Human nature, Dr. Wilson believes, has changed little in many millennia. And it will change very little in the millennia ahead.

CAMBRIDGE, Mass.—We can't predict the future, but we do know the context in which it will emerge. That context is human nature, those deeply embedded laws of behavior that shape society, technology and culture.

But what is human nature? Perhaps the best-known authority on the subject is neither a psychologist nor a philosopher but a zoologist. Ask for directions to his office in the Museum of Comparative Zoology at Harvard University and you're instructed to "turn left at the whale skeleton."

Beginning with the study of ants, those most interactive of creatures, Prof. Edward O. Wilson has spent decades exploring what makes species social. In the case of us humans, he argues, the deepest traits and tendencies are not implanted in our minds through culture but hard-wired into our genes through evolution. Those behaviors that conferred selection advantages—cooperation as well as territoriality, spirituality as well as tool-making—survived and strengthened through millions of years of evolution, making us what we are.

It's true that "nurture" works alongside nature in shaping behavior. But between them, Prof. Wilson says, "biology is the key to human nature."

A native of Birmingham, Ala., Prof. Wilson, age 70, has taught at Harvard since 1955. He won a 1978 Pulitzer Prize for his book "On Human Nature" and a second Pulitzer, in 1990, for "The Ants." He was interviewed in his laboratory, filled with oversized ant models and vials of tiny crawling things. Some highlights of the conversation follow.

—Thomas Petzinger Jr.

**Constraints on Culture**

**The Wall Street Journal:** Is it safe to say that human nature has not changed greatly in the last 1,000 years?

**Dr. Wilson:** I think it is safe to say that human nature has not changed in the last 100,000 years, and maybe farther back than that.

**WSJ:** So there's no reason to think it will change a great deal in the next 1,000 years?

**Dr. Wilson:** No reason to believe it whatsoever.

**WSJ:** In "On Human Nature," you wrote that "the trajectory of history can be plotted ahead, at least roughly," by considering the constraints that human nature places on culture. What features of human nature will shape the future?

**Dr. Wilson:** On the basis of our understanding of the behavior of nonhuman primates, our closest genetic relatives, and a mounting body of evidence from psychology and anthropology, I would venture that the following behaviors are unlikely to change in any fundamental way:

- A tendency toward hierarchy.
- A tendency toward emphasis upon, and deep personal concern about status and recognition.
- A great value placed individually upon self-esteem as part of individual integrity.
- A desire for a substantial degree of personal privacy, including private space.
- Deep sexual bonding and deep parental bonding, with both types of bonding having numerous and complex manifestations in cultural life.
- An aversion to incestuous behavior.

**The conflict over the origin of humanity and ethics—this will be the struggle for men's souls**

how the human species evolved. You can interweave your family and your contacts with business all through the day.

Another area closely allied to it is teleconferencing, which is an industry with enormous potential. It will take some doing, but teleconferencing would save enormous sums of money and time. I have no abilities whatever as an investor, but if I were forced to make a long-term investment decision I would tend to get rid of stocks in airlines and put the proceeds in teleconferencing. This is an industry in which once a certain threshold has been reached in creating close human contact, it can take off.

**WSJ:** You listed sexual bonding among the enduring features of human nature. Does that mean that we have to get used to sexuality in advertising, marketing and cultural life?

**Dr. Wilson:** Yes. It is ineradicable. Obviously the intensity and overttness will vary a lot according to culture. But it will always be there. If it is somehow squelched, it will be pursued clandestinely.
The Basic of Ethics

The world is full of ethical dilemmas. We often find ourselves in situations where we must decide what is right and what is wrong. The basic principles of ethics can help us make these decisions. In this section, we will explore the fundamental concepts of ethical behavior.

Regulation and Science

The government regulates the behavior of scientists to ensure that their work is conducted ethically. This includes regulations on the use of animals in experiments, the protection of human subjects, and the disclosure of research findings.

Where to Start

If you are interested in learning more about ethics, there are several resources available. One option is to take a course in ethics offered by a local university or community college. Additionally, there are many books and online resources available that provide a comprehensive overview of the subject.

Conclusion

Ethics is a complex and important field. By understanding the basic principles of ethics, we can make more informed decisions and contribute to a more just and equitable society.

References


Further Reading


Copyright

This work is licensed under the Creative Commons Attribution-NonCommercial 4.0 International License. To view a copy of this license, visit http://creativecommons.org/licenses/by-nc/4.0/.
It's safe to say that, with very few exceptions, there's very little more you can do to ensure your information system integrity before midnight, December 31st. We should know, because we've spent much of the past year ensuring that when the clock strikes 12:00, we're in the same position that we were at 11:59.

But, unlike most companies, we've given
The same questions that you need to ask yourself. Because, now that you've invested so diligently in your business, what impact does eCommerce have on our business? What are our new goals? What should we just as much thought to the future.
Wilson

Continued from Page R16

formulate it correctly and honestly, it could be as inspiring as anything that traditional mythology now offers us.

WSJ: At least more inspiring than men with long beards and white robes.

Dr. Wilson: That's right. But the intellectuals haven't explored it. The creative arts have not—poetry and literature and visual arts and dance and music. The philosophers have shied away from it.

So who will do it? There is a wonderful range of opportunities for major thinkers of the future in re-examining the human condition in the real world.

Answers and Questions

WSJ: Isn't it true that science is the only system that creates new mysteries as it solves old ones?

Dr. Wilson: That is true. And the prospect of the eternal frontier satisfies one of the deepest needs of the human mind and the human heart.

WSJ: To feel that we are...what?

Dr. Wilson: Always moving out into a strange and surprising world—understanding more, fulfilling our potential more. Each quest brings us to a point where we see a new horizon stretching beyond. That is what science gives us.

But there is another aspect of science that I think ought to be understood, to make it more human. Science is what we know, what we can test and what we can agree to be true through empirical tests. It is what humanity knows with some degree of certainty. It is also the most democratic institution in the world. And it does have all these elements of mystery and spirituality in it.

So that is why I have some confidence that we will eventually pull ourselves out of the fundamental conflict.

WSJ: The conflict of...

Dr. Wilson: The conflict between, on the one hand, traditional religious fervor and ideologies (which are just a secularized form of religious fervor) and, on the other hand, the real world as science continues to reveal it. Unfortunately, you don't hear this issue expressed by science very often. The reason is that most scientists are journeymen.

They work within a narrow realm of knowledge and discovery, and they don't think about these issues very much. And of course it's a drink of hemlock for any politician even to mention that there is a subject like the one we're now discussing.

But if it seems to you that our public philosophers, our main intellectual spokesmen—the op-ed page writers and talk-show hosts. They're almost all trained in social science and government.

WSJ: The professional pundit.

Dr. Wilson: They apparently don't know any of this stuff, or at least choose to avert their eyes. They are not prepared to talk about it, and the vast majority automatically take the traditional religious views when they come up against tough issues like homosexuality and abortion.

WSJ: Cultures are disappearing and species are disappearing, and I know you care a great deal about that. Why should somebody who's sitting on a bulging investment portfolio, who is living in a city where crime has gone down—why should that person care about the disappearance of species or native cultures?

Dr. Wilson: Your question reminds me of a conference a few years ago where I gave a talk about biodiversity. The late Sen. Heinz [John Heinz, Republican of Pennsylvania], turned to me and said, "Okay, I buy all this. But tell me something I can use when I talk to Joe Six-Pack."

WSJ: Well, maybe you can address your answer to Joe Cognac.

Dr. Wilson: We could have had our whole discussion on this subject. In a capsule form, the answer has got to be because it is part of the human heritage, which humanity will need to search for meaning and new forms of spirituality. Also, it should be thought a sacred obligation to pass as much of the rest of life on to future generations as possible.

Anyway, I believe that far from becoming indifferent to the living world and to biodiversity and cultural diversity, the cocooned, affluent American is actually going the other way. Having acquired a certain amount of security with wealth, Americans—the better educated ones, certainly—have a very strong tendency to reach out to the rest of the world. They are much more likely to become environmentalists. They take their families to national parks and to safaris and to get involved in issues concerned with biodiversity.

In fact we've seen some of the major entrepreneurs of American business getting more and more engaged. [CNN founder] Ted Turner's gift to the United Nations, [Intel founder] Gordon Moore's and Bill Ford's involvement with Conservation International. The president of the World Bank, Jim Wolfensohn, acting not just as president of the World Bank but from his own conviction. These people realize there's something truly precious and unique and irreplaceable that is being lost. I look forward to more and more affluent, urban people becoming the environmental leaders of the future.

WSJ: Ethics, duty, sure—but Joe Cognac wants to know the practical benefits of saving species and cultures.

Dr. Wilson: Every species is a deep reservoir of potential knowledge for humanity as well as spiritual inspiration. It has been exquisitely adapted to its environment by hundreds of thousands to millions of years of evolution. What we are doing when we lose a species is losing a small library of knowledge that we haven't even begun to read, a bottomless source of new products including pharmaceuticals, a stability in the global environment given to us free of charge, an eternal world for exploitation and pleasure. Surely that is worth a few billion dollars and a little more political imagination than the world has hitherto received.
Turning Up the Heat: Two Forecasts for Earth 2100

What will the weather be like in 2100?
Don't laugh. While forecasting the next century in any field is a dicey exercise, climate experts have more tools than most prognosticators.

Hence the widespread concern about global warming. Computer models enable climatologists to project the effects of the ever-increasing emissions of industrial gases, like carbon dioxide, that scientists contend are warming the atmosphere.

Of course, the picture that the models paint depends on the scientists' assumptions. A 1999 study by Dr. Tom Wigley, a climatologist at the National Center for Atmospheric Research in Boulder, Colo., ran four possibilities for the future through climate models to examine how global warming might alter the average global temperature. Then he combined the results of 15 models to explore the effects on temperature and precipitation in North America.

Presented below are projections for the year 2100 under two of Dr. Wigley's cases: those assuming the highest and lowest levels of emissions.

A word of caution. Computers do not yet have the capacity to make more than relatively crude simulations of the climate's behavior, and scientists have not yet firmly pinned down the climate's sensitivity to warming by greenhouse gases. Dr. Wigley's analysis, conducted for the Pew Center on Global Climate Change in Arlington, Va., assumed a moderate sensitivity of about 4.5 degrees Fahrenheit for a doubling of atmospheric carbon dioxide.

WILLIAM M. STEVENS

Temperature Changes

An average global warming of 4.5 degrees, more or less, might not sound like much until it is realized that the world has warmed by only 5 to 9 degrees since the depths of the last ice age, 18,000 to 20,000 years ago.

The heating would not be uniform. Northern America would warm more than the global average. Northern latitudes would heat up more than southern ones. Climatic zones would shift north 100 to 350 miles, making the climate of New York, for instance, more like that of Washington today.

In either the high- or low-emissions case, winter would probably be shorter. Northern growing seasons would lengthen, an effect that is already discernible. Northern wheat-growing areas could thrive, while some Southern farmers might have to switch to new crops, like citrus. New England could lose its brilliant fall maples, and Midwestern prairies would expand at the expense of forests.

Scientists warn that the warming would be enough to push summer heat waves to higher, more dangerous combinations of temperature and humidity, a trend that federal scientists say is already under way.

The Highest-Emissions Future

ASSUMPTIONS
- High population growth
- Relatively little emphasis on technological change
- No specific steps by governments to control greenhouse gas emissions

GLOBAL CONDITIONS IN 2100
- Average surface temperature increase of about 5 degrees Fahrenheit
- Sea level would rise about 3 feet

The Lowest-Emissions Future

ASSUMPTIONS
- Low population growth
- Emphasis on global action to reduce environmental problems, but no policy steps on greenhouse gas emissions specifically
- Rapid technological change
- Use of cleaner-energy technologies

GLOBAL CONDITIONS IN 2100
- Temperature increase of about 3.5 degrees
- Sea level would rise about 1.5 feet

Regions shown in black are some of the areas that could be flooded at high tide if global warming causes the sea to rise 2 feet in the next 100 years. The indicated areas account not only for the effects of global warming, but also for other factors like the sinking of the earth's crust in some coastal areas.

Maps at left from a forthcoming article by James C. Titus and Charles Knapp in the journal Climate Research.

Precipitation Changes

One of the most striking effects of a warmer atmosphere, many scientists say, would be a worsening of floods and droughts. The reason is that a warmer atmosphere holds more moisture and makes more water evaporate from the earth's surface. This creates heavier rainstorms but dries out the land faster between storms.

These extremes would have a seasonal and regional character. Most of the country, and especially the heart of the plains, would experience less summer rainfall. But winter precipitation would generally increase, especially in northern regions.

Climate experts say much of the increase in precipitation would result from more heavy rainstorms — "gully washers" — that cause flash flooding. Scientists have already detected a trend toward more of this intense rainfall in the United States.

Also, some snowstorms could become heavier, even though winter might be shorter. Global warming is unlikely to cancel winter altogether. Cold waves would still occur, and when they coincided with storms, a moister atmosphere could generate worse blizzards.

Percentage change in average precipitation from 1999 to 2100

-20% to -10%  -10% to 0%  0% to +10%  +10% to +20%  +20% to +30%

Summer

Winter

outer space "martians build two immense canals in two years"

headline, aug. 27, 1911.

Cigarettes "if excessive smoking actually

commercially and financially I consider it an impossibility."

Lee DeForest, American radio pioneer, quoted Sept. 12, 1936.
This Millennial Christmas

The list of things we will do for the last time in this century and this millennium grows shorter and shorter as the minutes and seconds pass. But few of those things feel more meaningful than celebrating today the final Christmas in this old epoch, our long-familiar calendrical home. It was the problem of Easter's date that led a Scythian-born monk in the sixth century to determine the Roman year of Jesus' birth and to designate a new era, a Christian re-reckoning of time, beginning there. The scholarly judgment is that the historical Jesus was probably born around 4 or 6 B.C. And yet the popular idea prevails, though there are no carols or hymns to quite this effect, that on that ancient, first Christmas in Bethlehem so long ago, the one told in Luke, the counting of time began all over again, an old world departing and a new one ringing itself in to the sound of a heavenly host.

If that first Christmas is not a matter of strict calendrical accuracy — the actual dividing line between B.C. and A.D. — Christmas is still a matter of joyful spiritual reality for millions of Christians around the world. For them, it is not only a holy day, it is also, in a sense, the most human day in the liturgical calendar, a day on which the possibility of human innocence is renewed with the birth in humble surroundings of a divine infant. The humility of that birth expresses for Christians the re-ordering of the world, the hope for a kingdom of the spirit instead of the flesh. It expresses, in the darkest week of the year, a sense of rejuvenation even stronger in its way than the light of the returning sun, which has just passed its solstice and is heading north once more.

In painting after painting over the past half-dozen centuries, the circumstances of the Nativity have been transposed from the Holy Land to more familiar, more local settings. It surprises no one to see in a painting by van Eyck, for instance, the outlines of a medieval city or the elements of a Germanic landscape rising behind the manger and the Wise Men, any more than it surprises us to see a crèche on the lawn of a Catholic or Methodist church in some small American town. Our society has carried that transposition a little further, from a sacred setting to a secular one. For many, Christmas has become the principal seasonal celebration of the year, a resoundingly commercial, exuberant, and yet still spiritual interlude, a time of rejuvenation and compulsive spending. This is, for many of us, the emotional nexus of the year, when tight-fisted Scrooge, a man with one kind of wealth, turns into free-handed Santa, a man who is rich in very different ways.

Christmas has grown so large over the past two centuries, so important in the lives of families and on the balance sheets of retailers, that it seems almost like a force of nature. But it is worth wondering why it has become so, especially today on the last Christmas of this century. Long ago, well beyond living memory, the year was filled with festivals, feast days and holidays. They were a way of marking for ordinary people the movement of time and the seasons, a way of honoring the sanctity of social and cultural obligations. They reflected the living rituals of the agricultural year, the succession of sowing and haying and harvesting, as well as the rites of the church, the passages of marriage and birth and death. Above all, they offered relaxation and entertainment, as well as momentary glimpses of abundance amid lives of predictable, routine leaness.

But leisure is all around us now, no longer pared with difficulty from an unbroken calendar of hard labor. Abundance is an everyday meal. Entertainment is an industry, the very vernacular of our existence. Ours is a world that has steadily lost its observances and its feast days, the sense of festal, ritual succession. Their elements have been dispersed across the ordinary working week, and the holidays themselves have been rationalized to the point where they scarcely differ more from one another than Tuesday does from Wednesday.

But Christmas, like the most holy days of other faiths, reminds us that there is something about a holiday that is larger than leisure, abundance or entertainment, something that is indefinable and ancient. It is an atavism we still feel, an ecstatic song about to break from our lips, commemorating, among other things, the moment we occupy in time. As the ritual life dwindles, these special days grow and grow, reminding us that we cannot live without it. It cannot simply be dissolved into the flow of the everyday world. It is part of our nature to need days that lie outside of time, days that gather the seasons around them, and so transform them. We still feel the old need to transpose ourselves now and then, to step out of our seamless lives and into a world that is richer in symbols, more expressive of the emotional path we tread through the year. Christmas comes to proclaim that venerable instinct of human nature, now and into the time ahead.
Uncivil action: A town left to die

Washington's fourth-graders dropped significantly in their statewide writing test scores this year, with less than one-third meeting the rigorous state standard.

The scores released yesterday were the worst overall showing in writing since the test became mandatory for fourth-graders in 1997, baffling educators who have emphasized writing instruction.

Seventh-graders, meanwhile, made a sizable improvement in their writing scores. Tenth-graders took the test for the first time. But most students in those grade levels also fell short of the standard.

State school Superintendent Terry Bergeson called the results "very hard news for our elementary teachers."

The Washington Assessment of Student Learning, a multiple-subject test that is part of the state's efforts to raise academic performance, was given in the spring to 203,292 public school students in grades four, seven and 10.

Scores in math, reading and listening were released in September, but the writing tests were scored again because the initial results were determined to be inaccurate.

The writing tests not only measure students' ability to organize inform
Les Skramstad, who is dying of asbestosis, picks up pieces of vermiculite on a mound of dirt at an old ball field near Libby, Mont. Skramstad worked in a vermiculite mine operated by the W.R. Grace Co. The mining process released tremolite asbestos into the air. Skramstad's wife and two of his children also have the fatal disease.

Asbestos from a now-closed vermiculite mine on a mountain near Libby, Mont., has killed 192 people and left at least 375 people with fatal diseases. For the 30 years it owned the mine, the W.R. Grace Co. did not stop the tragedy, and neither did any government agency. And doctors say the people of Libby will keep dying for decades.

By ANDREW SCHNEIDER • P-I SENIOR NATIONAL CORRESPONDENT
PHOTOS BY GILBERT W. ARIAS • P-I PHOTOGRAPHER

LIBBY, Mont. - First, it killed some miners. Then it killed wives and children, slipping into their homes on the dusty clothing of hard-working men.

Now the mine is closed, but in Libby, the killing goes on.

The W.R. Grace Co. knew, from the time it bought the Zonolite vermiculite mine in 1963, why people in Libby were dying. But for the 30 years it owned the mine, the company did not stop it.

Neither did the governments. Not the town of Libby, not Lincoln County, not the state of Montana, not federal mining, health and environmental agencies, not anyone else charged with protecting the public health.

Here is what is killing people in Libby:

Along with the enormous deposits of vermiculite in the earth of nearby Zonolite Mountain are millions of tons of tremolite, a rare and exceedingly toxic form of asbestos.

For eons, the tremolite lay undisturbed and harmless beneath a thin crust of topsoil. But mining the vermiculite has released the deadly asbestos fibers into the air.

A Post-Intelligencer investigation has shown that at least 192 people have died from the asbestos in the mine's vermiculite ore, and doctors say the toll could be much higher. The doctors and Libby's long-suffering families say that at least another 375 people have been diagnosed with fatal diseases caused by this silent and invisible killer.

Dr. Alan Whitehouse, a lung specialist from Spokane and an expert in industrial diseases, said another 12 to 15 people from Libby are being diagnosed with the diseases - asbestosis, mesothelioma, lung cancer - every month.

It takes anywhere from 10 to 40 years from the time a person is exposed to dangerous amounts of asbestos for the diseases to reveal themselves.

So in Libby, the killing goes on.

See LIBBY, Page A10

The U.S. flag flies over Libby's main street. Asbestos from the town's now-closed mine has killed at least 192 people.

High-tech job demand puts premium on training

Schools hard pressed to even know what's needed

By LISA STIFLER
P-I REPORTER

High-tech workers are such a hot commodity at one Seattle software company that employees who recruit eight workers in a year win a new car.

Senior software engineer Preston Patton leads the race so far. He's up to six at four, he won a vacation. For each recruit, he gets a $2,500 cash bonus.

Ralph Jones, human resources director at Aventail Corp., needs to offer that kind of incentive to meet his goal of hiring five people a week until the end of the year, doubling the payroll in 1999.

With that kind of demand, it's not surprising that colleges and universities are responding, teaming up with software companies to build new computer facilities as students overflow existing classrooms.

Educators are kept on their toes, trying to predict where the demand will shift next and how to prepare graduates for future jobs that don't yet even have names.

There are currently between 7,000 and 14,000 openings statewide for tech jobs - everything from a help desk assistant to a senior programmer, according to a survey conducted by the Washington Software Alliance.

And the demand for workers isn't expected to let up. By 2001, the number of technology jobs in Washington could balloon from the current 48,000 to 112,000.

"I looked at it as this is the future," said 39-year-old Tony Muma, of his decision to enroll in technology classes at Bellevue Community College.

On Page A12

Former Microsoft executive and part-time Harley rider Neil Evans runs the state-of-the-art technology center at Bellevue Community College.

BCC started training programs for careers in information technology years ago and now boasts one of the largest enrollments.

See TECH JOBS, Page A12

Suicide by pilots is not unheard of

But no U.S. jet crash has been intentional

By JAMES WALLACE
P-I REPORTER

It is not unheard of for the pilot of a commercial passenger jet to commit suicide by deliberately crashing the airplane.

But a U.S.-operated airliner has never been crashed by a suicidal pilot, according to the National Transportation Safety Board. And it's very rare, even in airliners elsewhere.

Cockpit suicide, however, is seldom the focus of much debate and speculation as the evidence mounts that the crash of EgyptAir Flight 805 may not have been an accident.

In this country, the Federal Aviation Administration requires that the pilots fly commercial passenger planes pass an annual or semiannual medical examination. A mental health evaluation is not required.

But commercial jetliner pilots, the airlines they work for and aviation medical and psychological experts all say the current screening system works, and passengers don't need to worry that someone in the cockpit of their next flight is mentally disturbed enough to deliberately crash the plane.

"This sort of thing is exceedingly, exceedingly rare," said Dr. Russell See FLIGHT 990, Page A4
Miners' search for gold led to vermiculite

Prospects first put pick and shovel to Zonolite Mountain 119 years ago. Many mining-claim records are missing or illegible, but what can be made out indicates that in 1881, Robert Rannie and his partner, while searching for gold along a creek, dug a 40-foot-long shaft following a vein of quartz.

Thirty-eight years later, Edward Alley, a part-time miner and the owner of the Libby Hotel, stood in the same partially collapsed shaft. As he moved his flaming torch around the dark hole, the flame, glittering off mica-like crystals, brushed the top of the shaft. Popping sounds echoed off the walls, and he noticed that the sparkly material, heated by the flame, had expanded into large puffy clusters, weighing next to nothing. When he held the flame beneath them, the clusters did not burn.

Scientists told him that it wasn’t mica, but a little-known substance called vermiculite. Alley, a survivor of the Spanish-American War who had taken a couple of geology classes at the University of Nebraska, named it Zonolite.

“The raw material is but two feet under the cover of soil and to a depth of 150 feet,” Alley said. “We’ve got a mountain of it.”

Government scientists in Washington, D.C., told him he had something unique and valuable. The chief mineral technologist at the U.S. Bureau of Mines called the expansion of the vermiculite the most remarkable phenomenon he had ever witnessed.

By 1924, Alley had built a primitive roasting kiln that produced four tons of Zonolite a day. On March 25, 1925, Great Northern Railroad shipped the first boxcar of Zonolite from Libby to a Hillsboro, Ohio, company that used it to insulate bank vaults, office safes and filing cabinets. Also that year, a New York company developed a method of using Zonolite to make building boards at half the weight and twice the strength of wood. And a Billings, Mont., firm developed a new “permanent” roofing material using 70 percent Zonolite and 30 percent asphalt. They claimed it was fireproof and would “last forever.”

Later that year Alley sold his hotel and several other properties in Libby and mortgaged his ranch to increase the size of the operation. By mid-1926, he was running a much larger plant, producing up to 100 tons a day.

The process was simple. The vermiculite ore was stripped from the top of the mountain and hauled in huge trucks to a mill, where it was separated into various commercial sizes through a dusty screening system. Some of the ore was shipped untouched. Other material was sent to an expansion plant, where it was run through ovens at about 2,000 degrees, causing it to “pop” to 15 times its size.

Before Alley died in 1935, he shepherded the obscure mineral into thousands of products being sold around the world. In 1939, Zonolite merged with another company mining the bottom of the hill and became the Universal Zonolite Insulation Co. Nine years later the name was changed to the Zonolite Co.

In 1963, the company was sold to W.R. Grace and Co. Very quickly, Grace expanded the operation and increased production. Through the ’60s, ’70s and ’80s, a near-continuous line of Burlington Northern rail cars hauled millions of tons of the vermiculite ore to Grace plants and other companies in 30 states and six foreign countries. The featherweight material was showing up in dozens of new products, from lawn fertilizer to fireproofing.

Over the years, 1,898 men and women worked at the mine, as many as 332 at any one time, working two and sometimes three shifts a day. At times, the miners were the best-paid workers in town. Almost 80 percent of the world’s vermiculite came from Libby. The rest came from South Africa and another Grace mine in South Carolina. The workers were proud of what they were accomplishing. In the history of the company, there was only one strike. It lasted 27 days.

In 1990, when Grace closed the mine citing economic reasons, company documents contained estimates that “another 80 or 100 years worth of vermiculite can be pulled out of that mountain.” In 1994, Grace sold the property to three men – two local loggers and Jack Wolters, formerly vice president of Grace’s construction products division. Plans for the 4,000-acre site have not been decided, said Mark Owens, one of the trio and a third-generation logger.

“We’re not sure exactly what we’re going to do,” Owens says. “We may log and remove the mineral, perhaps build a wildlife area or maybe some type of development.”

Asked if his group might mine the mountain again, he would only say, “There’s a lot of ore left in that hill.”

Andrew Schneider
Mines wielded political clout

LIBBY
From Page A10

Hughes said the company worked closely with the workers' union on safety issues, especially the high levels of dust. Thom remembers it differently. "We did have discussions on the dust. But the story was always the same: It's just a nuisance. Dust? It's not a problem."

But (for years) the company never told us it contained asbestos, or anything dangerous." Eventually, they told us that the dust contained tremolite, not asbestos, and that tremolite was not hazardous," said Thom, who worked at the plant from 1974 to 1992 and was a union officer for 12 years.

"It wasn't until 1979 that Grace admitted to us that tremolite was a serious health threat."

Reports stamped 'confidential'
The documents collected by the P-I also raise questions about the role of the federal health investigators. At times it becomes difficult to determine whether they were trying to protect the workers or the company.

For example, in 1969, the U.S. Public Health Service asked that Grace provide data for a mortality study of asbestos workers. The author of the letter, the epidemiology director of the Bureau of Occupational Safety and Health, promised that the "data would only be published if no significant differences with Montana death rates were shown."

All of the state inspection reports, four years, from the Montana health department, were stamped "confidential" and said they were "not for distribution except to the management" of the company.

In internal memos, Grace lawyers said the confidentiality would protect them from having the state reports used against them in workers' compensation cases.

The promise of confidentiality was the only way that state inspectors could get into many industries at the time, according to a Montana state employee who has researched the state's environmental history.

Even though the language in some of the reports showed increasing frustration at the company's slow pace in getting the lethal dust under control, there is not a single indication that government inspectors ever threatened or even considered shutting the plant down.

A 1964 letter from Benjamin Wake of the Montana Board of Health Division of Disease Control to Arthur Bundrock, then the union secretary at the mine, offers some insight.

"The enforcement provisions of the Industrial Hygiene Act... are very poor and various opinions, over the years, from the attorney general's office have not strengthened the act," Wake wrote.

The U.S. Bureau of Mines was disbanded in the early 1990s, but three former inspectors interviewed by the P-I agreed that the political clout of the mine's companies and their lobbyists, especially in Western states, made taking strong actions against defending mines almost impossible.

"You would have to have bodies stacked like cordwood and the public screaming for someone's head before we could get the government's lawyers to do anything," said Robert Jones, a former Bureau of Mines inspector from Denver.

Other federal agencies, as far away as Washington, D.C., knew there were problems in Libby.

In 1969, a deputy U.S. attorney general's office owned a cabin near Libby and blew the whistle. He reported to the Public Health Service that "there is a dust problem at Libby... affecting workers and the community."

A 1982 EPA investigation into asbestos-containing vermiculite documented that significant levels of asbestos fibers were captured by air samplers in downtown Libby.

Questioned last week, health experts at the EPA and the U.S. Public Health Service said they could find no indication that any formal actions were taken or demands made to Grace while the mine was operating about the asbestos conditions plaguing the workers.

The spread of the asbestos to the miners' families could have been halted in most cases by the simple installation of showers. The request for showers went back long before Grace bought the mine. The workers and their union often repeated the request.

Even the federal government weighed in, but it didn't follow through. A 1983 U.S. Board of Mines report reminded Grace that most employees wear their clothes to and from work and told the company it needed showers so the workers could change out of their dust-covered clothes.

In 1975, when Grace opened a new, less dusty wet-process mill, it had a shower room -- two showers for at least 60 men per shift.

Workers wanted more, and they kept asking. In a February 1978 memo, Grace promised workers that "there are plans for 1978 for the installation of proper shower facilities for all employees." But no agency ever forced Grace to build those additional showers, and the company never did so.

John Wardell, the current coordinator of EPA's operation in Montana, said there's a limit to what the government is responsible for. "We are not responsible if the workers went home before being properly decontaminated and brought asbestos into their homes. That's a personal issue."

'Keep them on the job'
Early in its ownership of the mine, Grace sought ways to minimize its financial obligation to asbestos victims. In an internal memo marked "personal and confidential" written Jan. 5, 1968, Grace's safety chief, Peter Kostic, suggested reassigning 32 Libby workers whose X-rays showed disease to less dusty jobs. "If we minimize their exposure to dust... chances are we may be able to keep them on the job until they retire, thus precluding the high cost of total disability," Kostic wrote.

In a March 1969 internal memo, another Grace executive wrote, "The inclination of public agencies to protect the worker at any expense (usually the employer's)... should be of considerable concern to us. Our recent experience at Libby... may well create a significant financial liability. We should also be concerned with the obligation to our employees; namely, permitting them to perform their services under working conditions which we have good reason to believe are hazardous."

Grace's insurance carrier, Maryland Casualty Co. in Portland, Ore., had told Grace two years earlier that its "inability" to curb the asbestos contamination despite repeated warnings "through the years might be alleged at least to have constituted willful and wanton conduct..."

The insurer also urged Grace lawyers to prevent the entry of the "confidential" state inspection reports into evidence in a workers' compensation case. The insurance company cautioned Grace to "keep them out of the hands of the Industrial Accident Board and through it, the general public."

Libby's rough-hewn roots
The Kootenai River, after flowing south from Canada, turns west on its way to the Columbia. There at the bend, settlers, miners, trappers and railroaders built the town in 1892, on the Great Northern Railroad right of way.

Libby is proud of its rough-hewn roots. On the grounds of the town's Heritage Museum is an old loggers' cookhouse and a miner's cabin meticulously decorated by the Libby Women's Club.

Today, like many Western towns, Libby is being forced to shift its economy from those extractive industries, and the town is trying hard to capture its share of new, supposedly healthier sources of income. Kootenai Falls was featured in the film "The River Wild," and the Chamber of Commerce is unabashedly and successfully wooing tourists looking for outdoor adventure.

But much of the old remains: the well-worn frame houses on the shaded streets, the old German Lutheran church, now fashioned into the remarkable Hidden Chapel Restaurant - and a persistent promising attitude.

Some townpeople think too much is being made of the deaths and illness. Some of the families who have sued W.R. Grace have been ostracized by their neighbors. When the film "A Civil Action," a true story about a lawyer for families who sued W.R. Grace in a Massachusetts case, played at the Dome Theatre, attendance was sparse.

"The environmental politics of the nation don't always go over well in small towns," Libby Mayor Tony Berget said.

"The environmental laws have hurt the logging industry, and that has cost us a lot of jobs. Add that to Grace closing the vermiculite mine and it's been a rough 10 years for a lot of our people. Our unemployment is between 14 and 16 percent."

"Libby is a very trusting community and we trusted the company," Leroy Thom said. "We never considered they would do anything that would harm their own employees."

"We were wrong."

P-I senior national correspondent Andrew Schneider can be reached at 206-448-8218 or andrewschneider@seattlepi.com

PART 2 TOMORROW: LIBBY MAY STILL BE AT RISK
RENO, Nev. — After enduring a year and a half of what she calls Nevada’s “fed bashing,” Gloria Flora couldn’t take it any more. The supervisor of the Humboldt-Toiyabe National Forest, the largest national forest in the lower 48 states, submitted her resignation Nov. 18. But Flora didn’t go quietly. Instead, she used her resignation to shine light on the difficult conditions that many federal employees face in Nevada.

The attitude towards federal employees and federal laws in Nevada is pitiful,” Flora wrote in an open letter to employees of the State of Nevada, a letter that was faxed to the media. “People in rural communities who do respect the law and accept responsibility for it are often rebuked or ridiculed. They are compared to laborators with the Vihey government in Nazi-controlled France.

As the heads of all levels of government in Nevada participate in this irresponsible fed-bashing, she continued, “The public is largely silent, watching as this turns into a spectator sport. This level of anti-federal fervor is simply not acceptable.”


The dead-end road leads to a wilderness area and was washed out in a flood on the Jarbidge River in 1995. Since then it has been the focus of a tug-of-war between the Elko County government and some local residents who want to build a Queen of the Desert resort, and the Forest Service and Trout Unlimited, who say rebuilding the road will jeopardize a threatened bull trout population.

Flora said the hearing was designed to be a public inquisition of federal employees, and she refused to participate. But in an interview with the Reno Gazette-Journal, she said, “I have never felt like my work was being questioned in this way.” And she said that it has been the focus of a tug-of-war between the Elko County government and some local residents who want to build a Queen of the Desert resort, and the Forest Service and Trout Unlimited, who say rebuilding the road will jeopardize a threatened bull trout population.

Flora said the hearing was designed to be a public inquisition of federal employees, and she refused to participate. But in an interview with the Reno Gazette-Journal, she said, “I have never felt like my work was being questioned in this way.”

Environmentalists were also happy about the outlook for the Sound bull trout to the endangered species list. The Fish and Wildlife Service listed the fish Nov. 1 after four years of effort. The agency had threatened to sue. Now local governments will have to come up with habitat plans for the fish. This was the last unlisted population of bull trout in the country (HCR, 6/22/98).

The House Resources Committee has passed a bill that gives states $3 billion to fund land purchases and wildlife conservation programs. The bill, which is revenue the government brings in from offshore oil and gas, which has been sitting in the Land and Water Conservation Trust since 1996. Environment- alists were thrilled, but sensibilities of the Western states. Republicans don’t want the federal government to buy any private land. They state, “No more of this this day,” Republican Helen Chenoweth-Hage of Idaho told the National Journal News Service.

High Country News — November 22, 1999 — 3
Western environmentalists go global

SEATTLE, Wash. — When the five-day World Trade Organization conference begins here on Nov. 30, as many as 50,000 protesters are expected to descend on the city, planning to shut down the streets with marches and street theater, demanding environmental, labor, safety, and human rights protections in global trade rules.

The activists, including local and national union activists and representatives from many Western environmental groups, hope to put a spotlight on what they say are the damaging effects of unfettered global trade.

"This is the largest trade and economic summit ever held on U.S. soil," says Jeremy Madsen, Seattle field organizer with People for Fair Trade, a national coalition of prominent environmental, labor and agriculture groups. And with it, he adds, "will be the biggest trade protest ever held on U.S. soil."

The World Trade Organization was created in 1996 to replace the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade, or GATT. Like its predecessor, the WTO seeks to eliminate subsidies and trade barriers through the negotiation of dealing with specific trade issues. Unlike GATT, the new organization targets environmental, labor, and health and safety laws as potential trade barriers, and places sanctions on member nations that pass laws violating WTO rules. While supporters say the WTO is the fastest route to a strong international economy, critics say the organization's rulings eliminate U.S. jobs and weaken federal environmental laws like the Clean Air Act.

Washington is the nation's most trade-dependent state, but the Seattle location seems likely to maximize protest numbers. "They're playing on our home turf," says Madsen. "There's an extremely active and educated environmental and labor community here."

The 800-pound gorilla

Logging is the latest brushfire for the protesters. Trade ministers at the conference are expected to approve the Global Free Logging Agreement, a loosening of timber trade restrictions that Northwest forest activists fear will undo many of their efforts to protect the region's forests.

"The WTO is an 800-pound gorilla," says Joe Scott, conservation director with the Seattle-based Northwest Environmental Alliance, "and it wants to sit in our forests."

At the United Nations meeting in Sao Paolo last spring, American Forest & Paper Association president W. Hensen Moore lobbied his colleagues to support the logging agreement, designed to eliminate tariffs in forest products trade. He called the measure "a win-win situation" that would increase logging worldwide by 3 percent to 4 percent and lower consumer prices. Northwest-based timber corporations like Weyerhaeuser and Boise Cascade are also serving on advisory committees to the U.S. trade representative on forest products trade policy.

A Nov. 9 court ruling directed the trade representative to appoint at least one environmentalist to each advisory committee, but activists say they're still outnumbered. They worry the agreement would increase wood consumption worldwide and eventually eliminate U.S. restrictions on the export of timber from public lands.

"The same corporations that have been abusing in Pacific Northwest forests want to spread their logging practices around to other countries," says Pat Rasmussen, president of Lewisvood Audubon Adopt-A-Forest. Rasmussen has worked on the logging agreement issue since its inception at trade talks two years ago, and now coordinates logging and trade issues for the American Lands Alliance. She and other forest activists from around the world met last summer to develop a global strategy on logging and trade, and they say they'll continue to work the logging and trade issue after the WTO conference closes.

More than trees

Environmentalists' concerns go beyond logging. "We've seen successful challenges to our Clean Air Act, sea turtle protections, and food safety standards," says Daniel Seligman, director of the Sierra Club's Responsible Trade Program. For instance, federal law once said that countries exporting shrimp to U.S. markets must require their fishermen to use sea turtle-safe methods. In 1998, a WTO panel decided that the policy violated the organization's rules. The U.S. has since rewritten the law to comply with the WTO, and activists say the new law will be even more effective and more difficult to enforce.

Trade proponents maintain that the organization only affects laws used to give one nation's goods an unfair advantage. Pat Davis, president of the Washington Council on International Trade, notes that the WTO allows countries to set their own standards as long as they are scientifically based.

Building a global legal structure for trade is essential to creating a more stable international marketplace and that, says Davis, is good for the environment.

"When people are starving," she says, "they eat their environment. They burn down their forests."

While a strong global economy is fine with anti-WTO activists, they say no international organization — particularly one dominated by the trade interests of global corporations — should exert power over a sovereign nation's domestic law.

"WTO rules go way beyond basic trade principles," says Lori Wallach, director of People for Fair Trade Watch. The rules, she says, "actually impose value judgments on how much environmental or food safety protection a country will be allowed to provide its people."

A media sideshow

The sheer size of the conference and its end-of-the-millennium timing are drawing all sorts of activists, including street theater groups, anarchists, militants, and even a group called Queers Fighting the WTO Conference organizers hoping to disrupt the talks recently attended a training camp outside Seattle to bone up on their tactics for taking down buildings and blockading streets.

But mainstream organizers are worried that whether substantive issues will get lost in what could be a media sideshow.

"We want to deliver a message, not just protest," says Washington County Labor Council's Ron Judd. "The press is likely to chase a brick through the window instead of focusing on the message of labor, environment and safety standards for all."

Prominent media coverage of the planned protests and rumblings within his party have led President Clinton, a strong WTO supporter, to address concerns of critics. In early October, Washington Democratic Sen. Patty Murray wrote to the president, urging him to meet with protesters. The president responded in a speech to the Democratic Leadership Council in a letter that said "what we need is a dialogue with the WTO needed to include labor and environmental groups in its workings."

He urged trade ministers to create a working group on labor concerns and to evaluate the environmental impacts of their trade policies. In response, the WTO added another day to the Seattle conference to consider these issues and to establish a dialogue with its critics.

"None of this seems likely to deter protesters, who criticize the move as window dressing. "We welcome the opportunity to chat with trade officials," says Sierra Club's Daniel Seligman, "but what we're really looking for is action." Next week, that's what Seattle expects."

— Chris Carrel


YOU CAN CONTACT...

- People for Fair Trade, 206/770-9044
- Washington Council on International Trade, 206/443-3826

— High Country News — November 22, 1999
THE ROCKY MOUNTAIN WEST’S

Changing Landscape

INSIDE:
The Rocky Mountain West: Settled Last, Settled Least
Congressional Politics in the Management of the National Forests
The Emerging “New” Economy of the Rocky Mountain West
Learning to Think Like a Region
Global Positioning: Rediscovering the Natural Orientation of the Rocky Mountain West
An Ocean of Trouble

Shifts in Pacific currents and winds skew marine food web and global climate

By BRIAN T. MEEHAN
of The Oregonian staff

NEWPORT — Twenty years ago, the Pacific Ocean hiccupped. The event passed unnoticed, but the consequences were huge.

A shift in Pacific currents and wind patterns changed the globe’s climate. Temperatures edged up. Drought seized the American West, Africa’s Sahel and Australia.

El Niño, a term once reserved for science textbooks, became the stuff of popular headlines. In 1982, 300 times the normal rainfall melted adobe huts in coastal Ecuador as the strongest El Niño of the century swept the Pacific. Peru’s anchovy fishery crashed.

Floods raked the Gulf Coast, and fierce winter storms battered Los Angeles. Warming ocean temperatures ebbed north all the way to Alaska. Northwest salmon runs collapsed.

For the first time, scientists today are piecing together the factors that drove this change in the Pacific Ocean, the world’s most potent weather-maker.

The regime shift, as scientists now call it, reached beyond the six El Niños that bloomed between 1976 and 1993. The ocean’s hiccup

Please turn to CLIMATE, Page A22
AN OCEAN OF TROUBLE

Climate: Cycles act globally, hit hard locally

changed fundamental weather patterns in the northeastern Pacific and snuffed out upwelling of cold, rich water off Oregon. An entire suite of marine organisms suffered, from salmon to seabirds.

"This is pretty massive stuff," says Dick Beamish, a Canadian research biologist.

The losers:
- Coho salmon runs, which inhabit Northwest coastal waters, fell from record abundance to candidates for federal protection.
- Columbia River smelt vanished, and northern anchovy, once abundant off Oregon, nearly disappeared.
- Plankton, the tiny plants and animals that are the bread of the sea, faded off California and Oregon.
- Seabirds such as Cassin's auklets and sooty shearwaters, once numbering in the millions, dropped by 90 percent in California.
- Common murres abandoned nests in Oregon. The tuxedoed seabirds starved this spring as the coastal food web unraveled.
- Fewer gray whales summered off Oregon. Steller sea lions did not return to a rookery at Three Arch Rock on the northern coast.
- Warm-water fish such as sardines pushed north to British Columbia. Predators such as Pacific mackerel and hake gobbled young salmon as they went to sea. Biologists began to think coho faded because juveniles were eaten. No longer could young coho lose themselves in the oceanic smorgasbord of anchovy and herring. They stood out.

"The ultimate cause of death in the ocean is predation," says Bill Pearcy, the Oregon State University oceanographer who works changed views about what happens to salmon in an unfriendly sea. "If you swim a little funny, you get picked off."

The biological clues point to basic changes in the ocean.

"This is not a local thing," says Tim Baumgartner, an oceanographer with the Scripps Institution of Oceanography in La Jolla, Calif. "The whole circulation system of the ocean is changed.

"These currents are dynamically linked. When something happens in California, something else happens in Japan. We don't know if they are linked across the equator."

Bill Peterson, 53, an oceanographer with the National Marine Fisheries Service, heads to sea off Newport to sample plankton. Peterson is duplicating work he did 20 years ago and thinks the food web off the Oregon coast has changed.

COASTAL UPWELLING

In summer, winds from the north blow surface water offshore along the Oregon coast. This water is replaced by cold, nutrient-rich water that wells up.

BOOM AND BUST IN THE PACIFIC

1 In the winter of 1976, the Northwest's prevailing weather system, the Aleutian Low, moved south and changed the climate of the North Pacific. Wind patterns changed currents, resulting in warmer waters off Oregon. These shifts altered the marine food chain. Alaska salmon fisheries boomed while Oregon counterparts went bust.

2 The counterclockwise winds of the south-shifted Aleutian Low blew more water from the West Wind Drift, a current of water sweeping eastward across the Pacific, into the Gulf of Alaska. These waters had a warming influence in Alaska and triggered a boom in salmon production. But less of this water reached Oregon's coast. The change helped explain a dramatic decline in coho salmon populations in the Northwest.
To the south, the regime shift has dramatic consequences. El Niño, now fully blown, has plunged the coastal temperate region into one of the coldest ocean temperature events since 1976 in the northeast Pacific. This means that the upwelling system, the engine that drives the food chain, is down. As winds blow from the north, surface water is driven offshore. It is replaced by cold, nutrient-rich water that walls up from the deep. Planktonic nutrients that circulate the intense growth of small fish in the open ocean. The California Current is in this upwelling and rich fisheries off the West Coast.

**Bread of the sea**

A swath of morning sunlight turns a golden reflection in the wake of the silver boat. The 37-foot research vessel Cascadia takes on the appearance of a warfare ship. But the vessel’s role is a peaceful one. The Cascadia is on a mission to study the effects of climate change on the ocean. The crew aboard is trying to understand how the ocean is responding to global warming. They are looking for answers in the cold, nutrient-rich waters of the north Pacific Ocean.

**Salmon bounty**

*Alaskans catch 10 times more salmon today than before the climate shift.*

**THE SALMON CATCH**

- 2015: 300,000
- 2016: 400,000
- 2017: 500,000
- 2018: 600,000

**Coho salmon**

*Coho salmon, which roam near shore waters, wither in face of failed food supply.*

**Scapegoats for salmon loss**

*Alaska and offshore waters, which have benefited from the climate shift, Columbia River fall chinook, which increased 30 percent this year, is captured in the Gulf of Alaska. Other stocks, such as those in the Pacific Northwest, have not fared as well.*

**The ocean is no stillwater pond**

*A dynamic living force connected by vast marine rivers.*

**Climate Change**

*The California Current is in this upwelling and rich fisheries off the West Coast.*

**Onshore flow**

*Compressing onshore flow*
Climate: People still play vital role

In terms of salmon management, our job is to manage for life history and genetic diversity. That is the fundamental resource. Inherent in that diversity is the ability to respond to change.

Bill Bakke, of the Native Fish Society

were closed to angling for 15 years. The 1978 Magnuson Act booted for- eign vessels beyond the 200-mile limit off the U.S. coast, and a hatch- ery program began.

Salmon numbers soared. By 1979, the catch doubled to 88 million salmon. Last year, 217 million fish were landed. This year, chum salmon flooded hatcheries in such abundance that the commercial market was destroyed. Many fish were stripped of eggs and dumped at sea.

“Our problem right now is that we have too many fish,” says Steve McGee, a biologist with the Alaska Department of Fish and Game. “Salmon prices are depressed. Fishermen are having trouble making boat payments.”

Although Alaska fish managers were quick to claim credit, some biologists think Alaska’s good fortune probably resulted from the weather.

“If you were an Alaskan salmon manager, who would you give the credit to, the climate or your management skills?” says David Welch, director of salmon research for the Canadian Department of Fisheries and Oceans.

Tillson knows the climate has changed. He says Alaska has been milder since 1976. “Have we had a major climate change?” he says. “Yes. I have never seen an average year. I have seen 50

of them, and they are different. But the Gulf of Alaska is warmer.”

But Tillson emphasizes that today’s abundance would not have happened without aggressive manage- ment a generation ago.

“One thing we did that Puget Sound and Oregon seem unwilling to do is when we were ready to make a closure, we didn’t draw lines between sport and commercial fishermen,” he says. “We did a total shutdown.

“If you don’t protect the nursery areas, when the climate turns your way, it doesn’t do any good.”

Oceanographers expect Pacific conditions to turn eventually. If past patterns hold, Alaska salmon catches will decline, and stocks in Oregon and Washington will climb.

One theory, which Colorado State scientist William Gray developed, suggests that Pacific temperatures are driven by a cyclical current that pumps water between the Atlantic and Pacific through the Indian Ocean.

Gray’s ocean conveyor-belt the- ory says when the current is strong, the Pacific cools, and the Atlantic warms, spawning more hurricanes. When the global current slows, the Pacific warms.

“This conveyor-belt idea is a grand unifying theory,” says George Taylor, Oregon’s state climatologist. “It explains everything. El Niño’s and hurricanes.

“And there are indications things are changing back again. This is so big you can’t really measure it. But last year was an extremely busy hurricane year, the drought in West Africa’s Sahel was broken, and we had two wet years after 10 dry years in the Northwest. All of those are indications things have changed.”

Time will tell whether the Pacific is cooling, or, as the Canadians fear, global warming has tipped natural cycles. But the past 20 years prove the importance of understanding the ocean. The sea can switch abruptly, and species such as salmon feel the effect almost immediately.

If fishery managers don’t identify a dip in ocean conditions soon enough, overfishing can dig a grave for a nearby species.

“We always want to catch these salmon to the last possible fish,” says Welch, the Canadian biologist. “The big fisheries are built up during good times when the climate is good.”

“When the climate turns around, two things happen: A, we start tak- ing too many fish. And B, it takes a few years for us to recognize that after the climate shifts.”
Under Antarctica, Clues to an Icecap's Fate

Radar Uncovers a Network of Ice Streams Larger and Faster Than Expected, and More Ominous

An Icy Landscape, From 500 Miles Up

For the first time, radar satellite images have been made of all of Antarctica, providing clues to the movement of its ice streams. Scientists have long theorized that warmer weather could cause West Antarctica ice to flow to the sea, with catastrophic rises in sea level. These images show East Antarctica ice on the move as well. In the upper reaches of the Lambert Glacier, above, tributary glaciers join the main stream and are funneled north (to the right). Light areas are those that scatter radar strongly, as is the case where snow is densely packed.

Ice That Comes and Goes

Antarctic ice moves in complex, unpredictable ways. The Filindeu Ice Shelf, below, is retreating in some places and advancing in others. The icebergs here are ice-covered islands.

A Glacier and Its Progeny

When a glacial stream of ice reaches the sea, bits of it fall away as icebergs. This image of Land Glacier in West Antarctica offers spectacular evidence of the process at work.

By MALCOLM W. BROWNE

The beautiful swirls, tracery and arabesques tracing a collection of radar pictures of Antarctica made public last week would be worthy of exhibition by a gallery of abstract art.

But more important, they contain clues collected by a Canadian-American satellite that are expected to help in forecasting the fate of ice-lying parts of the world, including Bangladesh, the Netherlands and even New York City.

Environmentalists are keenly interested in Antarctica because of the possibility that some of its unglaciated icecap, which contains about 90 percent of the world's ice, could slide into the sea. If just part of the icecap—the West Antarctic Ice Sheet—should do this, the global sea level would swiftly rise by about 17 feet, inundating coastal regions everywhere with catastrophic consequences for humanity.

Now, though, new images from the Canadian-American satellite reveal a mechanism at work in the ice streams of the vastly larger East Antarctic Ice Sheet that might allow it to slide rapidly into the ocean, with potentially serious consequences for mankind.

Glaciologists do not expect a catastrophe any time soon, nor are they even sure whether Antarctica as a whole is shedding ice at a dangerous rate. But there is evidence that the planet's atmosphere is warming, and that global warming is causing the retreat of glaciers. There is also evidence that the earth has undergone large temperature changes in the past, some of them very abrupt, within a few dozen or a few hundred years.

Rapid global warming, scientists surmise, could have a dramatic effect on the planet's icecaps, especially the one covering Antarctica.

Antarctica has been frequently photographed from satellites and aircraft, but in visible light the continent is a largely featureless expanse of glaring white snow covering a thick layer of ice.

By contrast, radar can penetrate clouds and the snow-covered ice surface to reveal subtle contours and shapes that are otherwise invisible.

The radar pictures generated from data sent to earth by the Canadian-built Radasat satellite, which can discern objects only a few meters in size, mark the first time that the entire continent has been imaged in fine enough detail to reveal even buried tracks left by snow tractors four decades ago.

"Never before have we had a holistic view of the entire continent," said Dr. Ghassem

Continued on Page 6
An ancient sky watcher saw the formation of cosmic sculpture garden, eternal and unchanging. But modern astronomers who study the explosions of cosmic ray bursts are discovering a universe more dynamic, more alive, and more filled with possibilities.

In traditional astronomy, "you'd sit back and look at your data slowly come in," said Dr. Neil Gehrels, an astrophysicist at the NASA Goddard Space Flight Center and the principal investigator of the $160 million satellite called the Swift Gamma Ray Burst Explorer, which the National Aeronautics and Space Administration will launch in 2000.

"Since we can look at other wavelengths, we've discovered that the sky is changing and then all the time," Dr. Gehrels said. "People didn't realize that in the classical astronomy.

The new instruments go beyond Swift and Milagro, a $3 million detector whose name means "miracle" in Spanish. NASA has scheduled a launch in January of the $20 million High Energy Transient Explorer, or HETE-2, which is intended to detect gamma ray bursts and relay their coordinates to observatories almost instantly.

No one has a handle on how many gamma rays are out there, but estimates range from 100,000 times more energetic than ordinary light. For decades the discovery of gamma ray bursts, astronomers could not determine whether they were exploding nearby, in this galaxy, or deep in space. But two years ago a new class of observations focusing on the optical "afterglows" of some bursts, analogous to the glowing embers of a fire, were able to fix distances to some of them. The distances turned out to be as great as 10 billion light-years. In order to explain these distances, gamma ray bursts had to be as powerful since the Big Bang, and it is now thought that gamma rays are the lamp that swept the universe with light.

"There's no question that gamma rays are the most brilliant objects in the universe," said Dr. Shyam Kulkarni, an astronomer at the California Institute of Technology. More recently, observations by Dr. Kulkarni and others have suggested that the gamma rays may produce energy in a beam, like a flashlight. If the beam happens to be pointed toward Earth, a brilliant flash could result from a less energetic explosion.

"We do have evidence that is playing a role," said Dr. Shyam Kulkarni of the Hebrew Unive...
Beneath Antarctica, Ominous Radar Clues to an Icecap's Fate

Continued From First Science Page

Asrar, associate administrator for earth sciences at the Washington headquarters of the National Aeronautics and Space Administration. "Radarsat and other new satellites are opening a new window on Antarctica."

The most important discoveries yielded by Radarsat, project officials and scientists say, concern Antarctica's network of ice streams - immense rivers of ice that channel their way through surrounding ice and rock like toothpaste squeezed from a tube. The new satellite data reveals that these streams travel enormous distances at speeds up to 3,000 feet per year - 100 times faster than the flow of surrounding ice.

One network of ice streams that drains the West Antarctic Ice Sheet (due south of South America) carries 19 cubic miles of ice into the sea every year, data from Radarsat showed, this is equivalent to burying Washington, D.C., under 1,700 feet of ice every year.

Dr. Kenneth C. Jezek, a glaciologist at the Byrd Polar Research Center of Ohio State University, a lead scientist on the Radarsat project, said his group counted about 30 ice streams in the new pictures of the Antarctic continent, many of them previously unknown. Radarsat was able to image these streams by recording their effects on the surface of ice above them - crevasses, shear bands and other features. Even rocky hills and protuberances lying under a two-mile thickness of ice left subtle traces on the surface ice, which were imaged by Radarsat.

Among the hidden features imaged by the Radarsat pictures was Lake Vostok - a liquid-water lake, 140 miles long and 30 miles wide, that lies under the East Antarctic Ice Sheet. The smoothness of the lake's surface is mirrored by a corresponding smoothness of the surface ice two miles above it. Scientists believe that the lake has been sealed off from the outer world for a million years and may contain organisms very different from any found elsewhere. But before punching a drill through the ice into the lake, scientists are seeking a way of preventing contaminants from entering the lake along with the drill.

"One of the biggest surprises," Dr. Jezek said in an interview, "was that ice streams flowing through the East Antarctic ice sheet extend for great distances into the very center of the continent - in some cases, more than 500 miles from the coast."

"This means that East Antarctica, like West Antarctica, seems to have a mechanism for rapidly moving ice from the interior to the coastal sea."

This is potentially bad news. Previously, scientists had believed that the East Antarctic Ice Sheet was locked into place atop the continent's bedrock, incapable of rapid shifts of ice toward the sea.

Antarctica's ice streams are believed to be propelled by two mechanisms. In the case of West Antarctica, the dominant mechanism is thought to be the removal of frictional stress by lubrication of the ice sliding seaward over bedrock. Geothermal and volcanic heating as well as atmospheric warming apparently maintain a layer of liquid water and mud between the ice sheet and underlying rock, allowing the ice to slide fairly freely.

The other mechanism, which may be important for the transport of ice from East Antarctica, is "glaciological static head pressure" - pressure exerted by the steeply sloping two-mile thickness of ice covering East Antarctica. Evenly distributed over the region this pressure would cause only slow movement, but if ice is being channeled into fast streams, as now appears to be the case, the transport of ice could be much more rapid, Dr. Jezek said.

But the behavior of ice streams and the coastal ice shelves into which they flow is complex and unpredictable. The Fimbul Ice Shelf (along the Princess Martha Coast) is retreating in some places and advancing in others, Dr. Jezek said. The Fimbul Ice Shelf interests glaciologists because it is at about the same latitude as ice shelves along the Antarctic Peninsula, which are clearly retreating. Because the Fimbul shows no such trend, the waxing and waning of glaciers seems to depend on other factors besides latitude.

"There are mixed signals almost everywhere you turn, with little consistent pattern. That's why it's important to measure ice movement in many different places at different times, to gauge overall effects," Dr. Jezek said.

Images to help forecast the flow of ice into sea, and

Lake Vostok, 140 miles long and 30 miles wide, whose liquid waters are believed to have been sealed off from the outer world for a million years.
NEW YORK TIMES SCIENCE TUESDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1999

Brazil Challenges Long-Held Theories

Reconstruction of the Luzia skull shows that her features appear to be Negroid rather than Mongoloid.

a findings and demonstrates with it any doubt at all' that Luzia is of in-Mongoloid origins.

When her remains were discovered, Luzia was alone. But more than 70 skeletons that appear to be from the same general period have been found in a nearby area called Lagoa Santa, and scientists in Brazil hope to be able to test Dr. Neves's theory by doing radiocarbon dating on at least some of them.

"There are a large number of skeletons at this site, some of them in better condition than that of Luzia," Dr. Proux said. "There is a great density of skeletons there, buried in an organized fashion, and we conclude this was a cemetery for them, perhaps the oldest in the Americas."

Initial indications are that these skeletons indeed have many of the same facial features and other characteristics that first made Luzia stand out. "We see this pattern with other skeletons of the same age" from the Lagoa Santa site, Dr. Powell said. "We have seen 37 of them now, and they all have this sort of unusual appearance."

In an effort to test the theory that Luzia belonged to a people ethnically distinct from the ancestors of modern North and South American Indians, scientists have also begun DNA sequencing in the Lagoa Santa skeletons. Dr. Sergio Pena, a geneticist at the Federal University of Minas Gerais, is conducting one set of tests while other samples have been sent to the Max Planck Anthropological Institute in Germany, where the DNA of Neanderthal Man was isolated in 1997, for examination.

"We know that today's Americans have four main groups," said Dr. Pena, who found a genetic marker common to 17 different widely dispersed Indian groups across the Americas in the course of an earlier project. "What would constitute molecular proof of Walter's hypothesis is to find DNA sequences completely different from those four groups."

Dr. Meltzer said: "This is the way to resolve the question - the skull is intriguing evidence, but let's put it down this evidence..."
If Climate Changes, Who Is Vulnerable? Panels Make Some Local Predictions

By WILLIAM K. STEVENS

If mainstream scientists are right in their forecast that the earth will warm up substantially in the decades ahead, what will happen to a place like, say, New England? Will its brilliant fall foliage fade? Its sugar maples migrate to Canada? Its ski slopes turn to slush? Its tourists vanish?

As negotiators from around the world struggle to agree on cuts in emissions of heat-trapping greenhouse gases, scientists are trying to bring the issue of global warming and attendant changes in climate down out of the stratosphere of scientific debate and global diplomacy into the everyday world, where some local officials and citizens are starting to think more about how the predicted changes might affect them.

It is not an easy task. Experts find it difficult enough to predict how temperature and climate will change globally if industrial society continues to emit greenhouse gases like carbon dioxide. This is mainly because of imperfections in computer models of the atmosphere on which global predictions are based.

The global models do not deal with climatic change on a regional and local scale very well. To make matters even more difficult, the global environment and human economy interact in complex and often unfathomable ways, creating environmental stresses that could be either worsened or mitigated by alterations in climate. But nothing prevents scientists from zeroing in on areas and activities that could be vulnerable to the predicted alterations in climate, and they are doing so more intensively.

In the case of New England (and upstate New York), for instance, experts meeting at a federally sponsored workshop at the University of New Hampshire this month said that the predicted changes do indeed pose a substantial, though still potential, threat in coming decades to the region's forests, its winters, its trout fisheries and shoreline developments — many of the features, in fact, that together largely define the region's character. In some future autumn, the experts said, the landscape might be dominated not by the bright oranges, reds and yellows of maples, but by the duller brown of oaks and hickories that have migrated up from the South.

New England's very "sense of place" may be at risk, said Dr. Steven P. Hamburg, an ecologist at the University of Rhode Island.

But there will probably be gain as well as pain, winners as well as losers, and no country or region is likely to be affected.

Continued on Page B12
Pacific states of Kiribati and the Marshall Islands are among the most threatened spots. It said that as much as 80 percent of the Marshall's territory could be drowned by a one-meter, or 3.28-foot, rise in sea level, which is in the high end of the range predicted by the panel by 2100. (The best estimate is a rise of about a foot to 1.6 feet.)

Some 70 million people in low-lying areas of Bangladesh could be displaced by a one-meter rise, the panel said. Such a rise would also threaten the coastal zone on which Tokyo, Osaka and Nagoya sit in Japan, not to mention China and the Atlantic and Gulf Coasts of the United States, according to the panel, and salt water could intrude on inland rivers, threatening other supplies of fresh water.

The opposite problem, too little rain, could be worsened in arid areas like the Middle East and parts of Africa, according to the same panel. Global warming is expected to make droughts more frequent and severe in areas prone to them, largely for this reason, according to the panel. Africa may be the continent most vulnerable to climate change, because its economies are still largely based on rain-fed agriculture and many of its farmers are too poor and ill equipped to adapt. Australia and parts of Latin America, too, were judged vulnerable to drought, and the panel predicted falls in agricultural production for some major crops in Brazil, central Mexico and parts of South America.

On the other hand, increased rain in temperate zones, combined with a warmer climate, longer growing seasons and the fertile propitiousness of atmospheric carbon dioxide, could spur agriculture there. Much of the increase in precipitation is expected to come not from the oceans favored by farmers now, however, but from heavy storms and more severe droughts. Even an increase in these heavy storms has already been detected in America. Northern Europe and Russia may be hit by floods, while southern Europe, vulnerable to drought.

Climate change may have serious repercussions for human health, said the intergovernmental panel. The ranges of mosquito-borne tropical diseases like malaria, dengue fever and yellow fever will increase. In addition, heat-related mortality and waterborne diseases could expand, and climate change could cause a more direct effect, heat-related summertime deaths. The panel said that the expected net effect on total deaths is unclear in Europe, but that the best estimate is that in this country, the increase in heat deaths would likely outweigh the reduction in deaths from cold. The reason, said Dr. Lawrence S. Kalkstein of the University of Delaware, is that many cold-season deaths are related to diseases like flu, which are transmitted in closely confined winter quarters. Climate change is not likely to alter that picture of confinement very much in Northern cities, he said.

On the other hand, he told another recent Federal Workshop at Pennsylvania State University, summertime heat deaths in Northern cities are almost certain to rise substantially if the climate warms as predicted. First, he said, Northerners are not as acclimatized to heat as Southerners are. Second, Northern buildings, especially in crowded cities, are not as well arranged to promote cooling. Even air-conditioning is no automatic fix, he said, because many inner-city dwellers cannot afford it. "There is no doubt in my mind that we have a problem," he said.
Continued From Page 89

in the same way. This point has been made many times again in the world shops held by the Government’s Global Change Research Program. The next 20 years, a new technology designed to produce in 1999 a national assessment of the impact of climate change. State and local officials, natural resource managers, businessmen and others who might have to deal with the effects of a changing climate have also been attending the meetings. This year the planning scientists’ slide presentations, and meeting in discussion groups, in the hotel’s 250-seat lunch table to exchange thoughts about what it all might mean.

In another forum the Intergovernmental Panel on Climate Change, an international group of scientists that advise the climate negotiators under United Nations auspices, issued a report on Sunday at a meeting in the Maldives identifying potential losses, gains and widely varying effects from climate change in different regions of the world.

On the negative side in North America, for instance, the panel found that forests and their wild inhabitants in the East and parts of the mountain West might not be able to migrate northward or upward fast enough or far enough to adjust to the warming climate. The group further concluded that water shortages in the southern plains of the United States will become worse, that agriculture in the Southeast and southern plains could be at risk, that flooding in the East and in Northern cities could increase and that coastal development could be threatened by rising seas.

On the positive side, the panel found that, for example, agriculture in the northern United States and southern Canada, on the West Coast and in parts of the interior West could benefit, as could the magnificent evergreen forests of the West Coast; that milder winters could cut the costs of collecting carbon deaths and the cost of heating and cooling; and that northern waters could be open for navigation longer.

In a new report said, the Arctic Ocean might reduce some ice extent by opening a new trade route between Europe and Asia. An American society might be able to cope relatively easily with any single change of climate, observed by Dr. David S. Shinn, an ecologist at the Oak Ridge National Laboratory in Tennessee who was a lead author of the U.S. chapter in the latest intergovernmental panel’s report.

But he said that because there were likely to be several effects, all occurring at the same time, they would pose “increasing challenges” for policy makers, resource managers and citizens, especially because any changes might be difficult to control.

One measure of the difficulty is that the intergovernmental panel’s forecasts of global warming specify a wide range of possible increases in average surface temperature over the next century, from 2 to 6.6 degrees Fahrenheit; the panel’s best estimate is about 3.5 degrees if greenhouse gases are not reduced. Moreover, while the earth’s temperature has warmed by about 1 degree over the past century, scientists are not sure how much of that is natural and how much has been caused by greenhouse gases.

Still, there are some early signs of actual climate change, and in some respects they appear in line with experts’ admittedly very general notions of what is vulnerable and what is not. A case in point is Alaska, where the University of Alaska Fairbanks said, the average winter-summer temperature at Fairbanks has risen by 3.1 degrees Fahrenheit in the last half-century. While the temperature reached 60 degrees for about a week in the early 1990’s, it now does so for nearly three weeks. These figures were typical for central Alaska, much of the western Arctic, the Northern Canadian Arctic, the scientists said.

It is possible that this warming could be an expression of the climate system’s natural variability. But it is unlikely that the temperature change could be the intergovernmental panel’s prediction.

Weather shifts expected to cost winners and losers

Permafrost in thawing, rivers in spilling, subterranean holes are opening in roads. Fishing is also leading to lands and forests along the Coast, and bridges and causing local food shortage.

Traditional ice seals in coastal villages are growing smaller and harder to use. Melting sea ice is reducing hunting more dangerous for the seals and colder than rain. But where there is no cold enough to snow, annual ice a few inches thick is in a generally warmer and moister global atmosphere in the Bahamas, most of the South Atlantic, and the intergovernmental panel forecasts more running water.

The state’s vast evergreen taiga, are under threat and Dr. Judy A. Meixelsperger, the state’s agriculture, are in lock step with the warming.

The new report of the intergovernmental panel said that the taiga in North America may be lost by the end of the century and that the southern border of the area covered by permafrost heat and shift northward by 100 miles over the next 50 years, ending roads, buildings, pipelines and other infrastructure.

But there is no good news Arctic, too, and there may be a warming of a long-term coolness and more rain in those areas, for instance, there are no ice seals and much longer, and the intergovernmental panel says that some of that ice may be lost. Less ice offshore could aid gas production, and warm Hudson Bay could fall. Tourists could have access to the region. Only the infrastructure construction would be easier to freeze.

The Arctic is among the most vulnerable to climate change according to the panel’s report. The region includes small islands, many of which could be all but inundated and would face backed up by ocean water and sea levels. The report specified.
The Defining Styles of Capitalism

Malts liquors and boots were among America's 10 largest industries at the beginning of the 20th century. A third of Americans worked in agriculture. Fifty years later, cars, aircraft and chemical manufacturing dominated the economy and only about 4 percent of Americans worked in agriculture. The United States started the century on an economic par with Great Britain. By the middle of the century, living standards were 50 percent higher in the United States than in Britain.

Now, at the end of the century, Americans, mostly employed in white-collar jobs, account for only 4 percent of the world's population but for more than 20 percent of its output. The American brand of capitalism—democratic, lightly regulated and full of opportunities for individuals to fail as well as succeed—is widely seen as a model for others to emulate. As the end of the century draws near, there is no longer any doubt that the state-dominated economies that competed with capitalism for much of the modern era have failed. Less clear than many Americans might imagine, however, is which model of capitalism—American, European or Japanese—is likely to prove most dominant in the decades ahead.

America's economic success began before this century. The country had abundant natural resources from the start, and in the 19th century, immigration and huge investments in railroads helped create a continent-expanding economy. Entrepreneurs developed the "American system" of interchangeable parts, first in firearms, to cut down the costs of producing complex products. In the 20th century, the assembly line, churning out cars that workers could afford. Long before Europe, the United States provided free high school education, laying the foundation for a knowledge-based economy. From the 1920's on, economic growth was tied to science-based technologies, and in the 50 years after 1910 output per hour more than tripled.

A mostly hands-off, decentralized system rewarded personal skills, entrepreneurial investment and innovation. The flexibility of largely unfettered labor markets also helped the economy triple in size in the 30 years following World War II. More people working with more machines accounted for some of the growth. But most of the spectacular gains arose from something more profound: educated people working with smarter machines. By 1975, productivity—output per worker—was twice as high in the United States as in Britain.

The economy has been so hot in the past few years that there is a natural temptation to declare that America's freewheeling "cowboy" capitalism has triumphed permanently over European or Japanese versions. But economic historians, taking the longer view, consider such a conclusion premature. Each of the models has its own strengths and each has stumbled at times in recent decades.

The American economy, for instance, stalled in the 1970's after the oil price shocks. For nearly two decades unemployment rates remained high and wages of all but the highest-paid workers stagnated. Inequality soared. Americans looked abroad for answers. Europe's system of generous social insurance and regulated labor markets produced comparable living standards and more equal income distribution. But then unemployment took hold. In the 1980's attention turned to the success of Japan's system of corporate cartels and lifetime employment. But by the 1990's Japan had entered a decades-long slumber.

Attention returned to America's hurly-burly economy, which has achieved the lowest unemployment in the industrialized world in part by throwing millions of people out of work each year only to hire them back (in different jobs) along with millions more. The United States prospered in part because of the accelerating pace of globalization and technological change. Rapid change puts a premium on flexibility, America's greatest economic asset. Europe's more stable system of long-term employment may return to favor in more tranquil times.

Indeed, for all these ups and downs, economists and historians see more similarities than differences among successful economies in Japan, Europe and the United States. All are vibrant, literate, science-oriented democracies with a base of private property. They rely on relatively open markets, trade and mature legal systems for resolving conflicts. None of the governments are hands-off. All of them, including the United States, tightly regulate financial markets. The current dominance of the American model rests, in historic terms, on a fleeting experience. Only in the last few years of the current recovery has the economy created both large employment gains and wage increases.

But for scholars reflecting on the economic history of the century, there can be no doubt on one central point. Measured by the feature that best defines economic prosperity—productivity growth—the market economies of the United States, Western Europe and Japan far outpaced state-run, autocratic, anti-trade regimes throughout Latin America and Africa.
And here's to Memory, that numbers all the years. 
Here tipped at the arbitrary border, we living 
On the night of cameras, dancing and champagne 
Drink to those others who come behind or ahead:

We pray that the Past and Future be forgiving —
The not-yet-born in their invisible chain
And, nearly as hard for us to know, the dead —
Overlook the times we haven't paid them heed

As we forgive them for giving less thought to us
Than we might like. In our abundant time
Of clever machines, some of us live in need.
Our beloved gadgets are fearsome and mysterious.

Great-grandparents: though forgetting is no crime,
We strain to remember you, and raise a glass.
Great-grandchildren: do the same! The triple zeros
That mark the millennial year are like three spheres

Or lights or chain-links. As the centuries pass,
Past, Present and Future, victims, villains and heroes,
Each crosses the calendar border and disappears —
Or lives in Memory, that numbers all the years.

SUPERDAMS
The perils of progress
by Claire Sterling

Once they go up, who cares where they come down?
That's not my department, says Wernher von Braun.
—Tom Lehrer

What happens when we dam the flow of a great river and form an immense body of water where there was none before? We are not sure. Yet we have been persuading the world's poorer countries that there is nothing like a really big dam for a fast economic takeoff. Dozens have been built on this assumption over the past ten years: in Pakistan, India, Thailand, Laos, Iran, Ghana, Nigeria, Zambia, Egypt, Brazil, Peru, Honduras, to list a few. But the takeoff hardly ever comes, since no sooner do the dams go up than something unforeseen arises. Calls for help unfailingly follow, international agencies respond, experts fly out, information rolls in.

By now the archives of the UN's Food and Agricultural Organization, World Health Organization, UNESCO, and the Special Fund bulge with reports from hydrologists, limnologists, pedologists, seismologists, entomologists, geologists, morphologists, meteorologists, bacteriologists, epidemiologists, ornithologists, malacologists, zoologists, ichthyologists, agronomists, sociologists, and librarians to keep track of what the others are up to. Most of them expect to be at it for years. Nevertheless, they have learned enough already to suggest that there is more to building a dam than simply making sure it will stand up, store water, and generate power.

When a big dam is built, the waters backing up behind it may flood several thousand square miles of land. Every living thing not born to the water is drowned by it: trees, flowers, crops, animals, insects. Everything changes: the water's chemistry, the habitat of river fish, the kinds and numbers of aquatic plants, the life expectancy of disease-carrying insects and creatures who customarily dine on them (not to mention those on whom they customarily dine themselves), the weather, the wind, the flights of birds, the pressures on the earth's crust, the tendency, therefore, to earthquakes and landslides, the levels and movements of underground streams and springs, the fertility and salinity of the soil downstream, the depth, speed, and course of the river, the formation of the coast where it empties into the sea, the habitat of the coastal fish, the way of life for all the people who used to be where the land was before the lake came.

Not much thought was given to such matters in the old days, when ecologists weren't yet underfoot and everybody thought
that big dams meant instant progress. Engineers loved to build them, and nobody ever told them that they ought to worry about ecosystems on top of everything else, as Tom Lehrer once noted in a slightly different context ("Once they go up, who cares where they come down? That's not my department, says Wernher von Braun"). The solid benefits—massive supplies of cheap power for industry and water for irrigation that might double or triple food crops—were rarely questioned. The ecological shocks often did not set in until later, sometimes much later, and it took still longer for the word to get around from country to country, or dam to dam, or even office to office at the same dam. (In Egypt, where I spent many weeks studying the Aswan High Dam, I kept running across officials aware of bad trouble in their own sector but assuming that everything else was fine.) It is only in the last few years, in fact, that dam-owners have begun to compare notes the world over.

The changes needn't necessarily be for the worse. Fish have been known to multiply exuberantly in newly made lakes, in the tropics especially, though not right away or forever. At first, rotting vegetation makes the water black and so short of oxygen that not many fish can stand it. Most river fish can't, anyway. But then the water clears and other species come along, living like lords as they sport among the sunken village huts and fatten on the decaying plants, decomposing animals, and each other. In Thailand, thirty-three species disappeared from the lake behind Ubolratana Dam within a year of its formation, while the cannibal murrel population doubled. In Ghana, six sorts of mormyrids and the abundant Alestes Nurse were extinct in Lake Volta within a year, whereas several sorts of cichlids and lates—all exactly a year old—showed up in fishermen's nets for the first time. (They used to live in the river's still pools and backwaters, shunning its swifter downstream currents.) The newcomers have grown to bursting since Volta Lake began to fill in 1964, and enchanted Ga and Tonga fishermen are hauling in sixty thousand tons of plump specimens yearly.

On the other hand, less than five thousand tons are coming out of the Aswan High Dam's Lake Nasser, formed in the same month and year as Lake Volta and much richer for the hundred million tons of nutritious Nile silt dropping into it annually. The Egyptians still find it hard to credit this gap between reality and their golden expectations of fifty to a hundred thousand tons. "It will certainly be ten thousand tons next year," I was assured in 1970 by the codirector of the Lake Nasser Development Center, Dr. A.F.A. Latif, "and it should be twenty-five thousand by 1980." Perhaps. But much more attractive curves are already turning downward elsewhere. The catch in Lake Volta itself dropped by a fifth in 1971, and the lake behind Zambia's giant Kariba Dam seems to be getting very nearly fishless. Formed five years before Lakes Volta and Nasser, Kariba showed dazzling promise. Experts predicted an annual fish catch of twenty thousand tons in no time. Yet it was down to four thousand tons by 1963, half that by 1964, and so little by 1967 that a corps of two thousand fishermen shrank to five hundred.

FAO fishing experts, summoned by the score to the rescue, can still only guess at some reasons: overfishing, undercropping, poor gear, too many drowned trees getting in fishermen's way, too many predatory fish overindulging. The one cause they can be certain of, though, is the waterweed.

Waterweeds can be prettier than they sound, particularly the lush pink water hyacinth, which happens to be the most depraved. Once it was, in fact, just a charming Japanese flower. Then it went off with somebody or something to South America, where it began to show up whenever the weather was warm enough. Breeding sexually and vegetatively and growing a mile a minute, it can form mats thick enough for a man to walk on. By now it is choking rivers, lakes, bayous, canals, even ponds in several U.S. Gulf States, most of Central and South America, nearly all of Africa from Zaire and Rhodesia to Tanzania and Madagascar, and eastward to India, Pakistan, Indonesia, Thailand, Vietnam, New Zealand, Australia. The whole length of the Congo River has been clogged with it; fourteen billion cubic meters of water, half the White Nile's flow, are lost every year in the Sudan's great Sudd Swamps because of its transpiration; all three of Thailand's newest man-made lakes are failing to fill for the same reason; irrigation ditches are blocked and river boats stalled by it; fish trapped under its heavy blanket die for want of food and oxygen as it cuts off more and more sunlight and air; and because it can so easily become entangled in a dam's penstocks or trashracks and so clog the turbines—its cousin the water lettuce very nearly put the Kariba Dam out of business that way—almost every hydroelectric project built in the tropics since World War II is menaced by it.

So far, waterweeds like hyacinth have survived every assault we can dream up: saw boats with Rube Goldberg contraptions, leaf-eating beetles and weed-eating fish, herbicides poured, painted, and sprayed from boats, the shore, the sky. They are either too expensive or too poisonous or no use. An ideal solution would be the manatee, mermaid to sailors of old, who has a wonderfully sunny nature and does nothing but eat water hyacinth all day long. Unhappily, manatees make such good eating themselves that they rarely have time to mate before humans take them home for dinner.

D
With too many people and too little arable land? Quite a few of these lakes were never meant to provide water for irrigation in the first place. They were dangerous to the turbines, and they can fall short of even the water, because they evaporate, or transpire, or seep out. Evaporation takes fifteen billion cubic meters of water a year from Lake Nasser; that is nearly double the engineers' original estimate (they forgot to calculate the higher wind velocity on a big body of water) and more than a quarter of the Egyptians' whole allotment from the Nile, practically their sole source. Transpiring water hyacinth can take ten times as much, meter for meter. Sitting has cut the storage capacity of Lake Austin in Texas by 95.6 percent in thirteen years, and of Algeria's Habra Reservoir by 58 percent in twenty-two years, while West Pakistan's $600 million Mangla Dam is expected to sit up completely in fifty years. And any reservoir with big cracks or open passages in the earth around or under it can leak. The United States has had to abandon several because of leakage or seepage: Cedar Reservoir near Washington, the McMillan and Holland in New Mexico, the Tumalo in Oregon, and Jerome in Idaho. But the most spectacular case is Lake Nasser.

For all the history and extravagant hopes that went into its making, Lake Nasser cannot assure the Egyptians even of the water supply they had before. The lake was planned to store 163 billion cubic meters and to reach capacity by 1970, but it is not yet half full and may never fill (Egypt's most distinguished limnologist, Professor Abdel Fattah Gohar, told me that it might take two hundred years). We have no way of knowing exactly why, except for evaporation. But two highly educated guesses have been made, by a noted British hydrologist named John Ball in the early 1900s and an Egyptian named Abdel Aziz only a few weeks before ground was broken for the High Dam.

They pointed out that Lake Nasser's entire three-hundred-mile Western bank is composed of porous Nubian sandstone, part of a million-square-kilometer aquifer underlying the Libyan Desert which can absorb endless quantities of water. Directly under the High Dam, furthermore, the Nile channel cuts across a water-bearing bed nearly half a mile deep, through which water may flow either in from the Libyan aquifer or out. Mostly it used to flow in, before any dams were built around there, adding about three billion cubic meters yearly to the Nile flow downstream. But after the first Aswan Dam was built years ago, pressure from the new reservoir pushed all this water the other way and as much again besides. So the Egyptians had six billion cubic meters by the Nile before the High Dam ever got started. What with a far bigger dam, an incomparably bigger lake, that water-bearing bed, those sandstone banks, and that colossal evaporation rate, Lake Nasser is losing more than a third of the water flowing into it, thirty billion cubic meters yearly. Downstream, the Egyptians are getting nearly ten billion cubic meters less than they used to, 53.7 billion instead of 63 billion.

It need hardly be added that Lake Nasser's waters are not going to coax much barren desert into bloom after all. Here too, Egyptian hopes die hard. At the Lake Nasser Development Center in Aswan, devoted Egyptian and UN scientists continue to study and map the baked, treeless land along the new lakeshore, against the time when the lake may fill or science may find some cheap way to grow food in dry sand. "We're working for our children or their children," an Egyptian geologist told me. "Someday, somebody will make use of our soil maps. Not now. The turbines have to run; we can't spare another drop of water."

At the Ministry for the High Dam in Cairo, Dr. Aziz Hana used practically the same words to say the same thing. What he didn't say, because it wasn't his department, was that even with more water coming downstream, there wouldn't be enough suitable land to reclaim. The late President Nasser had hoped for 1.3 million acres, still the official figure. But soil studies made before the dam was completed showed that only 750,000 acres were suitable, and known reclamation projects add up to less than half that: a 5 percent increase in cultivated acreage, whereas the Egyptian population grew by a third while the High Dam was going up.

Whatever the advice he wouldn't listen to, Nasser was not the first, or last, to fall into error. Not many superdams are turning deserts green, for a lot of reasons; and a good many have engulfed more and better land than they could reclaim.

Nobody knows the value in money of all the land, plants, timber, ancient monuments and artifacts, villages, and towns lying at the bottom of the world's man-made lakes. The millennial site of Abu Simbel's twin temples and the whole Sudanese town of Wadi Halfa are among them. So are some of Ghana's richest cocoa farms and Zambia's two-crops-a-year alluvial lands on the banks of the Zambezi. Giant stands of teak are now dying in the Ivory Coast's Bandama Valley; and when and if the first mainstream dam is built across Southeast Asia's Mekong River, at Pa Mong, nearly a million acres of prime paddy land will go under in Northeast Thailand and the magnificent Laotian valleys of Ban Done and Vong Vien.
Nobody is quite certain, either, how many people have been forced to move by the rising waters. There are always some who take to the hills never to be heard from, as happened in the Tennessee Valley. To the best of our knowledge, a hundred thousand were displaced in Egypt and the Sudan, nearly a hundred thousand in Ghana, at least a hundred thousand in the Ivory Coast, and half a million may join the list should the projected Pa Mong Dam eventually span the Mekong. It costs a lot to move them and is starting to cost more as the practice spreads. When the Ivory Coast's Kossou Dam was about to be sealed in 1970, an enterprising Baoulé chief wrote to the mayor of Tigne in the French Savoie, where a big dam had gone up some years before, inquiring about the demands of his constituents. The mayor's list, long and expensive, has become a kind of charter for a fast-growing World Brotherhood of Doomed Cities.

Yet even when a thousand dollars a head is spent on these refugees, few can be resettled on the kind of good bottomland they lost. Rarely is there any other unoccupied land except the stony arid kind higher up. Thailand now finds one such political snakepit in its Northeast region, right below the Chinese border. The Ivory Coast, trying to resettle President Houphouët Boigny's fellow Baoulés on the overcrowded lands of rival tribesmen (at a cost of about a $100 million, as much again as the Kossou Dam itself cost), seems to be heading for another.

I've met displaced Thais and Baoulés, and Ghanaians in their "gone elsewhere" villages, and the Nabians of Upper Egypt in their squat dreary cement huts at Kom Ombo. Some were better off than others, of course, but nearly all showed symptoms of the classic resettlement syndrome: unselfreliant, passively aggrieved, dispirited.

The Baoulés I visited were still in their thatched village of Angoussé when I came, waiting for the rising waters to overtake them: they would believe it when they saw it, they said. They were full of complaints and premonitions. Their elders had visited the new settlement prepared for them, much grander than their own with $1600 houses and corrugated tin roofs. But it would be hot, they said, bulldozers having knocked down every tree in sight; the houses had no kitchens, which the government, not they, ought to build; the single well was inadequate and too far away. There would be no food until the new crops came in, they thought (though the FAO's World Food Program will be feeding them for two years). They had been invited to learn how to fish, but disliked and feared the water. They were advised to raise cattle on the poorer soil, but didn't care for cattle. What they cared about was land; and they'd be getting only an acre apiece, half what they had now, not enough to live on.

The Thais I met, near Khonkaen in Northeast Thailand, had already been through it all. Their rice fields were gone, lying at the bottom of the Nam Pung Reservoir. Their resettlement money was gone too, long since. They had spent a backbreaking year or two clearing the harsh upland soil, with no help from the government and practically no water. About one in five had drifted away and dropped out of sight, many to join up with the Communist terrorists. The rest were trying now to grow soybeans and kenaf, a kind of jute. Some were starting to make out at last. Others never would.

Everywhere I went they would tell me they had never felt well since leaving home. "They are not sick," a social worker explained. "It is too much trouble, too much thinking."

This is not just a matter of land. People whose families had lived for centuries where the lakes form may languish and die of unbearable traumatic shock when forced to part with their homesteads, ancestral graves, fetishes. Mortality rates shot up among evacuated Ghanaians when Lake Volta formed; the very young and very old, particularly, died faster. They may also sicken on the road, traveling under deplorables conditions. Or they may fall sick simply because of living near the water.

Wherever a superdam has gone up in tropical Africa and Asia, the lake behind it has brought an explosion of water-borne disease. Even small dams can do it, as the Ivory Coast has learned. One built there at Bia in 1964 managed, within a year, to bring on raging epidemics of river blindness (eight hundred cases), sleeping sickness (two hundred cases), and bilharzia infecting four out of every five inhabitants. Fortunately there weren't many inhabitants. When Lake Kossou fills, though, World Health officials expect "a very serious threat" of sleeping sickness among a hundred thousand refugees and others on its densely populated shores, "endemic" bilharzia and malaria, a "special danger" of yellow fever, a "violent outbreak" of guinea worm—the fiery serpent of the Bible—and a chain of "excreta illnesses" such as dysentery, cholera, and typhoid.

This happens partly because people accustomed to relieving themselves in the bush do so in the water instead. In good part, also, the reason is change of habitat for the carrier insect. A few, as uncomfortable in their new surroundings as the refugees they live on, must either get away or perish. The most vicious is the black fly, simulium, causing river blindness through West Africa. Dependent on fast-flowing water with plenty of oxygen, the black fly hates the still waters of a new lake. But it quickly finds happiness downstream, where the water thunders through the dam's sluices. In Ghana, long cursed by river blindness on the Volta's banks, the affliction has not been eliminated but merely redistributed.

Almost all other carriers of tropical water-borne diseases rejoice in their new House and Garden setting. Nothing else offers better breeding conditions than a large, calm lake surface and several thousand
miles of twisting shoreline full of shallow nooks and crannies for malarial mosquitoes, the culex fly bearing yellow fever, dengue fever, and elephantiasis, the guinea worm growing three feet long in the human body and causing painful ulcers, the liver fluke loitering in the insides of raw fish (a favorite Northern Thai dish is raw fish dipped in fresh cow bile), and that scourge of all Africa and Asia, the snail—carrier of bilharzia.

Several sorts of snail are good at this, none of which can survive in fast-flowing rivers. What they like is placid waters: irrigation canals, say, or man-made lakes. They may land there by the merest chance, carried by migrating birds or the wind. Once settled, they can multiply at a rate increasing their numbers fifty-thousandfold in four months. Lake Nasser is thickly infested with them along its entire shoreline, not yet a calamity because hardly anybody lives there. Infestation is much the same in all Egyptian irrigation canals, old and new, as in most of Africa and the Far East.

The snail doesn't attack humans. It simply plays host to the prickly-spined blood flukes which do. The flukes' larvae need only to be deposited in the water by an infected person's urinating, defecating, or just bathing, whereupon it homes in on the snail to lie in wait for the next human victim. Any healthy person setting food in these infested waters can pick up the fluke without a bite or scratch in warning; once lodged in his bloodstream, the fluke lives happily ever after, perpetually copulating.

A man can die of bilharzia, but more often he is condemned to live in growing pain and exhaustion. The chronic sufferer grows steadily weaker from stomach cramps and damage to the heart, lungs, liver. He may develop cirrhosis, bladder and kidney infections, cancer; and even if not, he can rarely put in more than three hours' work a day. There is no lasting cure: anybody freed of bilharzia in the morning can pick it up again before nightfall. The safest temporary cure is an old-fashioned tartar emetic which must be administered in twelve weekly intravenous injections causing violent pain and vomiting. Although newer drugs keep coming onto the market, none is entirely satisfactory, and some are singularly unsatisfactory, tending to induce maniacal tendencies, hallucinations, or an uncontrollable impulse to jump out of the window.

Egypt, among the hardest hit countries because practically all Egyptians live on or near the Nile and the countless irrigation canals branching off it, has tried uselessly for years to bring down the bilharzia rate. Fourteen million of its thirty million people had bilharzia before the High Dam was built; one in ten deaths was caused by it; and the cost to the state in lost working time ran to half a billion dollars annually. Since the High Dam went up, the infection rate in areas with new canals has risen from zero to 80 percent.

Some say that all the land enriched by such dams makes up for the spiritual and physical impoverishment of the people. Yet Egypt's land, after construction of a billion-dollar dam, is certainly getting no richer. True, the Egyptians are no longer threatened by the Nile's yearly floods, but they're no longer getting the flood's priceless gift either: the silt that has made the Nile Delta the most fertile on earth is dropping to the bottom of Lake Nasser.

A foreigner looking down on the now translucent green Nile, as I did from a hotel balcony in Cairo, might find it lovely. To the Egyptian agronomist clutching my arm as he pointed, it was frightening. "I'd give my soul to turn it muddy brown again," he said. That cannot happen, ever.

The Egyptians I met who were doing soil studies could not be sure how much the final damage might be. Nevertheless, they estimated that about two thirds of the 2.35 million tons of chemical fertilizer already in use goes to make up for the lost silt. All six million cultivated acres in Egypt will be needing fertilizer soon, along with potassium, nitrogen, calcium, magnesium, copper, zinc, molybdenum, boron, and manganese for the delta's once inexhaustible soil. The yearly cost of the extra fertilizer alone comes to upwards of a hundred million dollars, and this fertilizer will be a permanent necessity.

Not every dam holds the silt back, of course, and some do impound enough water to leave farmers knee-deep. But using the water for irrigation is no simple matter, and can be a positive menace at times. Eight years and twelve million dollars after the U.S. Reclamation Bureau began to study the Mekong's projected multibillion-dollar Pa Mong Dam, it discovered that the world's largest salt deposit lies under Thailand's Khorat Plateau, which Pa Mong was supposed to irrigate. One splendid irrigation project like that could make the soil so saline that nothing would ever grow on it again.

Actually, that particular project was not so splendid. Only 106,000 acres were going to be irrigated in Thailand anyway, a sad fraction of the million acres of fine paddy land that would be drowned by Pa Mong. Theoretically, irrigation would double rice yields there and permit two or three crops a year. But the Khorat Plateau has very poor laterite soil, which would soon be worn out under intensive cultivation. Furthermore, two or three crops a year would mean that much more work for farmers who are accustomed to planting only when the monsoons come, and who know nothing about irrigation. The difficulties are already familiar to Thailand's Royal Irrigation Department, which has spent $180
million to develop irrigation in the last two years with only about four hundred successful acres to show for it.

To be agriculturally useful, Pa Mong’s waters would need investments of not only about $400 an acre to prepare the land but five times as much for cheap fertilizer and farm credits, feeder roads and access to markets, training and motivation for farmers provided by a far better extension service than the Thais (or we) would readily provide. What with one thing and another, therefore, the modest goal of bringing 106,000 acres under irrigation would cost Thailand no less than a quarter of a billion dollars.

Naturally, there is always somebody who wants to try an irrigation scheme wherever a big dam goes up with enough water storage; the schemes look so good on paper. Yet even when they can be made to work, the heavy use of water and generally poor drainage cause underground water levels to rise and create an accumulation of soil salts that knocks the land out of use sooner or later. Pakistan got into such trouble this way that only by drilling hundreds of thousands of tube wells was it saved from agricultural ruin.

Egypt, nearly all of whose cultivated land is becoming dangerously waterlogged and salty now, has already started to install expensive closed underground drains on a million acres in the Delta. This alone, the most ambitious drainage project on earth, will cost $147 million, of which the World Bank is putting up less than a tenth, which the Egyptians will have to pay back. To install closed drains and the pumps to go with them on the remaining land would cost well over a billion dollars, a quarter of the country’s income.

There are several other ways in which a superdam can cost more than its list price: the scouring of riverbeds downstream undermining other dams and bridges; the erosion of coastal dunes and sandbars, thereby endangering cities like Alexandria and permitting seepage of salt water into sweet-water lakes; the loss of ocean fish should the dam withhold organic silt required for the aquatic food chain (Egypt has lost 18,000 tons of sardines a year that way, and if just two projected mainstream dams are built on the Mekong, the owners of 300,000 fishing boats at the river’s mouth might go bankrupt); landslides; and earthquakes on the magnitude of six or more on the Richter scale, such as the one touched off by India’s Korga Dam in 1967, which killed 200 people.

The payoff is supposed to come from hydroelectric power. There, in the installed capacity of kilowatt-hours, lies the secret of the economic takeoff, or so planners say; and judging from the comparative figures—6615 kwh per person in the United States, 6746 in Sweden, 2364 in Soviet Russia, 79 in India—they ought to be right. But power installed is not necessarily power consumed, as the Egyptians, who have yet to find a use for even a third of theirs from Aswan, have discovered.

The capacity can be enormous. The High Dam’s is ten billion kilowatts a year; the Tarbella’s in Pakistan is almost as much; the Pa Mong’s on the Mekong would be twice that; and if all forty-odd dams under consideration in the Mekong Development Scheme were built, they would plunge all Indochina—indeed all Southeast Asia—into a blaze of light. Then what?

The power produced would be cheaper than thermal or nuclear power, but only if every kilowatt-hour were consumed from the start, over a span of a hundred years. Even this would not take into account the social and ecological costs of uprooting several million people in the Mekong Basin, drowning several thousand villages and hamlets in fertile river valleys covering the better part of 25,000 square kilometers, spreading sickness among men and cattle, dispersing or killing-off a great many fish in the river and sea—the giant prawn and unique ten-foot-long giant catfish would be among the first to go—the scouring 1500 miles of riverbed, and putting an end to the annual silt-laden floods nourishing twelve million acres of luxuriant delta soil in Cambodia and South Vietnam.

To use the power, furthermore, everything taken for granted in an advanced industrial state would have to be developed: grids, factories, transport, communication, trained workers, seasoned management, markets—in short, the accoutrements (the French seem to have only two little words for this) without which the power goes to waste. On those terms, the Mekong dam network would cost from $25 billion to $50 billion. No poor Asian or African country, with so few skills, so little experience, such meager capital, could be sure of success even then.

It is curious but true that such calculations simply weren’t made until quite recently. Engineers honestly didn’t know they were committing ecological sins; who did? Rich countries putting up the money sincerely thought of themselves as benefactors. Poor countries were suitably grateful, and displaced people getting pushed around never seemed to fall into anybody’s department.

Times have changed. Wherever I’ve gone to report on these projects, I’ve met officials eaten by doubt. In Yamassoukrou, operating center for the Ivory Coast’s Kossou Dam, harassed social workers coping with refugees dreamed of putting up stickers saying IS THIS DAM REALLY NECESSARY? In Ghana, whose Volta Dam is a glittering success because Valco Aluminum is a built-in market for its power, the curse of the refugees still lies heavy after seven years. “I sometimes wonder if the whole thing was worth it,” said Dr. Letitia Obeng, co-manager of the UNDP/Ghana Volta Lake Research Project. “Oh, it’s grand! But you wouldn’t believe what our people went through.” In Cairo, where the High Dam’s spell is still strong, only the elite know the extent of the damage. Privately, they will admit that they probably wouldn’t build it if they had things to do over again.

The disenchantment is strongest in Bangkok, where five hundred UN experts have been working
for nearly two decades with the four riparian states of the Mekong Committee to harness one of the last great rivers still undammed in the world. When I was there last spring, the U.S. Reclamation Bureau was just retiring from the field in confusion. It had been working under extremely trying conditions since 1964 to determine whether or not the Pa Mong Dam would be feasible. By the time it came up with the affirmative answer, the place was swarming with ecologists, and word had long since gotten through from Egypt, India, Pakistan. “Who needs Pa Mong, really?” demanded Kasame Chatikavanij, director of Thailand’s Electricity Generating Authority, when I asked him about it. “Of course we could use the power eventually, we have a very nice growth rate. But we are not rich. I would rather put our money into smaller projects, a little at a time, as the need arises, and not gamble it all on one big throw—like Aswan.” Not all Thais agree, least of all Boornrod Binson, Thai member of the Mekong Committee.

Nevertheless, what little is left of a once unclouded faith in Pa Mong is to be found more among would-be givers than receivers.

Not that all poor countries are turning down all such propositions nowadays. They are merely learning to ask more questions. After all, thermal power stations can be built for a fraction of the cost, one at a time as consumption grows. Atomic plants, cleaner though costlier, can also be built in fairly small units. Once a giant dam is built, though, it is there, evaporating, transpiring, leaking, silting up or weeding over, scouring the riverbed, driving the fish away or killing them off, drenching or salting the soil, breaking timeless natural laws, banishing people; and every day those turbines stand idle the local minister of finance is closer to a nervous breakdown.

Because nobody is giving them away. All the rich countries offer is hard currency, technicians, and equipment, on loan, at interest. In the end it is the poor countries who pay, and pay, and pay.

---

DIVINEST SYZYGY

The syzygies are the paired opposites, where the One is never separated from the Other, its antithesis. It is a field of personal experience which leads directly to... the attainment of the self.

This realm cannot be captured by any formula, but can only be hinted at to one who already knows.

—Jung

Scrofulous flouter of demarcations, insolent touter of strange salutations, the Thing, half man, half woman, half hoary god and bear, high on the bald hill sat ululating at the moon. Then bored with twitching one cheek, it rose and shook from its hairy tits its boomerang (the people were resting, unsuspecting).

Snorting, She-He splayed ox-arms wide and flung that silver clavicle down at the town:

It spun over the first roofs, then arched with a crash through a church window, slicing the heads and limbs from sexless seraphim and showering glass like grace on the bishop. As it zinged past her door, Mrs. Andergrass, the actress, felt a wind lift her hair; seizing the hand of her startled lady friend, she ran for the square where each long-flanneled father, pajamaed and hair-netted mother danced and melted from their heat like butter (no one would ever again know one from another).

Those who could still stand ran from the town, shouting curses up at the moon-soaked hill:

“Call your mad stick home, call it home!
May it brak all your bones!” they groaned.

They watched: She caught it in His hand and smiled.

by Lorita Whitehead
Sept 25  pax  7336
Victoria Meyers  R 212 696-7530
- Terry Gross: what about me York

- how place 3 mo. win in my writing career
- make angles: why compelled to write it

- May 14 - June

send her got interview Yonkers
notes for Victoria

Duffy's a co-or-dee family

begin " " " ten's

years of " begin

death @ #7 - R. O. Neary says 59

ant-human

personal glory to human understanding
Dams for Water Supply Are Altering Earth’s Orbit, an Expert Says

By MALCOLM W. BROWNE

The insatiable thirst of the world’s burgeoning billions has caused a spurt of dam building in temperate regions in the last 40 years, and a scientist with the space agency has found that the reservoirs are affecting Earth’s orbital rotation.

Although Earth’s rate of spin is gradually slowing because of the tidal drag of the moon, the slowing would have been measurably greater if it were not for the influence of 88 reservoirs built since the early 1950’s, said the scientist, Dr. Benjamin Fong Chao, a geophysicist at the Goddard Space Flight Center, an arm of the National Aeronautics and Space Administration in Greenbelt, Md. Each of the reservoirs contains at least 2.4 cubic miles of water weighing 10 billion metric tons. The reservoirs contain the bulk of the world’s impounded water.

The shift in the distribution of Earth’s water caused by the reservoirs has tended to speed the planet’s spin. Without lunar tidal drag, the reservoir effect would have reduced the length of a day by 0.2 millionths of a second a day for the last 40 years, Dr. Chao calculated.

The reason for this, he said, is that the shifting of water to mid-latitude reservoirs in the Northern and Southern Hemispheres has increased the amount of the world’s water in those latitudes in relation to the Equator. In effect, more water is closer to Earth’s axis. Moreover, Earth’s axis is being slightly tilted by the weight of water that has collected in the 88 reservoirs, Dr. Chao found, and the shape of the planet’s gravitational field has been altered.

These effects are several hundred times smaller than natural variations in Earth’s motion, Dr. Chao said in an interview, and they pose no danger to people or the global environment. Still, he reported recently in Geophysical Research Papers, the effects of reservoir construction are significant enough that they will have to be taken into consideration in calculating long-term changes in global motion. His conclusions are based on geophysical measurements, international data bases and theoretical calculations.

Dam building in the former Soviet Union, Canada, Brazil and other mid-latitude countries has been rapid in the last four decades, and fresh water collected from rivers and other terrestrial sources has increased in this period by 10,000 cubic kilometers, or 10 trillion tons, an amount equivalent to all the moisture in Earth’s atmosphere. This water mostly accumulates from rain, which in turn comes from clouds that draw their moisture largely from the evaporation of ocean water.

This shift of water from the oceans has somewhat offset the continuing rise in global sea level, which would have been about 1.2 inches greater in the last 40 years if there had been no new reservoirs, Dr. Chao says.

Although scientists are uncertain about the causes of the observed rise in sea level, many say they believe that a major cause is global warming and the consequent expansion of liquid water and melting of mountain glaciers. In general, a rising sea level is regarded as a potential threat to many regions because it might eventually inundate low-lying countries like Bangladesh and coastal cities around the world. So the reservoir effect is desirable because it presumably slows the rise in sea level.

Geophysicists have little doubt that dam building will continue rapidly until all sources of recoverable water have been exploited, a time some scientists calculate will come in the next century.
59 deaths @ Ft. Peck (official #, and Montgomery p. 90)
- called 8:40 a.m. 4/9/96, left her a message that my school & fact that it's early to know what F men (or 'Urban') are all a
apologize makes me turn her down. But if
chance for reflective comment later, off a F men
untimely resolve, I'd like her regret again,
Elegant, simple records show a warming trend

For more than 100 years, people have noticed the ice coming later and leaving earlier.

By Ron Seely
Science reporter

More than 500 years ago on Lake Suwa in Japan, holy men of the ancient Shinto faith started keeping track of when the ice formed on the lake and when, in the spring, it started breaking apart.

It was an important religious task because, according to the local Shinto belief, the ice allowed a male deity living on one shore to cross the lake and join a female deity that lived on the other side.

Little did the Shinto holy men, writing faithfully in their journal, know that they were also doing science.

But they were. It just took UW-Madison limnologist John Magnuson to figure that out.

Magnuson, working with a team of international researchers, has gathered dozens of such records dating back 150 years and further. The records, according to an article published today in the journal Science, show that lakes and rivers in the Northern Hemisphere are freezing later and thawing sooner.

Selected location
1. Mendota Lake, Wisconsin 6 days
2. Monona Lake, Wisconsin 7.2 days
3. Grand Traverse Bay, Minnesota 11.4 days
4. Ostego Lake, New York 4.8 days
5. Toronto Harbor, Canada 36.9 days
6. Red River, Canada 13.2 days
7. Nasijarvi Lake, Finland 5.7 days
8. Kallavesi Lake, Finland 5.3 days
9. Baikal Lake, Russia 11.0 days
10. Angara River, Russia 8.5 days

Please see WARM, Page 3A

SOURCE: Science

Postponed freezes, earlier thaws

Researchers found evidence of global warming by studying data of the annual freezing and thawing of 26 bodies of water. The study concludes that over the past 150 years, the freezing occurred an average of 8.7 days later and the thaw occurred about 9.8 days earlier. Here are selected results.
later and thawing earlier—a phenomenon the scientists say reflects a long warming trend in the Earth’s climate.

“If lakes and rivers across the entire Northern Hemisphere are doing this,” Magnuson said Thursday, “then there is a message in that.”

For years, Magnuson paid close attention to what was happening on the lake just outside his office window. He watched Lake Mendota freeze and thaw season after season. In the 1980s, one of Magnuson’s students, Dale Robertson, analyzed Lake Mendota’s ice data. Robertson turned up a treasure trove of observations, going back to the mid-1800s.

Like the records for almost all of the other lakes where data were gathered, the Lake Mendota observations showed ice forming later and thawing earlier. The lake, based on records kept between 1853 and 1995, now freezes six days later than 100 years ago and thaws more than seven days sooner.

Put together such data for enough lakes in enough parts of the world, Magnuson reasoned, and you’d have some important science that might tell us something about what’s been happening to our climate, a crucial and controversial issue these days.

So, for several years, Magnuson and the other researchers scrounged ice records from some of the most remote corners of the Earth—from isolated temples to distant fur trading posts.

Such records, Magnuson said, were kept for any number of reasons, be they religious or commercial. In addition to those kept by the Shinto faithful on Lake Suwa, the researchers discovered records on Lake Constance, a large lake on the border between Germany and Switzerland, that dated back to the ninth century. They were kept by two churches, one in either country, with a tradition of carrying a Madonna figure across the lake to the alternate church each year when it froze.

Other records came from Canada’s Red and McKenzie rivers and were kept by fur traders. Dates of freezes and thaws were crucial during the fur-trading era, Magnuson said, because the rivers and lakes of the North Country were major travel routes.

“It was just as important as us knowing what time our plane leaves,” Magnuson said.

All told, freeze dates or breakup dates at 39 sites from 1846 to 1995 were collected. It represents one of the largest and longest records of observable climate data ever assembled.

Of the 39 sites represented, 38 show a consistent warming pattern. Over the 150-year period represented, the average rate of change was 8.7 days later for freeze dates and 9.8 days earlier for breakup dates.

Magnuson said the records and the warming they show are consistent with computer-generated models that also show climate change over a 125-year period.

But, unlike the models, the records kept so carefully on so many different shorelines around the world have advantages. These are direct observations, real dates and real points in time, noted by flesh-and-blood people. It’s simple information, Magnuson said, and in its simplicity there is a kind of elegance.

“You look out on the lake,” Magnuson said, “and it’s frozen.”

And there is a certain charm, Magnuson added, in knowing that holy men on a distant lake in a distant time made note of changes in the natural world around them that, all these years hence, have proved useful beyond their knowing.

In science, as in the rest of life, such a stroke of good fortune is known as serendipitous.

But, sometimes, science that is eventually thought of as serendipitous can be helped along considerably by somebody sitting and staring at the ice breaking up on a big lake and wondering, just wondering.
How account for American utopias in the American wilderness?

Weave a fantasy. In 1804, L & C depart St. Louis, up the Miss and Missouri to the far Northwest. They were highly equipped, an interplanetary expedition of their day. Tutored in Oo, Lewis was a skilled herb doctor, Clark a poised leader and mapmaker. Now: had they allied with the Indians, what might have grown? The Indians knew the plenitude of The Willamette, one of the earth's velvet valleys. Fisheries. the land. Might they not build a Pacific Republic?

But the white men loathed the fleas and smoke and rain of their Fort Clatsop winter. The Indians snickered at the white men's taste for dog meat

As much as the plaques Ooing our battlefields and the names of deceased politicians, they are part of our past, a rollcall of tries at a better world: The Society of the Woman in the Wilderness (Oo); Feibamese Fringe Felevi, on the of Robert Owen's experiment at New Harmony, Indiana; Ephrata Cloister, Pa.; Jerusalem; Grand Ecorce in Natchitoches Parish, La; Sodus Bay, NY: North American Phalanx; Promisewell, Hopedale, Harmonia Equality, Economy, two Harmonies and a New Harmony; Skaneateles; Communia; Freeland, Equality; Teutonia; Joyful; Pisgah Grande; in our own day, California's Morning Star, New Mexico's Placitas,
Sprawl Quicksen Its Attack On Forests

By WILLIAM K. STEVENS

Despite some progress in conservation, the nation's privately held cropland, forests, soil and wetlands continue to give way to development and erosion, the United States Department of Agriculture is reporting today.

One of the most striking findings of the agency's natural resources inventory, a statistical snapshot produced at five-year intervals starting in 1982, is that the rate at which farmland and forests are being lost to urban, suburban and small-town development is quickening.

More land was developed between 1992 and 1997 than in the entire decade from 1982 to 1992 — 16 million acres compared with 13.9 million — according to the inventory.

The report is being released at a one-day meeting on private lands conservation convened in Ames, Iowa, by Agriculture Secretary Dan Glickman.

Private property accounts for about 75 percent of the nation's landscape.

Land was converted to development at a rate of a little over 3 million acres a year from 1992 to 1997, more than double the rate from 1982 to 1992. And while development is usually thought of in connection with suburban sprawl, officials said it was now a prominent feature in small and medium-sized cities. "It is as significant an issue in Des Moines as it is in the New York metropolitan area," said James Lyons, the under secretary of agriculture for natural resources and environment.

Built-up areas accounted, over all, for 7 percent of total private lands in 1997, up from 5 percent in 1982. The biggest impact of development is on forests, Mr. Lyons said in a telephone interview, with more than 6 million acres of forest cleared for development.
Moreover, Mr. Lyons said, established metropolitan areas are losing their trees even as the urban fringe surges outward. About 37 percent of the Washington metropolitan area, for instance, was covered by trees in 1973, according to a separate study, but only 13 percent in 1997.

"We're seeing those trends elsewhere," said Mr. Lyons. "If you combine rapid expansion with deforestation of these urban and suburban areas, the quality of life we've come to appreciate is changing dramatically."

Outside built-up areas, the picture on forests is more encouraging. Over all, according to the national inventory, private forestland increased somewhat from 1982 to 1997, by 800,000 acres, continuing a long-term reforestation trend in some parts of the country.

But cropland declined by 13 million acres, pastureland by 14 million acres and rangeland by 12 million acres. Cropland in 1997 accounted for 25 percent of the 1.5 billion acres of private land, forests and rangeland for 27 percent each and pastureland for 8 percent.

Substantial gains have been made in restoring or creating wetlands on agricultural lands, according to the inventory, with 30,000 acres a year added from 1992 to 1997, compared with only 4,000 acres a year from 1982 to 1992. But at the same time, wetland losses on farmland increased to about 54,000 acres a year, continuing a long-term net loss. About a third of the loss resulted from development of farmland, Mr. Lyons said.

Soil erosion on farmland has been reduced by about 38 percent since 1982, according to the survey, but the reduction has leveled off since 1995. Almost 2 billion tons of soil is lost to erosion, according to the inventory. Thirty percent of the nation's farmland was reported to be eroding excessively.

For the panoply of renewable natural resources as a whole, said Mr. Lyons, "while we've made tremendous strides in conservation, we are at the point where we are figurative-ly and literally losing ground."

In another trend identified by the inventory, agricultural irrigation has declined in the West, where a drier climate has historically made it more prevalent, but has grown in the East. Irrigated land has declined by about 1.5 million acres in the West and expanded by about a million acres in the East in the last 15 years.

In the East, said Mr. Lyons, "we're setting ourselves up for a potential fight over water not unlike what is thought of as the war in the West over water."
Turner & rhetoric--"C'land Gap"

DeVoto didn't come west and take a look until...
Billington & South Pass rr
A n argument in a cafe: A college professor was remarking that one of the things all of his students knew for sure was that imperialism was a very bad thing. And he found himself thinking, as the post-Cold War erupted into spasms after spasms of ethnic violence, that there was something to be said for empires. At least they imposed some order and tried to command loyalty to something other than the tribal identities that were sending people raging into the streets, murdering their neighbors. Another friend, a journalist, asked him what higher loyalty Indonnesia was imposing on East Timor. And the argument ran through Bosnia, Russia and Chechnya; the CIA’s support of Pinochet in Chile; England and Northern Ireland; Hutus and Tutsis; Serbs and Albanians in Kosovo; Pol Pot in Phnom Pen.

I found myself thinking of a poem by Czeslaw Milosz about the great ideological wars of the century. Milosz was born in Lithuania in 1911 and wrote his poems, of course, in Polish. When he went off to Paris in the 1930s, to the great capital of the world, he was following the path of hundreds of young men and women, artists, writers, philosophers, future politicians and revolutionaries from the small, provincial countries who went abroad to get an education or spend time soaking up art and ideas. The poem I was thinking of is about that. It was written in 1980, when the older man, in Paris again, thinks about the violence of the century he has lived through and what had been for him the glamour of Paris.

**Bypassing Rue Descartes**

Bypassing Rue Descartes
I descended toward the Seine, aly, a traveler,
A young barbarian just come to the capital
Of the world.

We were many, from Jassy and Koloshvar,
Wilno and Bucharest, Saigon and Marrakesh,
Ashamed to remember the customs of our homes,
About which nobody here should ever be told:
The clapping for servants, barefooted girls hurrying in,
Dividing food with incantations,
Choral prayers recited by master and household
together.

I had left the cloudy provinces behind,
I entered the universal, dazzled and desiring.

Soon enough, many from Jassy and Koloshvar, or
Saigon or Marrakesh
Would be killed because they wanted to abolish
the customs of their homes.

Soon enough their peers were seizing power
In order to kill in the name of the universal,
Beautiful ideas.

Meanwhile the city behaved according to
its nature,
Rustling with throaty laughter in the dark,
Baking long breads and pouring wine from
clay pitchers.
Buying fish, lemon, and garlic at street markets,
Indifferent as it was to honor and shame and
greatness and glory,
Because that had been done already and had
transformed itself
Into monuments representing nobody knows whom,
Into arias hardly audible and into turns of speech.

Again I lean on the rough granite of the embankment,
As if I had returned from travels through the
underworlds
And suddenly saw in the light the reeling wheel of
the seasons
Where empires have fallen and those once living
are now dead.

There is no capital of the world, neither here nor
anywhere else,
And the abolished customs are restored to their
small fame
And now I know that the time of human generations
is not like the time of the earth.

As to my heavy sins, I remember one most vividly:
How, one day, walking on a forest path along
a stream,
I pushed a rock down onto a water snake coiled
in the grass.

And what I have met with in life was the just
punishment
Which reaches, sooner or later, the breaker of a taboo.

In a note to the poem, in his Collected Poems
(Ecco/Harper), Milosz writes: "In Lithuania, where
the author grew up, many pagan beliefs survived,
among them the cult of the water snakes, which were
associated with the sun. A strict taboo protected a
water snake from any harm inflicted by man."

He gets so much history into this poem. He's thinking,
I'm sure, about the Marxism, or rather the Stalinism,
of Parisian intellectuals in the 1930s. It occurred
to me that Ho Chi Minh must have been in Paris at
the same time Milosz was, and lots of others who
would figure in the history of the century. This
poem—Lithuania, like Poland, had been gobbled up
by the Russians—comes down on the side of the local
custom and against empire. Custom, but not tribe. It
interested me to read that the water snake is associat-
ed with the sun. It argues against the grand ideas,
which must be part of what he means by "Bypassing
Rue Descartes," but not against ideas. The sun, after
all, is the source of life. To place a prohibition on our
relationship to some aspect of nature seems to be for
him a way of setting all the political and tribal pas-
sions of the "time of human generations" aside and
acknowledging the time of the earth, wondering at the
time of the earth.

Poems, of course, are not finally made from ideas.
What's so vivid to me in this one is that young man
dazed by Paris and the old man's sudden vision of the
"reeling wheel of seasons." An image to think about as
the last year of the century turns toward its winter.

08/03/01

Dear Ivan Doig,

I am writing to ask if you would be interested in reviewing an anthology we are considering for publication. Entitled *Reading Seattle: A Prose Anthology*, it is written by Professor Peter Donahue; we are considering it for publication in Robert Frank's series "Northwest Readers." I've enclosed a copy of the anthology's introduction, to give you some idea of the volume's purpose and content.

Because of your own wonderful writing, I would very much value your input about this project. I can offer you an honorarium of $125.00 for the review. Many thanks in advance for considering this request.

Best regards,

Mary Elizabeth Braun
Acquisitions Editor
READING SEATTLE: A PROSE ANTHOLOGY

Introduction
Peter Donahue

For most of the last century, the city of Seattle has been viewed by residents and non-residents alike as a remote and inaccessible, albeit pretty, cityburg. It was, as Seattle chronicler Clark Humphrey has noted, "a forgotten corner of the world, stuck out on the west-coast-that-wasn't-California, the region that didn't count for anything." Seattleites both bemoaned and guarded this persistent sense of their city's provincialism, even as city boosters vigorously pitched the city to the rest of the nation and the world, from PR man Erastus Brainerd promoting the city as the jumping off point for the Yukon and Alaska gold rush in the 1890s to businessman Edward Carlson, et al., bringing the Century 21 World's Fair to the city in 1962.

More than most American cities, and perhaps befitting its introspection-inducing weather, Seattle has never been comfortable with any single version of itself. New York delights in being the Big Apple, New Orleans the Big Easy, Chicago the Windy City, Los Angeles the City of Angels. Yet Seattle has proudly and quietly resisted such all-engrossing characterizations. Boasts of the famed "Seattle Spirit" at the end of the nineteenth century and fanfare adoption of the nickname "The Emerald City" at the end of twentieth have been tolerated by Seattleites who generally recognize them for what they were: promotional slogans manufactured by the Chamber of Commerce. On the whole, Seattle prefers not to subscribe to such canned and clamorous designations of itself.

Where the slogans fail, popular culture occasionally attempts to present the rest of the world with its version of Seattle. These are mostly superficial depictions of the city based on one
or another event or trend at the time being bandied about to the rest of the nation by the popular media—such as the city's pioneer history, its World's Fair, its "grunge" music scene, or its latte craze. The city has been represented as the muddy, buckskinned frontier town of the TV series *Here Comes the Brides* (based on Asa Mercer's recruiting of East Coast women to the logging town in the 1860s), the swinging playground of Elvis Presley in the movie *It Happened at the World's Fair*, the mildly edgy yet upwardly mobile playground of Cameron Crowe's movie *Singles*, or the haute bourgeois haven of the TV sitcom *Frazier*. While good and interesting films set in Seattle exist (mostly independents, such as *American Heart* with Jeff Bridges), the movie and TV representations of the city have typically been trite and forgettable.

For most of the twentieth century, literary representations of Seattle were too scarce to counter these pop culture depictions of the city. Early in the century, there were some, many of them reminiscences of the pioneer days, such as pioneer daughter Emily Inez Denny's *Blazing the Way* (1909), a volume of stories, songs, and sketches about pioneer life, and C. T. Conover's *Mirrors of Seattle, Reflecting on Some Aged Men of Fifty* (1923), a volume of humorous sketches of local characters. During this period, most Seattle writers penned works about regions of the country that they had emigrated from and were familiar with, or they wrote about foreign locales that they deemed far more exotic than Seattle. Literary Modernism, as it was manifesting itself in Paris, New York, and Chicago, had not yet advanced so far west. As Mary McCarthy says in *How I Grew*, her memoir of growing up in Seattle in the 1910s and '20s, "Our city, despite its artistic reputation (or perhaps because of it), was remote from the vanguard . . ."

In the second half of the twentieth century, the notion of a Seattle literature has been subsumed by the greater effort paid to recognizing a Northwest literature. The now well-established canon of Northwest literature is largely comprised of writings about the rugged and rural reaches of Washington, Oregon, Idaho, and Montana—works such as H.L. Davis' *Honey of the Horn* (1935), Ken Kesey's *Sometimes a Great Notion* (1964), and Norman McLean's *A River Runs Through It* (1976). Because of the region's stunning natural beauty and frontier past, the outdoors focus of its literature is understandable. Unfortunately, this focus has tended to exclude
writings about the Northwest urban experience. Within the canon of Northwest literature, cities have become anathema to its idealization of the region as a land of mountains, forests, lakes, wildlife, loggers, and fishermen, where nary a highrise, housing project, freeway, back alley, or apartment dweller is seen.

One of the earliest and most popular literary representations of a Northwest city were Norman Reilly Raine's *Tugboat Annie* stories, which appeared in the *Saturday Evening Post* in the 1930s. Set in Tacoma (although the 1933 film version with Marie Dressler and Wallace Beery is set in Seattle), the *Tugboat Annie* stories helped establish, in their corny Damon Runyanesque manner, an image of the Northwest that was distinctly urban. In the stories, the Northwest city is a rough and gritty place of hard-working, hard-drinking men and women. Seattle has often been portrayed this way in part due to its legendary Skid Road, the namesake for the down-and-out Skid Row districts of many other American cities, but also because Seattle was indeed such a city for much of its history. Even non-Seattle fiction writers picked up on this version of the city. In John Dos Passos's *The 42nd Parallel* (1930), two out-of-work characters, Mac and Ike, take a steamboat from to Seattle to make a new start of life. Their plan, though, is swiftly undone by the temptations of the waterfront city. Just off the boat, they meet two prostitutes "in front of the totem pole on Pioneer Square," buy a quart of whiskey, and get tossed in jail. The next day they drink coffee all morning in a Chinese restaurant while "Outside it was raining pitchforks" and eventually "find a thirtycent flophouse where they spent the night and the bedbugs ate them up."

Nonfiction writers also wrote about Seattle in the first half of the twentieth century, even if their works infrequently reached beyond a local readership. Notable among the early Seattle nonfiction writers are two historians, Clarence Bagley and J. Willis Sayre, predecessors to Murray Morgan and Roger Sale. Bagley published his three volume *History of Seattle from the Earliest Settlement to the Present Time* in 1916 and Sayre his *This City of Ours* in 1936. Although boosterish in tone and content, each history offers invaluable information on Seattle's early years. Unlike the Seattle histories published decades later by Morgan and Sale, however,
neither Bagley's or Sayre's work is especially noteworthy for its literary merit. Not until midcentury, with Archie Binns and Nancy Wilson Ross, did more literary-minded nonfiction writers begin writing about the city.

In the trajectory of Seattle writing, the number of novels and short story, essays and nonfiction books produced after World War II has increased exponentially with each passing decade. Archie Binns and Nancy Wilson Ross are the only pre-World War II writers included in this anthology. The post-WWII proliferation of Seattle writing has, not surprisingly, paralleled the city's overall rise in the national consciousness—especially in the 1980s and 1990s, when most of the selections here were written. Before all the national hoopla over the city began, Seattle nevertheless enjoyed a quiet literary vitality, found in bookstores such as Elliott Bay Book Company and Red and Black Books, readings such as the Castalia series run by poetry professor Nelson Bentley at the University of Washington, local literary publications such as Bellowing Ark and Seattle Review, and (before even Starbucks') a healthy coffee house scene, all of which made the city furtile for the more recent mushrooming of literary activity. The cause and effect relationship between Seattle's economic boom of the past two decades and its literary explosion may mostly be a facilitating one. A demographic of highly educated people with both disposable income and leisure lends itself to making Seattle the city that buys more books per capita than any other city in America.

While one purpose of this anthology is to demonstrate that a significant body of exceptional prose writing about Seattle now exists, this writing has been slow in coming about. In San Francisco at the turn of the century, journalists and fiction writers lead by Bret Harte and Frank Norris strove to make that city the literary capital of the West, as writers began to recognize the realist possibilities of the city. Half a century later, as part of the San Francisco Renaissance, Kenneth Rexroth, Lawrence Ferlinghetti, and many of the Beat writers again turned the city into a major literary center. In Chicago in the 1910s, '20s, and '30s, Theodore Dreiser, Sherwood Anderson, James T. Farrell, and others vigorously wrote about that city. Among Seattle writers, however, there has been no deliberate or organized effort to represent the city in
imaginative prose. Seattle writers form no movement or school. To the contrary, they are a rather scattered bunch. As Jonathan Raban says, "there is not much hobnobbing among us."

With the occasional exception, Seattle writers have tended to be rather demure in promoting themselves and their writing. Although the city heartily supports the literary arts with public funding, book sales, and attendance at readings, no openly acknowledged Seattle School of writing exists—a lack befitting Seattleites' reluctance to be collectively identified under a single banner.

At the same time, fiction and nonfiction writers have clearly come to recognize what an alluring opportunity exists to represent and discuss a city of such wide ranging economic circumstances, mixed racial backgrounds, contrasting lifestyles, intriguing history, and varied and colorful neighborhoods. In size and character, Seattle comes very close to resembling, if not the ideal city, then at least, as Jonathan Raban defines it, a "tolerable city": "that intense, sociable, walkable place, big enough to lose oneself in, small enough to generate surprise and coincidence"—the kind of city that is probably more ideal to write about than the ideal city.

While Seattle has seen boom periods before—the gold rush years and the decade immediately following, the midcentury heyday years of Boeing—the boom period of the past two decades has been unmatched in the economic and cultural changes it has heaped upon the city. Yet when people consider Seattle, they may reflect upon its pioneer history, its production of jet planes, its role in the digital revolution, its groundbreaking music scene, its WTO protests, its coffee craze, its majestic scenery, and, most certainly, its rainy weather . . . but odds are the notion of a Seattle Literature would come in low on people's free associative list of all things Seattle.

*Reading Seattle* attempts, in part, to rectify this oversight. By gathering into one volume a collection of the best prose writing set in Seattle, about Seattle, and by Seattle writers from the past fifty-plus years, the anthology does not intend to serve as an announcement of any particular movement or school in Seattle writing. Rather, it aims simply to declare that Seattle, in now claiming for itself a significant body of writing, has joined the ranks of New York, Boston,
Chicago, San Francisco, Los Angeles, and New Orleans as one of the nation's great literary cities. As readers, reviewers, and publishers continue to catch on that Seattle is a city teeming with writers, we can now begin also to recognize that there is a bona fide Seattle literature.

The fiction and nonfiction in Reading Seattle are both diverse in style and in their focus on the city. In making the selections, I have tried to highlight the range within Seattle fiction and nonfiction while also demonstrating the high literary standards that this writing has achieved.

Among the fiction here—distinguished throughout by attention to language, concern for character, and a regard for place as integral to narrative—a remarkable richness quickly becomes apparent: Tom Robbins' verbal pyrotechnics and metaphoric riffs, Sherman Alexie's dark humor and fabulism, Lynda Barry's cartoon-inspired narrative, Michael Byer's exquisite literary realism, and Matt Brigg's Carveresque characterizations, for starters. While certain images and motifs recur throughout Seattle fiction—gray skies and rain, most commonly—the central quality that each novel excerpt and short story shares is an understanding of the important role that the city plays within the narrative. More than mere backdrop, the city infuses the narrative, helping to shape character and determine situation. As the Mississippi writer Eudora Welty understood, "Place... has the most delicate control over character... [it] is the crossroads of circumstance."

In the Seattle fiction here, we begin to see, as Hana Wirth-Nesher explains in her book City Codes, how "symbolic worlds shape the perception of physical form itself." The reader of Seattle fiction becomes in effect a reader of the city. A triangulation of sorts occurs between reader, imagined city, and physical city. It is my hope that readers of this anthology, whether they were born and raised in Seattle or have never visited, will come away knowing and understanding Seattle far better than they did before. The literary representations of the city included here will amplify, augment, and add to each reader's ever-evolving version of Seattle. As Wirth-Nesher notes, "The metropolis is rendered legible, then, by multiple acts of imagination; it is constantly invented and reinvented."
As one reads the selections here, both fiction and nonfiction, this claim becomes apparent not just through the manner in which the city is represented, but also by the number of areas in the city depicted. Seattle is a city of neighborhoods, and the writers here range far and wide through them: the downtown Business District, First Avenue, Pike Place Market, Pioneer Square, Belltown, Denny Regrade, Capitol Hill, Queen Anne Hill, the Waterfront, the University District, the Central District, the International District, Green Lake, Eastlake, Montlake, Lakeshore, Fisherman's Terminal, Ballard, Ravenna, West Seattle, White Center, and, for a jaunt out to one of the city's oldest suburbs, Mercer Island.

While great variety exists in the fiction and nonfiction here, Seattle prose writing is far too various for a single anthology to include it all. I will always have qualms about leaving out certain writers. The anthology does not, for example, include anything by Raymond Carver, who in many ways has been a guiding spirit of Northwest fiction since he began publishing his stories in the 1970s. None of his stories, though, explicitly depict Seattle. Left out too are Matthew Stadler and Stacey Levine, whose abstracted cityscapes can at times recall Seattle, though far less than Lynda Barry's Dentsville, for which Seattle is the unmistakable prototype.

It would be impossible, too, to include every writer within the legion of fine mystery writers whose detectives faithfully pound Seattle's dark, wet streets. Mystery writers have traditionally fostered a distinctive relationship to their urban settings (from Raymond Chandler's Los Angeles to Chester Himes' New York to Robert B. Parker's Boston), in which the city often is a seductive or menacing player, as central to the plot as the very crimes the detectives seek to solve, turning the city itself into a mystery. This tradition holds true for Seattle mystery writers as well. So in trying to give this tradition its due, I have included selections from two classic Northwest Noir writers (Earl Emerson and J.A. Jance) and two relative newcomers (Barbara Wilson and G.M. Ford). The particularity with which these writers depict the city allows readers to share in the profound familiarity with Seattle that their characters have earned for themselves.

There are also many writers of historical romance set in Seattle that I have not included, most notably Brenda Wilbee with her Sweetbriar series set during the pioneer years. With their
impressive recall of Seattle and Northwest history, many of the historical romance novels remind us that, although Seattle is young compared to most major American cities, it has a complex and colorful history. This said, I have taken the liberty of including a selection from perhaps the most beloved of all Seattle historical novels, Mary Brinker Post's *Annie Jordan* (1948), a standard on the bookshelves of Seattle households in the 1950s and 1960s.

I have also had to omit Seattle fantasy and thriller novels, from the likes of authors such as Terry Brooks and John Saul. While in some fantasy novels, such as Kay Hooper's *The Wizard of Seattle* (1993), the city figures hardly at all, in others, such as Elizabeth Ann Scarborough's *The Godmother* (1994), Seattle becomes a delightfully envisioned province of magic and wonderment. In all, there are so many excellent writers of "genre fiction" set in Seattle that a separate anthology devoted to them is warranted.

Among the fiction that is included here, nearly all the selections were published after 1980. The explosion of Seattle fiction in recent years was perhaps not possible without nonfiction writers first authenticating the city. Before a place as complicated as a city can figure epistemologically into narrative fiction (as Eudora Welty seems to say it should), that city must be given a history, be remembered by those who lived in it, and be reported on to the rest of the world. In this regard, the nonfiction writers here can be classified into three groups: historians (Archie Binns, Stewart H. Holbrook, Murray Morgan, Roger Sale), memoirist (Monica Sone, Horace R. Clayton, Richard Hugo, Colette Brooks, Walt Crowley, Paisley Rekdal, Natalia Rachel Singer, John Trombold), and journalists (Nancy Wilson Ross, Emmett Watson, Jonathan Raban, Emily Baillargeon). It must be noted, though, that none of these classifications neatly contains any one of the nonfiction writers. They're too good for that. While recounting Seattle's history, Morgan and Sale each offer a vision of the city uniquely his own. In profiling present-day Seattle, Raban and Baillargeon each reflect upon their personal relationship with the city: his as an emigrant to Seattle from England, hers as a native of the city returning after an extended sojourn on the East Coast. Meanwhile, Rekdal and Singer both write about coming of age in Seattle with the narrative dexterity of fiction writers and the keen sensibility of poets. And in
respect to Seattle poets, there's Richard Hugo, one of Seattle's most cherished literary sons.

Regrettably, I have also had to leave out many fine nonfiction writers. There are numerous popular and specialized histories of the city not represented here, such as Nard Jones' *Seattle* (1973) and any of the volumes in the "Seattle in the 20th Century" series published by Charles Press. I have not included anything by Betty McDonald either, a widely popular writer in the 1950s who writes delightfully about making a go of it on rural Vashon Island and later the Olympic Peninsula, but who spends little time in Seattle. Among the journalists absent here is David Brewster, founder of *The Seattle Weekly* who has written about Seattle dining and now primarily writes about Seattle high tech. Also missing are the many fine writers for Seattle's neighborhood and alternative weeklies that help make the city such a socially informed and engaged place. Of these, Clark Humphries has been one of the indisputable best for the past three decades. My apologies.

Because of the range and variety of writing about Seattle here, I intend for *Reading Seattle* to appeal to Seattle natives, long-time residents, new arrivees, and interested visitors all. It offers classics of Seattle writing by revered and beloved writers (Murray Morgan, Emmett Watson, Tom Robbins, J.A. Jance) as well as fiction and nonfiction by exciting, young writers (Paisley Rekdal, Emily Baillargeon, Michael Byers, Matt Briggs). It includes writers who have made a name for themselves locally in Seattle (Peter Bacho, Barbara Wilson, Rebecca Brown) and writers who have garnered national and international reputations (Sherman Alexie, David Guterson, Jonathan Raban, and Pulitzer Prize-winner Michael Chabon). The anthology also reintroduces works by important Seattle writers who may have been forgotten in recent years (Archie Binns, Horace R. Clayton, John Okada).

No longer the literary backwater that it was once viewed as, Seattle has proven itself to be a city that inspires, provokes, and stirs the literary imagination. In addition to celebrating this fact, the prose in *Reading Seattle* extends our thinking about urban American literature to give Seattle writing its due place. Beyond this corrective, the fiction and nonfiction here helps us, ultimately, to see and understand better this remarkable city.
Along Publishers Row

Continued from page 2

things many of us want to read about. We desperately want clarity and understanding, not more suggestions that ‘Intelligence’ is an oxy-moron, and we seem to need to believe that our enemies are fundamentally different from ourselves. Perhaps we’re not ready yet for fiction, or for the darker truths it tends to tell.”

SHIFT: Because of the recent discrediting of many corporate chief executives, The New York Times said that books like those written by Jack Welch, Sumner Redstone and Michael Eisner were no longer hot.

The new trend is for books by executives who offer humble suggestions on how to succeed. And, according to the Times, “in some cases, ‘success’ may not even be defined in terms of business performance.”

Steve Ross, publisher of Crown books, said these new business books are “less on personality and more on nuts-and-bolts issues. There is much more of an interest in proven principles than the thinking you had a couple of years ago.”

Charles Patrick Garcia, founder of the Sterling Financial Group, is author of Message from Garcia, which provides success stories from people of various backgrounds. He said of the older business books, “The message seemed to be: Lie, cheat and steal and you come away with a million dollars.” He said his book is “not a finance book. It’s about being successful in life. Success is not about money, but about pursuing your calling.”

HOLD ON! A few days after the above article appeared, there was a report that Jack Welch was being paid an estimated $4 million for a how-to business manual to be called Winning. Suzy Weltrauf, Welch’s wife and a former editor of the Harvard Business Review, will help him write the book.

“We have a lot going on,” Welch told The New York Times. “We’ve got my greasy fingernails and her brains.”

In 2000, Welch got an advance of $7.1 million for Jack: Straight from the Gut.

BUT WAIT: David Bach has had as many as four books on the business bestseller list at one time. His most recent is The Automatic Millionaire.

Hugo Lindgren, in The New York Times, commented: Bach’s success “speaks volumes about the changing market for business books. Best-selling celebrity chief executives have become few and far between, and books about the latest corporate scandal or botched mergers have flopped. But simple instruction books like the ones Mr. Bach turns out are flying off the shelves, a trend that has accelerated in recent years.”

LUNCH: Authors on hand at the 13th annual Book & Author Luncheon of the Westchester Library System included Adam Bellow. Bellow, son of Saul, talked about the subject of his In Praise of Nepotism: A Natural History. He said that when he started looking for a job in publishing he found that “my father had stepped on a lot of toes. Secretly, they hated him and wouldn’t lift a finger to help his son.”

Susan Cheever, daughter of John, said that she had done three years of research for her biography of Bill Wilson, the man who started Alcoholics Anonymous. When she couldn’t get started on the writing, she called her brother Ben, son of John, and he said, “It’s now three P.M. Call me again at four and read me your first paragraph.”

Perri Klass is a pediatrician and author of The Mystery of Breathing, a novel. She said that when, as a teenager, she told her mother she wanted to be a writer, her mother said that she would need a day job, “so I went to medical school.”

Short story writer Richard Bausch’s new book is The Stories of Richard Bausch. He said he didn’t think any of his five children were going to follow in his footsteps. He said his son, at 14, was horrified to discover that “Dad does homework for a living.”

Bausch told another story about his friend Eudora Welty. They were at a fancy luncheon, and he was having trouble cutting his chicken when he realized that someone was delivering an invocation. He left off with the knife sticking out of the chicken, and Welty whispered to him, “Richard, I think it’s already killed.”

HOT GENRE: This spring, at least five new titles about young widows hit the bookstores. Publishers Weekly’s headline said: “Chick Lit Wears Black: Young widows are in vogue this season, but it’s tough to stand out from the crowd.”

“Whether or not widow heroines lend gravitas to the oft-dismissed [romance] genre, the five books—each published by a different house—underscore how intensely competitive the category has become.”

Jill Cadogan, buyer for Willows Books in Acton, Mass., told PW: “The whole copycat phenomenon is really frustrating, . . . it’s often difficult to discern which titles will stand out in a given season.”

SNIFF, SNIFF: Kinky Friedman’s 15th mystery novel is The Prisoner of Vandam Street, starring the author’s detective named Kinky Friedman.

The author told PW: “I guess [mysteries] offer us a resolution, and life itself so rarely does. These are sort of semi-authorized autobiographies, and fiction, I’ve always
found, sails dangerously close to the truth.” Friedman’s books include heavy drinking and casual drug use. He added: “I like to say that the line between fiction and non-fiction is one that I snorted in 1978.”

FOLLOW UP: As a young reporter on The New York Times, Jayson Blair became famous for making up stories and plagiarizing details and quotes from articles in other newspapers. He was fired, and the scandal he created and its investigation eventually brought down his editor and the Times’s managing editor.

Now he has written a book, Burning Down My Master’s House, and he appeared on the Today Show to plug it. He was wearing serious Ben Franklin glasses, a faint mustache and scruffy chin whiskers. Blair started out by saying, “I lied. I’m done lying. I take full responsibility…” Yes, there were drugs and alcohol, but he said he had been suffering from manic depression.

Nicholas Lemann, in The New Yorker, described Blair’s book as “a curio, an artifact, an unprocessed download from Blair’s brain—vivid, wired, serviceably written and paced, and, in a way, more interesting for its artlessness. Here, you feel, is the real Blair, not a Lillian Hellman–like, fully imagined and realized character, who happens to share the memoirist’s name.”


Matt Lauer, who was doing the television interview, quoted from a review in The Los Angeles Times that said Burning Down My Master’s House was “a vile book.”

Blair said, “I am sorry. I am asking for forgiveness.”

Asked if his future writing will be fiction, Blair said, “Most likely.”

TRIBUTE: Michael Kelly, an admired journalist who wrote for The New Yorker, The Atlantic Monthly and other publications, was killed while covering the war in Iraq. Last April, the anniversary of his death, a collection of his columns and articles was published under the title Things Worth Fighting For.

Kelly’s friend, Robert Vare, an editor at The Atlantic Monthly, selected the pieces and wrote the foreword. TV newsman Ted Koppel wrote the introduction.

PINNED DOWN: The late Wallace Stegner was quoted in The Los Angeles Times: “No place, not even a wild place, is a place until it has had that human attention that at its highest reach we call poetry.”


Silesky told Publishers Weekly, “Biography is the story of what people do and why they do what they do. There is nothing more interesting than that. … Yes, I’m a gossip. But what is gossip anyway? It’s a discussion of who we are.”

Of his subject, Silesky said, “Gardner is a remarkable combination of a writer who achieved both critical and popular acclaim during his life. And he’s now all but forgotten. Is this the fate of literature? Is this the fate of our best writers? There’s such competition for our attention from so many sources. It’s that much harder for anyone to sustain being an object of interest. Even someone larger than life like John Gardner can fade into obscurity in a matter of years. Gardner’s story has an impact on us, maybe not in obvious ways, but there’s a lesson there for us.”

NO LABELS: In a review of several new books of poetry, Charles Simic wrote in The New York Review of Books: “Poets have long memories. They recall poets of the past, famous and obscure, read them, imitate them, and keep them from being completely forgotten. It seems as if every poet who has ever lived is still our contemporary. … There are still followers of [Robert] Frost, W. C. Williams, and [Wallace] Stevens around, but they have to compete with East European, Latin American, and Chinese poets. Now even the Greek and Roman classics are revered once again. With all the scavenging among moderns and ancients, it is no longer easy to stick labels on poets.”

BIG DOG: Susan Orlean, author of The Orchid Thief, is writing a biography of Rin Tin Tin, a dog that starred in movies in the 1920s and ’30s. According to Publishers Weekly, the dog’s popularity helped save Warner Bros. from bankruptcy.

COVER CLUES: In an essay entitled “Historical Novel” in The Boston Globe, Anna Mundow observed: “Certain book covers set off alarm bells. Chubby girls spilling out of Victorian bodices, for instance, or oiled-up gladiators bursting through tiny leather tunics are rarely good omens. Cleavage usually indicates bad writing. Then there is the Western with its title in cattle-brand lettering. Inside you will likely discover ‘wind-swept plains’ being traversed by ‘fiery women’ called ‘ma’am’ and ‘squared-jawed’ men called ‘pardner.’”

NIXED: New American Library had plans to reissue a novel by Lynne Cheney, wife of the vice president. Sisters was originally published in 1981. The New York Times described the book as “a steamy Gothic romance set in the frontier days of the American West [that] includes lesbian love affairs, murder and rape.”
capitals.” The book was rejected and not published until 1914.

In April, the letter sold for $58,500 at a London auction.

YOUNG JIM: A new series of books about James Bond, before he became 007, has been commissioned by Penguin Books. The author is Charlie Higson, 45, an actor and novelist. He told the British newspaper The Independent, “I’ve grown up with Bond, and while I’ve had to finally accept that I’ll never play him in the films, writing about him is even more exciting.”

THE BIG TIME: When the world’s power brokers met this year in Davos, Switzerland, among the panelists were Nadine Gordimer, Paul Theroux, Kazuo Ishiguro (The Remains of the Day), best-selling Brazilian writer Paolo Coelho, Indian novelist Amatav Ghosh and Samantha Power, author of A Problem from Hell: America and the Age of Genocide.

Jose Maria Figueres, a former president of Costa Rica, explained, “They bring additional depth, new depth. It fits into the very important dimension of having them present as participants, not as something outside.”

Gordimer, a Nobel laureate, told The New York Times, “There’s no such thing as being a writer, and that’s the be-all and end-all. I’m also a citizen, a human being, and I have social responsibilities. I’m here to learn how the world is being run and see what I regard as the biggest problem, the gap between rich and poor.”

Theroux pointed out that Davos was the setting for Thomas Mann’s Magic Mountain.

PHEW: According to poet Sylvia Plath, “Nothing stinks like a pile of unpublished writing.”

THE LATEST: Eric Brown, a former English professor who teaches executives how to write, is the author of Intimacies, a digital epistolary novel, or DEN, terms that Brown has trademarked.

An exchange of e-mails, Intimacies is based on Samuel Richardson’s Pamela, one of Western literature’s first epistolary novels. According to The New York Times, the novel “is meant to be read with the aid of a software interface designed by an employee at Brown’s consulting firm.” The plot is about two strangers who flirt in cyberspace. They meet, an assault occurs, and digital clues provide a solution to a mystery.

JOB DESCRIPTION: Richard Schickel wrote in The Los Angeles Times Book Review: “One trouble with being a screenwriter is that it leaves you with a lot of time on your hands. In that sense, it is just like being any other kind of writer; you’re obliged to wait around for inspiration to strike, in the meantime filling the empty hours with bad ideas and false starts and a lot of glassy-eyed walking around, when you are present but not necessarily emotionally available to those near and dear to you.”

HOT STUFF: Melissa Pritchard is author of a novel, Late Bloomer. She told Publishers Weekly, “While at a used-book store, I accidentally walked down the romance novels aisle and happened on a whole row of [books with jackets featuring] passionate, bare-chested Indian men. . . . I bought 20 or 30 paperbacks . . . brought them home, skimmed them in one night, returned them to the store and got my money back. I wanted to be able to mimic the high-flown tone, the emotional bloat and flushed congested prose. The weird part was, with a couple of the books, I found myself falling into a romantic semi-swoon. Dangerous stuff, I thought.”

A PW reviewer said of Late Bloomer: “Pritchard’s brilliant mix of romance and satire may have a heart made of cactus, but it goes down like hot Indian fry bread dipped in honey.”

BIRTHDAY FETE: In France this year, they are celebrating the birth of Amandine Aurore Lucie Dupin, Baroness Dudevant. She was born 200 years ago, in 1804, and with a name like that, it’s no wonder she chose to write her novels under the simpler George Sand.

Agence France-Presse reported that the author is being remembered with readings, plays and a postage stamp.

THE WAY OUT: Marie Arana, editor of The Washington Post’s Book World, asked Louise Erdrich what drives her to write, and Erdrich said that as a young person she had hoed beets, picked cucumbers, worked construction, been a lifeguard and waited tables during the graveyard shift. “I found myself in [my] mid-twenties,” Erdrich said, “desperately wanting to never do any of those things again. I suppose you could say desperation drove me.”

Among Erdrich’s novels: Love Machine, The Beet Queen and The Master Butcher’s Singing Club.

PRE-INFLATION: These days, celebrity authors earn thousands of dollars for a speech, but back in the 1880s, Ralph Waldo Emerson, the first American author known to receive payment for delivering a talk, was paid $5 and oats for his horse.

WHAT’S REAL? John Banville in The New York Review of Books wrote: “One of the prime difficulties the novelist faces is that he must work within the delusion that life as human beings live it is a fair representation of reality. . . . The fact the novelist must live with, must work with, is that people’s actions are
rarely true to what they feel or are, and, more, that there is no certain way of telling the real from the feigned, no way of dispelling what Denis Donahue, writing of Yeat’s and Shelley’s attempts to break through the veil of appearance, calls ‘the delusion by which we think that reality coincides at every point with appearances.’ Kafka in his diary writes: ‘I do not act as I think, I do not think as I should think, and so all goes on in deepest darkness.’”

SPLAT: The late Terry Southern once observed: “Out of the old gut onto the goddamn page.”

WHAT’S LIT? Walter Mosley, author of The Man in My Basement, was asked by an interviewer for The New York Times Magazine, “You usually write thrillers. Do you think that marginalizes you from the literary world?”

Mosley said, “It’s exactly the opposite. The literary world is marginalized. Thrillers are not marginalized. If John Updike or Harold Bloom were to say that thrillers are not genuine literature, how important is that to me?”

GENRE: Publishers Weekly quoted a bookseller who said that a customer, in the children’s department, explained, “I need a book for my three-year-old to help her get ready for her grandmother to have a walker.”

APPROVED: In The Washington Post Book World, columnist Jonathan Yardley observed: “The cookie-cutter, semi-literate stuff that lumbers its way to the upper reaches of our bestseller list bears little resemblance to the best British fictional entertainments, as written by Robert Harris, Sebastian Faulks and others of similar interests (historical fiction for grownups) and talents.”

Yardley goes on to praise Shanghai Station by Bartle Bull, an Englishman who now lives in Manhattan.


Girl was bought in 2002, along with an unwritten sequel to The Nanny Diaries, in a reported $3 million deal. The rejected book begins: “In New York City, if you are of any age, denomination, or race, and own a penis, you can say anything that comes into your penis-owning head to anyone, of any age, denomination, or race, who does not own a penis.”

When Random House asked the writers to make major changes that were thought necessary to make the manuscript publishable, McLaughlin and Kraus did not agree with the suggested changes and sought other opinions through their latest agent, Suzanne Gluck, of William Morris. The authors dropped two agents before hiring Gluck. Citizen Girl will be published by Atria in the fall.

NOTED: Poet Carl Sandburg believed that “slang is the language that takes off its coat, spits on its hands, and goes to work.”

FIRST LINES: In The Boston Globe’s “A Reading Life” column, James Sallis quotes first lines from stories by John Collier, a New Yorker writer who never managed to snag quite as much fame as John Cheever or John O’Hara.

Collier’s nuggets:
“Franklin Fletcher dreamed of luxury in the form of tiger-skins and beautiful women. He was prepared, at a pinch, to forgo the tiger-skins.”

“Louis Thurlow, having decided to take his own life, felt that at least he might take his own time also.”

“Mr. Beasley, while shaving on the day after his fiftieth birthday, eyed his reflection, and admitted his remarkable resemblance to a mouse.”

LOVE STORY: Carly Phillips’s real name is Karen Drogin. She lives in Harrison, N.Y., with her husband and two daughters. She earned a law degree, but after eight months of practice, she decided, “I wasn’t cut out for it.”

“I started doing a lot of reading,” she told The Westchester County Times. “I love books with happy endings, where someone ends up with the right person.” She bought a guide to writing romance novels and joined Romance Writers of America. Then she spent seven years writing 10 books, none published.

In 1998, Harlequin accepted a novel called Weekend Lover and changed the title to Brazen. Drogin published two books the next year and four the year after that.

She hit it big with The Bachelor when celebrity show hostess Kelly Ripa praised its sex scenes on TV. There are 500,000 copies in print.

Drogin’s daughters, seven and eleven, aren’t allowed to read her books yet. Asked when she was going to graduate from romance novels, Drogin said, “This is what I love. In this world we need happy endings. I can’t see writing anything else.”

TYLER TIME: Anne Tyler’s 16th novel is The Amateur Marriage. Tyler does not go on book tours or give interviews to promote her books, but she did exchange e-mail messages with Mel Gussow of The New York Times.

 Asked what provokes a novel, Tyler replied: “I have a box of index
Kenneth Clark, in TV "Civilization": English cathedrals, great orderly mountains rising out of wooden huts.
How I came to write...
purely pick'n'character w/ insted legend
- Suffrage existed
- Pershing & black cavalry
- Taylor from only black pm. in county
  who sang his way to Carnegie Hall
- Klan
  tapes - separate marketing tool?
  Slangings
What happened to Susan Duff after she grew up?
  see from inside 'baronial West'

describe book:
exposition of motives
ranges widely through time & geography
  from battles 1 WWI to a romance & 2 growth to
  Harlem Renaissance & Harvard Club in NYC,
coming together of 3 unlikely peoples in a knot of motives-
  & how those motives change (slipknot)
Susan & others repaired from best-selling 1st novel
prentice

W. Post: Interview: Jan. '69

by & sound: MT names hands

Western version of sharecroppers ("on shares")
different roots over my head: about 20 by time & left for college
in bars by Dad: miniature adulthood, temporary adulthood
an only child in 4 ways. Then 1 for 25 mi in any direction
did on myself, stuff like anthropology, "thing description"

- or: archaeology on myself; excavation of memory
always had my nose in reading material (S. Steele, etc.)

Peter Brook's "Midsummer Night's Dream"

- Hermia does speech hanging by hands from topaz,
gasping off her best

tumbling, language led me away from book news in Siam

"disappear" into: research

memory: silver dollars in bars - silver dollar blues

Dad got us talkin' of stories & jokes; some personal

journalism: broadcast major (H. House, W. Korn, S. Star & Red Trent)
taught to write strong leads
to meet deadlines

wanted to work w/ longer rhythms; Ph. D. in history, turn to books

Roger Kennedy called me an Amen Turgenev
That avalanche of homesteaders is a feast for a writer the of those years
Think of that scene, for a moment --

with their shanties, their plows, their teams of horses, their Model A Fords, their Sears Roebuck catalogues, their flax seed, these sodbusters... many of them new to perhaps as many as one in ten of them single women, schoolteachers, nurses, xxx unmarried sisters or daughters greenhorns

There they all are, around roughly the time of WWI, on that 30-million acre table of earth

Montana's population tripled in 18 years--I know you're used to pop'n explosion in Calif, but 3 people wherever there had been only 1 before?

This had Malthus vibrating in his grave.

So, for moment
But in writing about the West, I'm also trying to write about
distilled into its stories,
that larger country, life. And the homestead record has a good deal to
much
tell us there, too. The novelist John Gardner used to say, that, from the
Iliad and the Odyssey onward, there are only two plots for novels--
goes on a long journey, and a stranger rides into town. The homesteaders
were doing both, generally coming from afar to try their luck in the American
land pantry, and riding into a community of circumstances that they knew
little of.

The prairie as a vast tabletop, with these tiny figurines scattered
sooner or later
on it by the hundreds of thousands, A great many of them teeter at the edge
treacherous
weather-whipped and economically slickened
of that mighty table—some jump, some fall, some are pushed. It is all
blood-ink for the writer.

And within
A few quick examples, just from the mild poking around I've done, mostly
in research for other books:

from Denmark
--The Danish woman, of a homesteading couple in
“What if?” can lead a writer to any number of places. There’s one instance in which I dearly wish I’d had the wit to try out a major “what if” on my friend and fellow writer, Norman Maclean. In *A River Runs through It*, you’ll remember, Norman from that magnificently memorable perspective of his religious fly-fishing family imagines that God is not only a fisherman but a dry-fly fisherman as well. I regret my eternally missed chance to ask a different ‘what if’ of him—Norman, what if you get up there in the trout stream of Presbyterian afterlife and God is a fish?
lyrics of "Small Town Saturday Night"

...got to be bad/just to have a good time...

...the world can't be round/it drops off sharp at the edge of town/

Lucy, you know the world must be flat/ 'cause when people leave town they never come back.
lyrics of "Small Town Saturday Night"

...got to be bad/just to have a good time...

...the world can't be round/it drops off sharp at the edge of town/
Lucy, you know the world must be flat/ 'cause when people leave town they never come back.
Montana was given the framework for greater population than it's ever attained: the 56 counties, the 6-campus university system.
--EM Forster: Only connect.

--John Roden recalls Wordsworth line: Only connect the landscape to the sky.
use the Eiseley "skull in the trench" story?—what was it I was not going to live to see?
St. Louis boys: Charlie Russell and T.S. Eliot

--Syd Kaplan noticed, at MHS Russell Gallery during our June '92 MT trip, that CMR left St. Louis for the West must as TSE did for the East (London). She figured their families may well have known each other, given the similar upper-class social stratum.

--possible imagining, then: reverse the two, CMR to London and art there, and TSE's austere poetic view in Montana.
Mont. High, Wide & Handsome

p. 35 - Mails objections to map survey instd. 7 water rights
material from Western Australia about regionalism and concepts of the West is in History/Frontier filefolder in bottom drawer of green file cabinet. The material:

---Bruce Bennett's U. of Western Australia syllabus for "Contexts of Regionalism in Australian and Canadian Fiction"

---Bennett's July '88 article in WESTERLY, "Concepts of 'the West' in Canadian and Australian Literary Studies"

---"Regions and Regionalism" chapter, overview of many Australian writers as of 1988, from The New Diversity: Australian Fiction 1970-88, by Ken Gelder & Paul Saloman

other material about literature of the Australian West is in books shelved w/ our Australian novels: Bennett's An Australian Compass: Essays on Place and Direction in Australian Literature
Impressions: West Coast Fiction 1829-1988, ed. Peter Coram
Dick Hugo: poetic description of Lolo Pass country in Death and Good Life?
Libraries, letters, messages

by Mary Rouse

Herbert Spencer didn’t approve of public libraries. He thought education shouldn’t be free, and besides he thought book-makers (the gambling variety) congregated in reading rooms, along with other suspicious characters. This must be why some libraries won’t let anybody in except card-carrying members. Suspicion. One time at Oxford, a guard told Virginia Woolf that ladies were not allowed.

G.K. Chesterton thought it was mainly mad people who hung around reading rooms. He called the British Museum a temple of hobbies, and by hobbies he meant any pursuit which began as one part of a life and then consumed all of the life (misers, drunks, the man who spends 20 years building a model of the Brooklyn Bridge from toothpicks, and George Eliot’s Mr. Casaubon, who was looking for a key to all mythologies). There was a rumor, Chesterton said, that any family with a madman in it dropped him off for the day at the British Museum.

Many readers confess to feeling occasional qualms in the reading room (“Why am I here?”). As for me, I have no such qualms. I have faced up to the fact that I am a reader, and that no matter what else happens, sooner or later I will end up at the library. When I first discovered that some of the other people there were drunk, crazy, or had come in to get out of the rain, I was surprised but I took it in stride. We readers are tough-minded. Once at the Tompkins Square branch, a man tried to attack me in the 80s, but after the janitor threw him out, I went right back because I had to have something to read. Non-readers may be surprised at my perseverance, but readers won’t.

I have seen many strange people at the 42nd Street Library, the Midtown, the Donnell, and, at various stages of life, the Muhlenberg, Jefferson Market, Ottendorfer, Tompkins Square, and Hamilton Fish. Speaking as a connoisseur, I would say that though each branch library has its own specialty, the 42nd Street Library — being bigger — has the most of everything. This is why the people who work there look nervous, guarded, or weary. Besides helping the customers find books, they have to patrol the bathrooms, phone booths, entrances and exits, and all of those extra rooms like the picture collection, magazine room, and the Berg Collection, where they have an exhibit called “Other People’s Mail: the Letters of Men and Women of Letters,” which will continue through May 11.

In the quiet room, 100 letters (50 American, 50 English) were lying under glass counters. I walked along the counters, browsing, allowing myself to be drawn into what was there. I began to read. It was very quiet, not even a clock ticking. No clock at all. There was nobody in the room but me and a young fellow who looked like a student and a middle-aged woman with a peaceful face — plus a guard who kept an eye on the three of us, though in fact we were a harmless trio. I took notes. The middle-aged woman sighed once in a while, but not badly. It was just a ripple on the surface of the lake. The student clumped his feet more than necessary. It was a message he was sending to the middle-aged woman, me, the guard, libraries, and the writers whose letters we were reading.

I read a letter by Emily Dickinson signed “sacredly yours” and I saw a piece of Cowper’s waistcoat and I discovered that Charles Kingsley had a speech defect (there was a letter to his speech therapist). I already knew that Mary Lamb took snuff, but I made a note of it anyway. Longfellow said he did not recommend traveling across Spain in a galera, which was a kind of third-class coach in which the passengers stretched out on a mattress laid on top of the baggage (“... a pair of feet directly under your nostrils — in Summer!”). A mouse fell into the toilet at the Woolfs’ house. Frost dreaded being too restrained and a prig, or too unrestrained and a rotter.

These were all details I was glad to know. After a while I was so involved with mice, snuff, and waistcoats that I decided to skip lunch, eat a candy bar on the way to meeting my sister at the Met, and spend another hour with the singing woman and the stamping student, two strangers who also liked reading other people’s letters. Pieces of paper scrawled with jokes, love, gossip, death, advice, health reports, book talk, opinion. Messages we three weren’t supposed to receive but because of circumstances and more circumstances, there we were. Scribble, sigh, stamp. Reading letters marked Personal.

Robert Louis Stevenson said it was hard to write pirate stories without putting in some oaths. James Boswell said he sympathized with the American cause and did not want to read prayers to God against us.

Why write a letter, Thoreau wrote to Emerson, when if we were in the same room we would probably be silent? Still, he sent the letter. As if it were a piece of the house — “still or a loose casement rather.”

There was all this and more, but I knew it was getting late. The woman and the student were still there. I signed off — silently, of course — with every wish for their future happiness and prosperity.
- concentrate on a Susan continuity (the further unfold to WWI & Harlem)
- do I've directed by Harlem (I understand character w/ wit & voice - TG's one of career)
- "But what am I told in trying to do..."
- In a career, but career to life w/ baggage less than simply because of color.
- Was a completed character than other Wilsons that I've portrayed
- PWI USA Today chose it as 1016
- & Enemy Only praising it for...
- PWI formulaic - airplane read - I can't coil an plot - like college student trying Cliff Notes to read Shakespeare
- admire other writers who doing cliff's edge
lines from a Thomas Hornsby Ferril poem, quoted (p. 36) in Robin Winks' booklength essay, *The Myth of the American Frontier:*

...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.
As the years go by and Rick asks me back to read every so often, one thing about it is that I keep accumulating more books to read from. To the point where I suppose I'd better assure you I'm not going to read the collected works here tonight, but I do think it's time to read around a bit in the selected works. So, three different pieces tonight, and then if we have time and anybody wants, I'm game to take some questions.
Machine Dreams, by Jayne Ann Phillips

pp. 13-14, "Reminiscence to a Daughter" (Jean to Danner): Life wasn't like it is now.

Look at you--born here and think you have to get to California, go so far, do so much so fast. Crazy situations, strange people--all this I hear about drugs. We had the Depression and then the war; we didn't have to go looking for something to happen. And the things that happened were so big; no one could question or see an end to them. People died in the war and they died at home, of real causes, not what they brought on themselves.
In PAC S Nov. '76 smokejumpers article file is dummy layout I did, for the sake of making the magazine adhere to the sequence of crafted captions as I'd done them.
sense of craft within the Group Theater: Real Life Drama Drama, by Wendy Smith, p. 425:

"...the work of...Group alumni who became teachers exposed a huge number of American actors to the Stanislavsky system. Different teachers emphasized different aspects of it--affective memory in particular remains as controversial today as it was within the Group--but the idea of a systematic approach to the craft of acting was firmly implemented in the vast majority of American actors."
Washington Territory: Its Soil, Climate, Productions and General Resources (compiled by Mrs. A.H.H. Stuart, chairman of the Board of Immigration, 1875)

typescript Carstensen had done from microfilm of original: on what evidently would be p. 38 of the original:

Literary men and loiterers are not wanted and had better keep away.

...(The Territory) possesses dormant wealth and resources, all that is required is their development. Kid-gloved men, persons of extremely fine sensibilities are not the characters to develop these, but the hardy, laborious and courageous man who fears not toil, and is willing to work hard at present that he may enjoy his ease hereafter.
How much have I written (i.e.) published, in comparison to total of printed words in the entire world 500 or so years ago? (i.e., when a Gutenberg Bible or two were all that existed?)
an old notebook notation to myself:

Writing task: to take the language apart, and make my own uses of it.
Well, that's what passes for passion in a Scotchman, and I'd better get to saying something about precisions, which are the literary cutlery you may or may not find apt for the party of history.

First of all, to clinically deal with the burning question behind why, after two books of non-fiction, I've been writing fiction ever since: yeah, the money's better sometimes--but not all the time. I'll gladly trade publishing contracts with Paul Kennedy or David McPherson, sight unseen. Novels, I guess like history books, need to be written out of mostly non-monetary motives. My own turn toward fiction was pedestrian enough--
Montana:

Klan peaked in '24 w/ about 5,200 dues-paying members; 40-some chapters. (about 1% of state's population at the time; but if some current hate group had 9,000...)

Dave Walter: MT "heavy in foreign-born residents...prairie society unraveled (after drought of 1916-19)...65% of MTans who declared a religion were Catholic" (Butte: 25,000)

Incidents: Butte Klan turned down an American Indian who applied...evidently not native American enough for them.

--Butte mailmen were not delivering Klan's mail, and the head of the Klan there tried changing his mailing name to "Knute Karl Knutison" hoping that would fool them. (all Ks)

--Klan motto: "Get the vision through the visor."

But the MT Klan was no laughing matter: in Oct. '26 at Crow Agency, a black man named James Belden was killed and thrown back into his burning cabin.

Harlowton mem'ship card in back, w/ notes, shows spread of Klan among rr workers.
KKK attracted at least couple of million members after WWI. (Horowitz)

By mid-1920's, (more than) "2/5ths of its membership came from Illinois, Indiana & Ohio" rather than the South where its leftover-Confederate roots were. (2/5th: Horowitz)

It spread west after WWI into oil boomtowns of Texas, Oklahoma & Louisiana; found an anti-Catholic foothold in Colorado, and by 1924 was having "organizational & political success" (Gerlach) in Calif., Wash. & Oregon.

"Peaking in influence between 1922 & 1925, the postwar KKK helped to elect 7 governors, 3 US Senators, and ½ the '24 Indiana state legislature.... (in 1923) Klan-related whippings & floggings prompted (Okla.) Gov. Jack Walton to declare statewide martial law... Klan loyalists were sufficiently strong to defeat a resolution at the 1924 Democratic National Convention that condemned the order by name." (Horowitz)

Klan "capitalized on the same kinds of postwar passions and frustrations that produced the Red Scare, immigration restriction, the Scopes Trial, evangelical fundamentalists, such as the Rev. Billy Sunday, and a host of rightwing, supernaturalistic organizations like the American Defense Society." (Gerlach)

my own summary: KKK was hunting for scapegoats, as often happens in unsettled times.

In the white, white West, this commonly meant immigrants, Catholics, Jews.

OVER for Montana details
The continent is connected all the way across (from NY to Pacific); it's not like on the old mariners' maps, a blankness all of a sudden and the warning, "Here Be Monsters".

As an example, Bob Marshall, the father of the US Forest Service wilderness system--his father (Louis) was a prominent NYC lawyer--the family lived up here on East 72nd St (#l7) and Bob and his brother George as kids played "Lewis and Clark" games, pretending they were westward explorers, in Central Park. Bob Marshall went into the Forest Service, spent 3 years (1925-28) in Missoula, Montana, at the Northern Rocky Mountain Forest Experiment Station; gained a reputation for hiking 40 or 50 miles a day in the Rockies; in the late 1930's had his influence, as head of recreation for the FS, on wilderness philosophy. A wonderful piece of America has been preserved as the Bob Marshall Wilderness in Montana--a million acres of mountain country, about the size of Delaware. Whenever someone would ask Marshall how much wilderness we need, he'd ask back, "How many Brahms symphonies do we need?"

Other Eastern links to the West: Yale forestry school, early USFS largely run by Yalies.

In the Depression, boys from NYC and other cities in the Civilian Conservation Corps; I've had letters from CCC boys, now men in their 60s & 70s, responding to my mention in English Creek of the Selway forest fire along the Idaho-Montana state line in 1934--there were 5,000 firefighters on that fire, but at its peak it still burned 10 sq miles every hour; fighting that, in up-and-down country, was something they never forgot.
(Ross Toole term) the ABCs of history—attics, barns and cellars; and in Nocturne's case D was added, the dump where the officer's diary was found.
Monty:
Ranch hands are in my bloodline. I grew up around ranch hands, and was one myself, several summers as a youngster in northern MT. So Monty's life as a choreboy and sporadic cowboy and ranch jack-of-all-trades was something my imagination knew its way to, pretty fast.

But I wanted to give him some other dimensions, and so made him a rodeo clown for a while and gave him Sat. night sprees in the Zanzibar Club in Helena, and that's where research lends a hand, digs out the details that I can have the character respond to. (Rodeo announcer--rubber chicken for thief jokes, for ex. Railroad workers from Kansas City & Chicago in the Zanzibar, & I made up the suitcase folds of their shirts Monty spots 'em by.) I was determined Monty was not going to be any kind of a stereotype. He's bright, but he never had a shot at much education. He's not that famous cliche by F. Scott Fitzgerald--"There are no second acts in American lives." Monty's experiences in the novel are his life's second act, and whatever is beyond that.

They're not me, not my family, not my friends, not wholly anybody. (When I write about my own family, I do it in non-fiction--memoir--as I did in This House of Sky & Heart Earth.)

minor characters: Laurence Olivier: "The third spear carrier from the left should act as if the play is all about the third spear carrier from the left."

Fiddle Strings: needless to say, keep an eye on that cat. (p. 36)
Everything counts. (cont.)

Characters:

All of us have had the experience of going to school with some indelible kid whom we've wondered about ever since: "Whatever happened to...?" One lucky day in the writing of Dancing at the Rascal Fair (which has turned out to be the best-selling of my books), I created one of those--Susan Duff at the age of 9--and perched her on horseback, regally leading "the child cavalry of Scotch Heaven" from their homestead shanties to their one-room schoolhouse in 1893. Susan arrived onto my pages bossy, smart, indomitable, and possessed of an unforgettable singing voice. Naturally I had to know what would happen when she grew up... (Prairie Nocturne really began there.)

[She plays Chopin: Nocturne in E sharp]

In Wes Williamson, I wanted a character from the baronial West, but not the usual black-hatted mustached sneering cattle king who stomps everybody in his way. Wes has had a political career of fighting the real power in Montana--Anaconda Copper--and he's an educated, sophisticated, rather politically liberal man; but also, by inheritance, a lord of all he surveys...
Mountain Time

It's about a person who uncovers the secrets in a parent's past—and how that changes things.

Not surprisingly, the character is a Baby Boomer—he and his generation reaching their time of reckoning. Because of the weight of their numbers (in our population) everything happens more intensely to the Baby Boom generation—or at least they've been brought up thinking that's the way it is—so this character, like so many of that age group, finds himself jelly-sandwiched between grown children who've gone their own way and aging parents who are losing control of their lives. (read "one diagnostic word" graf?)
Mountain Time

This felt to me like a book where it's all there waiting: my concerns about the land and its people, that strengthening ordeal of coming to the aid of a parent at the end of his or her life, the fascination with the mammoth behavioral bulge caused by the Baby Boomers. (I was born just far enough ahead of them--1939--to mix into their generation and yet not quite be of it.)

And in plot terms, the climax of the book in the high-country backpacking trip is based on a journey my wife and I took into the Bob Marshall Wilderness in 1977--when we were in Montana doing the last research for This House of Sky--which turned out to be a "high lonesome" (there in the Bob) during which we saw not another living soul for the week we were in the mountains there, along the Continental Divide.
I think for a writer to favor censorship of any kind is like a banker offering
a free sawed-off shotgun to anybody opening up an account. Somebody will open
up, all right.
Browning, Conrad & Other World Centers

- if the US 18 mos b a y, I'd spend 6 mos in Mont. As it is, every 2
  have to go a my writing (to get a breather & in revue every 2-3 yrs) it's a
  full 12-mo job in + conducive surroundings. I've been able to pinch, a
  comp. the subscript to -nial P&N shrines too (Wind, ashes, bad back
  my Valin, Panthere & Vole piling - I gave 'health of my back to etc)

- We take Mont c Mr. Guth around Big Sky in... Mac, Riv, Chi...
- You have a right to wish we'd leave our wallets. Pub is a business when
  nobody makes much $

- I'm not at all certain I'd have managed Sky etc in NY. Teaching job,
  or jem? Neither have I been able to do along c writing

- A healthy trade: us for Long, Kitt, Annick, Bill Davis, Mc
  Walsh of Or., Long
a writer may as well just regard himself as the patent holder on movie rights to his work: license the stuff for sufficient dough and let it go at that.
John M. McPhee, '86 All Things Considered int’w by Noah Adams:

Your last piece doesn’t write your next piece.
A.E. Housman poem (in "Last Poems")

"...a stranger, and afraid

in a world I never made."
WASHINGTON, Oct. 9 (AP) — Reflecting the transformation of United States agriculture, the Government will no longer count the number of Americans who live on farms.

In its last accounting of farm residents, the Census Bureau announced that their numbers had dipped to 4.6 million in 1991, or just under 2 percent of the total population. Early this century, about 35 percent of Americans lived on farms.

The bureau said it was dropping the count in part because an increasing number of agricultural workers no longer lived on the land they worked. "Farm residence is no longer a reliable indication of whether or not someone is involved in farming," the bureau said in its final report, "Residents of Farm and Rural Areas, 1991." "The cost of collecting and publishing statistics on farm residents and farmers in separate reports could no longer be justified."

Once a Nation of Farmers

Instead, the bureau said, it will publish its regular study of statistical and demographic information about farming in a new report called "Farm Entrepreneurial Population."

In its infancy, the United States was a nation composed almost entirely of farmers. The number of resident farmers peaked in the decade between 1910 and 1920 at about 32 million, or about 1 of every 3 Americans.

And as late as 1950, there were still 23 million Americans living on farms. But by 1991, 32 percent of all farm managers did not live on the land they were tilling, and 86 percent of farm workers lived elsewhere as well.
Wordsworth, Ode on Intimations of immortality:

"Though nothing can bring back the hour
of splendor in the grass, of glory in the flower;
We will grieve not, rather find
strength in what remains behind;"
review Chas. Newman article for material about writing without consequences.

- Fowles quote in Elbowinger L for ch.
- Outback writers: Gordimer (q.t.e: skin)
  - Kaneeally
  - Timothy Mo
  - Salman Rashid
  - Valentin Rasputin (q.t.e: shaman)

Wideman (Pitt q.t.e)

Po: Barker?

- Me: hunting story, "He played it cool for Valentin!"
- Bang: eerie in: distance from top of Two Head ridge
I am one who believes that the past is a chorus of voices worth listening to. That, as I began saying in *Winter Brothers*, when I was mulling another man of words, the pioneer diarist James G. Swan, we dwell in a community of time as well as of people—and that I always want to know more than I do about this other mysterious citizenship, how far it goes, where it touches.
function of fiction: to be. Corps of Discovery for writing imagination.

exploring patrol.

As patrol's well, fiction & regularly gets hell shot out of it. Nonfiction
likes on rent money, that you can put together as well by clipping
random sentences out of Cosmo & Money magazines & pasting them dry, sell
like crazy. & a 1st novel no somebody has used 4 yrs to write sells
hardly any.
"scenery is hard to get a fork into."

Kathy Mattea
Shelby Watt - Jose Cuervo
You're the Reason God Made Oklahoma

Dan Tyson - Countercorruption

"Never hit 17/when you play against the dealer/
You know the odds won't ride with you
Never leave your woman where yr friend's arm to steal
She'll be gambled and gone, like summer wages her"

Small Town Saturday night: "Lucy, you know the world can't be round/
It drops off sharp at the edge of town."

Rob Quist, Cat Northern - Eng Ark
Bucking the Sun:

--The Fort Peck Dam experience: ordinary people have extraordinary stories to tell; and their stories ought to be told.

--Fort Peck Dam was an epic project of the New Deal; it put more than 10,000 workers on the job, with money in their pockets, at one time. And it created this instant roiling set of communities where there'd been only snakes and gopher holes.

--The Fort Peck boomtowns, and the damwork, disappeared as fast as it came, but it didn't disappear from people's lives--it launched them.
(Ft. Peck) is about the American dream writ large, and what it does to people and the land when it's pushed that hard.

--Fort Peck Dam was the biggest earthen dam in the world (4 miles long and 25 stories tall) when it was built, from 1933-38, and it was one of the biggest New Deal projects as well. It put more than 10,000 people to work, but at the cost of covering 135 mi. of the Missouri R. Valley with deep water.

--So that's the story that drew me to *Bucking the Sun*, ordinary people in extraordinary experiences. (Some ended up in LIFE magazine... Some rode the avalanche when part of the dam slid away in 1938...)

--The Duffs are a big contentious family, often scrapping among themselves but they close ranks against the world. The plot involves the five couples of them, and the mystery of who loves whom and who betrays whom--the big questions of life and literature, I hope.

(distance between: Seattle and Crater Lake, Oregon)

(Unabomber & Freemen): It's nothing new. Part of my book is political extremists from the other end of the spectrum in the 1930's... America is a turbulent place: think of the Ku Klux Klan, the Populists, any number of groups that inject themselves into our history. A movement like the Freemen is an American problem, not a problem with Montana.
Big Sky guy

Writer Ivan Doig mines Montana for his evocative historic novels

BY JOHN BARRON
STAFF REPORTER

The novelist Ivan Doig didn’t mind the Montana jokes at the reception, but he thought they were a little tasteless.

Doig, a Northwestern University alum, imagines with some relish “the poignant possible scene of people like Ted Turner and Whoopi Goldberg and Jeff Bridges having to wonder whether their stablehands are members of the Montana militia.”

--The nouveau Montanans’ vision of the place is far removed from that found in Doig’s grand, beautifully written, historic novels, which include English Creek and Dancing at the Rascal Fair, and in his inspiring childhood memoir, the National Book Award nominated This House of Sky (1978).

"Until this erupted," Doig says, "I spent a lot of my time being called back to Montana to give speeches. And I was forever warning Montanans to not let the place turn into Georgian England where the rich own the log places and the commoners get to stand around and look colorful and do the chores."

Though he probably won’t be hired by the Montana state tourism board, Doig’s Montana is the real thing.

His new novel, Bucking the Sun (Simon & Schuster, $23), depicts a glorious country that is also hard, temperamental and untamed.

Set during the early and mid-1930s, the novel’s unlikely central event is the building of the Fort Peck Dam.

The giant earthen attempt to stop the Missouri River was one of the great “make work” projects of the Roosevelt administration. It offered jobs for 10,000 in the northeast part of the sparsely populated state and attracted an equal number of camp followers.

Doig, 57, vividly recreates the panorama of the boomtown. And into this sort of Grapes of Wrath for the employed, he deposits the Duffs, a large clan of headstrong types whose irascible spouses are more than their equals.

To stir the stew the novelist provides an opening “flash forward” scene in which two of the Duffs are found naked and drowned in the front of a pick-up truck at the dam site. The couple is married, a lawman explains..."only not to each other."

Doig, who received both his undergraduate and graduate degrees in journalism from Northwestern, was in town recently for his first real visit since he and his wife Carol (another NU grad) packed up their bags and left Evanston to head back West in the mid-1960s. He explained the genesis of the book in a deserted hotel lobby.

“I kept hearing about Fort Peck while researching other novels," Doig says, stroking a thick reddish beard, just graying. "There's not a centimeter of skin visible on the lower half of his face. "Fort Peck kept coming up in the stories. It occurred to me that this was a tremendous launch in life for so many people. It's part of the Montana family album. And I grew up knowing that the Fort Peck Dam—in the Margaret Bourke-White photo—was on the cover of the first Life magazine, the Internet of its time."

To research the new book, Doig, who has lived in Seattle for the past couple of decades, says he turned to old copies of Engineering News Record and interviewed a crew of veteran dam builders.

“And the Army Corps of Engineers had people documenting Fort Peck up, down and sideways, more than I could look at," he says with a weary laugh.

Doig relied on his wife’s advice when he feared his descriptions of dam building were becoming too arcane.

“She kept me on the straight and narrow. I learned enough about dams to eventually know what to leave out." He succeeds.

By the end of the book, the dam itself has become a character—in much the same way Montana has become the main character in Doig’s body of work.

“It’s not Montana per se,” he explains. “Rather it’s the region authors are so often drawn to—childhood. It's the region where I grew up. That’s been long remembered between my ears. The history of the American West has always interested me as a big readable page. It’s not been as populated as much by some of the other main currents of American history."

With the death of Wallace Stegner in 1993, Doig now has to be considered the premier writer of the American West.

And yet he’s not sure that people have learned to appreciate or even correctly define the West. He thinks the myth of the six-shooter still prevails.

“By the American West we mean closer to the writers out of the old colonial experience," says Doig, not only referring to geography but also to outsider status. “We have the most in common with the writers of Australia, New Zealand, South Africa and so on. I’ve taken to talking about a group of writing I see as an edge of the world writing... writing not taking place in the old usual suspects of Manhattan, London and Paris."

Doig’s dedication in Bucking the Sun says it all: “To novelists who deliver the eloquence of the edge of the world rather than stammer from the psychiatrist’s bin.” He includes Roddy Doyle (Ireland), Nadine Gordimer (South Africa) and Thomas Keneally (Australia) in that bunch.

At the same time, however, Doig hangs on for the day when the West will be truly seen as part of the rest of the country.

“A lot of us writing about the West,” he says, “tend to look at what we see as the West as an expression of American community...as opposed to the myth of American individuality.

“From our backgrounds and research we know that the lone cowboy didn’t play that much of a role in the big historical context of the West. We are also interested in the male schoolmarm, the woman homesteader, about the people who moved from, say, Minnesota and tried to create a community.

“We’re trying to write a literary connective tissue to make readers aware that the country is connected—beneath the airwaves—beneath that is a helluvalot of history. And places where lots of people have their starts.”

Doig stops, pondering the absurdity of all these distinctions.

“Everything was the West at one point.”
Books to cite: Bohin Manor, by Tadeusz Konwiczki (shadows ahead into time, WWII)

Regeneration, by Pat Barker (uses actuality of Sigfreid Sassoon & Wilfred Owen)

Chilean Poet, by Ismail Kadare

The Playmaker, by Thomas Keneally (found a way to frame Australia's history)

Ironweed, by Wm Kennedy

Cloud Street, by Tim Winton

Monday's Warriors, by Maurice Shadbolt
Strangers & Journeys...

July's People; Burger's Daughter, by Nadine Gordimer

book-into-movie: The Commitments, by Roddy Doyle

Charming Billy, by Alice McDermott
Faulkner didn't live in the big woods with the bear. And Steinbeck wasn't an Okie.

Writers of caliber can ground their work in specific land and lingo and yet be writing of that larger country, life.

"Fiction lives by the energy of its prose," says Thomas Flanagan.

Tiny geographies, galaxies of imaginative expression.

People who are poor in all else often are rich in language. My god, the Irish! ein Fanatiker des Details
The Bago as time machine.

motorhome haiku: Itasca, Tioga, Winnebago, Southwind, Bluebird Wanderlodge

title rhythm from Linda Bierds' poem, "The Ghost, the Animal":
"Run with me, darling, the meadows, the lost day."

love and work and life and death; dreams are born, dreams are torn apart, dreams change.

I don't believe you have to goose the reader in the ribs every 45 seconds--huh, here comes an ax murder! huh, here comes an Iraqi submarine! huh, here comes the killer comet from outer space! Life itself is vivid; look into what time and history do to people.

Jick: I wish he was me, but Marlow wasn't Joseph Conrad.

head off bad questions: I don't know about that, but if you were to ask me...

--That's very interesting, but I don't see how it changes (my point)...

Russell Martin, in Writers of the Purple Sage: prose "meant to be heard while it tells its story." Sure, you bet; that's what Shakespeare was up to.

John Clare, rural poet of early 19th c.: "A language that is ever green"
Stegner: Jim Hill "built the lives of an awful lot of people into his (rr) empire."
(Stegner's among them)
Maclean: Anybody who didn't kiss the behind of the Anaconda Co. was a dead duck.
My dad and the big ranches.
It's not just theory in Montana or a Western with us.

Stegner on how to get published: write good books.

In the beginning is the language: the alpha, the omega, and all between.

The richness of Montana lingo: "Still able to sit up and take nourishment."
Toussaint: "Say on." Ma'am: Zammo

drink toasts, thru the 3 books
songs

newspaper people turned literary: Hemingway, Star; Djuna Barnes, Brooklyn Eagle;
William Kennedy; Katherine Anne Porter
Working once here at the typewriter, I began to be alarmed by a spot in my vision. I tried to blink it away, then to clean my glasses. After a few seconds, I realized it was a tiny spider, so close to my eyes—maybe 4 inches away—that it lost all focus. Pulled my head back and watched him spin down onto my leg. He was no larger than a pencil dot, but with small silver legs, a completeness, an absorption, about him.
I think, then, what all this comes down to is for the writer to get to work with these regional ingredients and do his own storying—his own storytelling. Doing that—choosing from the mix of what’s available and making it into a story of its own—is the best thing he can do for his own craft, and for his region, and ultimately, for civilization. For stories are a lifeblood of society.
Mountain Time

Every generation reaches its time of reckoning, and in Mountain Time it is the Baby Boomers' turn. (The generation that grew up in, grew up from, the 1960s.)

Mitch Rozier, who early in the book wonders why a person can't divorce his parents, finds himself back under the roof where he grew up, caught in a sense of obligation: "You can't not go home again when someone is sitting there dying."

Similarly, the McCaskill sisters, Lexa and Mariah, face the certainties and confusions of living in a world they never made, each in her own way finding out the gains and losses of compromising with that world.

And the figure from the generation that produced them, World War II veteran Lyle (Mitch's father), meanwhile is trying to what might be called corrective arithmetic on his life, and beguiles and exasperates them all. For Lyle and the rest of them, the past refuses to stay past...

But the characters I think do gain a sense of the immense clock of earth—the patient witness of mountains as they look down at the briefer existences that are our human fate.
"One diagnostic word, all it took. The space of a breath had brought Mitch his turn in the gunsights of obligation...Like the flyways of rattled birds, America's concourses were constantly crisscrossed with Baby Boomers trying to nerve up for the waiting bedside consultation, [the nursing home decision, the choosing of a casket.] Mitch could generally pick out the stunned journeyers home in airport waiting lounges, the trim businesswoman who lived by focus sitting there now with a doll-eyed stare, the man celebrating middle age with a pony-tail looking down baffled now at his compassion-fare ticket. Targeted from here on, in featureless waiting rooms the color of antiseptic gloves, for the involuntary clerkwork of closing down a parent's life. The time came, it always came. The when of it was the ambush."
is the most California-centered piece in the book.

Let us now dispraise the "Literary West" segment and get it over with. Thomas J. Lyons' essay is one of the most traditional in the book, and the tradition I have in mind is the one of historians being determinedly out of date, by a decade or two, about anything that smacks of modern writing. (In three successive editions of their standard American history textbook, between 1937 and 1950, Samuel Eliot Morison and Henry Steele Commager opined that the Southern author of The Sound and the Fury wrote "tales signifying nothing;" their 1950 edition thus missed the news that William Faulkner had won the Nobel Prize for Literature the year before.)
--Wes, who sets out to collect anything that catches his fancy, likes wordplay, and he tucks that away and brings it out when he feels like it:

--In admitting he has a tin ear for music, he'll say he can't tell Paganini from page nine, for instance.

--When he tries to talk Angus McCaskill into selling his homestead (in making the point to Angus that homesteads are simply too small for one family to exist on), he reminds Angus that "homesteads were an act of Congress, and you know what happens when somebody has congress with you."

--Monty, as a ranch hand (at the start of the book), has sayings based in ranch work, what's around him:

--He complains that his gabby riding partner has a tongue on him like a longbox wagon, for instance.

--And when he thinks to himself how solitary his life sometimes is, as the only black man on the ranch and probably a hundred miles around, he puts it to himself that "a lot of his life here was alone, dead-dog-alone." (Also: "Woun't get an echo back if he hollered, sometimes.")

Small touches (of consistency, individuality): Monty says "piana." Wes says "Speaking of."
Everything counts.

--Plot: Susan's diary entry that starts the book, saying "This is the story of the three of us, which I am more fit to tell now than when I was alive," and the note that the diary has been discovered in the year 2025, is meant to engage the reader's mental gears right away. (And to show that the book is going to move through the geography of time, as well as landscape.)

--Dialogue: How the people of my pages talk is meant to make a shimmer under the story—to have a poetry of the vernacular quietly there.

Each character has little distinctive touches in how she or he speaks:

--Susan Duff, from her Scotch Heaven homestead background, has sharp sayings:

"No one dies of music except in opera." At another point, she says singing is "breath made wonderful, into a kind of painting that the ear can see." And as a diarist, she gets to stretch her language by thinking it onto the page: "Wes & I are like flighty children playing with matches. One of us ignites, and the other in scaredy-cat fashion stamps it out."
Anyway, I'm back . . . this time, evidently on the basis of the rumor that I wrote a book which was published last year. If someone rolls her eyes promptly and eloquently enough, maybe we can all have an early evening of it. But until that happens, I've said I would talk a bit both about writing and about what I've begun to call writering. They are of course connected, and sometimes they even happen to be the same thing. But I've noticed that in the six months since _House of Sky_ was published that when they're different, they ... are ... different.
At once a woman got up at the back of the room and said, "I certainly did."

I hope that's one prospect I've outlived tonight.

The other thing I remember is the contribution of Eileen Grimmin, another panel member and one of this area's best and most persevering free lances. At one point I was reading from The Rotarian's spec sheet for prospective contributors, which was full of terrible blather about the moral and altruistic intents of the Rotary organization, and how it was hoped these would be reflected in the magazine. I waded through these with growing embarrassment, until Eileen couldn't take any more. My wife was in the audience, and she reported that when I got to the worst of the spec sheet, Eileen—beside me—rolled her eyes in a slow 360 degrees, like that dramatic test pilot great moment when Tex Johnston rolled the prototype of the 707 above the Seafair hydroplane race—a classic slow roll.

Eileen's was easily the most eloquent moment of all the workshop.
I don't want to seem to be counting the house, but it looks as if there are ten or twelve times as many people here as the last time I spoke to the Pacific Northwest Writers Conference. Which may be less a tribute to me than to the Windjammer's cook.

That other time was about a dozen years ago, in Tacoma, and two things about it stick in my memory. I had just left my job as an assistant editor of The Rotarian, so was invited to fill in for the magazine's editor when he couldn't come out for the Writers' Conference. I was to talk in a workshop about magazine articles, and got into the description of how the Rotarian sorted through its unsolicited manuscripts, which ran about five thousand a year at that time. I told how the material was divvied out among the editorial staff for reading, and made the joke that maybe someone at the conference had had the privilege of getting their work rejected by me personally.
I think that's not too bad a comment, from one diligent penman to the rest of us... for as far as I can see, both writing and writering seem to be, in their own way, kinds of exploration. Thank you for listening this evening.
I wondered if I was the only one who thought this smacked of the fantastic—of the interplay and giddy \underline{mix} such as Haida carved column has. Then the next day, in the Seattle Times—Brian Bassett drew an editorial cartoon commemorating it all. He showed the hydrofoil, poised to cut the waters of Puget Sound at 140 knots an hour; then a caption balloon of Chinese language—beside it, the caption balloon from Dung Shou Ping's interpreter, this one reading—"Honorable chairman say: Okay, turkey, let's see you make this baby dance."

If nothing else, the coastal art says something like that to me as a writer—go ahead and dare, try it—see if you can\underline{1} that baby dance.
I have thought considerably about how to say what an audacious example the native coastal art is for me. What comes to mind is something that happened a few years back when a Chinese delegation headed by Dung Shou Ping visited Seattle. The Chinese came to look over Boeing, and once they'd seen the jetliner assembly lines, they were scheduled to ride the hydrofoil which Boeing was testing in the waters of Puget Sound in those days. The merge which that event represented seemed to me as complex and wondrous as a coastal carving of some sort—Dung Shou Ping, a man of Mao's long march; Boeing, which has filled the skies of the world with airplanes; the two coming together, with television cameras in full attendance, on water within sight of where Captain Vancouver and young Lt. Puget anchored in 1792.
To start with, if I read my own books right, it is the working west—and northwest—that first of all interests me. People who are full-time on the land.

Not only as a writer but as a reader, I'm transfixed by the everyday craft of making a living out here. In the course of writing The Sea Runners, I got in touch with Gene Ervine here in town—who work from his book on restoring the bishop's house I knew was an expert on the carpentry and shipbuilding that went on here in the period I was writing about.
In trying to think about the power of the art of the Northwest coastal tribes, I've wished that writing could truly capture that visual magic. Every so often you'd like to re-weave time and bring forth a writer from his own neighborhood of time to an era where we need his particular eye and skill. Shakespeare, for instance, to write about the massive murderous idiocy of the trench warfare of World War One. Joseph Conrad to be aboard a moon voyage and tell us of the ocean of space. Jonathan Swift, perhaps, to do satiric justice to Jesse Helms.

I at least had in James Swan a middleman of art, a translator between some of the cultures of this coast.
I have a rough theory that a person's attitude toward food may say a lot about him. By this notion, a person who cleans up his plate maybe is a conscientious type. A person who likes all kinds of food is likely a fairly amiable person. And a picky eater is probably a picky person. Of course, this theory is easiest to hold if you're an amiable plate cleaner-upper—both of which I happen to be, (with the possible exception of at banquets). But anyway, I think food can be a way to say something about a character in a book. I've just started writing a Montana novel which I hope will be a kind of first cousin of House of Sky—Much of it will involve a forest ranger and his 11-year-old son, spending time riding together in the mountains in the summer of 1939, and while I didn't intend this at all, I find that food keeps showing up in this manuscript. The forest ranger father, for instance, tends to let details take care of themselves—
Ursula Le Guin, The Eye of the Heron, p. 15

Luz Marina Falco Cooper, young woman on the penal colony planet of Victoria—
"Coming into the hall this afternoon, she had seen lying on the low table a little brown box; she had lifted the lid to see what was in it, and it was full of words. Neat, tiny words, all the letters alike, what patience to make them all the same size like that! A book--a real book, from Earth.
James Swan the pioneer diarist led me to another regional ingredient, the native art of this coast.

In trying to think about the power of the art of the Northwest coastal tribes—some brilliant examples you of course have right here over in town, in the carved columns down in the park—I've wished that writing could truly capture that magic. I'm afraid, though, that trying to get those magnificently carved pieces into words is about like having the musical score of Handel's Messiah—it's pretty good stuff there on the paper, but it ain't the music itself.

Given that handicap, I at least had in James Swan about as good a middleman of art as I could find.
is even a little absent-minded about them, as his son says this way:

"Out like this, my father tended to survive on whatever jumped out of the food pack first. He did have the principle that supper needed to be a hot meal.

But as for the rest of the day, he was likely to offer up as breakfast a couple slices of headcheese and a can of plums or peaches, and if you didn't watch him he might do the exact same again for lunch. My mother consequently always made us up enough slab sandwiches for three days' worth of lunches. By the third noon at these elevations the bread was about dry enough to strike a match on, but still a better bet than anything my father was apt to concoct."
Nootka song, 168-9

use "school woes" card on irony of Swan becoming edge of change.
So far as I can tell, my work is going to take turns being about the two chunks of the West I happen to know anything about—Montana along the rim of the Rockies where I grew up, and the Puget Sound country here, where I live now. They're of course very different territories, but are linked in some ways. Norman Maclean noted one way in his fine story, *A River Runs Through It*: "Practically everybody on the West Coast was born in the Rocky Mountains—where they failed as fly fishermen, so they migrated to the "West Coast and became lawyers, certified public accountants, presidents of airplane companies, gamblers or Mormon missionaries."

I think (As far as I can tell, I fit into that gallery of expatriates only as a failed fly fishermen—but in that category, I'm superqualified.)
So far as I can tell, my interests as a writer likely are going to take turns focusing back and forth on the two chunks of the West I happen to know anything about—Montana along the rim of the Rockies where I grew up, and the Puget Sound and coast country where I live now.
First, though, for scholarship's sake—I at least learned that phrase during those years in graduate school and Bob Monroe's Northwest Collection bailiwick—for scholarship's sake, I probably should nail down what I mean by "region." By "Northwest."
The makings of a book can be mystifying in more ways than one. I think all of us who write ought to look at our effort every so often in the light of an incident told by a writer much on my mind these days—Isak Dinesen. There is a marvelous new biography of Isak Dinesen by Judith Thurman, and the pleasure of reading Thurman's beautifully crafted book reminds me of the incident which Dinesen tells in her own book, which I think is one of the most lovely of this century—Out of Africa.
It's unnerving to be invited by someone who knew you as a graduate student. There's always the lingering danger that you once were a crewwork, or thought the Dewey decimal system had to do with multiplication.
One of the mysteries of life is why writers get asked to talk. It always strikes me like inviting somebody who sits around humming absent-mindedly to himself to come on downtown and do some yodeling.

But you have asked for it, or at least Bob Monroe has, and so here I am—and my tune for the evening is how some of the things that show up in books such as mine, get there. Given this gathering of all of you who are interested, in one way or another, in the printed results from those of us who put onto paper our words about the American Northwest—given such a special hometown group, I want to talk about how a writer is able to draw on a region for his work.
The holiest of all holidays are those kept by ourselves in silence and apart/
The secret anniversaries of the heart.--Longfellow.
Poets are the chaplains of spaceship Earth.
Try to attain language which makes a shimmer behind the story: the appeal, the wonder, of the vernacular itself coming thru.

My business is to turn days into words. Whether this is a worthwhile proposition is not definite, but the days would turn into something else anyway.

Mariah p'back cover: the basic Yellowstone Park experience (meeting up w/buffalo)
--Moiese buffalo range bulletin board, clips of gored Frenchman

I like to see an author's investment there on the page.

why not move back to Montana: James Joyce's reply when asked if he'd ever return to 'Dublin: "Have I ever left it?"
--Joyce's father's occupation: "Enterer of contests"

Mistah Chekov, he dead.

Vincent Canby once said abt a John Travolta move, the plot is "less complicated than War and Peace but somewhat more difficult to follow."

You can be skilled and yet sloppy; but not a craftsman and sloppy.
I like to see the author's investment there on the page, whether it's style or imagination or passion. Minimalism seems to me to mean there's nothing much invested.

Minimalism is just fine if you figure the reader doesn't have anything to do with what you write.
- *Tripmaster Monkey*, Maxine Hong Kingston's ambitious SF novel
- *magical realism* (if I don't even like *magical realism*)
  - *Toads Craw*  
- *Becoming Coyote*, by Wayne Ude
Machine Dreams, by Jayne Ann Phillips

pp. 13-14, "Reminiscence to a Daughter" (Jean to Danner): Life wasn't like it is now.

Look at you—born here and think you have to get to California, go so far, do so much so fast. Crazy situations, strange people—all this I hear about drugs. We had the Depression and then the war; we didn't have to go looking for something to happen. And the things that happened were so big; no one could question or see an end to them. People died in the war and they died at home, of real causes, not what they brought on themselves.
TV: I never touch the stuff.
And now, in the immortal words of Monty Python, for something entirely different. New stuff.

Elliott Bay to me is a classic bookstore—a store that exists because its staff and its customers love **Wooden** books. In that same spirit of simple classicism, I thought I’d read to you now the first pages of what will be—around Labor Day of 1990—my next book.

It opens, as each of the **B** novels in this Montana trilogy has done, with a newspaper article.

*column, really, by a guy named **Riley Wright**

Some idea of eventual book.
anniversary: Sky had been published around Labor Day of '78...

...selling 1500 copies a week...received review in Time mag with no snide remarks at all...already had the greatest review it was ever to get--in the LA Times, in which the bk page editor Robert Kirsch called my father an American hero... With Sky out in the world and doing well, it of course was time for the question that book publishers and bookstore people and readers all ask in chorus, "What are you going to do for us next?"

So, 10 yrs ago this week I was in NYC trying to answer that question, at one of those fabled publishing lunches...Carol Hill...electric...noise level in El Camineto about like the Kingdome after a Seahawks touchdown...told her I wanted to use the diaries of an Olympic Peninsula pioneer named James G. Swan...She took that idea on faith--and House of Sky's track record--and we negotiated the contract for what became Winter Brothers...A small anniversary reading:
No Enchanted Evenings In This Pacific

From Page 1

letters that came from the veterans of the Pacific theater of operations were, ‘When are you going to tell our story?” Mr. Spiel-
That story was of a war that many Americans could not fully visualize, then and now. The pivotal moments of the European war featured locales people had heard of and been to — the bombing of London, the liberation of Paris, and so on — and there was a central villain, Hitler, who was known to all. But the troops sent to try to stop the Japanese from taking over the South Pacific were, for the most part, going to obscure islands.

How obscure? Before 1940 Guadalcanal, site of the first major Allied initiative, had been mentioned by name in The New York Times only about a half-dozen times; several of those were from the 1890s and involved “Baron” Henry Foullon von Norbeck, the Austrian scientist and explorer, who with several members of the party he was leading was killed and devoured last summer by the inhabitants of Guadalcanal.

Even Mr. Hanks, a serious history buff, confessed that he knew nothing about Peleliu before beginning work on “The Pacific.” The battle for that island in the fall of 1944, which is the focus of Parts 6 and 7 of the mini-series, left more than 1,600 Americans dead and thousands more wounded.

If the Pacific war didn’t take hold in the popular imagination and Hollywood quite as firmly as the European one did, the reason was that it was back to the coverage of combat in the two theaters. There were reporters in the Pacific, but certainly nothing like the 558 accredited print and radio correspondents covering the Normandy landings. Re-creating the sprawling, grueling scale of World War II was a matter of considerable research and synthesis. The process began shortly after the debut of “Band of Brothers” (like this series, a production of HBO, Mr. Spielberg’s DreamWorks and the production company of Mr. Hanks and Gary Goetzman, Playtone). The historian Stephen E. Ambrose, whose 1992 book had been the basis for that mini-series, had already been interviewing Pacific war veterans, collecting their stories.

“I suggested to Stephen that it’d be happy to pony up some cash and replace that tape recorder with a video camera,” Mr. Spielberg said, and the result was a substantial archive of firsthand accounts. (Hugh Ambrose became a historical consultant to the series after his father died in 2002.) The job of distilling that into a coherent narrative fell to a team of writers like Bruce C. McKenna.

“All of us knew we had to do the whole war,” Mr. McKenna said; this would not be a simple story of a single battle. Eventually the decision was made to focus on three members of the First Marine Division: Eugene B. Sledge and Robert Leckie, both privates, and Sgt. John Basilone, who earned the Medal of Honor on Guadalcanal. Mr. Leckie and Mr. Sledge, who both died in 2001, wrote memoirs that became cornerstones for the series; Sergeant Bas- ilone’s story was well documented in the news media at the time.

“We love the truth,” said Mr. Goetzman, who with Mr. Hanks also had success with the mini-series “John Adams,” another slice of history. “We think that’s where the best stories come from. You just can’t make up things that are any more exciting or any more compelling than what’s actually happened in this world.”

Combining the three men’s stories allowed Mr. McKenna and the other writers to take full advantage of the mini-series format, exploring their characters in a way that a standard two-hour war movie doesn’t allow. “What war movie have you ever seen where the main character was in a mental institute for half an episode?” Mr. McKenna said, a fate that befalls Leckie. “And yet that’s a big part of war.”

The physical and mental toll that the Pacific war took on the men who fought it is the mini-series’s defining feature.

“If ‘Band of Brothers’ was an examination of what we thought the Greatest Generation went through as a group, then this was more an examination of the personal cost to the individual,” said Tony To, who served as a co-executive producer on “The Pacific” and directed Part 6. Incongruously, that meant creating an even more expansive canvas than in “Band of Brothers,” in terms of both time and geography, to show the accumulation of pressures physical and psychological. (The writers used Sergeant Basalione’s return to the United States to sell war bonds as a way to break up the relentless of the battles.) It also meant few shortcuts.

For instance, Mr. To said, 500 coconut trees were brought to Australia, where the bulk of the filming was done, to create a particular setting; a less-conscientious production might have shot the actors in front of a blue screen and added the trees later. “We wanted the environment they were acting in to be as close as it could be to the actual experience,” Mr. To said, “so that they weren’t acting the experience, but actually experiencing it.”

Hawaii, Mr. To said, had been among the places in contention for the filming, but impediments like sacred burial grounds on the beaches there ultimately led the producers to select Australia instead. “We knew that whatever landscape we needed we would have to control completely,” he said, “because we were blowing it up, not just once, but repeatedly; each island battlefront had its own look (the black sand of Iwo Jima being particularly famous), so each required the beach on Australia’s northeast coast where the crew was working to get a makeover.

All these efforts represent an attempt to bring the starkness and psychological depth of the best Vietnam movies — “The Deer Hunter,” “Apocalypse Now,” “Platoon” — to the treatment of World War II. Mr. Spielberg and Mr. Hanks — one as director, the other as star — had already made strides in that direction in 1992 with “Saving Private Ryan,” whose unflinching depiction of the D-Day landing startled audiences. And where an earlier brand of ensemble World War II films — “The Dirty Dozen,” “The Great Escape” — were often star heavy, both “Band of Brothers” and “The Pacific” used actors with relatively low profiles.

Those actors — Joe Mazzello as Sledge, James Badge Dale as Leckie and Jon Seda as Basilone — knew early on that much would be asked of them.

They were sent to a simulated boot camp that entailed nine days of drilling and such, overseen by Capt. Dale Dye, a retired Marine. “We went into it thinking: We’re actors. What can they really do?” Mr. Mazzello said, “Well, we found out.”

Mr. Mazzello, a rather slender 24-year-old when the filming was taking place, said he lost 12 pounds during camp. (Though he also learned a lot: “You could show me a mortar from 1943 and I could still fire it.”

The filming itself was no picnic either.

The battle scenes, of course, filled with gunfire and explosions of all sorts, and there were no stunt doubles. But, Mr. To said, “we never asked our actors to do anything we wouldn’t do.” He recalled a scene in Episode 6 in which an explosion blows a soldier backward into a tree. To demonstrate the safety of the shot, Mr. To, the director of that episode, climbed into the harness and took the jolting ride.

All three lead actors spoke of developing an appreciation bordering on reverence for the men they were portraying. “We all felt a heavy responsibility in just needing to get it right,” Mr. Seda said. “We’re basically becoming the voices for all these men who never were able to truly express their loved ones what they went through, and that’s a huge responsibility.”

One of those men, R. V. Burgin, 87, who fought in battles including New Britain, Peleliu (“by far the worst”) and Okinawa, had what is surely a veteran’s highest praise for the parts of the mini-series he had seen: “It puts you right in the foxhole with them,” he said. Mr. Burgin, who describes his war experiences in a new book, “Islands of the Damned: A Marine at War in the Pacific” (New American Library, Caliber), recalled a request he made to Hugh Ambrose when he was interviewed for the series in 2004: “I told him, ‘Will you do me and all the rest of the guys out there who fought in that war a favor’? And he said, ‘What’s that?’ And I said, ‘Leave the damn fiction out of it.’ The real stories of valor and loss, Mr. Burgin said, provide more than enough fuel for any mini-series.

There are, of course, innumerable stories out there still waiting to be told. Is Mr. Spielberg prepared for a new batch of mail after “The Pacific” is shown, from pilots, corpsmen, intelligence experts, Rosie the Riveters?

“All I can say is, please bring on the letters, because your first batch of letters led to this series,” he said.
Theodore Roethke abt critics:

"May they be condemned forever to a perpetual reading of their own work."
One of the mixed blessings of the millennium is that...it lets me say now, with the impunity of a pioneer, that I remember the journey I took to Bozeman in the middle of the last century.

—truck w/ Wally; came for G'ma and me in Ringling

—the rr has gone

—the Interstate has come

—this resort (Big Sky) has come, as have 00 others (Encyc of New West)

—ranches have gone; traces of homestead have gone

—the "markers" of change would have been severe at the turn of the 20th C., too:

—arrival of homesteaders

—the vanishing of the buffalo

—Big Sky existed as Guthrie novel, not this ski resort
use the "Writing Class" folder stuff abt Air Force scene, as part of my personal story of the 20th c.--that I long believed we would "end in fire"--nuclear--rather than ice?
Brigham Young, John McLoughlin, Sarah Winnemuca, Jeannette Rankin--It is not clear yet how the New Western history can handle individual raised fists sticking out of the body politic...
criticism of Ansel Adams for not photog'g people (in Wn Post file notes):
Are we so far down the narcissistic path that the face of Half Dome counts for
less than human physiography?
the rhythm of the seasons—which after Aldo Leopold, Hal Borland in 00, and Donald Culross Peattie in "An Almanac for Moderns" remains a fine logical way to do a book...
Art is to help us identify our (situations? feelings?)
Big Sky: the story of a century (i.e., the Doig family fortunes?)
use "Idea Files"--The West, etc.--for speech material