told the same story. Kenyan women, who average 8.3 live children each, were ready to use contraceptives; they — and their husbands — will accept.

Approaching Nairobi from the southeast, across the grasslands and thorn-trees of the Kabit Plain, you could still glimpse giraffes, zebras and the occasional ostrich. About 20 miles out, the city came faintly into view. Kenya has the world's highest annual population growth rate — 3.9 percent — and yet is still the prime symbol in Africa of what Western investment can do. It is Africa's banking, business and tourist center (400,000 a year) and, as the American ambassador told a businessmen's lunch at the Hilton, "Gentlemen, there's money to be made."

African culture is all but swamped by Westernization. Except for the odd Masai, naked under his blanket, everybody wears modern clothing, much of it from second-hand markets. New glass-and-concrete towers, gracious colonial architecture and airplane numbers are blazing the trail. In the 1970s proved, at least in Asia, that human fertility falls if productivity increases. Africa is too rural (86 percent in Kenya) and too lacking in resources to find the answer in industry. Instead it must be found in farming, no longer just a matter of slashing and burning bush and planting with a digging stick.

Back in Machakos, where you could still walk the country roads at night in safety, the male failure to find a new role in settled farming seemed fundamental. This was changing, very slowly. Nzoka, the Kaani headmaster, said: "There is still a belief that farming is for women or for those who don't go to school. We have to change that."

In the meantime, Africa's women farmers are blazing the trail. Monica took me to meetings where a gathering of villagers, usually about 75 percent of them women, drew up month-by-month plans to build new terraces, apply fertilizer, dig irrigation canals, plant new fast-maturing cash crops and build everything from latrines to chicken coops. Centuries of technological advance were being thrown at these village women all at once.

Aside from farming, these women had to fetch firewood and water, keep house, cook and take care of their children and, with life expectancies of 53, would spend much of their lives in a continuing cycle of pregnancy, birth and child rearing. Amazingly, they were eager for practical knowledge and new methods, too.

Perhaps because she herself had been so deeply caught between the old and new, Monica had uncommon empathy with her fellow Kamba women. I guess Baroness Blixen did have it right: fortitude. Monica had that peculiar patient endurance that more than anything we saw or heard in our days together in Machakos left me deeply impressed by the African woman; I saw them through her eyes. It is such women that are bringing Africa into the 20th century.

The hunter-warrior is no more. The settled farmer is not yet. Monica understood, far better than I ever could, how it would take time.
In an interview she gave to The Paris Review in 1956, Karen Christensen Dinesen, the Baroness Blixen-Finecke, explained how she came to her, in this century, anomalous mastery of the art of tale-telling: "I really began writing before I went to Africa, but I never once wanted to be a writer. I published a few short stories in literary reviews in Denmark, when I was twenty years old, and the reviews encouraged me but I didn’t go on—I don’t know, I think I had an intuitive fear of being trapped. ... Later, when I knew in my heart I should have to sell the farm and go back to Denmark, I did begin to write. To put my mind to other things I began to write tales. Two of the ‘Gothic Tales’ were written there. But earlier, I learned how to tell tales. For, you see, I had the perfect audience. White people can no longer listen to a tale recited. They fidget or become drowsy. But the natives have an ear still. I told stories constantly to them, all kinds.” The tales of Isak Dinesen, of course, depend for their quality upon more than the suspenseful momentum of oral recitation. The silver thread of their plots winds through phrases of perfect aptness and unique slant; landscapes evoked with a painterly eye and a majestic breadth; characterizations of a peculiar aloof lovingness; and a philosophical wit that owes something to her fellow-Dane Kierkegaard’s mordacity but something more to the eighteenth century, its feline playfulness and illusionless psychology held within an ultimate love of calm, of balance. Her imagination could visit, it seemed, any corner of European history and find there a tale tinged with the lustre and vivid shadowing of medieval allegory. She bestowed an unimpeachable intellectual power and dignity of workmanship upon materials that in other hands would have appeared mere costume dramas—fetched, phantasmal, moony. At a time when literary practitioners were turning anywhere but to the nineteenth century for exemplary ways to “make it new,” she took up the tattered gothic, romantic conventions and showed they still fit our naked human plight; she found gold in those old pockets and made it circulate ringingly in the highest circles of twentieth-century literary accomplishment. A Danish woman who wrote in English under a man’s name, she stood a little to one side, rakishly, and was regarded with some suspicion by at least the Swedish Academy, whose curious failure to award her the Nobel Prize (though she lived to a good age and had the tacit advantage of being Scandinavian) was mentioned by Hemingway in his own acceptance speech.

The full range of Isak Dinesen’s career is represented in “Carnival: Entertainments and Posthumous Tales,” which binds together unpublished or at least uncollected work from 1909 to 1961. The book has been commendably produced by the University of Chicago Press: the mauve jacket is pretty, the blue cover is handsome, the volume sits holdably in the hand, and the print sits readably on the page. One would not mention such elementary decency of manufacture if there were not so much mannered and inconsiderate book design on the market, and a dinosaurian trend toward volumes so big they can only be wrestled open in bed, where their pages reveal type so tiny a floodlight has to be called in from the lawn. My only technical complaint about “Carnival” is that the bibliographical information is scattered carelessly between the jacket flaps and the front matter. The flaps state that some of the stories were translated from the Danish; a lonely little notice opposite the title page tells us which ones: “The de Cats Family,” “Uncle Théodore,” and “The Bear and the Kiss.” The earliest story in the collection is “The de Cats Family,” published in 1909, by which time, the jacket says, the author had “discovered her tale and her themes, but not her voice.” For this reader, the voice was perfectly there, and this fable of a prosperous Amsterdam family that needs one black sheep alive at all times to keep the others virtuous shows in the twenty-four-year-old Karen Dinesen—as she then was—many of the mature writer’s strengths: her high comedy, her nose for the supernatural, the metallic purity of her beautifully paced plots, the secure social sense that enables her to locate and limn

“I'd like to know how you really feel about me, Elena—
I mean, of course, me vis-à-vis you.”
so justly this bourgeois family in a city
not her own. The romance in “The de
Cats Family” is animated with her
usual delicacy, the set speeches have her
rhetorical firmness, and she brings to the
Dutch scene the slightly fantastic
elegance of her landscapes:

It was a December afternoon, one of
the first snowy days, and a thin scurf of
snow lay on the streets and the roofs of
the houses, on the decks of the boats and
the barges; in the leafless trees along the
canals black crows sat quite still and
thoughtful and the sky was a brownish
gray, like peat smoke. Far in the west
there was already a broad strip of sky
colored like a lemon or very old ivory.

This is translated from the Danish;
when, toward the end of her seventeen
years in the British colony of Kenya,
she began to write in new earnest, her
adopted English lacked for no nuance
of evocation:

On a full-moon night of 1863 a dhow
was on its way from Lamu to Zanzibar,
following the current about a mile out. . .
This still night was bewildering in its
deep silence and peace, as if something
had happened to the world; as if the soul
of it had been, by some magic, turned
upside down. The free monsoon came
on under its sway, on her long journey,
in the face of the dim luminous moon.

Thus opens “The Dreamers” in “Sev­
en Gothic Tales”; but in the lesser tales
of “Carnival” there are plenty of magi­
cal passages, conjuring up places where
Karen Blixen had been but rarely, if
ever:

The ancient city of Bergamo stands
upon a rock fifteen hundred feet high and
the three thousand feet wide. From there,
like a hawk with a mouse, it keeps an
eye on the Città Bassa, the newer town
of trade and crafts which, low on the
green plain, runs peacefully along the
roads to the outside world.

High up in the Città Alta’s maze of
broken lanes the dark Middle Ages of
Italy are still alive. . . . A famous travel­
er has said of the Bergamasque aristoc­
raty that they were all half mad with
malice and lust. They were an insular
race, their minds fossilized like lava,
their blood thick and hot.

A manuscript page that Isak Dinesen
permitted The Paris Review to re­
produce shows an eccentric large hand
flowing from one edge of the page to
the other without apparent hesitation
and with only one crossing-out. As her
health failed, she often dictated, A vi­
sionary fluency, aloof as a sibyl’s drone,
is one mark of her style; another is
its distinct taste. She said of reading
Huxley’s “Crome Yellow,” “It was
like biting into an unknown and re­
freshing fruit,” and Dorothy Canfield,
introducing the unknown, presumably

masculine author of “Seven Gothic
Tales” to an American audience, be­
gan, “The person who has set his
teeth into a kind of fruit new to him, is
usually as eager as he is unable to tell
you how it tastes.” The adjective “de­
licious” rises to the mind as it savors
her rich, dense, satiny, yet unforced
paragraphs; the intimacy that Isak
Dinesen establishes is one between the
eater and the eaten. Like the city of
Bergamo, she seems like a hawk; what
she sees is so distinct as to be succulent.
Again like a hawk, she is looking for
certain things, and repeatedly swoops
to the same prey.

Of the eleven tales in “Carnival,”
three are climaxed by a kiss, and sev­
en—all but the first and last two—
celebrate the power of young females.
This power is not bluntly sexual; in­
deed, most of these heroines are chaste.
The fifteen-year-old heroine of “The
Last Day,” reading the Bible to a
dying man, lets him kiss her, as his
farewell to life. She knows what has
happened:

Her wide-open, light eyes, like a
hawk’s eyes, were severe, so that I might
have believed that she was angry with
me, and at the same time they were
friendly, encouraging, confident. She
knew everything, and laughed at danger.

The nine-year-old heroine of “The
Fat Man” is not kissed but killed, and
expresses her power by haunting the
murderer: “It is her small light step
that has followed close on his own all
the time.” In “The Proud Lady,” a
fifteen-year-old girl persuades, with a
kiss, the executioner of Paris to show
her aristocratic grandmother a courtesy
on the scaffold befitting her rank; and
in “Uncle Seneca” and “The Ghost
Horses,” little mystery tales first printed
in American slick magazines, young
women are privy to potent secrets. The
heroine of “The Ghost Horses” is only
six, and is described thus:

As she stood up, in her small flannel
nightgown, her face was on a level with
his. What lovely eyes and delicately
arched eyebrows, what rich hair. And
what a sudden, strange power in the
whole frail figure.

Isak Dinesen was herself frail, and
dictated many of her later stories from a
hospital bed—her illness traceable to a
poorly treated case of venereal disease
caught from her husband in the first
year of her marriage. When, after a
few unhappy years, they separated, she
ran their six-thousand-acre Kenyan
coffee farm by herself, until the drop in
coffee prices in 1931 compelled her to
return to Denmark, and to writing. On
the farm, her memoir “Out of Africa”
tells us, she made it a habit to visit with
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THE FESTIVE FAMULARO KITCHEN
by JOE FAMULARO and LOUISE IMPERIALE. From two world-travelers who cook passionately come 350 recipes for preparing elegant meals with Italian flavor and international flair. "What fond memories I have of dining at Joe Famularo's table."—CRAIG CLAIBORNE

A CELEBRATION OF VEGETABLES
Menus for Festive Meat-Free Dining
by ROBERT ACKART, author of the kitchen classic, Fruits in Cooking. Not a cookbook for vegetarians (although they'll enjoy it, too), this sumptuous array of recipes offers a wide, delicious variety of flavors that only a vegetable menu can offer. "A book vegetable lovers like myself will find most useful... Indeed timely."—EDWARD GIROBI. A Dual Selection of The Cookbook Guild.

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some Somali women living on her property, and to listen to stories they told: “It was a trait common to all these tales that the heroine, chaste or not, would get the better of the male characters and emerge out of the tale triumphantly... Within this enclosed women’s world, so to say, behind the walls and fortifications of it, I felt the presence of a great ideal, without which the garrison would not have carried on so gallantly; the idea of a Millennium when women were to reign supreme in the world.” And is not some such ideal behind the blindingly precious kisses and power-racked waifs of Isak Dinesen’s fiction; indeed, it is not this the lightning that flashes throughout the female-dominated realm of “gothic romance,” whose summit is “Wuthering Heights”—the belief, that is, in a spiritual power, which, though belied by physical frailty, irradiates matter and ultimately shall triumph in the material world so heavily controlled by men? Within Isak Dinesen’s garrison of females, the beauty and spiritual history of each are chronicled like the arms and battle honors of warriors:

Her blackened eyelashes were so long that her clear brown eyes looked out at you as from behind an ambuscade, and at whatever place—throat, arm, waist, or knee—you cut her slim body through with a sharp knife, you would have got a perfectly circular transverse incision. Such violent praise is rendered to one of the four heroines of the long title story, “Carnival.” The tale is the conversation of a group of bright young things who escape a Copenhagen costume ball for an hour in 1925 and engage in mannered conversation and a frivolous wager. In the end, into this female province of color and glitter a young man dressed in black and painted black walks with the intention of robbery, but in fact he is subdued to a kind of service by the youngest of the women, called Arlecchino, who wears “that placid and slightly scoffing expression which one finds in the faces of Japanese dolls.” For all its scintillations, “Carnival” seems in total effect arch and confusing and heartless; it was, the introduction states, “originally intended to be a puppet comedy,” and the author never published it, though “through the years she borrowed many of its best ideas and themes for other stories of hers.” In this posthumous gathering of work too slight or fragmentary for previous inclusion in her œuvre, “Carnival” seems the one distinct failure, the least real, though it takes place in our century and provides, through its brittle kaleidoscope of smart-set revelry, a tan...
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