Scarred Bodies, Entwined Souls

NYT. 3/12/10

BOOKS OF THE TIMES

RICHARD EDER

Out of a mathematical conceit the Italian writer Paolo Giordano has drawn a mesmerizing portrait of a young man and woman whose injured natures draw them together over the years and inevitably pull them apart.

That is the bare-bones summary, and just as misleading as attempting to use Mona Lisa's bare skull to configure her smile. "The Solitude of Prime Numbers" is neither psychological drama nor plight-driven melodrama. If anything, it is a venture into an undiscovered realm of astonishing shapes and colors.

With some novels, the more they are described, the less they are conveyed. But to hold this one still for a moment, it is the story of Alice, crippled as a child in a ski fall and anorexic thereafter, and Mattia, a math prodigy whose guilt over the death of his mentally backward twin sister has led him repeatedly to scar or burn himself. They meet as teenagers, each isolated among their schoolmates, and from then on are both deeply joined and unable, variously, to hold to the joining.

For once a title is more than a suggestion; here it conveys not only the novel's gist but also its style and heart. At the university, and headed for a brilliant mathematical career, Mattia reflects on the paradox of his and Alice's intimacy (they are together almost every day, sometimes lying side by side at opposite ends of the bed) and their inability to develop it. They are prime numbers, he muses, divisible only by the number one and by themselves, and the author elaborates the thought in a fashion that is both elegant abstraction and profound human portrayal. It should be quoted at length but here is a sample:

The primes are "suspicious, solitary numbers," Mr. Giordano writes. Perhaps they would prefer to be ordinary numbers, "but for some reason they couldn't do it." And he elaborates: There are some that almost touch — 17 and 19, 41 and 43 — but are separated by an even number. As the numbers expand, these so-called twin primes become ever rarer, and the presentiment develops that these were accidents, and "that solitude is the true destiny." But then, if you count long enough, you'll find another pair of twins, "clutching each other tightly."

Mr. Giordano depicts with aching vividness the traumas out of which Alice and Mattia emerge disabled. Alice's ski fall might be only that, despite a permanently crippled leg. But we get horror seen from within: a father who bullies her, even if lovingly, into enduring the cold, the awkwardness, the fear of something she has so little taste for that she humiliatingly befouls her ski pants. Adults cannot suspect what furnishes a child's nightmare; here the reader is made to live it.

The nightmare that seizes Mattia as a child is worse. He has the duty of caring for his ungainly sister. An unpopular boy, he dreads mockery if he takes her to a schoolmate's birthday party.

Two traumatized outsiders share a mathematical bond.

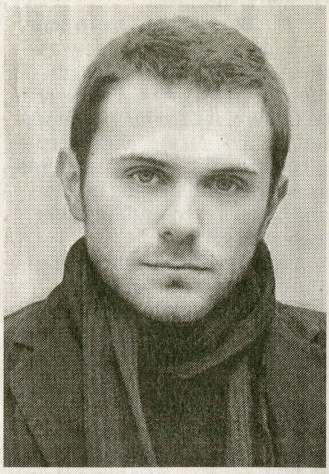
He deposits her, trustful and uncomplaining, in a park on the way; when he returns, she is gone, apparently drowned in the nearby river. He breaks down and cuts his wrist, and from then on, self-mutilation is his recourse against stress. As he grows up it becomes rarer. What remains is a permanent emotional freeze in everything but the mathematics that will win him a research professorship in Scandinavia.

Mr. Giordano remarkably and movingly portrays the hesitant groping toward warmth that works beneath the pair's emotional disabilities. Alice, unable to tolerate not just food but also the vitality it stands for, assumes a touchingly decisive if frail seductiveness with the shaky Mattia. When at 22 he brings himself to tell her about his sister, she embraces him, they kiss, and for a moment it seems things will change.

Only briefly; Mattia retreats, goes off to Scandinavia. Upon his return years later there is another almost-moment. That too will vanish. Alice's reaching out, though tentative, is genuine. His response describes a parabola: rising, seeming to converge, dropping away. He is the man who fell to earth; she is earth, though crumbly.

Mr. Giordano transfigures what ostensibly is a story of injury and defeat. In part he does it by giving virtually every transaction a bracing, often astonishing turn: not just between the near-but-not-quite lovers, but also with their parents, with Mattia's research partner, and most of all in the marvelously tragicomic account of Alice's marriage, after Mattia leaves, to a generous and loving doctor bursting with life and a love of food.

What is even more distinctive, and transforming, is the writing. The author works with piercing subtlety. He manages — to move from math to physics — an exquisite rendering of what one might call feelings at the subatomic level, emotion's muons, gluons and quarks. Take that kiss: "All Mattia saw was a shadow moving toward him. He instinctively closed his eyes and then felt Alice's hot mouth on his, her tears on his cheek, or maybe they weren't hers, and finally her hands, so light, holding his head still and catching all his thoughts and imprisoning them there, in the space that no longer existed between them."



SIMONE MOTTURA

Paolo Giordano

The Solitude of Prime Numbers

By Paolo Giordano

Translated by Shaun Whiteside. 271 pages. Pamela Dorman Books/ Viking. $25.95.

ONLINE: EXCERPT

A selection from "The Solitude of Prime Numbers":

nytimes.com/books

cato dabs. They break ground for the cursory architecture of Philip Guston's late work.

"The Blue Bridge" has a similar building deep in shadow on the right, partly blocking light that has the mysteriousness of de Chirico. It illuminates the water and the hulking, almost reptilian bridge on the left, rendered as a series of repeating marks and patterns: contrasting dots, loops and grids.

Avery has long been admired and beloved as an American original; heir to the Impressionists, Fauves and Matisse; friend and mentor to Mark Rothko and Barnett Newman. It is amazing to realize that, after all these years, his many-splendored achievement is still not fully visible. *ROBERTA SMITH*

'Journeys'

'The Art of Betty Parsons'

Spanierman Modern
53 East 58th Street
Manhattan
Through March 20

Betty Parsons (1900-1982) has a place in the history of postwar American painting as a facilitator. She opened her gallery in 1946 and within a few years had ushered or helped usher into public view the paintings of Ad Reinhardt, Clyfford Still, Mark Rothko, Jackson Pollock, Barnett Newman and Richard Pousette-Dart. She would later show Ellsworth Kelly, Jack Youngerman, Paul Feeley, Agnes Martin and Richard Tuttle.

Parsons was an artist herself and is known primarily for amalgams of sea-worn wood scraps economically striped with bright colors. Totemic and semaphore-like, these table-top sculptures and wall pieces suggested how Mondrian might have managed if marooned. Parsons often gave them as gifts; they frequently figure in photographs of the homes or studios of the artists she knew.

But Parsons also made paintings, about which she was more circumspect. Since she represented so many prominent artists, perhaps she didn't want to confuse people. This exhibition explains why. With 19 canvases dating from 1955 to 1980 (as well as four sculptures and four gouaches) this is the largest display of Parsons's paintings in New York since the early '80s. It shows that she often seemed to be painting alongside the artists she represented, picking up tips, especially from the stained surfaces of Reinhardt, Newman and Rothko and the concentric colors of Feeley, as well as from African and American Indian art.

But Parsons's paintings handbrushy fields broken by little shards of colors within colors for an effect that vacillates between abstraction and cheerfully useless cartography.

Parsons clearly painted noncompetitively, for herself, which may account for the relaxed mood of her canvases. But they are still a vibrant part of the art history of their time, alongside Parsons' groundbreaking gallery. *ROBERTA SMITH*

Joe Bradley and Chris Martin

Mitchell-Innes & Nash
534 West 26th Street
Chelsea
Through March 27

In this exhibition of works by two sympathetic but quite different artists, one eats the other's lunch. Just which one that is probably depends simply on your taste.

Chris Martin is showing a group of characteristically large, boisterous works. One consists of six stuffed and painted bed pillows attached to a canvas in two rows of three vertical rectangles. Another is an immense, somewhat visionary infrastructure of white lines on black; their intersections are accented by LP records. A painting of a boxy grinning face made of red lines is titled "Portrait of Joe Bradley." The same motif, outlined in black, is titled "Self-Portrait Smoking Pot (In the Style of Joe Bradley)."

Mr. Bradley's last series of paintings, shown in 2009 at Canada on the Lower East Side, consisted of even simpler linear motifs, hand-drawn in black. At first they looked like nothing, and then they looked like something. The works he contributes here — all made this year — consist of blank canvases, whose shapes sometimes evoke Ellsworth Kelly's. But they don't achieve much transformation, except a large vertical rectangle of bare canvas with a strip-frame painted brown that has a certain presence.

Perhaps Mr. Bradley was trying to distinguish his work from Mr. Martin's as much as possible, giving us the other side of the coin of a certain kind of nose-thumbing stance. But it sort of looks like he would rather not be here.

The opposite is true of the book that accompanies the exhibition. Filled with photographs of artworks, exhibitions, family and friends and devoid of text, it is a genuine collaboration, a generous explanation of the artists' common ground and the best thing about this particular get-together. *ROBERTA SMITH*

of months. But it's not too early, apparently, for a Deitch Projects memorial.

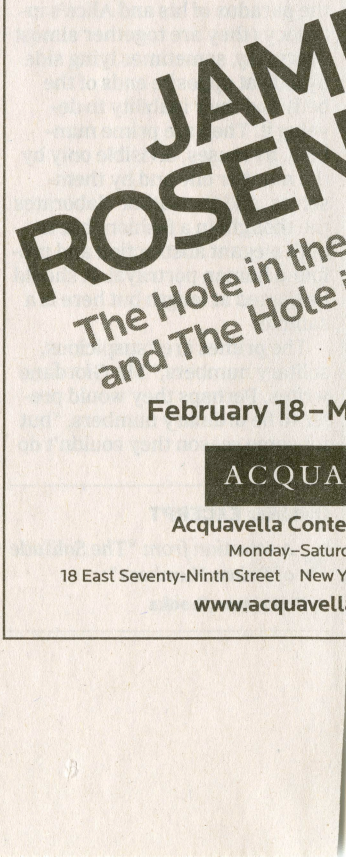
In her first (and last) solo with the gallery, Rosson Crow, a young painter from Texas, explores Mr. Deitch's favorite territory: 1980s graffiti culture and the downtown haunts of art-world "bad boys." Her show has plenty of sentimental value, though the attitude it projects is strictly secondhand.

Exuberant renderings of Keith Haring's "Pop Shop" and Kenny Scharf's "Cosmic Cavern" are here, as is a view of "The Nest," Dan Colen and Dash Snow's infamous installation of shredded phone books at Deitch. For good measure Ms. Crow has thrown in opium dens and barbershops from the 1880s, brought up to date with references to Warhol and Allen Ruppersberg.

More problematic are the "history paintings" of very recent history. One canvas shows the Dakis Joannou's collection at the New Museum, which was installed just weeks ago; it's a hot topic, but Ms. Crow doesn't take sides. And "The Bang Bang Room," which envisions Bruce Nauman's neon figures carousing in the art world's after-hours spot du jour, seems destined to have a short shelf life.

There's an element of tourism too; Ms. Crow, who frequently shuttles between Los Angeles and Paris, stayed put in New York for six months to research the exhibition. Her paintings can seem like oversize postcards, despite their abundance of graffiti and megawatt color.

Ms. Crow has talent, and for now, lots of attention. But if it's longevity she's after, she should



Reynolds Price, a Literary Voice of the South, Dies at 77

By WILLIAM GRIMES

Reynolds Price, whose novels and stories about ordinary people in rural North Carolina struggling to find their place in the world established him as one of the most important voices in modern Southern fiction, died on Thursday in Durham, N.C. He was 77.

The cause was complications of a heart attack, his brother, Will, said. For many years Mr. Price had lived as a paraplegic after receiving radiation treatment for a spinal tumor, about which he wrote in "A Whole New Life" (1994).

Few writers have made as dramatic an entrance on the American literary stage as Mr. Price, who published his first novel, "A Long and Happy Life," in 1962 to near-universal acclaim for its pungent Southern dialogue, highly wrought prose style and vivid evocation of rural Southern life.

The novel — the tale of Rosacoke Mustian, a young woman desperate to clarify her relationship with an untamable boyfriend, Wesley Beavers — inspired critics to welcome Mr. Price as the brightest literary talent to emerge since the Southern Renaissance in the 1920s and 1930s. In an extraordinary vote of confidence, Harper's Magazine published the novel in its entirety as a supplement.

"He is the best young writer this country has ever produced," the novelist Allan Gurganus said in an interview for this obituary. "He started out with a voice, a lyric gift and a sense of humor, and an insight about how people lived and what they'll do to get along."

Mr. Price staked his claim as a writer to watch with the novel's bravura opening sentence, a paragraph-long curlicue that began, "Just with his body and from inside like a snake, leaning that black motorcycle side to side, cutting in and out of the slow line of cars to get there first, staring due-north through goggles towards Mount Moriah and switching coon tails in everybody's face was Wesley Beavers."

"Some beginning — of a book, of a career," the critic Theodore Solotaroff wrote in Saturday Review in 1970. "Its sheer virtuosity is like that of a quarterback who on the first play of his first professional game throws a 60-yard pass on the run, hitting the receiver exactly at the instant he breaks into the clear; a tremendous assertion of agility, power, timing and accuracy."

His story collection "The Names and Faces of Heroes," published a year later, made it clear that "A Long and Happy Life" was no fluke.

A novelist who found all he needed in the North Carolina he knew so well.

Except for three years he spent in Britain as a graduate student at Merton College, Oxford, Mr. Price lived all his life in northeastern North Carolina, and he would work his home ground in 13 novels and dozens of short stories. Inevitably he drew comparisons to William Faulkner, much to his annoyance, since he regarded himself as a literary heir to Eudora Welty.

He also published poetry, plays, essays, translations from the Bible and three volumes of memoirs. With "A Whole New Life," he attracted a new audience of admirers.

At Duke University, where he taught writing and the poetry of Milton for more than half a century, he encouraged students like Anne Tyler and Josephine Humphreys. Simply by staying in the South and writing about it, he inspired a generation of younger Southern novelists.

"He made this small corner of North Carolina the sovereign territory of his own imagination and showed those of us who went away that the water back home was fine," Mr. Gurganus said. "We could come back; there was plenty of room for all of us."

Edward Reynolds Price was born on Feb. 1, 1933, in Macon, N.C., a town about 65 miles northeast of Raleigh that he once described as "227 cotton and tobacco farmers nailed to the flat red land at the pit of the Great Depression."

The family, struggling financially, moved from one house to another in nearby towns, but Reynolds, their first child, benefited from the doting attention of cousins, aunts and uncles — all of them, it seemed, gifted storytellers. His early life provided the material for the memoir "Clear Pictures: First Loves, First Guides" (1989). Mr. Price later said of his native county: "I'm the world's authority on this place. It's the place about which I have perfect pitch."

His brother, of Raleigh, is his only immediate survivor.

Mr. Price enrolled at Duke University, where Eudora Welty read one of his stories, "Michael Egerton," and volunteered to show it to her agent, Diarmuid Russell, who took the young writer on as a client.

After graduating summa cum laude from Duke in 1955, he won a Rhodes scholarship to study at Oxford, where he wrote a thesis on Milton, and developed career-enhancing friendships with the poets Stephen Spender and W. H. Auden and the critic and biographer Lord David Cecil. He wrote about his years in Britain in the third installment of his memoirs, "Ardent Spirits" (2009).

Spender published the story "A Chain of Love" in the journal Encounter, a coup for Mr. Price, who was also offered a teaching position at Duke when he returned. He was turned down for military service after he stated, without hesitation, that he was homosexual.

His first class included a promising 16-year-old named Anne Tyler. "I can still picture him sitting tailor-fashion on top of his desk, reading to the class from his own work or from one of his students' papers," Ms. Tyler wrote in an e-mail. "He seemed genuinely joyous when we did the slightest thing right."

With his second novel, "A Generous Man" (1966), Mr. Price continued the story of the Mustian clan, to which he would return much later in the 1988 novel "Good Hearts." He later confounded critics with "The Surface of Earth" (1975), an ambitious multigenerational chronicle of the Mayfield family, related by a well-educated, complex narrator much like the author himself.

Self-consciously grand, "The Surface of Earth" was the first part of a trilogy called "A Great Circle." A sequel, "The Source of Light," followed in 1981. Mr. Price completed the series with "The Promise of Rest" in 1995.

Critics divided sharply on the more intricate middle novels, whose prose struck many as mannered. "His interest in Milton is not accidental or incidental," Ms. Humphreys said in an interview. "He has the same fascination with the art of language that that great Baroque poet had. His fiction is word-intense, complex and fancy. But he can take that and combine it with Southern plain talk."

In 1984 Mr. Price discovered that a thin eight-inch malignant tumor called an astrocytoma had wrapped itself around his spinal column just below the neck. Several operations and aggressive radiation therapy to neutralize what he called "the gray eel" left him paralyzed from the waist down.

Despite years of physical torment, Mr. Price entered into a remarkably fecund phase as a writer. "Previously I'd averaged a book every two years at least, so I was hardly a great tree sloth, but I'd always said truthfully that writing was hard for me, very hard, and now it's not," he told The Paris Review in 1991.

Hypnosis therapy, intended to relieve his pain, released a flood of childhood memories that Mr. Price funneled into "Clear Pictures" and "The Tongues of Angels" (1990), which was based on his time as a camp counselor in the Blue Ridge Mountains.

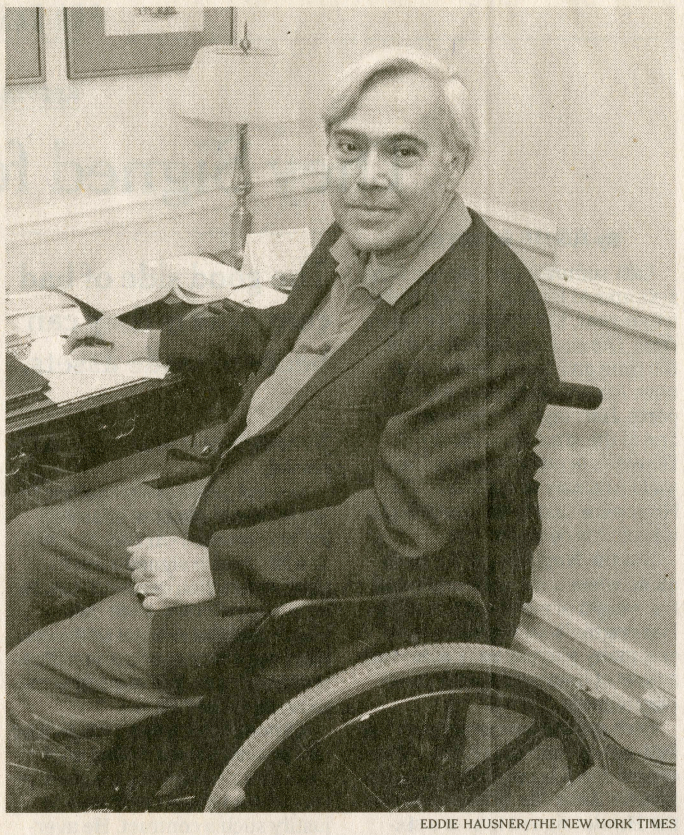
Most important, Mr. Price completed "Kate Vaiden" (1986). Narrated by a 57-year-old North Carolina woman whose lifelong search for love and security has been a series of bitter setbacks, the novel won back many of the critics who were beginning to cool on Mr. Price. It won the National Book Critics Circle prize as the year's best work of fiction.

"Blue Calhoun" (1992), cast as a long letter from the title character to his granddaughter, was also warmly received. The morally shifty but likable narrator, like the lively, irrepressible Kate Vaiden, won readers over.

The undercurrent of Christian charity evident in Mr. Price's previous work became even more pronounced in these and later novels, like "Roxanna Slade" (1998) and "The Good Priest's Son" (2005), in which fallible characters face momentous moral choices. The deepening moral tinge, which some critics found too schematic, was rooted in Mr. Price's Christian faith: he was an unorthodox, nonchurchgoing believer.

"The whole point of learning about the human race presumably is to give it mercy," he told The Georgia Review in 1993.

If Mr. Price shook off the burden of Faulkner, his work remained elusive despite its strong regional flavor and commitment to "the weight and worth of the ordinary," as the novelist Janet Burroway once put it. Mr. Price himself ventured a succinct appraisal for The Southern Review in 1978: "It seems to me they are books about human freedom — the limits thereof, the possibilities thereof, the impossibilities thereof."



EDDIE HAUSNER/THE NEW YORK TIMES

Reynolds Price in New York in 1989.

'Like a Banner in Defeat'

With this first sentence of his novel "A Long and Happy Life," published in 1962, Reynolds Price made one of the most arresting debuts in contemporary American fiction:

Just with his body and from inside like a snake, leaning that black motorcycle side to side, cutting in and out of the slow line of cars to get there first, staring due-north through goggles towards Mount Moriah and switching coon tails in everybody's face was Wesley Beavers, and laid against his back like sleep, spraddle-legged on the sheepskin seat behind him was Rosacoke Mustian who was maybe his girl and who had given up looking into the wind and trying to nod at every sad car in the line, and when he even speeded up and passed the truck (lent for the afternoon by Mr. Isaac Alston and driven by Sammy his man, hauling one pine box and one black boy dressed in all he could borrow, set up in a ladder-back chair with flowers banked round him and a foot on the box to steady it) — when he even passed that, Rosacoke said once into his back "Don't" and rested in humiliation, not thinking but with her hands on his hips for dear life and her white blouse blown out behind her like a banner in defeat.

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PRO BASKETBALL

KEEPING SCORE

They Signed for How Much?

By JUSTIN KUBATKO

Last summer, the Denver Nuggets and Al Harrington agreed to a five-year, $33 million free-agent deal. The signing looked bad at the time and looks even worse now. According to numerous reports, Harrington's contract was one of the stumbling blocks in Denver's scuttled trade of Carmelo Anthony to the Nets. The Nets were said to be unwilling to take on his contract.

But the Nuggets are far from alone when it comes to carrying the weight of a bad contract like Harrington's. In the salary-cap era, many players have achieved a level of notoriety for the deals they signed.

Perhaps the patron saint of bad free-agent contracts is the former center Jon Koncak of the Atlanta Hawks. After the 1988-89 season, the Hawks signed him to a six-year, $13 million deal, an astounding sum at the time.

Even more astounding was the fact that Koncak — at best an average bench player — was making an average annual salary in line with what superstars like Michael Jordan, Magic Johnson and Larry Bird were being paid. This earned Koncak the nickname Jon Contract.

And what did the Hawks get in return for their largess? From 1989-90 through 1994-95, Koncak never averaged more than 4.2 points and 5.5 rebounds in a season, and he contributed an estimated 13.7 wins to the Hawks, the 176th-highest total for that time period.

The good side of bad contracts is they can become trade assets.

Several years later, another reserve center became infamous for his contract. On July 22, 1996, Jim McIlvaine signed a seven-year, $35 million deal with the Seattle SuperSonics. Both the length and the amount of the contract were stupefying given McIlvaine's production in his first two seasons in the N.B.A.

Although the 7-foot-1 McIlvaine had proved to be a skilled shot blocker with the Washington Bullets, he had shown little else to justify such a contract. He averaged only 12.8 minutes per game, was a poor shooter from both the field and the free-throw line, and was one of the N.B.A.'s worst passing and rebounding centers.

Somewhat predictably, things did not turn out well in Seattle. In 1996-97 and in 1997-98, McIlvaine led the N.B.A. in block percentage (an estimate of the percentage of an opponent's 2-point field-goal attempts blocked by a player while he was on the floor), but the weaknesses he showed in Washington remained.

After only two seasons in Seattle, McIlvaine was traded to the Nets, where he played for three injury-riddled seasons before being waived two weeks before the start of the 2001-2 season.

Of course, somebody has to be on the giving end of these contracts, and few can compare to Isiah Thomas, the former Knicks executive. Thomas had a virtual all-star lineup of bad contracts: Jerome James, Eddy Curry and Jared Jeffries represent what may have been the three worst contracts of the past decade.

	BEFORE KNICKS		WITH KNICKS	
	MIN.	WS/48	MIN.	WS/48
Jerome James *5 YRS/$30 M*	4,077	.042	694	-.046
Eddy Curry *6 YRS/$60 M*	6,683	.090	6,319	.071
Jared Jeffries *5 YRS/$30 M*	6,163	.051	5,404	.037

WS/48 is win shares per 48 minutes, an estimate of the number of wins contributed by a player per 48 minutes. The league average is approximately 0.100.

All three of these players — who were already below-average performers before joining the Knicks — had their production decline in New York. On a cumulative basis, they contributed an estimated 12.8 wins to the Knicks in 12,417 minutes of playing time.

As the saying goes, every dark cloud has a silver lining, and so it is with bad contracts. These deals eventually expire, and near the end of their term, in the bizarre world of the N.B.A. salary cap, they become valuable assets to trade because of the cap relief they provide.

Harrington's contract may be an albatross now, but in three more years it may become a precious commodity.



Denver reportedly wanted to package Al Harrington, left, with Carmelo Anthony.

Justin Kubatko is the creator of Basketball-Reference.com, an online basketball encyclopedia. He is also a statistical consultant for the Trail Blazers.

WIN SHARES

LEADERS *Through Wednesday*		WIN SHARES
Chris Paul	NO	8.6
Pau Gasol	LAL	7.9
LeBron James	MIA	7.3
Dwyane Wade	MIA	6.9
Al Horford	ATL	6.7
Kevin Love	MIN	6.7
Deron Williams	UTA	6.6
Paul Pierce	BOS	6.5

Win shares *An estimate of the num-*

COLLEGE BASKETBALL

Fitting Comparisons For Washington Guard

From First Sports Page

teams have repeatedly run into an invisible wall in the N.C.A.A. tournament. His Huskies have reached the Round of 16 three times, including last season, but never moved past it. In 2005, as a No. 1 seed led by Robinson, Washington lost to No. 4 Louisville and finished 29-6.

This team could be better.

"We had a couple of teams in '05 and '06 that were experienced and talented, but those teams went about seven deep," Romar said after Washington zipped past Oregon, 87-69, at Hec Edmundson Pavilion on Jan. 6. Eight Washington players scored in the game's first 10 minutes.

"Now, those seven were pretty special," Romar said. "This team really does go nine deep, and was 10 before Abdul Gaddy was injured. But this team has more size than those teams. Never had a team with this size."

Gaddy was the starting sophomore point guard who settled the Huskies in tight spots. He tore his anterior cruciate ligament this month and will miss the rest of the season.

It was a blow to the Huskies, but with a potentially illuminating upside. It put Thomas more firmly in the role of point guard, which he likes, and it opened up a spot on the floor for someone with more size, like Terrence Ross, the tantalizingly talented 6-6 freshman guard.

Ross scored 25 points against Oregon off the bench. When Romar was asked about his potential, he did not blanch.

"Just in terms of his talent alone, right up there with Brandon Roy," he said.

It was a stunning endorsement, given that Roy's retired No. 3 hangs from the arena's rafters and he became an All-Star with the N.B.A. Portland Trail Blazers. That praise and performance were not enough to make Ross a regular in the starting lineup.

Off the court, how Washington's season plays out could depend on further revelations regarding the assault allegation. On the court, it will largely be determined by the diminutive That separates Nate from just about anybody."

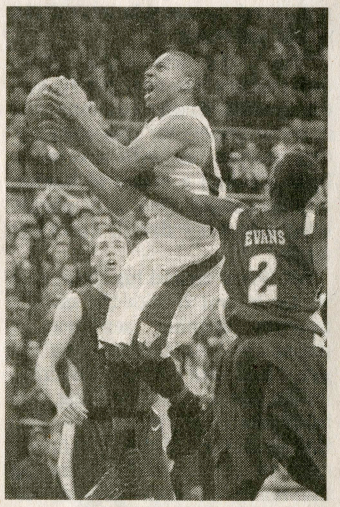
Robinson is a three-time winner of the N.B.A. dunking contest. Thomas's dunk against Oregon — a one-hander with few style points — was his first with the Huskies.

"Crowd's been waiting for it, too," Thomas said. "Every time I'm on campus they're like, when are you going to dunk it, when are you going to dunk it?"

Thomas, a showman with a penchant for bursts to the basket, occasionally struggles to find room among bigger bodies. After several dead ends and falls to the floor against Oregon, he looked for others, and ended up with nine assists for the second game in a row.

As the Huskies broke loose late in the game, Thomas scored 14 of his 20 points in the final five minutes. The roof was raised.

Such streakiness is a Washington hallmark. On Jan. 8, the Huskies scored 75 points in the game's final 23 minutes to turn a



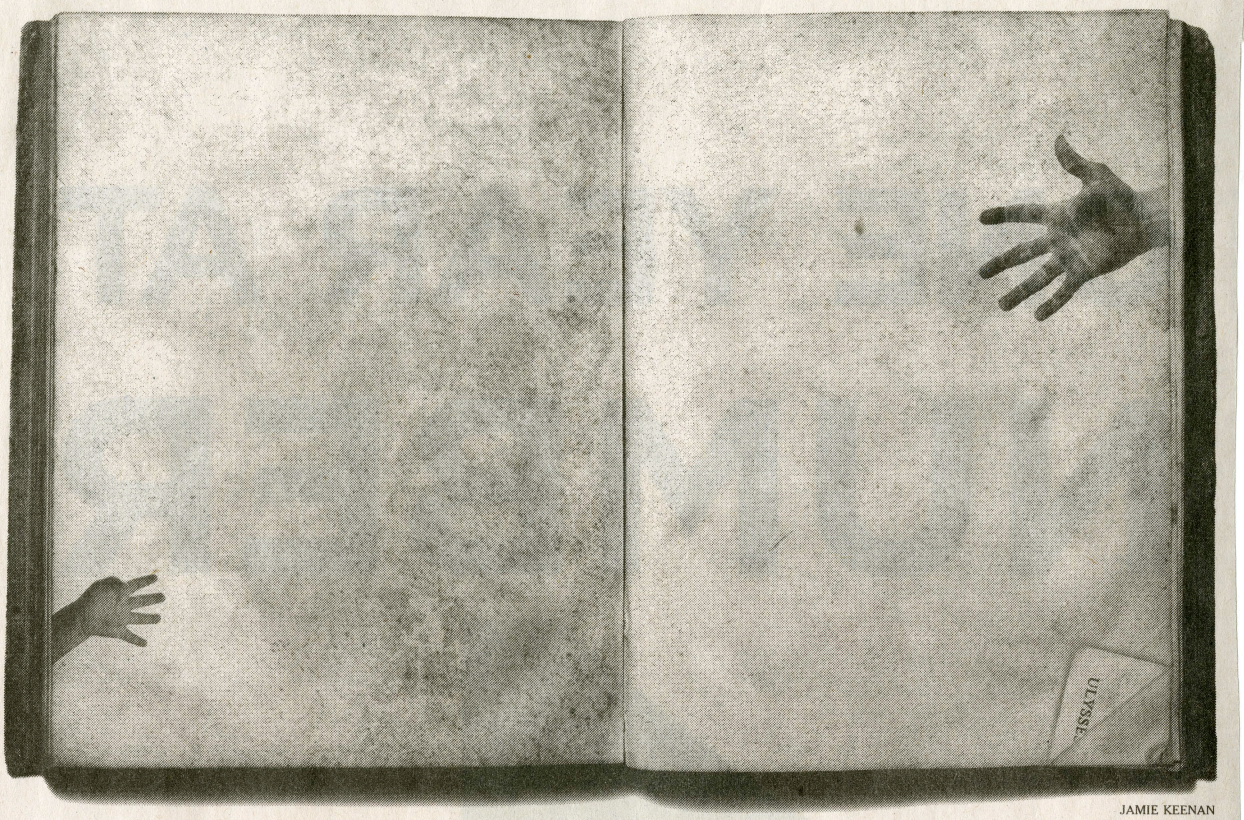
JIM BATES/THE SEATTLE TIMES, VIA AP

Isaiah Thomas was named for that other Thomas. And he reminds fans of Nate Robinson.

1-point halftime lead against Oregon State into a 103-72 victory. The senior Matthew Bryan-Amaning, a 6-9 forward, had 24 points and 15 rebounds. Thomas had 19 points and 8 assists. By the end, Thomas had the student section mimicking his raise-the-roof

But Always Meeting Ourselves

By Colum McCann



JAMIE KEENAN

A LONDON nursing home. The shape of a figure beneath the sheets. My grandfather could just about whisper. He wanted a cigarette and a glass of whiskey. "Come up on the bed here, young fella," he said, gruffly. It was 1975 and I was 10 years old and it would be the first — and probably last — time I'd ever see him. Gangrene was taking him away. He reached for the bottle and managed to light a cigarette. Spittle collected at the edge of his mouth. He began talking, but most of the details of his life had already begun slipping away.

Long wars, short memories.

Later that afternoon my father and I bid goodbye to my grandfather, boarded a train, then took a night boat back home to Dublin. Nothing but ferry-whistle and stars and waves. Three years later, my grandfather died. He had been, for all intents and purposes, an old drunk who had abandoned his family and lived in exile. I did not go to the funeral. I still, to this day, don't even know what country my grandfather is buried in, England or Ireland.

Sometimes one story can be enough for anyone: it suffices for a family, or a generation, or even a whole culture — but on occasion there are enormous holes in our histories, and we don't know how to fill them.

Two months ago — 31 years after my grandfather's death — I got a case of osteomyelitis, a bone infection. I was admitted to a hospital in New York for a surgical debridement and a high-octane dose of antibiotics. I got a private room, largely because I'm middle class and insured, but also because it was an infectious disease. The double doors clacked when the nurses entered, visitors came and went, but for long stretches of time I listened to the ticking of a Vancomycin drip.

There is a lovely backspin in silence.

I had brought an old copy of "Ulysses," James Joyce's masterpiece that takes place in the back streets of Dublin on June 16, 1904. I wanted to read it cover to cover. I have been dipping into the novel for many years, reading the accessible parts, plundering the icing on the cake, but in truth I had never read it all in one flow.

The messy layers of human experience get pulled together, and sometimes ordered, by words.

Soon my grandfather was emerging from the novel. The further I went in, the more complex he got. The man whom I had met only once was becoming flesh and blood through the pages of a fiction. After all, he had walked the very same streets of Dublin, on the same day as Leopold Bloom. I began to see my grandfather outside Dlugacz's butcher shop, his hat cocked sideways, watching the moving "hams" of a young girl. I wondered if he had a penchant for "the inner organs of beasts and fowls." I heard him arguing with the Citizen in Barney Kiernan's pub. I felt him mourn the loss of a child.

> Stuck in the hospital, I read 'Ulysses' — and found my own family.

He walked the city alongside Bloom, then turned the corner into Eccles Street, and then another corner into my hospital room and sat on the edge of my bed. I could smell the whiskey and cigarettes on his breath.

The book carried me through to the far side of my body, made me alive in another time. I was 10 years old again, but this time I knew my grandfather, and it was a moment of gain: he was so much more than a forgotten drunk.

Vladimir Nabokov once said that the purpose of storytelling is "to portray ordinary objects as they will be reflected in the kindly mirrors of future times; to find in the objects around us the fragrant tenderness that only posterity will discern and appreciate in far-off times when every trifle of our plain everyday life will become exquisite and festive in its own right: the times when a man who might put on the most ordinary jacket of today will be dressed up for an elegant masquerade."

This is the function of books — we learn how to live even if we weren't there. Fiction gives us access to a very real history. Stories are the best democracy we have. We are allowed to become the other we never dreamed we could be.

Today is Bloomsday, the 105th anniversary of the events of the novel. All over the world Joyce fans will gather to celebrate the extraordinary tale of an ordinary day. There will be Bloomsday breakfasts, and Bloomsday love affairs, and Bloomsday arguments and, indeed, Bloomsday grandfathers hoisting their sons, and their sons of sons, onto the shoulders of never-ending stories.

As for me, with a clean bill of health now, I finally know where my grandfather is buried — happily between the covers of a book, where he sits, smoking and drinking still. □

Colum McCann is the author of the forthcoming novel "Let the Great World Spin."

ONE YEAR AT NUMBER 1

Buddy, That Was No Lady, That Was My Pharaoh

JANET MASLIN

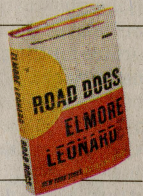
BOOKS OF THE TIMES

Elmore Leonard's "Road Dogs" starts with a trip to prison. Why not? No self-respecting Leonard character avoids the occasional legal infraction, and this new book resurrects a few repeat offenders.

It flings together Jack Foley, best known as the guy George Clooney played in "Out of Sight"; Cundo Rey, a Cuban go-go dancer and entrepreneur shot by the title character of "LaBrava"; and Dawn Navarro, who appeared in "Riding the Rap" as well as in other past lives. More later about Dawn's belief that she was once an Egyptian pharaoh.

Ordinarily the writer who turns to his own pages for inspiration risks looking lazy. But Mr. Leonard's crime stories are packed with players who deserve curtain calls. And there's nothing remotely wheezy about his way of throwing together Foley, Cundo and Dawn (as they're known in "Road Dogs"). Foley has the brains, Cundo the machismo and Dawn the shamelessness to make this one of Mr. Leonard's most enjoyably sneaky stories.

Road Dogs
By Elmore Leonard
262 pages. William Morrow. $26.99.



"We road dogs, man, we do for each other no matter what," Cundo tells Foley. In other words, they're buddies. Best friends. Blood brothers. Well, fine: if Cundo wants to see it that way, the bank-robbing Foley isn't going to argue with him. Cundo, who has put together a small real-estate empire in Venice, Calif., during his eight years of incarceration, pays for the "smartest chick lawyer," who helps get Foley out of jail.

Cundo wants only one favor in return. He wants Foley to keep an eye on Dawn, his sort-of wife, a psychic who got into a common-law marriage with Cundo for reasons of mutual exploita-

Continued on Page 4

That Was No Lady, That Was My Pharaoh

From First Arts Page

tion. She liked the houses in Venice and saw Cundo as a wealthy mogul. He thought a fortuneteller could help him find other people's fortunes. And as psychics go, Dawn is a hot specimen. A man won't believe she can read minds "till I tell him to quit trying to picture me naked," she says.

Once Foley is freed and goes to live in one of Cundo's houses (or "homes," as Cundo always calls them), picturing Dawn naked is really easy. That's because there's a great big nude portrait of her that she's hung next to the bed. It was painted by Little Jimmy, whom Cundo calls "the Monk" on the assumption that Jimmy would never lay a hand on Dawn, let alone paint her. Cundo is adorably deluded enough to believe that Dawn has been chaste while he has been behind bars.

An aside: "Road Dogs" is worth reading just for the way Mr. Leonard uses the word "chaste" in a gag line. When a gay gangster goes to confession for the first time in 27 years, this book concocts the following exchange: "'Up to this time you've been chaste?'

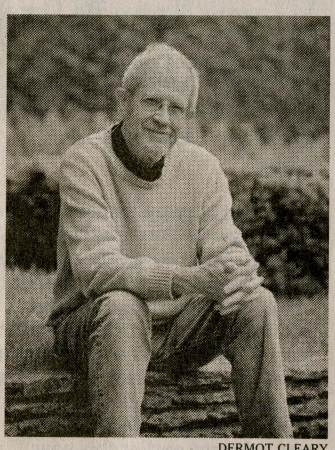
"'You mean, Father, by dudes? If I like the guy he don't have to chase me.'"

A hot fortuneteller and a cool fortune may soon be parted.

Anyway, when Foley meets Dawn, Cundo's assumptions about buddyhood are immediately given the lie. It's not Foley's fault; Dawn will put the moves on anyone she thinks might be useful to her. Foley is so good looking (Mr. Leonard says he wrote with Mr. Clooney in mind) that he might even help charm the Beverly Hills widow who has hired Dawn to get rid of her dead spouse's spirit. "I refuse to play the grieving widow and wear black the rest of my life," this woman says. "I have de la Rentas in black, but give me a break."

To the extent that it has a theme, "Road Dogs" is about what Dawn thinks of as "the guy-thing": male loyalty. How much of Foley and Cundo's friendship is authentic, and how much can it be dispelled by a woman who'll do anything to advance her agenda? If Dawn, like some of Mr. Leonard's other female characters, sounds like a misogynist's dream, the Egyptian royalty angle does make her special.

So as Dawn looks in the mirror



DERMOT CLEARY

Elmore Leonard

to put on heavy kohl eyeliner, she turns herself into Hatshepsut, the female Egyptian ruler who died in 1458 B.C. And Dawn starts talking to herself in a language that is prime Leonardese. However widely imitated Mr. Leonard is by a generation of writers who can mistake terseness for talent, it's unimaginable that any other stylist could come up with this image of red-hot malevolence or this syntax for Hatshepsut:

"'That was you,' the Dawns said to each other, and thought, if you were pharaoh and a couple of hieroglyph rock chiselers were giving you a hard time . . . What would you do?"

Among the other hieroglyph rock chiselers scheming their ways through "Road Dogs" are the neo-Nazi bodyguard who works for Cundo only grudgingly ("I don't care for the man myself"), the kid gangster who shot a salesman at Saks on Wilshire Boulevard because he didn't like the way the man was selling him a pinstripe suit, and Lou Adams, the F.B.I. bloodhound who wants either to catch Foley robbing a bank or to write a book celebrating Foley's bank-robbing skills, whichever happens first. There is every reason to think that Adams, Foley and Foley's absent dream girl, Karen Sisco, the law-enforcement officer who shot him in the leg and is still on his mind, will each be given a victory lap in Mr. Leonard's future work.

Mr. Leonard, now 83, still writes with high style, great energy, unflappable cool and a jubilant love of the game. As ever, his scorn for fussy prose is best expressed through his own superbly lean locutions.

One sentence is all he needs to show how Dawn feels about Cundo: "In a few moments she would be timing her breathless gasps and cute grunts to the little killer's thrusts, hoping he wouldn't cause her to break wind and disturb the performance."

Critics' Choice: New CDs

El Grupo Nuevo de Omar Rodriguez Lopez

"Cryptomnesia"
(Rodriguez Lopez Productions)

So many jumpy, frenetic, whipsawing guitar lines go zooming through Omar Rodriguez Lopez's head that his main band, the Mars Volta, can't hold them all. That's why he has his own extensive catalog of solo albums and collaborations, largely (but not entirely) instrumental works like "Old Money" (Stone's Throw), which was released earlier this year. (The next Mars Volta album is due in June.)

"Cryptomnesia" tilts toward songs instead. Its tracks were recorded in 2006 by members of the Mars Volta, including Juan Alderete de la Peña on bass, and from Hella the hyperactive Zach Hill on drums, who can keep pace with every riff, lead and guitar noise, stroke for note, while throwing in cymbal splashes and tom-tom salvos on the side. Then, last year, the Mars Volta's singer, Cedric Bixler Zavala, added lyrics and vocals on most of the tracks — not his first guest appearances on his band mate's albums, but his most extensive ones.

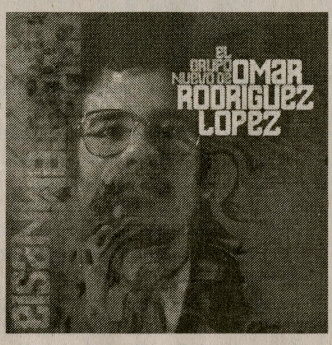
The result is as frantic as the Mars Volta's own material, but terser, and occasionally something approaching catchy in songs like "Half Kleptos," if helium-tinged vocals and bruising progressive-rock riffs could possibly add up to catchy. The lyrics have Mr. Bixler Zavala's usual gross-out potential, profanity and medical obsessions — "Don't make me steal all your vital organs," he croons, way up high, in the album's title song — but his vocals carve simple paths through the thickets of notes, often with melodies like schoolyard taunts. And instead of the Mars Volta's long, suitelike constructions and album-length concepts, the longest Grupo Nuevo song lasts six minutes; the entire 11 tracks on "Cryptomnesia" clock in at 36 minutes. The album makes a thorough, nerve-tingling plunge into the Mars Volta's maelstrom available to shorter attention spans.

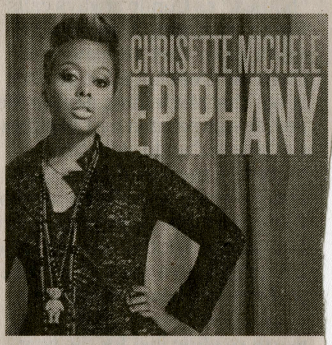
JON PARELES

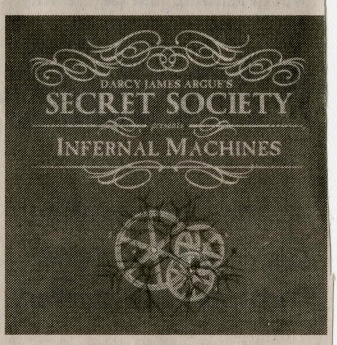
Chrisette Michele

"Epiphany"
(Def Jam)

The summer of 2007 seemed like a promising time for a young R&B singer to be looking back. Amy Winehouse had just landed on these shores, using the tools of the 1960s as building blocks toward a more modern soul sound, and the heritage-minded neo-soul







ONLINE: NEW MUSIC

Audio clips from this week's new releases:
nytimes.com/music

was repurposing and updating, Ms. Michele was rehashing. Her capable, often outsized jazz phrasings were distracting, like showing off fluency on an abacus.

Pairing with Ne-Yo for the follow-up, "Epiphany," is a conceptually savvy choice. Ne-Yo, this album's executive producer and a writer on several songs, is a sublime classicist and one-man Brill Building, obsessed with structure and melody, anchors that Ms. Michele has badly needed.

Yet here he's gone astray or become lazy. "Epiphany" is an unusually labored album, two artists missing each other at the pass. Ne-Yo's primary gift as a songwriter and producer is creating lightness and space, but on the songs he helped write, like "Epiphany (I'm Leaving)" and "What You Do," Ms. Michele yanks the words out of their natural rhythms and, in so doing, undermines them. You can't help but think that a less rigid singer would really give these lyrics some grit.

Produced mainly by Chuck Har-

NYT May 19 '08

Irving Rosenthal, 95, Mentor to Journalists

By ROBERT D. McFADDEN

Irving Rosenthal, who taught journalism at the City College of New York for 40 years and seeded the newsrooms and broadcast studios of America with thousands of journeymen reporters and editors and a few of the nation's most prominent journalists, died Sunday at his home in Great Neck, N.Y. He was 95.

He died of natural causes, said his son Robert, the executive director of the Center for Investigative Reporting in Berkeley, Calif., and a former editor of The Philadelphia Inquirer and managing editor of The San Francisco Chronicle.

From 1936, when he established two journalism courses at City College, to 1976, when he retired as a professor emeritus of English and chairman of communications and mass media, Professor Rosenthal was known to generations of students and news media associates as a one-man school of journalism.

To many of his students — brown-bag-lunch collegians who commuted by subway — the dreams spun by Professor Rosenthal sounded highly improbable: the search for truth and glory, the chance to work on a big city daily or a television station, crafting stories in your own words for millions of people. You would probably not get rich, but you might *be* somebody. And he spoke, seductively, about carrying the torch.

"He gave you a sense that journalism was important," Edward Kosner, who graduated in 1958 and went on to become the editor of Newsweek, New York magazine and Esquire, said when Professor Rosenthal retired. "He made you feel that you could become part of a great tradition of journalism."

His students included A. M. Rosenthal (no relation), the late executive editor of The New York Times; Daniel Schorr, of NPR and formerly CBS; Marvin Kalb, of CBS and NBC News; Stephen B. Shepard, dean of the Graduate School of Journalism of the City University of New York and the former editor of Business Week; Carl Spielvogel, a former ambassador to the Slovak Republic and an advertising executive, and many others. He helped many students get jobs, and kept in touch with them for years.



DOROTHY AFFA

Irving Rosenthal in 1985.

An inspiring and exacting teacher to generations of reporters and editors.

Irving Rosenthal was born in Manhattan on July 31, 1912, and grew up in Brooklyn. He attended Edison High School and graduated from City College with a degree in English in 1933. He joined the City College English faculty that year, but three years later created two journalism courses — on news writing and editing, and on the mass media and society — and thereafter focused on teaching journalism.

He was a stickler for spelling, insisting that students accurately compose dictated sentences, like this one: "Outside a cemetery sat a harassed cobbler and an embarrassed peddler, gnawing on a desiccated potato and gazing on the symmetry of a lady's ankle with unparalleled ecstasy."

He also had students write a first paragraph based on these facts: a New Jersey driver swatted at a bee that flew into his car. Distracted, he lost control and broke two ribs in a crash. One of the better leads, he said, was, "The flight of a bumblebee almost became the swan song of a New Jersey motorist yesterday."

Professor Rosenthal's interest in journalism began in high school, when he became editor of the student newspaper. He later wrote sports articles for The Brooklyn Eagle, where his brother, Ben, worked. As an Army officer during World War II, he wrote for the quartermaster general's office in Washington.

Besides teaching, Professor Rosenthal was the director of public relations for the college for many years and the co-author of two Doubleday books: "Business English Made Simple" (1955), with Harry Rudman, and "The Art of Writing Made Simple" (1958), with Morton Yarmon. He also wrote articles for The Saturday Review, The Times, The New York Herald Tribune, Public Opinion Quarterly and other publications.

From 1968 to 1992, he directed a broadcasting course at WCBS-TV for minority students, and from 1985 to 1992, in cooperation with CBS and the New York City Board of Education, taught a course for teachers on the role of operation of television.

Besides his son Robert, of San Francisco, Professor Rosenthal is survived by his wife, the former Ruth Moss, whom he married in 1943; a son, Dr. David Rosenthal, of Atlanta; a daughter, Risa Finkel, of Huntington, N.Y.; eight grandchildren and one great-grandchild.

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Father Kooperkamp, the rector of St. Mary's Episcopal Church, explained that with so many of his congregation living in public housing, he was active in local housing issues. He was also helping his neighbors address health concerns, since he has grown tired of burying people before their time. Just a few days earlier, he said, he and several homeless people from the area met with a high-ranking city official.

He led the group through the bustle of 125th Street, toward the subway to their last stop in the Bronx. Incense vendors jostled alongside T-shirt sellers for customers. Bow-tied men hawked The Final Call newspaper while a woman handed out fliers about H.I.V. prevention.

The group emerged at 149th Street and Third Avenue, where a skinny preacher was half-stooped over and shouting in a frenzy. "God loves you!" he screamed. "All of you!"

They made their way up Melrose Avenue, to the church and friary that was home to the Franciscan Friars of the Renewal.

"Finally!" said one of the volunteers. They settled into cafeteria chairs and chatted with various friars.

"These are the giants of compassion for the future," said Adam Seeley, a volunteer with the Presbyterian Church. "It takes heart to do what they do."

As much as he admired them, he did not think he would go to seminary. But he also knew he wanted to keep working with the needy.

"For some reason we're told our generation cares more about Britney Spears," he said. "But these guys working to end poverty, what is more encouraging than that?"

Upstairs, Ben Bear walked into the empty church. When he was growing up in Virginia, his mother had always told him he would be a pastor. He may go to seminary, though he was not sure if he would go on to lead a congregation. Still, the day had left a strong impression on him.

As he went up the main aisle, his voice echoed while he sang "Dona Nobis Pacem," "Give Us Peace." He looked up at the portraits of saints, turned on his heel and slowly walked away. He whistled, ready to join his friends.

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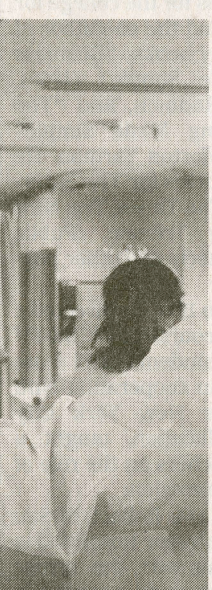
s Leads to Decline in Serious Infections



ÉA FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES

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One person, usually a nurse, acts as the referee by calling, "Timeout!" and checking off the "completed" or "not completed" columns on the list as each step is called out and performed.

Dr. Pronovost, who developed his checklist at Johns Hopkins in 2001 and tested it in more than 100 intensive care units in Michigan in 2003, found that the simple hygiene it takes to avoid many infections can seem like a low priority in the frenzied atmosphere of high-tech medical care.

At Woodhull last week, when the resident called timeout for hand-washing, he was interrupting a team focused on serious and complex issues like the woman's respiratory rate and ratio of body weight to medication.

"What's going on in the critical care units is so complicated that the simple things get overlooked," said Alan Aviles, president of the city's Health and Hospitals Corporation, which administers the 11 municipal hospitals.

Dr. Pronovost, testifying before Congress last month, estimated that infections acquired during treatment affect 1 in 10 patients nationally and kill

broad applications. He likes to illustrate his point by telling how in the Netherlands, "they paint flies on the urinals because they found that men were four times more accurate if aiming at a fly than if they weren't."

"It's a simple intervention to help you focus and execute," he said.

In an article last week in the Journal of the American Medical Association, Dr. Pronovost wrote that the new federal policy of refusing payment for some mistakes in treatment could be flawed because some errors were more preventable than others.

In principle, he said in an interview, "I actually think that's wise policy. People suffer preventable harm in this health care system, regulators and the public get outraged by it, but we haven't been really disciplined in trying to improve it."

At Woodhull, the focus begins in the lobby.

Other than a giant Keith Haring mural, the most prominent décor is a banner that proclaims: "Clean Hands Save Lives."

Patients have been enlisted to spread

In the Shadow of Vesuvius

Dan Hofstadter's Naples is a city of volcanic temperament and glorious decay.

FALLING PALACE
A Romance of Naples.
By Dan Hofstadter.
247 pp. Alfred A. Knopf. $24.

By SHIRLEY HAZZARD

THE late, and greatly missed, John D'Arms, historian of the ancient world, once remarked that those of us long intimate with Naples give close scrutiny to the writings of our fellow Parthenophiles. This is not, I think, from a proprietary impulse (for who can be possessive toward a city that takes irresistible possession?), but from our seeking, in other votaries, an affinity for that incomparable and indefensible metropolis — the last fragment, as one Italian writer has defined it, "of the ancient world still afloat on the surface of modern times."

Naples has been marinating on its bay for close to 3,000 years, originally as a grand colony of ancient Greece and subsequently as a center of Roman naval and commercial power, where society enjoyed, in seaside villas, the high culture of a Hellenic past. Naples held its exclusive position through the 18th century, piling up monuments, miracles, misdeeds and music; changing hands among a succession of ruling houses yet nurturing its peculiar genius even through the loss, in the 1860's, of its territories and hegemony in the unification of Italy. For visitors who now enlist in its enduring revelation, Naples becomes uniquely "The City," as Alexandria became for the poet Constantine Cavafy. There will never again be such a vital and varied continuity, such a people, such a congeries of individuality, or such a richly transmitted and subtle apprehension of the human condition. We do not have the context for it, the receptivity, the humility or the time.

There is no shortcut to Naples. Immediate impressions — volcano, islands, architecture, animation — are dramatic. The vibrant beauty of the setting, as Dan Hofstadter says in his beautiful narrative, is itself "full of expectancy," suggesting, like Vesuvius, that there is more to come. But the absorption is private and long. Hofstadter, whose addiction to the city began in adolescence, notes the sense of deliverance that Naples confers, relieving us of the modern litany of explanations and our delusions of control; releasing us into the classlessness of understanding. Naples is a millennial capital of perception and imagination: "a place" — Hofstadter again — "best or perhaps only grasped through myth and memory and half-remembered dream," where dwelling in its vortex "was like having my ear to the seashell of the world." So, also, Gustav Herling, in his "Volcano and Miracle," has written of those who, at Naples, have felt "in touch with some deeply hidden level of the world."

Hofstadter's book — free of knowingness, charged with experience — is written with the ease of affection and discovery. Subtitled "A Romance of Naples," it is a story of love — for an arcane city and for a girl, Benedetta, who embodies the Neapolitan enigma. The city prevails on every page, in its theatricality, singularity and sagacity, familiarity and formality, erudition and street acuity; its logic and its resilience under adversity. Naples has little to say to the fast-forward of modern tourism; but whoever lingers in its long adventure, learns its languages and submits to it as to a teeming work of art, will be changed. Will come to feel, with Goethe at Naples in 1787, "Either you were mad before, or you are mad now."

Hofstadter's title, "Falling Palace," invokes this strange compound of magnificence, energy, intelligence and decay. It touches, also, on the disconcerting tendency of old, elegant Neapolitan buildings to shed their stuccoed facades without warning, as if in realization that their hour has struck. An indefinable tension and slow slithering precede the cloudy avalanche of mortar, marble and pastel stucco in which, it seems, a vital sliver of Naples itself occasionally drops away. Hofstadter connects this, as I do, to pervasively Vesuvian qualities of drama and fatalism in the Neapolitan ethos: "The city was volcanic not only in substance. . . . There was something of brimstone and pumice in the Neapolitan spirit. . . . The people of Naples had had to accept the fact that civilization exists only on geological sufferance." In full view of Nature's generosity, they are mindful of Nature's indifference.

In their many churches, Neapolitans worship a Christian deity. They also keep a propitiatory eye on the gods of their predecessors. Only Naples — bombarded by both sides during World War II — could, and did, provide, in March 1944, the simultaneous fiery spectacle of a city in man-made flames while its volcano flared into eruption, lighting the sky as far as Sicily, as if in primeval disdain for the paltry squabbles of men.

The oddities of Hofstadter's wide range of cronies — utterly remote from the touristic caricature of the Neapolitan as quaint, infantile or exclusively villainous — illustrate the tolerant sociability of the populace: an ambulance driver of elegant speech has "the faceted facial bones of a poet or an aristocrat"; a fashionable photographer enjoys "the good fortune to be amazed at his own surroundings." Well-represented also are the city's "permanently unemployed prodigies," passing their lives "in drafty, high-ceilinged apartments, making the best of chipped china and threadbare linens." Some of these aging savants are steeped in Nietzsche, while others "struggled with Fermat's last theorem or worked on a new translation of Chekhov's plays or a biography of Cimarosa . . . and talked and talked."

Speech here runs a wide gamut from highly cultivated Italian with Neapolitan inflections through basic Italian with intensifying degrees of Neapolitan accent sometimes infused with dialect words; to the dialect itself, rapid and undiluted, a tongue in which, as Hofstadter splendidly puts it, "syllables seem expendable, like the outer leaves of an artichoke." No significant speech is complete without the lively precision of traditional gesture, particularly when the speaker is male. Italian gesture has nothing to do with the "body language" of elsewhere, whose modern flailings often seek to compensate for diminished vocabulary. The gestures of Naples originate in an eloquence that summons every auxiliary in its bravura exercise. Among Hofstadter's friends is a raconteur whose hands "molded the air, kneading it, cutting it like a baker. Drawing a distinction, Gigi gave you two loaves of air, pushed neatly apart with both hands."



VIKTOR KOEN

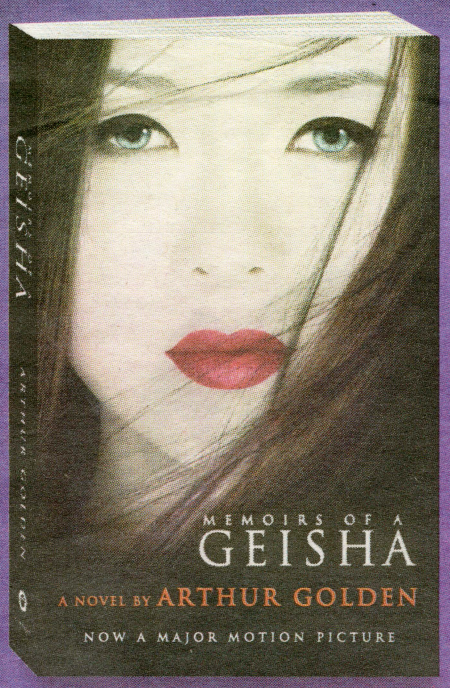
The visible Naples of today is underlain for miles by the layered survival of its former selves — the ancient Greek and Roman streets and constructions that, surfacing in outcroppings and excavations, signal the scarcely buried consciousness of millenniums, endorsing the city's propensity for metaphor, memory and dream. Some sections of that vast underground are readily visitable in the central district called Spaccanapoli, which lies along the Greco-Roman axis. Hofstadter, however, has penetrated the extended labyrinth, and his account of his explorations, literally breathtaking, is lyrical in the Neapolitan tradition: "I came to realize that if I'd been able to obtain permission I could have walked most of the way across Naples without surfacing. The netherworld was as labyrinthine as an owl's ear, an endless succession of plutonian chambers, some dank and dripping, others powdery and airless, some black as pitch, others illuminated by clerestories pierced at street level. . . . The multiplicity of hidden cavities boggled the mind."

Engrossing books about Naples, in English, have been rare. Hofstadter's outstanding contribution comes in the wake of Caroline Bruzelius's handsome study of the medieval city, "The Stones of Naples." These celebrations run counter to the painful chronicle of contemporary Neapolitan woes. The city suffers from unemployment, drug traffic, street crime and the outrages of the Camorra, a criminal clan analogous to the Sicilian mafia. A recent issue of the Italian weekly L'Espresso featured a cover story titled "Napoli Addio" — Goodbye, Naples. Naples cannot evaporate. But if its sumptuous palace were to fall at last into degraded obscurity it would carry down with it great beauty, irretrievable testimony and insight; a spectral sympathy with all our human story. □

In Hofstadter's view, Naples is 'best or perhaps only grasped through myth and memory and half-remembered dream.'

Shirley Hazzard's novel "The Bay of Noon" is set in Naples. Her most recent novel, "The Great Fire," received a National Book Award in 2003.

Dec. 11 '05



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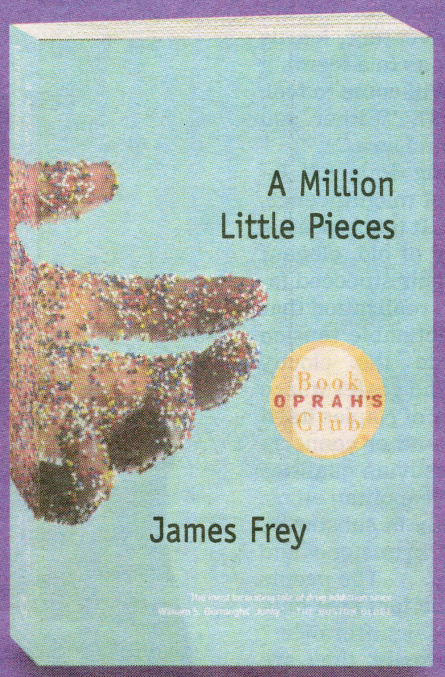

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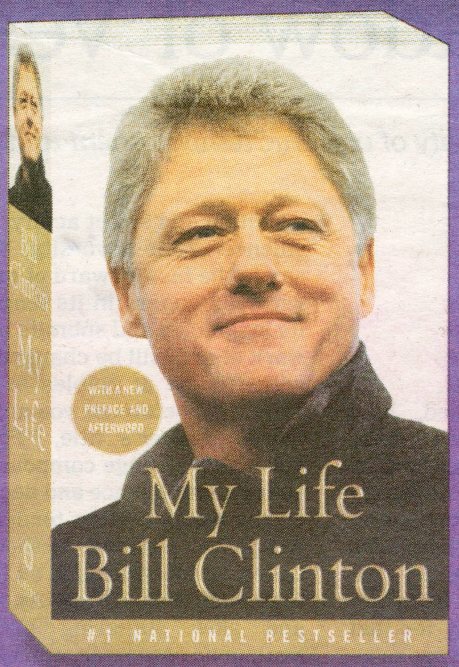

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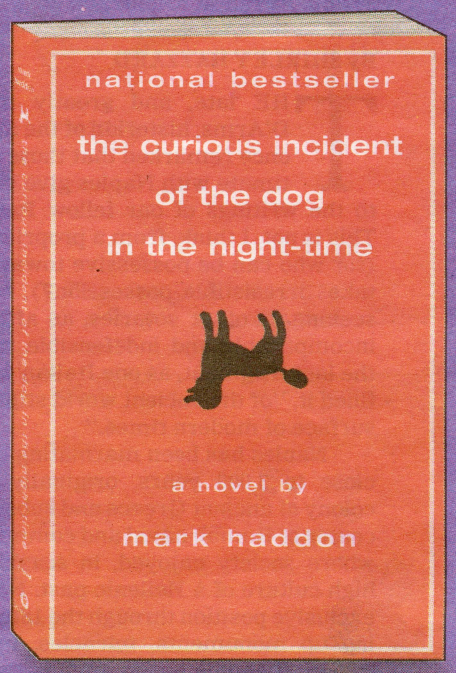

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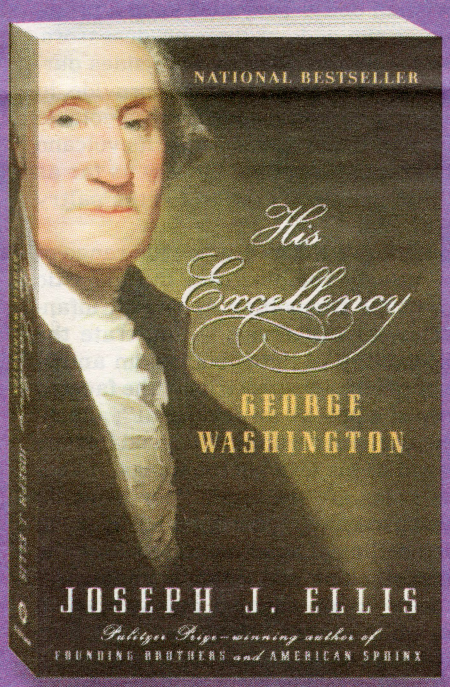

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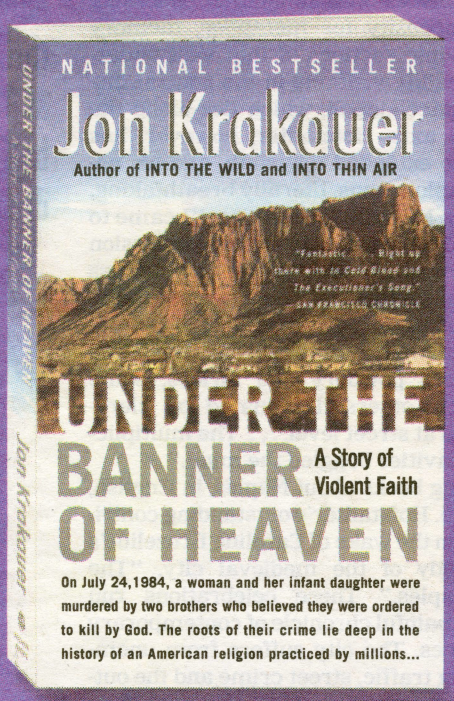

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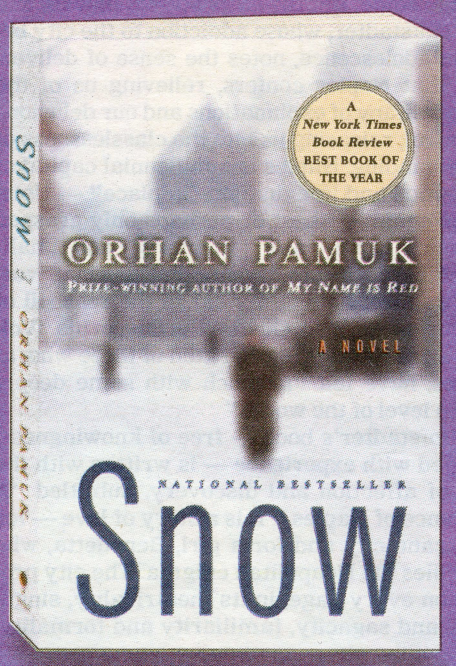

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MICHAEL DIRDA

A season to remember the transforming power of sacred language.

W.H. Auden used to warn against those who read the Bible for its prose. Ignore this advice. The hoopla of the next few weeks should be interrupted from time to time with quiet moments when we reflect on our lives and the years past and to come, and one of the best ways to do this is by meditating on grave and noble sentences. So, whether believer or not, turn to the Gospel of Luke:

"And it came to pass in those days, that there went out a decree from Caesar Augustus, that all the world should be taxed. . . . And Joseph also went up from Galilee, out of the city of Nazareth, into Judea, unto the city of David, which is called Bethlehem (because he was of the house and lineage of David), to be taxed with Mary his espoused wife, being great with child. And so it was, that, while they were there, the days were accomplished that she should be delivered. And she brought forth her firstborn son, and wrapped him in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger; because there was no room for them in the inn."

As a boy, I would hear these words spoken aloud toward the end of December, year after year, and they never failed to deliver a shivery thrill of pleasure. I used to wonder why. The sentences were utterly plain, both in diction and syntax. Neither did they possess any narrative excitement, since I knew the story already, indeed knew it far better than any other in all the world. But the language — like that of so many other passages from the Bible — enchanted me with what I now think of as its deeply felt seriousness.

The solemn harmonies of such prose are largely ignored in these days of text-messaging and political newspeak. Even among our stylists, we prefer breeziness and irony, sometimes laced with snarky wit and street vulgarity. This "in your face" writing somehow feels personal and honest, more sincere or authentic than an elevated and poetical diction. No one wants epithets like "pontifical," "sermonizing" or "artificial" attached to his writing. Nonetheless, there are times when only the full organ roll of liturgical prose can match the glory or sacredness of the occasion. These are, of course, those times when we make our way to church or synagogue for weddings, funerals and religious holy days.

In English there are five main sources for this kind of religious eloquence: The King James version of the Bible, the Book of Common Prayer, *The Pilgrim's Progress* by John Bunyan, the hymns of writers like Isaac Watts, Charles Wesley and others, and the classical traditions of oratory and homily. What links them all is a Shaker plainness and cleanness of diction, just barely covering profound spiritual conviction and emotion. This is, in short, the speech of men and women doing the Lord's work, honoring him and praising him with due reverence, ceremony and fervor.

For instance, what soul doesn't feel, as well as hear, the sorrowful music in the Prayer Book's "Order for the Burial of the Dead"?

"Man that is born of a woman hath but a short time to live, and is full of misery. He cometh up and is cut down like a flower; he flieth as it were a shadow, and never continueth in one stay. In the midst of life we be in death." I quote the 1559 Elizabethan version of these words, the version known to Shakespeare and the Renaissance (and now again available in a handsome volume, edited by John E. Booty, from the University of Virginia/Folger Shakespeare Library). These magnificently somber phrases eventually build to one of the great climaxes in English literature:

"Behold, I show you a mystery. We shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed, and that in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye by the last trump. For the trump shall blow, and the dead shall rise incorruptible, and we shall be changed. . . . Death where is thy sting? Hell where is thy victory?"

To some readers, those last two emotion-filled questions may be better known from the final pages of *The Pilgrim's Progress*, when Mr. Valiant-for-Truth enters the river of death and pronounces the same words (though he substitutes "Grave" for "Hell"). As wonderful as they are, these phrases merely cap a farewell speech that would be right at home in Middle Earth: "I am going to my fathers," announces this battle-worn soldier of Christ, "and though with great difficulty I am got hither, yet now I do not repent me of all the trouble I have been at to arrive where I am. My sword, I give to him that shall succeed me in my pilgrimage, and my courage and skill, to him that can get it. My marks and scars I carry with me, to be a witness for me that I have fought his battles who now will be my rewarder." Bunyan then concludes with positively Handelian grandeur: "So he passed over, and all the trumpets sounded for him on the other side."

Theologically, the graceful moderation of the established Church of England was anathema to the ardently Puritan Bunyan. But, apart from the Old and New Testaments, no religious texts have more influenced the English-speaking imagination than the Book of Common Prayer and *The Pilgrim's Progress*. The simple beauty of the Prayer Book's prose, especially in its collects (generally thought to have been composed by Archbishop Thomas Cranmer), displays perfect pitch for sound and rhythmical balance:

"Almighty and most merciful Father, we have erred and strayed from thy ways, like lost sheep. We have followed too much the devices and desires of our own hearts. We have offended against thy holy laws. We have left undone those things which we ought to have done, and we have done those things which we ought not to have done, and there is no health in us."

Bunyan, in his turn, wrote what Bernard Shaw thought was the most perfect English, at once clear and forceful. Certainly his phrases and dramatis personae have passed into common parlance: "Fly from the wrath to come." "I have laid my hand to the plough." "The Slough of Despond." "The Giant Despair." "The Delectable Mountains." "Vanity-Fair." But besides the allegorical figures (Christian, Mr. Worldly-Wiseman), Bunyan also uses such surprisingly modern phrases as "spending money" and "Were you doers, or talkers only?"

And he ends Part One with a chilling sentence. Ignorance has arrived at the Celestial City and knocks on the door. So very close to his heavenly goal, he nonetheless lacks the proper "certificate" and is suddenly, unexpectedly damned, bound hand and foot, and thrust by angels through a door in the side of a hill. Writes Bunyan: "Then I saw that there was a way to Hell, even from the Gates of Heaven, as well as from the City of Destruction." On which harrowing note he brings his original vision to a close: "So I awoke, and behold, it was a Dream."

Such declamatory moments remind us that Bunyan passed much of his life, when not in prison, preaching in the open air. In our era of so much bland speech-making, we sometimes forget about this sheer power of oratory. Great preachers even now preserve its tradition, one in which human elocution alone, backed by passionate conviction and a desire to save souls, can bring people to tears, to their knees or to their feet. Think, for a supreme example, of Martin Luther King Jr.

The almost legendary 18th-century preacher George Whitefield was so magnificent a speaker that the atheist philosopher David Hume declared that he would travel 20 miles on foot to hear him. Once, every high-school student read, with growing terror, the rolling periods of Jonathan Edwards's sermon "Sinners in the Hands of an Angry God." After describing the horrors of the pit, he reminds us of the sharp precariousness of life:

"The bow of God's wrath is bent, and the arrow made ready on the string, and justice bends the arrow at your heart, and strains the bow, and it is nothing but the mere pleasure of God, and that of an angry God, without any promise or obligation at all, that keeps the arrow one moment from being made drunk with your blood."

Our preachers grow most eloquent when describing hell-fire. But our hymns and carols sing of God's mercy and loving-kindness. Here the words tend to be simple and profoundly moving, a truly populist poetry. We cannot read them without the memory of many voices sounding forth on Sunday morning:

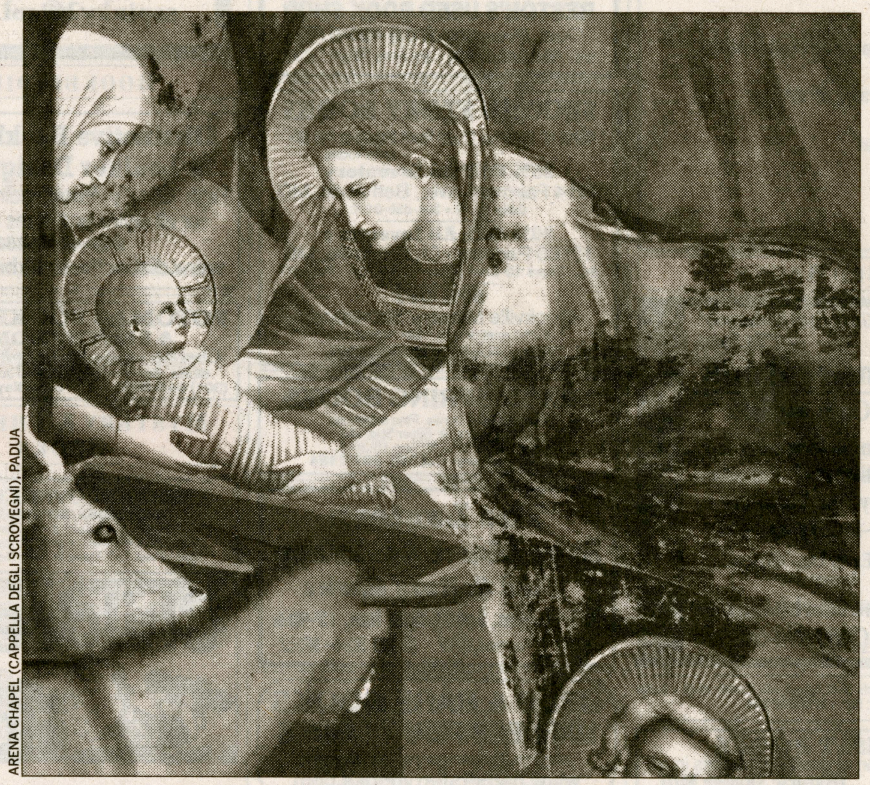
O God, our Help in ages past,
Our Hope for years to come,
Our Shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal Home

— *Isaac Watts*

From H.F. Lyte's "Abide with me" and Blake's "Jerusalem" to "We Shall Overcome," these are the songs that see us through the hardest times. Like the Bible, Prayer Book and Bunyan, like the resounding voices of great preachers, they ask us to think about our lives and how we conduct them. It is good that we should do this. They feed what Philip Larkin called the hunger to be more serious that lies within each of us, even the agnostic. But at Christmas we should, above all, lift our hearts — and voices — in joy and hopefulness. In the words of Charles Wesley and George Whitefield:

Hark! the herald angels sing,
"Glory to the new-born King!
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled."

Above all, let us hope again this year, as every year, for peace on earth. ■



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Michael Dirda is a critic for Book World. His e-mail address is mdirda@gmail.com, and his online discussion of books takes place each Wednesday at 2 p.m. on washingtonpost.com.

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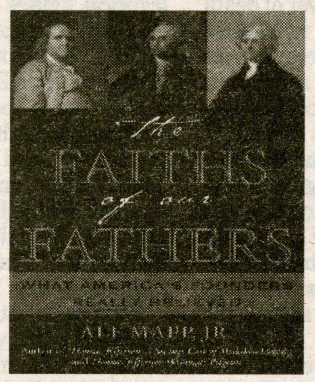

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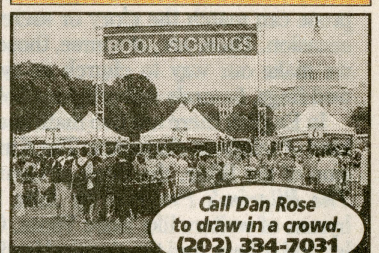

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frenchies or frogs. This is the Bowery district—the "Bouverie." This region of old Dutch farms had a very bad name down to the end of the nineteenth century, until new arteries (especially Canal Street, in the line of Manhattan Bridge) had let in a little air and light and social order into what the religious missions who hunted down vice hereabouts delighted to call "a den of iniquity." Here are no more dollars, no more elevators, no more skyscrapers; only misery, dirt, blood-red houses of two or three stories, with tiny courtyards which would be better termed air-wells, and iron fire-escapes chiefly used for drying clothes. There is no sign of the delightful country road dotted with taverns which used to open suddenly into the country beyond the slaughter-house, the road along which Washington made his entry into New York on the heels of the British soldiery. The "L" runs with black din on the level of the second floors, making daytime darkness on the streets below. At high noon a few pale rays slip through the metallic scaffolding, making one think of the *souks* of Fez, where the filtered sun only just manages to pierce the denseness of the vines.

 Paul Morand

In point of fact, there is no crime now in the Bowery. New York crime at the present day is either a business of pitched battles of bootleggers on the West Side docks, in the shadow of the great Atlantic liners, or armed attacks on jewelers' shops in rich districts. Throughout the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, the gangsters were considered lords of the district. What exactly were these apaches? Herbert Asbury's excellent book, *The Gangs of New York*, has lately informed us. The gang-leaders were thieves, gamblers, fences and murderers, at the head of a powerful and devoted band of followers; being in the pay of municipal politicians to manipulate the ballot-box when necessary, they could count at other times on immunity. Working in gangs, especially during riots or fires, they spent their leisure in dancing- and drinking-dives, or in betting on cock-fights. Certain good-for-nothings known as dock-rats specialized in ripping open newly landed merchandise, and in robbing sailors in the low resorts of South Street. Their misdeeds reached a peak during and just after the Civil War, when, under the eye of a third-rate police force and a complacent

they also sell those popular sausages taken out of boiling water and served as a sandwich, the "hot dog" made famous in Europe by Chaplin's *A Dog's Life*. The only luxury, the only color, in those poor quarters is the fruit.

And now I am in West Broadway, which must not be confused with the great central Broadway. I can see the Woolworth Building, from outside this time, in better perspective than from close to in Broadway. Its straining after Gothic effects brings back fond memories of the spire of Rouen, the tower of Saint-Jacques. . . .

Reaching the corner of Cortlandt and Greenwich Streets, I suddenly hear music. I look round. Nothing. Some Negro porters go on unloading a truck, the Irish doorkeeper is sweeping, children are coming back from school—and none of them seems surprised. . . . And yet it's not ventriloquists, it's not a band; the whole neighborhood is vibrant and echoing with music, singing different things at the same time. And looking up, I see that ebonite trumpets, loud-speakers, are pointing at me on every side. This is the radio district, and all these shops here, their windows

crammed to the ceiling, are offering Japanese cabinets, fireproof, Gothic, on installments of thirty cents a week; reception-sets, amplifiers, gleaming valves, spools of copper wire, aerials, fixed or portable apparatus, while the mysterious trumpets, thrusting forth their cavernous or hawking voices from the void, announce a symphony by Grossermann, immediately interrupted by the saxophone of Perlmutter, graced by the jazz band of the St. Regis Hotel, conducted by Warshawsky; suddenly it is crossed by the shouting publicity of Palmolive, and then come the injunctions of a bishop, instantly jostled by a soprano's high C, whilst in gathering fullness surge up the prophetic tones of the lecturer Weintraub, who is just beginning to-day his course on "Are parents entitled to bring up their children?" at 4:18 P.M. on 860 kw., WBBR, Staten Island.*

The streets are swept by a healthy cold, keen with the wind blowing up from the two river mouths. So keen does it turn in the evening, that in brasiers made out of old refuse-

* This outdoor loud-speaker evil has been remedied since the Anti-noise Campaign was inaugurated recently.

mingo and the slave rising there. Moreau de Saint-Méry, one of their number, never drank anything but water and thus attracted the reproaches of an American: "He told me," he wrote, "that if I persisted in never drinking wine, my life was threatened." And Moreau adds: "The streets are not very clean, and one sees cows and pigs wandering about them. . . . At every door are two benches where people can take the air in summer-time." A little later this Latin Quarter took the name of the French Quarter. The French exiles of the Commune came here, lashing M. Thiers and playing piquet at the Taverne Alsacienne or the Ville de Rouen, where there were also some old Republican exiles who were still not confident that the Emperor had really fallen. It was in Greenwich Village, in the tragic summer of 1865, that a young French doctor with a passion for politics discovered America, and learned to understand her at a decisive hour of her destiny, here in the atmosphere of night-time political meetings and editorial rooms; between giving lessons to tradesmen's sons, this young man, sitting at Pfaff's or in the French cafés, would be indit-

ing articles filled with mystical radicalism, born doubtless of his mother's Protestantism and his father's free thought, which he sent anonymously to the *Journal des Débats*. His name was Georges Clemenceau.

At the present day, there is not strictly speaking a French quarter in New York. The Savoyards and Basques and Bretons of yesterday have given place to a floating population of uncertain occupations. All along the West Side docks a certain number of sailors and cooks from French vessels, more or less deserters, have set up small backstairs businesses. We shall see them again later. Nevertheless, in the neighborhood of Twenty-fourth and Thirty-fourth Streets, there still exists a whole Little France lost in the greatness of New York. It centers round Notre-Dame de la Miséricorde, St. Vincent-de-Paul, and, further up, the French Hospital. French citizens number about thirty thousand, almost all house servants or hair-dressers. About one-third returned to France on mobilization; the remainder keep up a sentimental link with the country of their origin, but with the second generation this begins to weaken. For ten

years the French in New York have tended to go further uptown, about thirty blocks, but always in the neighborhood of Eighth Avenue.

Leaving the Village behind me, I come out suddenly on to a glowing square, which, although now restricted on the west by recent buildings, frames an exact square of pearly sky in wonderful movement. It is bounded on the north by a row of red houses—that red which seems like a last lingering memory of Holland—houses in the old American style, distinguished and upstanding. This is Washington Square, with its meager trees and dry lines that make one think of the early Corots, of his pre-Italian period; here, as almost everywhere else in New York, there is nothing of what artists might call "stickiness," nothing "laid on thick"—everything is dry and clean-lined. Washington Square was the center of the Knickerbocker aristocracy of 1840, the background of Henry James' most famous novels, as also of O. Henry's best sketches and Edith Wharton's most loving pages . . . Washington Square, from which, in royal radiance, unhesitating, Fifth Avenue shoots through the hoop of Washington Arch like a

lovely tulip! Here, in the middle years of last century, an artist and drawing-master, Samuel Morse by name, assembled a few friends and tried to communicate with them by means of an electric wire. Mark Twain lived there. . . . Troops were marshaled here during the War of 1812. Earlier still, Washington Square had been the charnel-house for the black slaves of New Amsterdam, and thousands of prognathous skulls lie resting beneath its colorless grass; when the archeologists of centuries come to bring them to light, they will certainly believe in some solid link between America and Africa.

The square, said Henry James, "has a kind of established repose which is not of frequent occurrence in other quarters of the long, shrill city; it has a riper, richer, more honorable look than any of the ramifications of the great longitudinal thoroughfare—the look of having had something of a social history."

When you leave Washington Square and find yourself back in the New York of to-day, it is like leaving the earth for a season in Hell. Washington Square, "a quiet and genteel retirement," seems like the entrance to a sub-

II

MIDTOWN

THE streets of old New York, tortuous as the brain of a European, are distinguished by proper names—the last vestige of the Dutch occupation. After 1807 Gouverneur Morris invented an extremely simple plan which was then applied to the new sections of the town: above the downtown area, New York since his day has been divided right along its length by a certain number of avenues, some of which are distinguished by letters (A, B, C and D), the others by numbers (from 1 to 12), and a few, the exceptions, by names (Lexington, Park, Madison Avenues, and Broadway). The streets meet these like fishbones joined to the backbone. The dorsal bone is Fifth Avenue, formerly called Centre Street; and all the cross-streets between this Avenue and the Hudson are West Streets, while the East Streets start from Fifth

Avenue and run over to the East River. As it has been remarked, it is easy to steer one's course in New York by latitude and longitude, as at sea. A New York address reads very simply: 131 West 32nd—which means No. 131 west of Fifth Avenue in the thirty-second street. The space between two streets is known as a "block."

New York has been described by Sarah Lockwood as a young giant three hundred years old and twelve miles high, lying on his back; his feet are at the Battery, and his straight backbone is Fifth Avenue, with the cross-streets as his ribs; his eyes are Broadway and Park Avenue is his liver; his stomach, the two stations; his head is in Harlem, and his arms stretch down the two rivers; he keeps his money in his boot, in a safe place called Wall Street; and as for his heart, she says, he has none. . . .

Fifth Avenue emerged into the world in 1824, but it had to wait forty years before acquiring any status. Dickens visited New York in 1842 and does not even mention it; the Avenue is still only a projection from Washington

boots, under which was written in letters of gold:

THESE HISTORIC SHOES BELONGED TO CHARLIE CHAPLIN. THEY ARE INSURED FOR TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS

Leaving Madison Avenue, I pass along Thirty-sixth Street, which it is surprising to find peaceful, silent, almost deserted. This palace of white marble is the Pierpont Morgan Library, standing close to the home of its owner. I have an appointment with the learned and cultured librarian, Miss Belle Greene. While waiting, I am delighted to be entrusted with the key, and the first book I take down, its binding decorated with arms, is the first quarto edition of *Le Misanthrope;* I soon notice that all the original editions of the French seventeenth century are before me. Miss Greene shows me round the manuscripts with their illuminated borders and capitals. My eye chances to alight on an English book of the Gospels produced for the son of Count Baldwin of Flanders or an English bestiary of the twelfth century, one of the few lay manuscripts of this period, and again on the "Mont

St. Michel" Missal of the eleventh century; I am shown the scenes of the Life of Christ, by St. Martial of Limoges, the only replica of which is in the Vatican. And then some unique items, such as that Old Testament of the ninth century, of the Rheims school, still perfectly fresh, or the seventh-century Gospel on purple-tinted vellum, the color of dried rose-petals, written entirely in letters of gold, and later presented by the Pope to Henry VIII of England.

"You mustn't go before you've seen some French manuscripts which will interest you," said Miss Greene. "The English MSS. are countless, of course. We have almost everything of Byron and Scott and so on. . . ."

Her secretary came in at once, her arms full of a fresh harvest. What do these crushed morocco bindings contain? The first I open is Lamartine's *Voyage en Orient;* those stout volumes are the *Journal d'Exil* of Victor Hugo, almost entirely unpublished; and here again is *La Pucelle d'Orléans* and sundry other essays in the hand of Voltaire, letters of Bossuet and Racine, the series of letters from Marie Antoinette to Mercy Argenteau.

Nana, Béranger's *Chansons.* . . . Suddenly I opened the manuscript of *Eugénie Grandet,* presented by the author to Madame Hanska in December, 1833. So it wasn't in the Lovenjoul collection? How fresh the ink looks still! And here I am, deep in Balzac, a few yards from Madison Avenue, here in New York, a city made for him! How moving it is to find again these additions and subtractions of the author, all his anxious arithmetic! "10,000 francs, 6000 cash," drawings, profiles, snub noses, pointed noses, nervously sketched whilst seeking an idea. On the right-hand pages are daily appointments, purchases of antiques—of course: "go to the 'Europe' . . . see hairdresser . . . candelabra . . ." And then a plan of his future house: ground floor, large drawing-room, dining-room, billiard-room, reception-room, space for staircase, peristyle and second floor, library, staircase, drawing-room . . ." Then another sum: "2850 francs." And there, even on the text, round moons, large dark brown rings which can only be the marks of coffee cups!

Going further up Madison Avenue—up, in both senses of the word, for between Thirty-

fourth and Forty-second Streets it rises, at the point known as Murray Hill, where Washington valiantly covered the retreat of his troops —I pass in front of the Biltmore Hotel, and halt on the level of Forty-fifth Street in front of the great sports shop, Abercrombie & Fitch's. Its windows thrill me, preceding, heralding, commenting on the seasons. Great cardboard fish represent the giant tarpon of Florida, which nobody could fail to catch on their airy leaps if he were equipped like this wax figure here, with all these reels and landing-nets fixed round the waist with the help of a complex affair of straps. To see them in the aquarium of this window as you pass is to long suddenly for spring. But in the neighboring display it is still winter, winter in terms of poetry, with kidskin coats, snowshoes, and skates covered with borax simulating snow.

At Forty-sixth Street there advances on Madison Avenue the portico of the Ritz-Carlton, known to all New Yorkers.

Unlike London and Paris, New York does not possess a number of good old hotels. The old Fifth Avenue Hotel, for instance, was replaced by the Waldorf, which was in turn de-

race, have likewise come from beyond the Rhine? A dogged and honest worker, the German was one of New York's creators. And even to-day the immigration laws are particularly favorable to him, for Germany's quota of immigrants to the United States is as large as that of the whole of Eastern and Mediterranean Europe combined.

After Hell Gate, that is to say after the East River rapids, I reach the edge of Third Avenue, at the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research. I ask for Dr. Carrel, the Frenchman whose work on cancer reflects such honor on his country; but he is in Paris, and I come down again by Lexington Avenue through a line of hospitals and medical institutions.

Fire station. One would like to set fire to New York, simply for the joy of watching the firemen go by. They look like the servants of fire, rather than its masters. It is a great spectacle to see those high scarlet engines with their nickeled bells and their long projecting ladders, with the leather-helmeted firemen clinging to them, looking at once warlike and civic, like the figures in the "Night Watch,"

trampling with their great boots on the ringed bodies of the metal serpents. Nowhere do firemen rush to and fro so much as here. They dash out at every opportunity. New York has retained a constant dread of fire from the days when the town was all of wood: everywhere are fire-escape staircases, fire-proof walls, outside stairs, emergency exits; every few yards there is a fire-alarm or a fire-hydrant as big as a siege-gun. The firemen arrive on the scene of the outbreak forty seconds after the alarm. Everything stops at the first piercing wail of their sirens and the accompanying clang of the bells, and the engines, beautiful as fire itself, go past with the swiftness of flames. I should like to be one of the six thousand firemen in New York—or better still, their chief, were it only to have his annual salary of $12,500. The fire insurance companies, in addition, have their own body of auxiliary firemen, the Salvage Corps, maintained at their joint expense.

Towards Park Avenue, by way of Lexington and Madison. I am passing through a quarter which seems particularly devoted to beauty. The New York woman, as every one knows,

which one breathes everywhere from New York to Florida." Formerly, the sight of our masterpieces taking wing for the United States left us exclaiming, "One more lost!" But now the thought comes—"One more saved!" Perturbed by the prospects of the morrow, our great luxury businesses—Guerlain, Lenthéric, Coty, Houbigant, Saint-Gobain, and the like—are setting up factories in New York; and perhaps our artists also will go to seek a haven there for that luxury article, thought.* President Butler of Columbia said to me: "New York will be the center of the Western world, the refuge of Western culture."

In the course of history, Mother Europe has sent to New York the children she wanted to punish—for being Huguenots or Quakers, poor or Jewish, or simply for being younger sons. She thought she was shutting them up in a dark closet, and it turned out to be the jam cupboard. To-day those children are grown up; they are the center of the universe; they have ceased to live in colonial isolation, harassed by an inferiority complex; they are

* "The Party has no need of intellectuals"—Lenin.—P. M.

no longer afraid of being called provincial or of being laughed at. Homesickness for the mother countries is vanishing from their consciousness. The Middle West and California never speak of Europe. But New York thinks of it and is deeply concerned about it, for New York is less simple-minded, less narrowly patriotic, less childish, more tolerant, more intelligent. It is through New York alone that our ideas penetrate the United States. And that is why we must handle carefully the bond with a continent which is only too much inclined to have no more to do with us, and has become so harsh and inhuman towards everything except its own welfare.

New York is not young; it is older than St. Petersburg. Its adventure will be ours. To protect ourselves against the novelties of Broadway is simply to refuse that preëstablished order which is called the future. "All in all, then," Cocteau said to me, "you're going to New York to have your hand read." Exactly—and then to apply to Europe such things as I saw there, and so make prophecies. Some people declare that there is nothing original in New York. But meanwhile, it has

to the same noise, like thousands of roller-skates. Edison has said in an interview that sleep is the last relic of prehistoric ages, when men slept because they had nothing better to do in the darkness.

Everything goes fast. The wind blows at ninety miles an hour, swaying the sky-scrapers; snowstorms and summer tornadoes swoop down like boxer's blows. Nobody walks; you jump from a Yellow taxi into a Checker taxi, from a horizontal tube into a vertical one; one's life is impulsion; the telephone is an automatic gun, with which you can rake whole districts in a few minutes.

People hustle each other good-humoredly. Everything is cheerful, yet terrible. Broadway's lights and fanfares are not destined to make one forget life, but to intensify it tenfold. Distractions are set alongside toil, as in a gold rush. The wear and tear is terrible, people fall and are carried off, the game goes on. If you are too young, too old, too tired, you live elsewhere: on the island one lives amongst adults. Nobody now lives in New York for pleasure. One stays there just long enough to make one's fortune. Every one

works as hard as possible, for as few years as possible. After forty, the lucky ones begin tarpon-fishing at Key West; at fifty one goes to play golf at Cannes; at sixty, one presents a stadium to Columbia University, a libation on the altar of Fortune, but lives in Fiesole.

Luxury is the same for all—it is pseudo-luxury. For the other sort one must still, for some time longer, look to Europe. Fashions last only a week. "Where are the ordinary people?" exclaimed Lafayette when he landed at the Battery. "Everybody is well dressed." Fashions swell out these millions of inhabitants, make them rise like a crust, add to their natural fermentation. The thrill, the enthusiasm, the ruling emotion, the needful excitement, are followed by prostration and instant oblivion. Variety—variety.

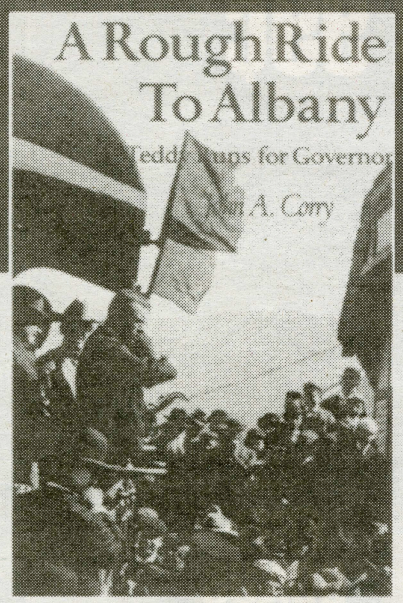
New York is supercharged with electricity. People undress at night amid sparks crackling on the skin like purple vermin. If you touch a door-handle or a telephone after rubbing the carpet, there is an electric discharge, blue flashes on your fingertips. "I shake your hand at a distance," Claudel wrote to me from Washington, "happy to save you a shock."

examples of how hilarious Thornton Wilder could be in letters to friends:

The Enthusiast, pp. 319-20 letter to Frank Sullivan abt lunch w/ Carson McCullers & Djuna Barnes, plus his last fond graf to Sullivan full of deliberate cliches.

" " , pp. 126-8, description of him teaching a class @ U of Chicago

To Become President Theodore Roosevelt Had to Win His Toughest Campaign



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By John Berger.
264 pp. New York:
Pantheon Books. $24.

By David Thomson

RESIST this if you can: "He usually drew with a chalk — either red or black. The softness of this medium enabled him to achieve the gentle, undulating sense of movement that is typical of his drawing. He described as no other artist has done the way silk falls and the way the light falls on the falling silk. His boats ride on the swell of the sea and the light glances along their hulls with the same undulating rhythm. His studies of animals are full of the *fluency* of animal movement. Everything has its tidal movement, slow or edging — look at the cats' fur, the children's hair, the convolutions of the shell, the cascade of the mantle, the whirlpool of the three grotesque faces, the gentle river-bend of the nude flowing to the floor, the delta-like folds across the Persian's gown. Everything is in flux. But within this flux, Watteau placed his accents, his marks of certainty that are impervious to every current. These marks make a cheek turn, a thumb articulate with a wrist, a breast press against an arm, an eye fit into its socket, a doorway have depth or a mantle circle a head. They cut into every drawing, like slits in silk, to reveal the anatomy beneath the sheen."

You can call that "art criticism," if you choose, and there was a time of his life, in London, when John Berger was an art critic, doing his column for The New Statesman or New Society. I am talking about a period from the 1950's well into the 70's, when London was crowded with lively, learned voices on art (David Sylvester, Bryan Robertson, Lawrence Gowing, Andrew Forge). But Berger was different, even then, rather to the left of the others but enclosed in his shy, gentle intensity. Yet "enclosed" is the wrong word, for it gives an impression that he was cut off or removed. Whereas, like Watteau, whose fluency he urges us to see, he was — and is still — engaged in an effort to flow into all that he feels around him. And what he wrote was art itself.

So it was known that John Berger had done early novels — "Corker's Freedom" and "A Painter of Our Time." It was plain that his sense of art was embedded in society and political ideas. There was a brilliant piece on Francis Bacon, done in 1972, which took the reader into the fearsome Bacon pictures and emerged with the stunning insight that the real comparison was with the way catastrophe had erased mind in the art of Walt Disney.

The gentleness did not hide his great daring. He was always seeking new ways of doing books. In 1965, as an original for Penguin (straight into paperback), he did "The Success and Failure of Picasso," rich in admiration for the revolution of Cubism, deeply moved by the sensuality of the paintings of women, yet thoroughly alarmed by the cultural consequences of the auction-room phenomenon of Picasso (still alive then, still manipulating his dealers). That was a book that altered attitudes as to how a living artist might be assessed. Two years later, using the photographs of Jean Mohr not as illustration but as integrated text, he composed "A Fortunate Man," a portrait of an English country doctor that eschewed all sentimental anecdotage but pondered the nature of medical service and community, as well as our acceptance of, and need for, death.

And then in one year — 1972, a time of astonishing ferment for Berger — he published a novel called "G" that won the Booker Prize, and he took on television itself. Not just as a subject, but as a kind of guide or preacher, on camera, for a series called "Ways of Seeing" that some of us rate as vital to our education, a series that began with Berger, a spellbinder on the screen, with a slight lisp that could seem like whispered intimacy: "It is seeing which establishes our place in the surrounding world; we explain that world with words, but words can never undo the fact that we are surrounded by it."

That was what he had been on about all the time. Yes, John Berger loved art — he had studied to be a painter once — but in the end, or by 1972, he knew that its importance was in helping us face our surrounds — put another way, are we surrounded (as in enclosed), or are we flowing into that larger world?

Well, that was nearly 30 years ago, and John Berger now is 75 — a proper age for this salute in the form of "The Shape of a Pocket," a collection of short, radiant essays on things seen, and the much larger "Selected Essays," written over nearly 50 years. The choice is Geoff Dyer's, and he supplies a fond and very useful introduction. But he omits something I can add here.

In 1972, Berger was at a dizzy height in London (and beyond). He only added to his fame by responding to the Booker Prize (it was £5,000 then) with a proviso: that Booker fortune came from exploitation of the Caribbean, so half the money would go to the Black Panthers, and the other half to underwrite research on immigrant labor in Europe. Some thought that speech self-serving (it is included in "Selected Essays"), and there has always been a little of the self-dramatist in Berger. But that way of handling Booker was a guide to Berger's future.

He backed off from London and celebrity — long before the Groucho Club. He went to live in the French Alps, in conditions of great simplicity (there is an essay in the selection on burying a season's excrement). He pursued the subject of immigration in a series of books ("A Seventh Man," "Into Their Labours," "To the Wedding"). He found friendship with the Swiss filmmaker Alain Tanner (one of the least self-promoting film directors in the world) and did screenplays for him. And he has continued to write essays on art, photography and the way in which seeing places us in the whole world.

Walter Benjamin is an obvious comparison, and Berger admits that influence. I would add Chris Marker, the still little-known genius of documentary and what one might call "films from my notebook." Or John Sassall, the fortunate man, that country doctor who went to live in the deep countryside and patiently served. The doctor's grace was in healing, treatment and the tender handling of finality. With Berger, it is in his way with words, and the infinite meanings he finds in that common but extraordinary thing, noticing. □

David Thomson is the author of "A Biographical Dictionary of Film" and "In Nevada: The Land, the People, God and Chance."

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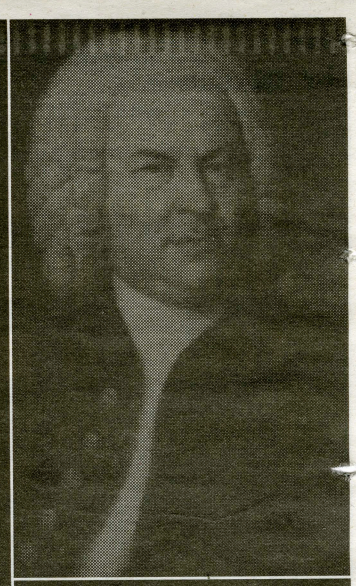

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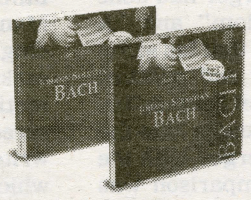

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figures, into a chart of relationships, you would produce a Klee or a Mondrian. Much contemporary modernist fiction, especially narrative-collage fiction, works in this way. The fragmented world becomes an art object self-contained on its own plane, a surface of refracting bits. Whenever a work's structure is intentionally one of its own themes, another of its themes is art.

Innocent inquiry

RELATED TO the theme of art, but actually grounded in metaphysics, is the modernist attention to the relationship between a tale and its teller. When characters are telling the tale, and especially when they are telling it all cockeyed, the subject at hand may be not only the nature of art and the nature of narration but also the nature of perception. Clearly fictions that have a biased narrator, or many biased narrators, deal in part with perceptual bias as a theme. I am thinking here of works like Nabokov's *Despair* with its sole viewpoint or Durrell's *Alexandria Quartet* with its many. But perceptual bias is not limited to cranky characters. It is every artist's stock in trade. It is every perceiver's stock in trade. And, as the thinking artist knows full well, everyone is cockeyed. Since everyone is cockeyed, what can anyone perceive truly? What can we know, or what can we say of the world? Gradually then, the question of the relationship among tale, teller, and world fades into the question of the relationship between any perceiver and any object. And this matter is a frequent theme—nay, obsession—in contemporary modernist fiction.

A PENETRATING INTEREST in anything whatever ultimately leads to what used to be called epistemology. If you undertake the least mental task—if you so much as try to classify a fern—you end up agog in the lap of Kant. For in order to know anything for certain, we must first examine the mind's own way of knowing. And how on earth do we propose to do that?

This is a live issue in this century. John Dewey pointed out, quite intelligently, that philosophy progresses not by solving problems, but by abandoning them. It simply loses interest. The question of "epistemology" is one that thinkers of this century have not yet abandoned. On the contrary, everybody seems to be working on it. So much interesting work is being done outside the field of philosophy proper, and outside philosophy's terms, that it seems appropriate now to replace *epistemology* with a new term—such as *cognition*—to refer to this new wealth of related topics.

Examining the structures of human thought and perception are recent thinkers like Paul Weiss and Ludwig von Bertolanffy in systems theory, Thomas Sebeok in zoosemiotics, Gregory Bateson in information theory, Roman Jakobson in semiotics, Noam Chomsky in linguistics, John Eccles and Wilder Penfield in brain physiology, Claude Lévi-Strauss and Mary Douglas in anthropology, Ernst Gombrich in art criticism, and Jerome Bruner and Jean Piaget in psychology. They seek to understand the processes by which the mind imposes order. They seek to clarify the relationship between perceiving and thinking, between inventing and knowing. Microphysicists are interested in these matters, too. Science as a whole, like philosophy, wants to proceed from a firm base. Interestingly, the human

"Since everyone is cockeyed, what can anyone perceive truly?"

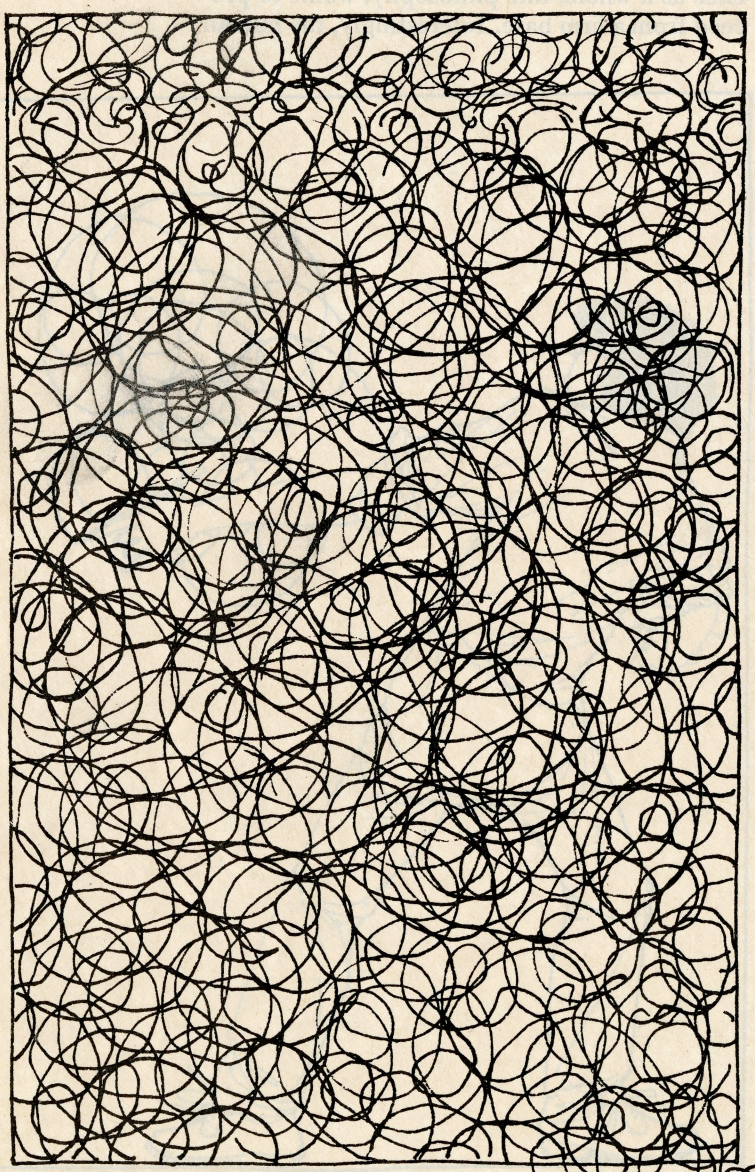


Annie Dillard

IS ART ALL THERE IS?

effort to locate that base, to set knowledge firmly on the plinth of perception, seems repeatedly to result in everybody's sinking at once. At any rate, I think the interest in cognition derives finally from a genuine interest in the world for its own sake. And I imagine (without any basis whatever) that Western thought intended simply to get this little business out of the way, so it could proceed with its task of tracing quarks or analyzing texts; but no one has been able to get it out of the way. Instead it just gets more interesting in its own right.

FROM THE TIME of Greek science till now, Western culture has usually had a lively, unselfish, and intellectual interest in the phenomenal world for its own sake. Historians of culture speculate that this interest sprang originally from meeting cultures. In the port towns at the peripheries of major civilizations, people of varying cultures and religions met. They soon asked themselves (according to this theory) what could be true if men disagreed, and if one world view was apparently as workable as another. This innocent inquiry—an inquiry it would have been impossible to make from the middle of China, the middle of Egypt, or the middle of Mexico—led straight to the moon. It is, then, a good question, and we have not stopped asking it. What is absolutely true? What can we know for certain? What is really here?



In fact, we are asking these questions now with fresh urgency. Of course, we in the West agree now that there is more than one way to skin a cat, or raise a baby, or ease pain, or live. And no one is losing much sleep now over the idea that our tribal gods are not absolute. But we are having a slow century of it digesting the information that our *yardsticks* are not absolute, our *mathematics* is not absolute.

Science, that product of skepticism born of cultural diversity, was meant to deal in certainties, in data that anyone anywhere could verify. And for the most part, it has. Our self-referential mathematics and wiggly yardsticks got us to the moon. I think science works the way a tightrope walker works: by not looking at its feet. As soon as it looks at its feet, it realizes it is operating in midair. At any rate, the sciences are wondering again, as the earliest skeptics did, what could be a firm basis for knowledge. People in many of the sciences are looking at their feet. First Einstein, then Heisenberg, then Gödel made a shambles of our hope (a hope that Kant shared) for a purely natural science that actually and certainly connects at base with things as they are. What can we know for certain when our position in space is limited, our velocity may vary, our instruments contract as they accelerate, our own observations of particles on the micro-level botch any chance of precise data, and not only are our own senses severely limited, but many of the impulses they transmit are edited out before they ever reach the brain?

Even if we could depend on our senses, could we trust our brains? Even if science could depend on its own data, would it not still have to paw through its own language and cultural assumptions, its *a priori* categories, wishes, and so forth, to approach things as they are? To what, in fact, could the phrase "things as they are" meaningfully refer apart from all our discredited perceptions to which everything is so inextricably stuck? Physicists

have been saying for sixty years that (according to the Principle of Indeterminacy) they cannot study nature, but only their own perception of nature: "Method and object can no longer be separated" (Heisenberg). Sir Arthur Stanley Eddington, British Astronomer Royal, said in 1927, "The physical world is entirely abstract and without 'actuality' apart from its linkage to consciousness." It is one thing when Berkeley says this; when a twentieth-century astronomer says this, it is a bit of another thing.

Similarly (and this is more familiar), Eddington's successor, Sir James Jeans, wrote, summarizing a series of findings in physics, "The world begins to look more like a great thought than a great machine." The world could be, then, in Eddington's word, "mind-stuff." And even the mind, anthropologists keep telling us, is not so much a cognitive instrument as a cultural artifact. The mind is itself an art object. It is a Mondrian canvas onto whose homemade grids it fits its own preselected products. Our knowledge is contextual and only contextual. Ordering and invention coincide; we call their collaboration "knowledge." The mind is a blue guitar on which we improvise the song of the world.

Actual or fancied bits

WHERE DOES FICTION fit into all this? For one thing, the interdisciplinary treatment of these issues is in a state so lively it is scarcely distinguishable from outright disarray, and fiction writers, like everyone else, are drawn to messes. Fiction writers are as interested in their century's intellectual issues as any thinkers are. Fiction, like painting, intrinsically deals with the nature of perception. And fiction intrinsically deals with the world. So that, finally, fiction, if it has anything at all to do with the world as its subject matter, will begin to ask: What world?

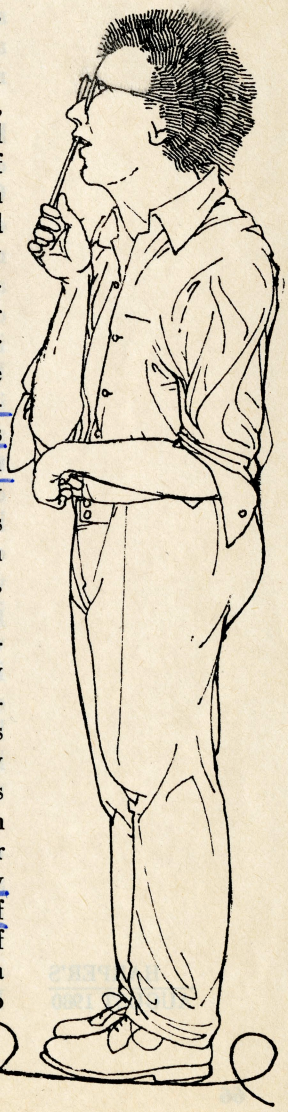
Early in *Swann's Way*, Marcel recalls,

> *When I saw any external object, my consciousness that I was seeing it would remain between me and it, enclosing it in a slender, incorporeal outline which prevented me from ever coming directly in contact with the material form.*

This is one way that fiction may pose the problem of cognition. How may we come "directly in contact" with "any external object"? Some writers approach it by wresting the object from the grip of its ordinary contexts, so that we see it as it were for the first time. Fresh vision, and the dislocation of ordinary expectations, are, of course, long-standing goals of both literature and painting. Surrealism wracks its brains for it; it wrenches objects from their ordinary mental settings until at last (it hopes) it unhinges the mind itself.

Writers may also approach fresh vision by restraining their painterly impulses and using language as a cognitive tool. That is, fresh vision is an unstated goal, I think, but a guiding one in fiction written in that plain, exact, unemotional prose that contemporary writers of both traditional and modernist fiction use to describe the world of objects. Writers like Henry Green and Wright Morris on one hand, and Alain Robbe-Grillet on the other, write as if the world were indeed here and fiction owed it the responsibility of a careful and unbiased attention. Robbe-Grillet wishes the writer to limit his efforts to describing the surfaces of things and measuring the distances between them. On this effort he comments (my emphasis): "*This comes down to establishing that things are here.*" Establishing that things are here is, so far as I know, a new goal for art. And establishing that things are here is no mean feat: it is an effort that kept the likes of Kant and Wittgenstein quite occupied.

"Establishing that things are here is, so far as I know, a new goal for art."



Some fiction deals with matters of cognition more directly. Stanislaw Lem's *Cyberiad*, which describes the plottings of two rival computer-makers, concerns the nature of knowing. Also concerned implicitly with the nature of knowing are detective and mystery stories, and, explicitly, contemporary modernist fiction modeled on detective or mystery conventions, like Robbe-Grillet's *Voyeur* and Borges's "Death and the Compass." Other fiction, of which *Alexandria Quartet* is the clearest type, deliberately treats the relativity of all knowledge by presenting a series of narratives that contradict. Still other fiction mimics the unknowableness of the world by being itself unknowable. It works—*if* it works—by eliciting confusion. If you track down some of the allusions and puzzles in *Pale Fire*, you get what amounts to a Bronx cheer.

Absolutely diagnostic as a theme of contemporary modernist fiction is this: many works, granting the uncertainty of any knowledge, treat the world in a new way, as a series of imaginative possibilities. Anything may happen. Writers have always manipulated bits of the world, but they have usually done so in secret; traditional writers labor to make their what-ifs seem plausible. But contemporary modernists flout the speculative nature of their fiction. What if, they say, and what if what else? Italo Calvino's *Invisible Cities* is a wonderful case in point. In this book, Marco

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Polo reports to Kublai Khan on the many cities he has discovered by exploring the khan's realm. Each description of a city is formal and titled (with a woman's name); each occupies about a page. There is the city hung from high nets suspended over a plain; there is the city whose inhabitants stretch string all over town to delineate their every relationship, until the strings make a web in which no one can move; there is the city whose carnival stays put year after year while its banks, docks, and municipal buildings are loaded onto trucks and taken on tour. After every few descriptions of cities, Marco Polo and the khan discuss the reports; many of their discussions hinge on the question of whether Marco Polo is making everything up. But what, in the realm of imagination, could be the difference between invention and discovery? And is not all the world the realm of Kublai Khan, the realm of imagination?

If to the artist, and to the mind, each of the world's bits is a mental object for contemplation or manipulation, then those bits may be actual or fancied; it does not matter which. They may derive indifferently from newspaper accounts or dreams. And since mental objects and imaginary objects have equal status, the man of imagination is the creator of the world.

These themes, I say, underlie some of the best contemporary modernist fiction. They dominate the work of Borges, Nabokov, and Calvino; we find them also in many other writers, like Barth, Coover, Cortázar, Gilbert Sorrentino, Guy Davenport, Flann O'Brien, and almost any other contemporary modernist we can name. Some works stress the role of mind in actively shaping reality, as Borges's "Tlön, Uqbar, Orbis Tertius" does. In this story, the inhabitants of the planet Tlön—which was itself invented and set in motion by a series of thinkers—may, through their expectations, call objects into being. If a man is looking for a lost pencil, he may find, not the original pencil, but a secondary object "more in keeping with his expectation." "These secondary objects are called *hrönir* and, even though awkward in form, are a little larger than the originals." The people may also bring another class of objects into being; an *ur* is "an object brought into being by hope." (The subject at hand in this explicitly philosophical story is the nature of Berkeley's idealism.)

Other works, like Nabokov's *The Real Life of Sebastian Knight*, stress the role of the conscious artist as imagination's lord. If inventing is knowing, and if meaning is contextual, then the artist is the supreme knower and the artificer of meaning. Still other works, like Lem's *A Perfect Vacuum* and Borges's "Pierre Menard, Author of Don Quixote," which are modeled on the interpretation of texts, stress the equal status of all mental objects. Imaginary or third-hand texts, or accounts of texts, have not only the same ontological status as canonical texts, but also the same status and capacity for meaning as actual events. And actual events may be interpreted as if they were texts. Everything on earth or in imagination is a conjunction of mental objects; it is an art object that may be interpreted critically.

The world, happily, still exists, and contemporary modernist fiction still interprets it. One interpretation to which these same writers are prone is a reading of the world in the light of its multiple material combinations. We scarcely require imagination to produce a wealth of possible conjunctions; the actual world is doing very well on its own. In these works, such as Calvino's *Cosmi-comics*, Cortázar's *Hopscotch*, or Borges's "Aleph," the artist's generative role is again secret, and the dizzying multiplicity of the word itself is the subject. I think that the new sense of stellar and geologic time we have in this century, and the reiterated tale of how chemicals evolve, and how new species arise from random combinations in multiple circumstances over unimaginably long reaches of time must surely contribute to this contemporary fiction of possibility. The work of Calvino and Borges, at least, is visibly stricken with a sense of a finite material world so long and wide it becomes, paradoxically, a material metaphor for infinity. Beckett and Borges treat these matters soberly; other writers, like Barth and Coover, seem to grow giddy at the thought, as if creating were not the deliberate work Genesis made it out to be, but instead God's spendthrift and never-ending jubilee.

WRITERS AND ARTISTS of this century may well ascribe to their work a new and real importance. If art is the creation of contexts, *and so is everything else*, how false or trivial can art be? Is not the Linnaean system of classification a poem among poems, a provisional coherence selected out of chaos? It has always been possible for artists of every kind to sniff at science and claim for art special, transcendent, and priestly powers. Now it is possible for artists to have and eat that particular cake by adding that, after all, science is in one (rather attenuated) sense "mere" art; art is all there is. I am not saying that writers or painters have made such a claim outright; but in theory it is there to be made. □

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Harper's Aug '80

Creators of the world

by Annie Dillard

THERE IS NO single name for a certain kind of abstracted fiction being written today in Europe and the Americas. Some people call it "postmodernist," but I find the term misleading. Recently a stranger from New York City sent me a green button, a big green button, which read, POSTMODERNIST. From his letter I inferred that he disliked modernism, found it baffling and infuriating, was glad it was over, and, for reasons I could not fathom, included me on his team.

But modernism is not over. The historical modernists are dead: Kafka, Proust, Joyce, and Faulkner, and also Biely, Gide, Malraux, Musil, Woolf. But one could argue—and I do—that the techniques they developed and the wider capacities for meaning they explored are the basis and origin of the radical direction of some of our most interesting contemporary fiction.

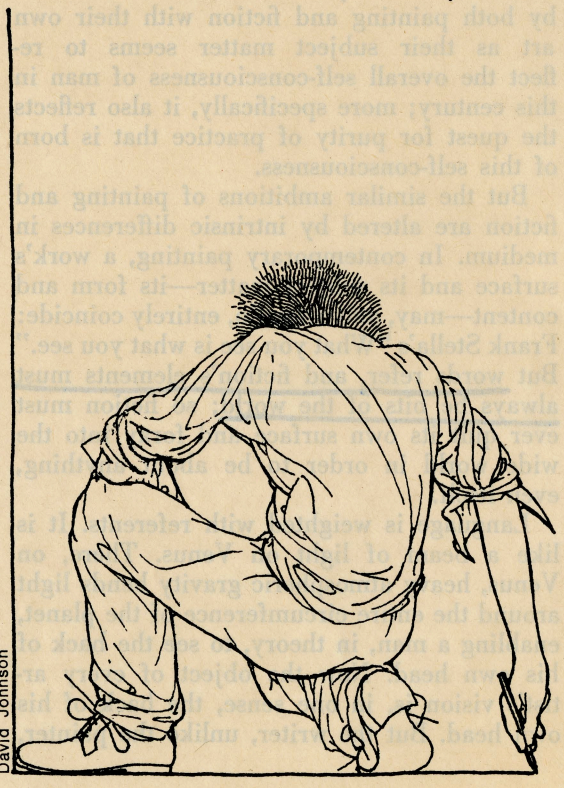
At any rate, I'm going to use the dreadful awkwardism "contemporary modernism" to refer to the art of surfaces. The historical modernists explored it and bent it, in most cases, to traditional ends; traditional figures like Knut Hamsun, Witold Gombrowicz, and Bruno Schulz expanded its capacities for irony; and various writers are now pushing it to extremes.

By contemporary modernism, then, I mean the work of such disparate writers as Borges, Nabokov, and Beckett; and Robert Coover, John Barth, John Hawkes, William Burroughs, Donald Barthelme, Thomas Pynchon, Rudolph Worlitzer, Thomas M. Disch, Stanislaw Lem, Alain Robbe-Grillet, Ronald Sukenick, Jonathan Baumbach, William Hjorstberg, and Flann O'Brien; and Italo Calvino, Tommaso Landolfi, Julio Cortázar, Manuel Puig, and Carlos Fuentes.

Now the narrative techniques of many of these writers have received a good bit of attention. Critics have remarked their use of flattened characters, broken and disjunctive narration, authorial winkings, and dozens of lesser ironic devices. But what are these writers thinking about? What concerns motivate the close workings of their fiction? How do they read the world?

A tautological loop

ART IS MODERNIST or not according to its handling, not according to its themes. Nevertheless, some themes are especially significant to contemporary modernist fiction. Among them are the familiar notions of alienation and dislocation; related to these is the idea of the self and the fictional documentation or recovery of the



David Johnson

Annie Dillard is a contributing editor of Harper's *and the author, most recently, of* Holy the Firm *(Harper & Row).*

Annie Dillard

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self's own history. Another more theoretically interesting theme is art itself.

Fiction has been redefining itself along theoretical lines. It has also been advancing its claim, throughout an increasing din from film, journalism, and mass-marketing techniques—not to mention the increasing din from the twentieth-century world at large—to be understood as art, as high art. Fiction has helped advance the successful claim of all the arts to be worth their candles. It has asserted its own purity, its disdain of mere commercialism, and its structural kinship with its poor and above-reproach cousin, lyric poetry. And in doing all this it has been increasingly interested in the subject of its own artfulness. So, of course, has painting.

In fact, modernist directions in twentieth-century fiction match those in painting and in poetry: from depth to surface, from rondure to planes, from world to scheme, from observation to imagination, from story to theory, from society to individual, from emotion to mind. Literature as a whole has moved from contemplating cosmology (Dante) for the sake of God, to analyzing society (George Eliot) for the sake of man, to abstracting pattern itself (Nabokov) for the sake of art. At its purest, the new fiction parallels the scheme of, say, a lyric poem by Wallace Stevens: in Nabokov's *Pale Fire*, fictional objects revolve about each other and only each other, and shed on each other and only each other a lovely and intellectual light.

The enormously increased concern shown by both painting and fiction with their own art as their subject matter seems to reflect the overall self-consciousness of man in this century; more specifically, it also reflects the quest for purity of practice that is born of this self-consciousness.

But the similar ambitions of painting and fiction are altered by intrinsic differences in medium. In contemporary painting, a work's surface and its subject matter—its form and content—may, and often do, entirely coincide: Frank Stella's "What you see is what you see." But words refer, and fiction's elements must always be bits of the world; so fiction must ever quit its own surface and foray into the wide world in order to be about anything, even itself.

Language is weighted with referents. It is like a beam of light on Venus. There, on Venus, heavy atmospheric gravity bends light around the entire circumference of the planet, enabling a man, in theory, to see the back of his own head. Now the object of every artist's vision is, in one sense, the back of his own head. But the writer, unlike the painter, sculptor, or composer, cannot form his idea of order directly in his materials; for as soon as he writes the least noun, the whole world starts pouring onto his page. So fiction, using language like a beam of Venusian light to see the back of its own head—to talk about its own art—makes a wide tautological loop. It goes all around the world of language's referents before coming back to its own surface. It may, for instance, like *Pale Fire*, create a world, or a grid for a world, that is an artful context for a set of meanings that in turn define art as the creation of worlds as artful contexts for meaning. Now painting does such tricks almost directly, on a square of linen, with a line. There is a little paint, but there is no world necessarily, between mind and hand; it is a game of inches. But fiction, happily, gets to go around via Zembla or Yoknapatawpha County or Dublin.

Fiction may be about art in a number of ways. All works of art are to some extent about art—but this way, as it is general, is meaningless. Fiction may talk about art by talking about art. A novel's characters may be composers, poets, painters, or, especially, novelists. Gide's *Counterfeiters*, published in 1926, was among the first of an undiminishing spate of novels about a novelist who is trying to write a novel. Some novels end, predictably, when the hero seizes his pen and writes (on the first try) the present novel's first words. Alternately, the hero's work in progress, described or even sampled in the text, serves as comment on his own situation, or, more interestingly, acts as a gloss on, and parody of, the living author's own future unwritten novels (Nabokov, *The Real Life of Sebastian Knight*).

A work of art may be about art insofar as its referents never leave its own surface. This is, as has been stressed, a purely ideational state—it cannot occur in literature, but it can be approached. Gertrude Stein approaches it. *Pale Fire* approaches it; its elements refer to each other in a brilliant snarl. To read *Pale Fire* you need English, you need the world evoked by the English, and you need especially a mental dictionary composed entirely of interdefined elements of *Pale Fire*. (The latter is true of any coherent text, of course, but it is especially true of those modernist texts that stress pattern over reference. Other clear cases might be poems such as Yeats's "Byzantium" or Stevens's "Emperor of Ice Cream"—texts that baffle a reader until he composes or locates such a provisional dictionary, a set of terms defined internally by the text.) If you were to cast the interconnected lumps of elements in *Pale Fire* into lines and geometric

A NATION CHALLENGED: 'The Tragedy Is Not a Statistic'

THE FLIERS

Posters of the Missing Now Speak of Losses

By AMY WALDMAN

The first wave of paper rained upon the city from the World Trade Center like death's disembodied proxy. As if in answer, a second wave rose up from the photo albums and word processors of thousands of desperate families.

Fliers covered store windows and television satellite trucks; the walls outside hospitals and the carts of the homeless. They bore the names, smiling faces and intimate physical details — the fingers like a little girl, the titanium hip — of the missing.

The hope was that loved ones, dazed or knocked unconscious by the towers' collapse, were wandering unknown neighborhoods or lying unidentified in hospitals. But as days passed, and hope dimmed, the fliers continued to spread. People still stopped to stare at them, even though they said they no longer believed that those looking back were alive.

Manufactured in hope, the fliers now have transmuted into memorial.

"It has become for us here, and many who walk past, much like the Vietnam War memorial," said ry technology and its ways of communicating as the last-minute cellphone calls and e-mail messages on Sept. 11. In an era in which anyone with a word processor and photo scanner, or access to a copy shop, can become a publisher, people took a basic unit of conveying information — the 8.5-by-11-inch piece of paper — and set to work.

Often they turned to an icon of mass, and democratic, production: Kinko's 24-hour copy shops. On Sept. 11, people took photographs to be scanned, lined up for the color copier, and asked to make anywhere from 50 to 500 copies. Many stores made them for free.

But the fliers also hark back to the past. People could, and did, post information on the Internet, but they also felt compelled to put faces on paper, and put the paper on the street.

There are historical parallels. When the Titanic went down, the White Star Line posted passenger lists. New Yorkers went to see who were among the dead. During the Vietnam War, and sometimes long after, people wore bracelets en-



director at Bellevue Hospital Center, where hundreds of fliers paper a construction barrier outside the hospital entrance. "You walk past and see their faces and acknowledge that these were lives." And, he said, the vivacity of the photos used — the men in tuxedos, the woman in her bridal veil, the laughter — reinforces that they were lives extinguished early.

The mute faces staring out from walls render passers-by silent.

Some families, of course, still cling to the fliers' original intent. A week ago, two fathers, one missing a son, one a daughter, arrived at the hospital from Japan and posted pictures of their children. "They are hoping against all odds," Mr. Saunders said.

But those were the last fliers he knew to be posted, and for many others, the fliers now simply present physical proof, a public statement, that the person lost was loved. They impress individuality on an event so gross in scale that an abyss of anonymity threatens the dead.

"Carol R.I.P.," says the green paper heart taped on top of the flier for Carol LaPlante at the Times Square station.

The almost accidental memorials are as much a product of 21st-century mourning in action, as if to say, "we have not forgotten, or given up hope."

People post similar fliers for missing animals. Milk cartons show photographs of missing children, with similar data — their height, weight and age, even the clothing they had on, when they disappeared.

But, of course, there are no historical parallels. That is why, in neighborhoods where they are few in number, the fliers literally silence passers-by who for a few moments had the audacity or good fortune to forget. And why, in the usually hurried crossroads of the Times Square subway station, they have managed to make time irrelevant.

Travelers who see the fliers find themselves in extended, mute contemplation. For David Kranz, an employee of 1199/S.E.I.U., the health care union, the fliers evoke the "whole world of people" who knew each person. "The tragedy is not a statistic of 6,000 people," he said. "It's about so many people losing someone."

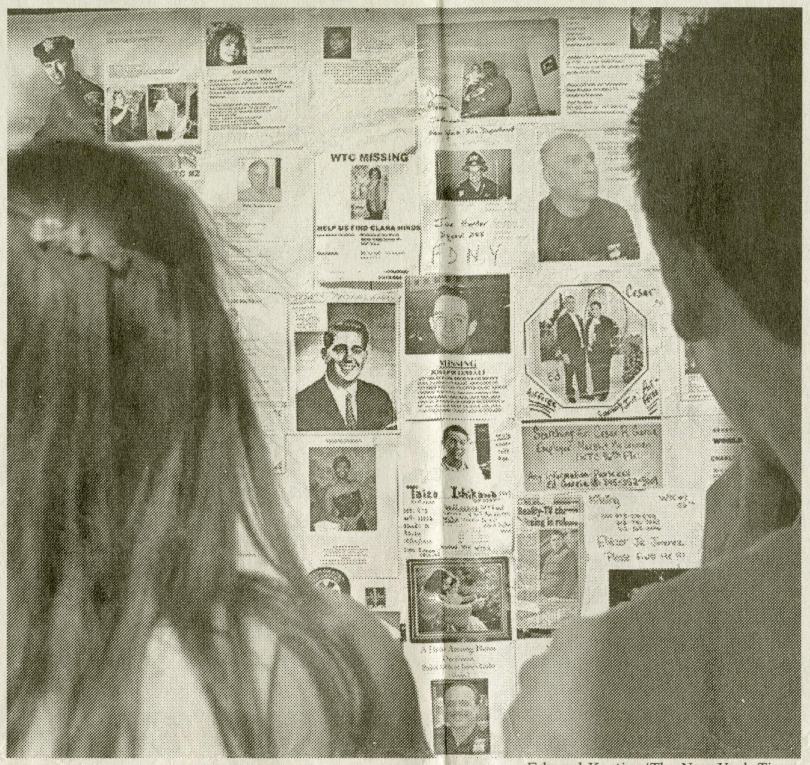
John Shannon, a management consultant, said he knows well-off, white Wall Street people who are missing. The panoply of posters showed him that the attacks had hit people of all races and incomes.

Some people come to see if there are faces they know. One woman said she recognized a man she often saw on the subway, which reminded her of what made New York special — that even strangers' faces could become familiar — which in turn made her sad.

The looking has a masochistic quality. People wipe their eyes, say "it's so sad," and keep looking, as if eager to feel more pain.

Fred R. Conrad/The New York Times

Fliers in the Times Square subway station, posted in hopes of finding those missing at the World Trade Center, have now become memorials.



Edward Keating/The New York Times

Workers at St. Vincent's Manhattan Hospital look at the faces and descriptions of the missing that are posted on a wall at the hospital.

"I think it's very difficult not to look," said Munni Srivastava, 55, who was visiting from England. "The first thing that strikes you is how young they were."

Seeing the same faces in different places, she imagined families saying: " 'If I just put enough of these fliers, maybe there will be a miracle.' " She understands, she said, but "intellectually we know there's no chance in hell."

Public agencies like the Metropolitan Transportation Authority usually keep tight control over what is displayed in their domains. Michael Bierut, a graphic designer, said the abdication of control of public space was a powerful statement in itself. "It is anathema to a sense of order, to institutional control over an environment," he said.

An M.T.A. spokesman, Al O'Leary, said, "The feeling here is that we're going to leave them up until a consensus arises from all corners of the city that they no longer serve a useful purpose."

The postings sprang up spontaneously, then spread like a desperate ivy. At Bellevue, five fliers first appeared on the hospital doors. Staff members moved them to the construction barrier, where they now stretch hundreds of feet, and named it the Wall of Prayers.

Christina Lynah, a secretary, came at her lunch hour on Wednesday, keeping one eye on her watch and one eye on the wall. She wanted to see if she knew anyone, praying she did not, but also to absorb both the enormity, and specificity, of pain.

"It makes you angry," she said. "It makes you very angry."

The material of memorial, of course, is fragile. Mr. Saunders said one hospital official was heartbroken when he saw that after a rainstorm, the fliers outside the armory at 26th Street and Lexington Avenue had been blurred and dropped to the ground. It seemed to him as if the tragedy had happened all over again.

Fortunately, Bellevue officials thought to cover their wall in plastic, and hope to preserve it permanently. The city's Department of Parks and Recreation has also been collecting materials left on its property. "It may be ephemera, but there are ways," said Deborah Waters, the chief curator at the Museum of the City of New York. The Vietnam Veterans Memorial, for example, is annotated daily by the notes and letters of visitors; each day, the National Park Service collects and catalogs them.

In the meantime, the fliers are challenging how America remembers its dead. American gravestones are usually minimalist, impersonal, discreet: name, year born, year died. But the fliers are profuse and colorful, sometimes zany, and graphically personal, with details — a woman's weight, the scar on an inside left thigh — usually known only to lovers or doctors. Much like the AIDS quilt, which with each square attempted to give intimacy to large-scale loss, they imply a refusal to go sedately into oblivion.

And they stand in dialogue with another kind of poster that has spread throughout the city — the ones showing Osama bin Laden's face, with the word "Wanted." The fliers, for some, justify that hunt. But they also seem to say, don't forget: Rhondell Cherie Tankard, Stephen Joseph, Jorge Velazquez, Katsuyuki Hirai, Colleen Supinski and some 6,000 others — they are wanted, too.

LETTERS

To Sleep, Perchance to Dream

Michael Dirda stands Goya's thought on its head when he says in his review of Anthony Gottlieb's *The Dream of Reason* (Book World, March 11) that we should celebrate Mardi Gras and indulge occasionally in utter foolishness: "otherwise, as Goya warned, 'the dream of reason produces monsters.' " Dirda seems to be warning us that evil will result from the overuse of reason. What Goya warned of, however, was the horror that can result from governments that fail to govern and people who fail to use reason. The caption of one of Goya's most famous etching/aquatints from the satirical "*Los caprichos*" series is translated "The sleep of reason produces monsters." It shows a male figure sleeping at a table surrounded by a dark cloud of wild animals traditionally associated with various vices. When reason sleeps, it implies, the dark side of the irrational—the monsters—come to the fore. Dirda also states: "Most of the ancient Greek thinkers believed that one should aspire to a life of reason." It appears that the "dream" of Gottlieb's title is an ideal, something to strive for but seldom achieved. Goya's etchings, graphic depictions of horrors occurring in his lifetime despite the urgings of Enlightenment philosophers, show what can happen when that ideal is abandoned. Surely neither the Greek philosophers nor Goya would object to a little fun, but neither believed there is just too much well-reasoned behavior.

SHEILA MURPHY
Washington, D.C.

Michael Dirda replies:

There are multiple interpretations of this etching and its caption (*sueño* can be translated as dream or sleep), though the one suggested by Sheila Murphy is certainly the dominant one. In that sense, her criticism is just. But I used to keep a copy of the etching above my desk in graduate school and to me it came to suggest that a privileging of the intellectual or rational in life may lead to a kind of sickness, that one needs to live in concord with the passional self rather than repress it such that unacted desires and urges emerge as monsters. Perhaps a fanciful, rather Blakean interpretation.

Method Studies

I found Rob Walker's comments about the anecdote-based scholarship of Jody Heymann in *The Widening Gap* and Robert Manning in *Credit Card Nation* (Book World, March 4, 2001) to be self-serving and wrong-headed. Elevating even the occasionally brilliant storytelling methods of journalism above those of social science is unnecessary, and in doing so Walker dismisses the difficulty of the in-depth data collection and analyses that can inform and frame the years-long work of sociologists. He may not like these books and their respective messages and is free to say so—although it is "empathy" for the plight of low-wage families and those who are experiencing financial adversity, and not "sympathy," that the authors are seeking. One hopes that Walker doesn't have to develop that particular journalistic ability through any "hard-luck examples" of his own.

LOIS A. VITT
Founding Director, Institute for Socio-Financial Studies
Middleburg, Va.

Star Wars

In his review of Chris Kraft's *Flight*, James P. Pinkerton (Book World, Feb. 25) has some of his facts wrong. He states that in the year 1957, after the Russians launched Sputnik, Kraft moved to Houston to be present at the creation of the Mercury, Gemini and Apollo programs. But Project Mercury, named as such by T. Keith Glennan on Dec. 17, 1958, was managed by Kraft and his associates from the newly established NASA offices in Langley Field, Va. Pinkerton also states that the Mercury flight controllers worked out of the Manned Space Center (MSC) in Houston. The selection of Houston for the MSC was announced on Sept. 19, 1961, by James E. Webb, NASA Administrator. The Mercury Control Center (MCC) was not in Houston but at Cape Canaveral, with the orbit go/no-go and orbital tracking dual-computers at the Goddard Space Center, Greenbelt, Md. The computers were programmed and operated by IBM's Project Mercury team, under subcontract to Western Electric. The Langley-Cape Canaveral-Goddard connection operated for all Mercury flights, from Ham to Shepard to Enos to Glenn and, finally, Cooper (from 1960 to May 15-16, 1963).

SAUL I. GASS
Potomac

We welcome letters. Send them—no more than 200 words, please—along with your full name, address and telephone (we will not publish the last two) to bwletters@washpost.com or to Book World Editor, The Washington Post, 1150 15th St. NW, Washington, D.C. 20071. We reserve the right to edit letters for length and clarity, and we regret that, due to the volume of letters we receive, we cannot answer them all.

POET'S CHOICE | *Rita Dove*



Andrew Hudgins is one of the funniest people I know. I'm talking seriously comedic: He can keep a dinner party in stitches from salad to cappuccino, and not with one-liners—no, Andrew Hudgins is a natural storyteller, a spinner of shaggy-dog tales that suddenly turn to make a point. One of my favorite Hudgins anecdotes appears in his poem "Sidney Lanier High," about his own school, named for the Southern poet who fought in the Civil War. If we can assume autobiographical veracity, one of the football cheers went like this:

"Who are the poets?"
"We are the poets!"
"What kind of poets?"
"Fighting poets!"

But a punch line can be a punch in the gut as well. Hudgins often writes about his Southern upbringing, with a clear-eyed recollection of the bigotry that beloved relatives displayed, and the guilty fantasies of adolescence vying with the all-too-mortal yearning for an innocent world, a chance to start afresh.

BEGOTTEN

I've never, as some children do,
looked at my folks and thought, I *must*
have come from someone else—
rich parents who'd misplaced me, but
who would, as in a myth or novel,
return and claim me. Hell, no. I saw
my face in cousins' faces, heard
my voice in their high drawls. And
Sundays,
after the dinner plates were cleared,
I lingered, elbow propped on red
oilcloth, and studied great-uncles, aunts
and cousins new to me. They squirmed.
I stared till I discerned the features
they'd gotten from the family larder:
eyes, nose, lips, hair? I stared until,
uncomfortable, they'd snap, "Hey, boy—
what are you looking at? At me?"
"No, sir," I'd lie. "No, ma'am." I'd count ten
and then continue staring at them.
I never had to ask, What am I?
I stared at my blood-kin, and thought,
So *this*, dear God, is what I am.

Raised in the Southern Baptist tradition, Hudgins struggles against the easy platitudes of institutionalized religion, drawing his most poignant lessons from the natural world. In this next poem (from his latest book, *Babylon in a Jar*), the garden—that symbol of regeneration and hope—becomes a theater of war upon which a flowering civilization rebuilds itself each year:

POEM

Blunt daffodil spikes
—Babylon and Nineveh—
split frozen earth. They're yellow,
the coarse dead yellow
they died back to
last summer, leaf tips
returning as pale flames:
unburied candelabra, a dead
queen rising from below,
led by a cold torch.
Sparta, Athens, Rome.
Mecca and Medina. From underneath,
blades bayonet the ice-crazed
black crust, the blade tips
yellow, tinged with last
year's death and, already erect
—Beijing, Paris, Rome—
they green, they come alive.
Moscow, Berlin, Tokyo.
The murderous, back-
from-death preblossoming
blossoms, promising
the frilled afterthought
of flowers, bright cups
tipping in the March god's fist.
Jerusalem. Tyre and Sidon.
They are not cups. But watch
bees drink from their crimped lips.
Tenochtitlán and Sumer.
Frail blade, but see what it
destroys. Cold fire, but feel
the dead world's constant simmer.

Each image that comes to mind is violent—the growing shoots remind the poet of flames, candelabra, bayonets, Persephone climbing out of the underworld. And so we cannot escape the past . . . or, more precisely, the past is always with us—that relentless, tenacious will to prevail, evidenced in the tender daffodil shoot that cracks the winter-fast soil, the stubborn insistence of family traits in the genes, the flawed and crazy civilizations we've carved to specifications with a switchblade. "I saw how deep you have to go/ to get the surface right," Hudgins has the naturalist Audubon say in defense of his practice of killing and dissecting wild birds in order to sketch them. The surfaces of Hudgins's poems—their quirky economy, the sheer music of his prosody—are so right because he goes so deep: Andrew Hudgins is my kind of fighting. ■

(From "Rebuilding a Bird" reprinted from "The Never-Ending." Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston and New York, copyright © 1991 by Andrew Hudgins. "Begotten" and excerpt from "Sidney Lanier High" reprinted from "The Glass Hammer: A Southern Childhood." Houghton Mifflin, copyright © 1994 by Andrew Hudgins. "Poem" reprinted from "Babylon in a Jar." Houghton Mifflin, copyright © 1998 by Andrew Hudgins.)

Bestsellers

Paperback

Fiction — *Weeks on Lists*

1 Girl With a Pearl Earring [10]
By Tracy Chevalier (Plume, $12)
A young maid in Vermeer's Delft household catches his attention.

2 The Red Tent [17]
By Anita Diamant (Picador, $14)
A lengthy midrash chronicling the lives of Jacob's four wives.

3 Sick Puppy [3]
By Carl Hiaasen (Warner Vision, $7.99)
A crazed eco-terrorist tries to scuttle developers' plans.

4 Girl in Hyacinth Blue [4]
By Susan Vreeland (Penguin, $11)
The provenance of a "lost" Vermeer is traced via related stories.

5 The Brethren [10]
By John Grisham (Dell Island, $7.99)
Three incarcerated ex-judges concoct a lucrative mail scam.

6 The Hades Factor (Covert-One) [1]
By Robert Ludlum & Gayle Lynds (St. Martin's, $7.50)
A race to find the source of an Ebola-like virus on the loose.

7 Shame the Devil [1]
By George P. Pelecanos (Dell, $6.50)
Years after a vicious crime, the killers' identities are unearthed.

8 Interpreter of Maladies [1]
By Jhumpa Lahiri (Houghton Mifflin, $12)
India suffuses these stories of immigrants and expatriates.

9 Icy Sparks [2]
By Gwyn Hyman Rubio (Penguin, $13)
The coming-of-age story of a girl with Tourette's syndrome.

10 Along Came a Spider [1]
By James Patterson (Warner, $7.99)
A beloved private school teacher is also a sly serial killer.

Nonfiction/General

1 A Heartbreaking Work of Staggering Genius [6]
By Dave Eggers (Vintage, $14)

2 2001 Zagat Survey of Washington, D.C. [20]
(Zagat Survey, $10.95)

3 George W. Bushisms [6]
Ed. by Jacob Weisberg (Simon & Schuster, $9.95)

4 Bobos in Paradise [4]
By David Brooks (Touchstone, $13)

5 Guns, Germs and Steel [71]
By Jared Diamond (Norton, $14.95)

6 Galileo's Daughter [19]
By Dava Sobel (Penguin, $14)

7 The Basque History of the World [5]
By Mark Kurlansky (Penguin, $14)

8 Before Night Falls [2]
By Reinaldo Arenas (Penguin, $12.95)

9 Pontius Pilate [1]
By Ann Wroe (Modern Library, $14.95)

10 Shrub [16]
By Mollie Ivins and Lou Dubose (Vintage, $8.99)

Hardcover

Fiction — *Weeks on Lists*

1 Dreamcatcher [1]
By Stephen King (Scribner, $28)
Four close-knit friends are faced with alien bodysnatchers.

2 The Bonesetter's Daughter [5]
By Amy Tan (Putnam, $25.95)
A daughter stumbles across her mother's handwritten memoirs.

3 Potshot [1]
By Robert B. Parker (Putnam, $23.95)
Spenser recruits old allies to tackle crime in an Arizona town.

4 A Painted House [7]
By John Grisham (Doubleday, $27.95)
A young boy witnesses a brutal murder in 1950s rural Arkansas.

5 1st to Die [3]
By James Patterson (Little, Brown, $26.95)
Four women track a serial killer preying on newlyweds.

6 A Day Late and a Dollar Short [10]
By Terry McMillan (Viking, $25.95)
The all-too-real lives of Viola Price and her colorful clan.

7 The Villa [1]
By Nora Roberts (Putnam, $25.95)
A corporate merger of two wineries yields romance and murder.

8 Boy Still Missing [1]
By John Searles (Morrow, $25)
An act of betrayal leads to a series of tragedies for one family.

9 The Clothes They Stood Up In [5]
By Alan Bennett (Random House, $14.95)
A couple returns home to discover all their possessions missing.

10 The Death of Vishnu [5]
By Manil Suri (Norton, $24.95)
A dying man contemplates a vivid panoply of his past.

Nonfiction/General

1 Seabiscuit: An American Legend [3]
By Laura Hillenbrand (Random House, $24.95)

2 Who Moved My Cheese? [32]
By Spencer Johnson (Putnam, $19.95)

3 Fast Food Nation [6]
By Eric Schlosser (Houghton Mifflin, $25)

4 Tip O'Neill and the Democratic Century [4]
By John A. Farrell (Little, Brown, $29.95)

5 Body For Life [63]
By Bill Phillips, Michael D'Orso (HarperCollins, $25)

6 April 1865: The Month That Saved America [1]
By Jay Winik (HarperCollins, $32.50)

7 Buddha (Penguin Lives) [5]
By Karen Armstrong (Lipper/Viking, $19.95)

8 Deadlock [3]
By the political staff of The Washington Post (PublicAffairs, $23)

9 The Flâneur: A Stroll Through the Paradoxes of Paris. By Edmund White (Bloomsbury, $16.95) [2]

10 In the Wake of the Plague [3]
By Norman F. Cantor (Free Press, $25)

Washington Is Also Reading...*Selling Well in Local Independent Bookstores:*

Anonymous Rex
By Eric Garcia (Berkley, $12.95)
An inventive murder mystery in world in which dinosaurs are not extinct, but pass as human. Our hero is a velociraptor gumshoe, tracing a nefarious plot to corrupt the dinosaur gene pool. (F)

Castaways of the Flying Dutchman
By Brian Jacques (Philomel, $22.95)
Ned and his (talking!) dog Ben survive the ill-fated voyage of the "Flying Dutchman" when they are granted immortality by a compassionate angel. Roaming the world helping others, they eventually find themselves in a 19th-century English village, where they embark on a wild hunt for the secret that will save it from a greedy speculator. (F)

Daughter of Time
By Josephine Tery (Scribner, $12)
In this classic of the mystery genre, a convalescing inspector from Scotland Yard unravels the truth behind the much-maligned Richard III and his treacherous deeds—based on real research and used as evidence by historians rallying to clear Richard's name. (F)

Gandhi's Passion
By Stanley A. Wolpert (Oxford, $27.50)
A thorough history of Mohandas Gandhi's diligent work and influence on behalf of India's independence movement. (NF)

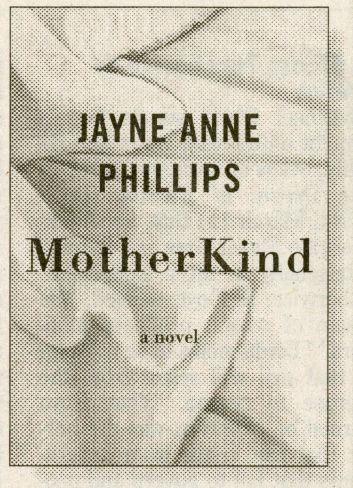
The Procrastinator's Guide to Financial Security
By David F. Teitelbaum (AMACOM, $24.95)
It's not too late...(NF)

The bestseller lists this week are culled from information submitted by Borders and Olsson's based on sales from 03/19-03/25. The "Washington Is Also Reading" list is based on reports from Chapters, Chuck & Dave's, Reprint and Vertigo. Book World bestsellers hotline is 202-334-9000, category code 4175. (04/08/01)

NEW IN PAPERBACK

"A beautiful and moving work of fiction that celebrates the sacredness of ordinary life."
—Alan Cheuse, *Chicago Tribune*

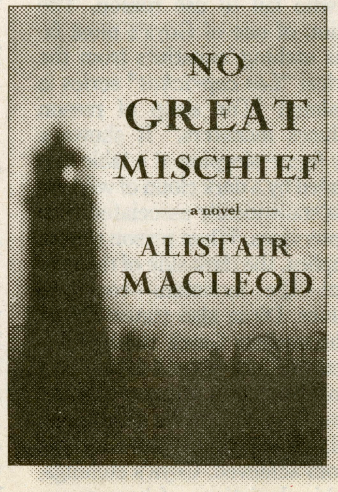
"A gorgeous novel.... Intimate, breathtaking language.... With gentle insight and uncanny feeling, [Phillips] brings [her] fascinating, disparate characters to brilliant, memorable life."
—*Elle*



A *New York Times* Notable Book from "one of the great undiscovered writers of our time."
—Michael Ondaatje

"Remarkable.... [MacLeod's] writing, graceful and elegiac, has the resonance of Steinbeck."
—*Los Angeles Times*

"With [*No Great Mischief*] American readers...have ...a new land that their imaginations can seize like a manifest destiny."
—*The New York Times Book Review*



"Superb...some excellent stories from nontraditional [and traditional] sources."
—*USA Today*

Jack Willoughby in *Barron's*, Andy Serwer in *Fortune*, Thomas Frank in *Harper's*, Scot Paltrow in *The Wall Street Journal*, and many others!

"Excellent work...hard-hitting, well researched...purely entertaining." —*Publishers Weekly* (starred review)

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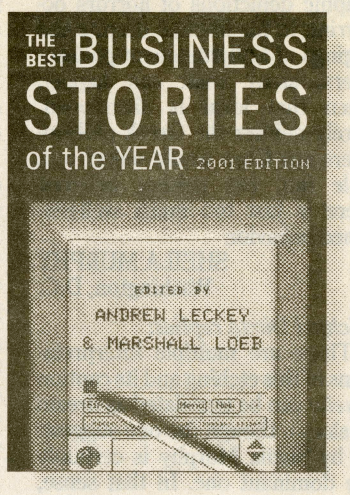
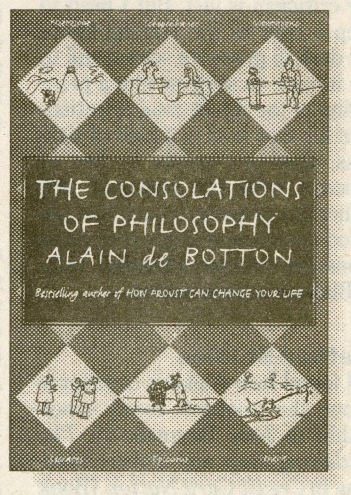


VINTAGE

From the bestselling author of *How Proust Can Change Your Life*

"A fine introduction to the world of philosophy."
—*Newsweek*

"Thank heavens for Alain de Botton.... [He] breezily, humorously, incisively...puts his readers at ease, without a hint of condescension."
—*Seattle Times/ Post-Intelligencer*



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BOOKS OF THE TIMES

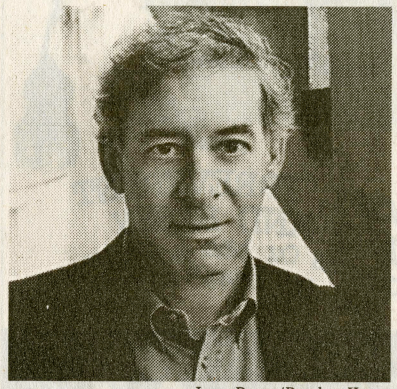
Risky and Frisky Prewar Encounters

By JANET MASLIN

Astonishingly, Alan Furst is not yet a household name. But perhaps the sixth of his supple, elegant European spy novels will do the trick, what with its beguiling sophistication, knowing political overview and utterly assured narrative tone. Centered in Paris as Europe faces the prospect of what one Furst character ruefully calls "the rule of the invertebrates," "Kingdom of Shadows" offers a realm of glamour and peril that are seamlessly intertwined and seem to arise effortlessly from the author's consciousness. Mr. Furst is not one of those spy writers who have to strain, name-drop or cook up mind-boggling feats to assure the reader that his hero is an interesting man.

Anyone who can say of a minor character that "she hung her afternoon Chanel in a closet and fluttered around the room in expensive and pleasantly exhilarating underwear"knows how to get his readers' attention, and Mr. Furst certainly has that gift. For instance, he surely knows that "afternoon" is the interesting word in that sentence, just as he unerringly knows where to place the emphasis time and again in the many guarded and fraught encounters that make up this story. And he has the dark humor that the events of 1938 warrant, so that a Russian émigré in Paris can say of Italians fleeing Mussolini: "Their luck was pretty much the same as ours — you used to be a professor of theoretical physics, now you're a real waiter." The Paris of the story is teeming with uprooted people who have exceptional talents and none of the usual resources, all of them eager to make deals and trade favors on the eve of war.

The book's leading man — and he is that, since Mr. Furst's writing has the seductive shimmer of an urbane black-and-white Hollywood classic — is Nicholas Morath, who once regrettably found himself referred to as "the Hungarian playboy Nicky Morath" in "one of the frisker Parisian weeklies." In fact Morath is more substantial than that, though he is involved in a seriously sexy liaison with Argentine-born Cara, whose "charcoal nude of her, drawn by Pablo Picasso in 1934 at an atelier in the Montmartre, in a shimmering frame, eight inches of gold leaf," is the kind of small, precise detail for which Mr. Furst finds time. Morath is also closely involved with his uncle, Count Janos Polanyi, a Hungarian diplomat capable of many tricks. "Don't blame your uncle for intrigue, Nicholas," someone tells him. "It's like blaming a fox for killing a chicken."



Jerry Bauer/Random House

KINGDOM OF SHADOWS

By Alan Furst

Random House. 239 pages. $24.95.

During the course of the book, while "the world on the radio drifted idly toward blood and fire," Morath becomes involved in various small missions at his uncle's behest. These take him on such a colorful and varied tour of southeastern Europe that the book comes equipped with a map — handy, for instance, when Morath is dispatched to Uzhorod, Ruthenia, to bring a Croat with a false name and a Romanian passport to Hungary. Such an operation might become dry and unfathomable in the wrong hands, but Mr. Furst renders it with all the frustration, fear and immediacy that imminent war demands, and also with the occasional wonderfully ironic touch. "Is it the invasion?" Morath asks, when guerrilla machine-gun fire bursts out on another mission that takes him to Moravia and Bohemia. His companion snorts with contempt and replies: "It's the oppressed Sudeten Germans. Crying out for justice and equality."

"Kingdom of Shadows" is not a grandiosely plotted book, but it's one with a remarkable range of scenery. It takes Morath from the Parisian demimonde, swiftly and amusingly rendered, to the hearty Romanian lair of Prince Hrubal, whose great passion is charity. ("Poor man. Thirty generations of ancestors, brutal and bloody as the day is long, roasting rebels on iron thrones and God knows what, and only one lifetime for redemption." Morath finds a man who took the liberty of writing Tolstoy's unfinished novel as a scam ("Wasn't bad, Morath. Really. It wasn't.") and a woman named Mary Day whose pen name is D. E. Cameron when she writes naughty stories about a French minx named Suzette.

Though Mr. Furst is not one to draw his characters' fates with a heavy hand, he moves Morath from the pampered young Cara to the older, more wounded Mary in ways that catch the book's political drift toward war. "Mary Day understood what the world did to people," he reflects. "Sensed, apparently, that it had done something to Morath." He also writes about Morath's intimacies with both women in the most artfully understated terms, managing both eroticism and simplicity. "She had a long, smooth body, silky and lean. Was a little shy to begin with, then not." Less is more.

Ultimately, after a shocking incident involving the count and a kidnapping signaled by a reference to Robert Louis Stevenson, Morath earns the book's final line of praise: "You are really very good," he is told. "Really, you are."

That goes for Mr. Furst too.

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Getting Even

A first novel set in gay London features a scornful, wounded antihero.

THE ABOMINATION
By Paul Golding.
433 pp. New York:
Alfred A. Knopf. $26.

By Louis Bayard

YOU'VE met James Moore, or someone like him. He's that immaculately dressed party guest standing off in the corner, smoking a cigarette and raising a supercilious eyebrow at the fools on every side of him. The fellow who laughs only at his own jokes and who cares more about how he looks than about how many people he infuriates. A snob and a snot, with the faintest overlay of malevolence.

Just the kind of guy, in short, you'd go out of your way to avoid, and indeed, during the first few dozen pages of Paul Golding's stunning, angrily intelligent first novel, "The Abomination," you may be tempted to do just that. You watch James Moore (born Santiago Moore Zamora) wander through his landscape of self-imposed alienation: the leather-bars-cum-dungeons of contemporary gay London. You listen to him heap scorn on his fellow sexual pilgrims. You watch him hire and then humiliate a male prostitute. And you wonder: Why in God's name is this man being foisted on me?

So Paul Golding's first mission is simply to make us care, or at the very least wonder, about his surly antihero. And it's a task that, against great odds, he pulls off. With almost agonizing deliberateness and with very little sentimentality, he peels away the protective carapace surrounding his protagonist and shows us the scarred adolescent huddling just beneath. And in so doing, he creates a kind of *Bildungsroman* in reverse: not youth's passage into adulthood but its permanent deformation at the hands of adults. "The Abomination" is about the mutilated ego that hides inside every narcissist.

It begins quietly: "Under the ocean stars," in the exotic climes of a "volcanic, mid-Atlantic isle." It's an *haute bourgeois* world where James's vain, stylish Spanish mother and bullying English father give beautiful parties to the music of "old tangos and fandangos." From this sheltered realm, James is rudely plucked and transported to the cold, brutal confines of a Catholic boarding school in England. Lost in his new environment and shunned by the other boys, the 9-year-old James turns for comfort to a kindly, handsome teacher named Mr. Wolfe — comfort that very quickly (and, on both sides, very willingly) takes the form of sex. Night after night, while the rest of the school is asleep, the two lovers gather in Mr. Wolfe's bed for "this enchanted, repetitive ritual, which sometimes lasted until the sky diluted to violet."

Before long, young James is besotted: "Those hours of nocturnal rapture, which meant more to me than any number of runs or goals or tries, were my soaring score, my constant prize." He later writes: "I loved. I could deny it till the cows came home, but I couldn't fool my own soul." And yet he is also oppressed by the weight of his "strange, sinful love," and his compromised status makes him easy prey for another adult: Dr. Fox, the school music director, who, in one of the book's most disturbing scenes, shoves James onto a coal box and sodomizes him.

Louis Bayard is the author of "Fool's Errand." His second novel, "Endangered Species," will be published this spring.

Golding is completely unsparing in these sexual renderings and very canny about the stratagems pederasts use to ensure their victims' silence. At the same time, he is clear that the despoilers of James's innocence are also his staunchest allies against the people whom James regards as his true enemies: the school administrators and, most particularly, the fellow students who make his life a daily hell. "I swore to myself then," he recalls, "that one day, even if it killed me, I'd get my own back. On each and every one of them."

And so, one might argue, he has, using that most malleable of weapons: language. Paul Golding is one of those blessed (or cursed) talents who seem to have the entire English lexicon at their beck and call, and the steaming, winding locomotive sentences into which he packs his words invariably recall Proust, as does his obsessively reconstructed visual universe. I don't imagine there's a piece of furniture or item of clothing or physical attribute Golding can't summon for us in full and convincing detail, whether it's the ocelot coat James's mother wears to the train station or a schoolmaster's "grubby club chair of moth-eaten moquette with balding deco patterns and obnoxious springs" or a mound of tea bags flung into a wastepaper basket "like a drowned litter of newborn mice."

Golding is a devout believer in the expressive power of things, and he may well be too devout. His virtuosic set pieces — the lengthy and somewhat tedious evocations of Santiago's nursery, for instance — can become ends in themselves. And it's inevitable, too, that someone who rides language as fiercely as he does will sometimes kick in the spurs too hard. An almost visible froth rises from some of his lines, as when he's describing the "collective stench" of "men whose pores and pits and groins, though coated with the musk of soap *pour homme*, cannot suppress the festering reek of carrion, like the belches of street dogs fed on the droppings of passing garbage trucks."

AND yet, just a few pages later, we're treated to a description of a silver cigarette case, "which, in its prime, sat snugly in the linen pocket of the waistcoat of an ancestor of mine who boasted the finest hands around, and a nose like a knife, and the narrowest trews in town, and philandered his way through the coastal estates of his much younger wife, but ended his days slumped like a cur on a boat bound for nowhere, biting at the spikes of his lavender-waxed mustache and railing at the shameful ravages of syphilis and God, and growling, on occasion, at the pet names of low women whom no one had ever heard of." This strikes me as worthy of Conrad in its sharply posed oppositions, its temporal and geographic reach.

Words wielded this skillfully can do a great many things, but can they heal? This is the question that "The Abomination" raises and, perhaps deliberately, leaves unresolved. James Moore doesn't forgive his oppressors, doesn't rise above his suffering, doesn't become the "better person" that Oprah's Book Club readers would demand. He ends the book as bitter and unreconciled as he began it — locked on a predestined path of isolation. But if pain has done little for James, it has made Paul Golding a writer to reckon with. It has given him this prose, at once highly wrought and exquisitely violent — an entire garden, grown from scar tissue and still-twitching nerves. □

Wampum Belt

A history of America's first treaty, with the Iroquois Confederacy.

TREATY OF CANANDAIGUA 1794

200 Years of Treaty Relations Between the Iroquois Confederacy and the United States. Edited by G. Peter Jemison and Anna M. Schein. Illustrated. 333 pp. Santa Fe, N.M.: Clear Light Publishers. Paper, $14.95.

By Fred Anderson

INDIAN land-claims cases in the federal courts typically generate substantial news coverage but little real understanding. Everybody knows that native peoples were dispossessed of lands by means that included coercion, violence, theft and fraud. And no one doubts that when courts order millions of dollars paid to Indian tribes, they compensate the descendants of Indians long dead for the misdeeds of equally long-dead whites. But many Americans find that curious. Slavery, after all, was also wrong, yet courts haven't ordered that African-Americans be compensated for their ancestors' sufferings.

The legal reason is simple enough. Long ago, the United States government dealt with Indian nations not as wards but as equals, maintaining diplomatic relations with them by treaty agreements. Since treaties represent contracts between nations, modern tribes presumably retain the right to insist that the government perform its obligations, or pay damages if it does not. The larger context to this straightforward legal relationship is, however, much more complicated.

Anyone interested in the legal and historical issues at stake in current Indian land-claims cases would do well to start with "Treaty of Canandaigua 1794," edited by G. Peter Jemison and Anna M. Schein. (Jemison is a Heron clan member of the Seneca Nation and the manager of Ganondagan State Historic Site; Schein is the university librarian of the West Virginia University libraries.) Reading their book takes perseverance, though, for this is not a conventional history but an assemblage of ceremonial recitations, speeches, photographs, scholarly essays and 18th-century documents, all of which emerged from a bicentennial commemoration of the Treaty of Canandaigua, on Nov. 11-12, 1994. In place of a narrative, this volume offers a mosaic of tradition, religion, scholarship, polemic, law and history that tends to dissolve conventional distinctions between past and present and invites readers to contemplate what Indian treaties mean.

The 1794 Treaty of Canandaigua was the first diplomatic agreement executed by the United States under its new Constitution. It was by no means the first treaty negotiated by the Haudenosaunee or Iroquois League, an ancient confederacy of six nations (the Senecas, Cayugas, Onondagas, Oneidas, Mohawks and Tuscaroras). Iroquois spokesmen at Canandaigua were more experienced negotiators than the United States' envoy, Secretary of War Timothy Pickering, and the heirs of a far richer diplomatic tradition. Two centuries earlier, their ancestors had negotiated a treaty with the Dutch, recording its provisions in the Guswenta, or Two Row Wampum Belt. The principles embodied in that sacred object created the basis of subsequent Iroquois relations with Dutch, French, British and American colonizers.

Fred Anderson is the author of "Crucible of War: The Seven Years' War and the Fate of Empire in British North America, 1754-1766."

The documents included in the appendix testify to the Iroquois's bargaining acumen. Unrepresented at the peace negotiations that ended the Revolutionary War in 1783, they found themselves, over the following decade, neglected by the British, pursued by American land speculators, invaded by squatters and besieged by the governments of New York and Pennsylvania.

Yet at Canandaigua, Iroquois diplomats induced the United States to recognize the League's sovereignty over tribal territories, define the bounds of its landholdings in New York expansively, provide a $10,000 payment, promise annual delivery of $4,500 in trade goods as tokens of a perpetual alliance and affirm that only the federal government could negotiate for future land sales. In return the Haudenosaunee promised peace with the United States, surrendered all claims to land outside New York and agreed that American citizens could pass freely through their territories. In short, the League walked away with a terrific deal.

Why did Pickering offer such terms? In part it was because the government needed Iroquois cooperation. Since the 1780's Indians farther west had thwarted American expansion militarily. Three years earlier, warriors of the Miami tribe under Little Turtle had handed the Army the worst defeat it would ever suffer at Indian hands, killing far more soldiers than would die a century later at the Little Bighorn. Meanwhile, Britain maintained forts in the United States' Northwest Territory; an armed taxpayers' revolt, the Whiskey Rebellion, was in progress in western Pennsylvania; foreign trade was suffering severely at the hands of the British and the Spanish; and the treasury was sliding headlong into insolvency.

But weakness alone does not explain the treaty. Washington and his fellow Federalists, who essentially conceived of themselves as a ruling class, believed that the national government could — and should — protect minorities' rights. Most important, they were willing to stipulate the sovereignty of native peoples, and deal with them as honorably as they would any foreign power.

IN the two centuries following the Canandaigua treaty, the Indian policy of the federal government changed dramatically. The willingness to negotiate with native groups as diplomatic equals waned, and was finally ended by Congressional action in 1871. Although the United States still delivers cloth worth $4,500 annually to the Iroquois, courts and presidents have never paid significant attention to protecting Iroquois lands from encroachments. As a consequence, the Haudenosaunee have lost most of their lands to fraud and irregular sales.

This book presents a brief for the Iroquois understanding of their confederacy as a sovereign nation, not a ward of the United States. The Haudenosaunee maintain this position by refusing American citizenship, insisting on self-government according to traditional forms and issuing their own passports. Above all, they cling to the Canandaigua treaty.

The academic essays in this volume make plausible arguments for the continuing legal validity of the agreement. But in the end it is the faith — invoked in the speeches of the confederacy's chiefs — that the treaty represents a moral obligation as real today as it was two centuries ago that carries the greatest weight. Will the United States fulfill its promises and make reparations for its failure to abide by the terms of the treaty? Time, and the courts, will tell. Meanwhile, the Haudenosaunee wait. □

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Chilling memory of Day of Infamy

John de Yonge



The hall in the basement of Immaculate Conception Church in Fairbanks was chilly and gloomy that morning 42 years ago.

It was cold and dark outside, the long dark of December in interior Alaska, the skin-burning cold of stars brilliant against an ebony sky, stars seen out of the frosted slit formed by a wool muffler against numbed nose and by the iced guard hairs of coyote tail forming the ruff of my parka.

It was so cold that my mother walked me that morning, hand in hand, from our log cabin down to where a narrow path cut diagonally across the snow deep over the ice-bound Chena River. We walked single file then, a woman swaddled in arctic gear followed by a swaddled small boy, not talking, until we climbed up the river bank on the far side. Then hand in hand again, our breaths steaming, we got into the church vestibule, where she waited until I disappeared down the stair well to the basement.

Catechism classes for second graders like me progressed under the stern direction of an ancient nun quick with the religious drill and quick with the disciplinary slap. To us the dim room seemed huge. We clustered on hard chairs, pursuing our mysterious studies, looking at a book full of questions and answers about our souls and of paintings of tall, blond, glorious angels who stood at the right of little children, with shining swords warding off the ugly, purple devils tempting us to sin.

Sent home early

We learned by rote, read the questions in unison, answered in chorus.

Suddenly a priest appeared, whispered to the nun, who turned and told us to dress and go home — immediately. Our parents had been called. I blushed. Our house did not have a phone. I suffered from this sign of poverty.

I was putting on my skin boots when to my surprise and relief my mother appeared. She hurried me with my dessing. We must get home right away, she said. I learned later that the moment she heard the news, she dressed and started off to fetch her oldest, while my father made ready for the emergency.

When my mother and I got outside, it was darker. Some lights in storefronts and from house windows already were blinded. My mother walked so fast that I had to trot to keep up.

At home, when we steamed in with a blast of cold, my father was working at the kitchen table. On it lay his guns. The radio, an upright Zenith with a wondrous, green luminescent dial, played somber music, constantly interrupted by news announcements.

The Japanese, it kept repeating, had bombed someplace. I knew what bombs were. They were in the exciting newsreels we saw before the movies at the Empress Theater. I knew what Japanese were. They supplied the oranges that Santa Claus put in our Christmas stockings.

Standing, I could just breast the kitchen table. There, on a white sheet, my father had arrayed the .30-.30 Winchester, the two .22 Remingtons, the .410 double barrel and the massive 12-gauge Model 12 Winchester.

He had stripped down the .30-06 Remington bolt action (the "moose gun"). The parts lay in a line. The kitchen was full of the smell I later learned was from Hoppe's gun solvent.

He was cleaning all the oil off the guns, he said, the oil he had put on them for storage over the winter. The guns wouldn't work with oil in the winter. It was so cold oil would get stiff. So the oil had to come off. In case we had to use them soon. He let me rub some big parts dry with lint my mother tore from old sheets.

Men, neighbors, came and went. It was exciting and frightening. The Japanese would come soon, in hours maybe. Maybe, the men said, there would be enough rifles in Fairbanks to hold them off, maybe not. But one thing was sure. The Japanese wouldn't find Fairbanks asleep. A lot of them would die before they got into our houses.

Women came and talked to my mother. Some would cry. Fairbanks was a little place, 400 miles from anywhere, in a U.S. territory a full week's journey from the rest of the country. They talked about food and bandages.

With the weather, there was no choice. You had to stay in town, you couldn't take to the hills.

So many people dropped by that my mother fretted about having enough coffee for everybody. And cookies. The men, generally, brought bottles along.

Everybody would stop talking to listen to the radio announcements. There were crackly voices, dim and distant, by shortwave.

My little brother and I were put to bed early. Our bed was in the living room. I remember lying there, in the dark room warmed by the glow from the Zenith, listening to my folks talk quietly.

I wondered if the Japanese would bring oranges with them. I hoped so.

☐ *De Yonge is a P-I staff columnist.*

Pearl Harbor m

From Page A-1

group today in paying tribute to the 2,403 American servicemen killed and 1,178 wounded in the two-hour-long Japanese sneak attack that launched the U.S. into World War II.

The ceremony is scheduled at 9:30 a.m. at the Tower of Chimes in Washelli Cemetery.

In addition to the deaths and injuries on Dec. 7, 1941, 18 U.S. warships were sunk or damaged, including five battleships, and 188 aircraft were destroyed and 159 damaged at Pearl Harbor that day.

Though the attack was 42 years ago and Japan is now one of the United States' staunchest allies, controversy continues about Pearl Harbor: did President Franklin D. Roosevelt know of the pending attack and do nothing?

The latest salvo for the theory that FDR did indeed know and permitted the attack so as to get the country united and into the war against the Axis powers came early this month.

A Californian, Robert D. Ogg, was identified as the Navy intelligence man who tracked the Japanese fleet by radio signals as it moved south to attack Pearl. Ogg was told then that word of the fleet movement was passed on to the White House.

The men who were at Pearl 42 years ago and had heard the FDR rumor for years had mixed feelings about it.

"Most of us in the survivors group have a feeling that perhaps he (FDR) knew about it, that they might have allowed it to happen to awaken our country and get people to defend themselves and our international allies," said Irwin. "We feel that way but it's something you can't prove, something that always will be controversial."

He said he felt no anger about the situation because "as average citizens we cannot know what all is going on in Washington. We don't have enough information.

"We're interested in not letting it happen again. That's our motto, 'Remember Pearl Harbor.' We are for an adequate defense."

Retired Vice Admiral Homer N. Wallin, who lives in Seattle, and celebrated his 90th birthday yesterday, was responsible for the remarkable salvage job on the U.S. fleet at Pearl.

"I don't think that's true," he said of the FDR story. "The Japanese observed strict radio silence."

A number of events are scheduled at Pearl Harbor itself today to mark the anniversary of the attack

They include a minute of silen at 7:55 a.m., the exact hour t attack began and a private suns service for the Pearl Harbor Sur vors Association.

A bronze plaque will be unveil

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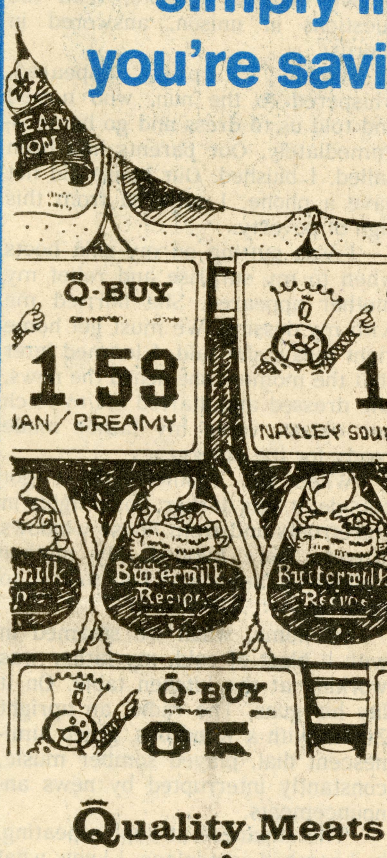

Quality Meats

5 arrested in Tacoma stab death

The Tacoma Police Department detained five suspects yesterday in connection with the stabbing death of an unidentified young man found lying across train tracks near downtown Tacoma.

CRITIC'S NOTEBOOK

Christopher Lehmann-Haupt

In a Glove Compartment, New Clues to 'Lear'

Put off by the prospect of any more radio blather about Monica Lewinsky or Latrell Sprewell, I decided before setting out on a recent drive to rummage through the glove compartment for any books on tape I might have stored for future listening. There I found a recording of a BBC radio production of "King Lear" with Alec Guinness as Lear that had arrived with a Modern Library edition of Shakespeare's tragedies. Having always been intrigued by "Lear" as supposedly Shakespeare's most difficult play to stage and having once promised myself to understand its text completely, I stuck the first of its two cassettes into the tape deck and started off on my trip.

Everyone knows the basic story of how Lear decides to divide up his kingdom among his three daughters so that he can "shake all cares and business from our age . . . while we unburthen'd crawl toward death." When Cordelia, his youngest, refuses to compete with her sisters in declaring her love for her father, he disinherits her and gives everything to Goneril and Regan, only to have them turn against him and thereby drive him mad. I had read the play in school at least twice and seen it in production several times, albeit several decades ago.

Yet on listening to the tape I was immediately struck by how nearly incomprehensible some of the language is. As always in Shakespeare, the idioms are so dated as to seem a foreign language. How is one to know just from listening that when Goneril's husband, Albany, questioning her mistreatment of her father, concludes, "Well, well, th' event," he means something like, We'll see what happens when the time comes? Or that when Kent, disguised as Lear's messenger, gets into a dispute with Oswald, Goneril's steward, and says, "If I had thee in Lipsbury pinfold, I would make thee care for me," he means, "If I had you between my teeth . . . ," Lipsbury being a slang place-name, like Lipsville, for mouth, and a pinfold being an animal pound?

Even when no idioms were involved, I sometimes foundered. A simple example: what first-time spectator, even an Elizabethan with an ear attuned to Shakespeare's language, could immediately catch the meaning of the King of France when he chides the Duke of Burgundy for his devaluation of Cordelia:



Victoria and Albert Museum

A painting of a 1760 production of "King Lear" at the Drury Lane Theater in London starring David Garrick.

Love's not love
When it is mingled with regards
that stands
Aloof from th' entire point.

A little reflection is required to realize that the "s" at the end of "stands" is probably extraneous, and that the statement simply means that love isn't real when it gets mixed up with irrelevancies.

"Lear" seemed filled with such confounding passages. So when I got home, I went straight to a text with annotations ("The Riverside Shakespeare," edited by G. Blakemore Evans, Houghton Mifflin, 1974) and read as much of the play as I had just listened to. Whenever I came to a difficult passage, I would study the notes and keep rereading it until it more or less made sense. Then, when I happened to be in the car once more, I would listen to the same parts over again. Frequently I had to go back and forth between the text and the tape several times before certain lines unveiled themselves. In this obsessive manner, I worked my way through the entire play.

The experience was astonishing, far more gratifying than any previous encounter I've ever had with Shakespeare, whether on the stage or through reading. My gratification was largely irrelevant to the quality of the particular production I was hearing or to the Guinness performance, which seemed to me of high quality although I'm not in a position to compare it with other noteworthy Lears.

What I found was that with each successive playing of the tape, the play's meaning began to reveal itself like one of those pictures that at first appear two-dimensional and then by a trick of the eye suddenly open up into three dimensions. "Lear" seems at first to be a simple cautionary tale about learning not to judge people too quickly from their words and appearances. One might even complain that Lear's temper tantrums are so sudden and unreasonable that the play is hard to take seriously as deep tragedy.

But as your understanding of the language grows, you see that Lear's blind impetuousness is a symbolic vehicle permitting Shakespeare to explore the loss of power in old age, the inevitability of generational conflict, the thinness of civilization's veneer, the fragility of authority, the ambiguity of sexual feeling, among a dozen other timeless and universal themes. Most revealing are the exchanges between Lear and his Fool, which often strike one as cryptic —

FOOL. *Dost thou know the*
difference, my boy, between a
bitter fool and a sweet one?
LEAR. *No, lad, teach me.*
FOOL. *That lord that counsell'd*
thee
To give away thy land,
Come place him here by me,
Do thou for him stand.
The sweet and bitter fool
Will presently appear:
The one in motley here,
The other found out there.
LEAR. *Dost thou call me fool, boy?*

— but after repeated readings begin to resemble Beckett-like exchanges between Lear and his alter ego, implying that he is simultaneously going mad and becoming sane, which of course is more or less what happens.

But the point here is not to add to the mountains of verbiage already written about the meaning of "Lear." I want simply to celebrate a form of reading unique to the electronic age, when anyone with a tape recorder and a book can both control the sound of the text and see it on the page. An even purer version of this experience would be to listen to Homer, originally meant for only the ear. But you would have to understand Greek. In English the translator has already done the knotty work of interpretation. Shakespeare offers you rich raw material.

Encountering "King Lear" in this way, you go by gradual degrees from puzzlement to reflection to comprehension to a rush of feeling to a tragic sense of pity and fear leading on to catharsis.

Stuck in a Manhattan traffic jam, feeling a kind of exhilarated sadness after listening yet again to Sir Alec delivering Lear's Act V speech to Cordelia about going off to prison together —

So we'll live,
and pray, and sing, and tell old
tales, and laugh
At gilded butterflies, and hear poor
rogues
Talk of court news; and we'll talk
with them too —
Who loses and who wins; who's in,
who's out —
And take upon 's the mystery of
things
As if we were God's spies; and
we'll wear out,
In a wall'd prison, packs and sects
of great ones
That ebb and flow by th' moon.

— I felt I understood afresh what Aristotle meant by catharsis, the purging of guilt feelings attached to one's identity with the sufferer and exultance over escaping his punishment.

Can there be a more satisfying way to experience a work of literature?

The Living Arts

The New York Times



Sara Krulwich/The New York Times

Roberto Scandiuzzi in "Khovanshchina," at the Met.

OPERA REVIEW

Where Politics Are Complicated, Motives Are Not

By BERNARD HOLLAND

Being just across town anyway, the United Nations might want to send over a few of its delegates to see the August Everding production of "Khovanshchina" currently in revival at the Metropolitan Opera. Diplomats trying to sort out Kosovo, Bosnia, Serbs and Albanians could possibly find Mussorgsky's views on late 17th-century Russia chillingly familiar.

Opera is filled with gallant causes and tragic results, but the political despair of "Khovanshchina" elevates it to a different level of sophistication. There are few poetic deaths in this vast, unfinished piece; even the self-immolation of fundamentalist Christian Old Believers at the end can be taken as an act of fanaticism as much as one of devotion.

"Khovanshchina," which opened at the Met on Monday night, depicts a quartet of political and religious forces hacking away at one another in search of ultimate power. To somehow bind them together, Mussorgsky has invented a female character named Marfa. Alternately Old Believer, protector of feminine virtue against the military police and soothsayer to one set of czarist pretenders, Marfa is a somewhat artificial construct.

As America's M So Must th

Where's the taste? One man's answer.

By MOLLY O'NEILL

Bruce Aidells was doing his Cro-Magnon shuffle before the display case at Florence Meat Market in Greenwich Village. Sporting a large leather newsboy cap, jeans and a denim jacket emblazoned with the logo of his sausage company, the bearded and Bunyanesque meat maven shifted from one size 14E foot to the other. A self-described throwback who claims to "personally consume at least 20 times the national per capita

average of beef a year," he could
salivating. At the same time, he
hopes. The quality of beef in this
going steadily downhill for ne
said. Prime doesn't mean what

Mr. Aidells, the founder of the
Company in Northern California
links like smoked turkey-chicken
en-apple, and his collaborator, D
nearly a decade studying the
America to produce "The Com
book," published in November b
lin.

Mr. Aidells approaches his pas
calculation of the scientist he on
doctoral degrees in endocrinolog
and was a cancer researcher befo
the sausage business took him o
good. Mr. Aidells formulates th
cookery, of course — but then
them with a rigorous scientific a
book became a treatise on moder

Not only does it secure his in
unafraid of meat, even in these
ing times, but it is rife with hereti
has changed in America," he say
change the way we cook it."



ARISTOTLE, SOCRATES, PLATO. SEX, DRUGS, ROCK 'N' ROLL. **THE NIÑA, THE PINTA, THE SANTA MARIA.** BRAHMS, BEETHOVEN, BACH. **NO SHIRT, NO SHOES, NO DICE.** TORA, TORA, TORA. **SEE NO EVIL, HEAR NO EVIL, SPEAK NO EVIL.** SNAKES, SNAILS, PUPPY DOG TAILS. **LOCATION, LOCATION, LOCATION.** GOLD, FRANKINCENSE, MYRRH. **BARLEY, HOPS, WATER.** SUGAR, SPICE, EVERYTHING NICE. **SYNONYMS, ANTONYMS, HOMONYMS.** BLAH, BLAH, BLAH. **BREAKFAST, LUNCH, DINNER.** HO, HO, HO. **READIN', RITIN', 'RITHMETIC.** THE DENIAL, THE DRESS, THE APOLOGY. **NAME, RANK, SERIAL NUMBER.** MOMMA BEAR, POPPA BEAR, BABY BEAR. **36, 24, 36.** JUDGE, JURY, EXECUTIONER. **KNIFE, FORK, SPOON.** TALL, DARK, HANDSOME. **SHORT, FAT, BALD.** CATSUP, MUSTARD, PICKLES. **EXECUTIVE, LEGISLATIVE, JUDICIAL.** CONTROL, ALT, DELETE. **VENI, VIDI, VICI.** BRICK, STRAW, WOOD. **JACK, QUEEN, KING.** ID, EGO, SUPEREGO. **ROOT, THIRD, FIFTH.** READY, AIM, FIRE. **PAST, PRESENT, FUTURE.** LIBERTÉ, EGALITÉ, FRATERNITÉ. **BEG, BORROW, STEAL.** LITTLE MISS MUFFETT, LITTLE RED RIDINGHOOD, LITTLE BO PEEP. **FEAR, UNCERTAINTY, DOUBT.** HEART, BODY, SOUL. **BLONDE, BRUNETTE, REDHEAD.** WIN, LOSE, DRAW. **X, Y, Z.** P, D, Q. **IFS, ANDS, BUTS.** LATHER,

BICUSPIDS, MOLARS. DO,
RE, MI. **STOP, DROP, ROLL.**
CHOCOLATE, STRAWBERRY,
VANILLA. **TIC, TAC, TOE.** UP,
UP, AWAY. **NO RUNS, NO**
HITS, NO ERRORS. THIS,
THAT, THE OTHER. **SHIP,**
CAPTAIN, CREW. W, W, W.
BURGER, FRIES, SHAKE.
STEVE, JIM, SCOTT.

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A Divisive Steel-Quota Debate Moves To the Senate

By LESLIE WAYNE

WASHINGTON, March 23 — Facing a wave of protectionist sentiment, two top trade officials argued today that a House measure to impose quotas on steel imports would hurt the American economy, lead to raw material shortages and rising prices and could set off a trade war.

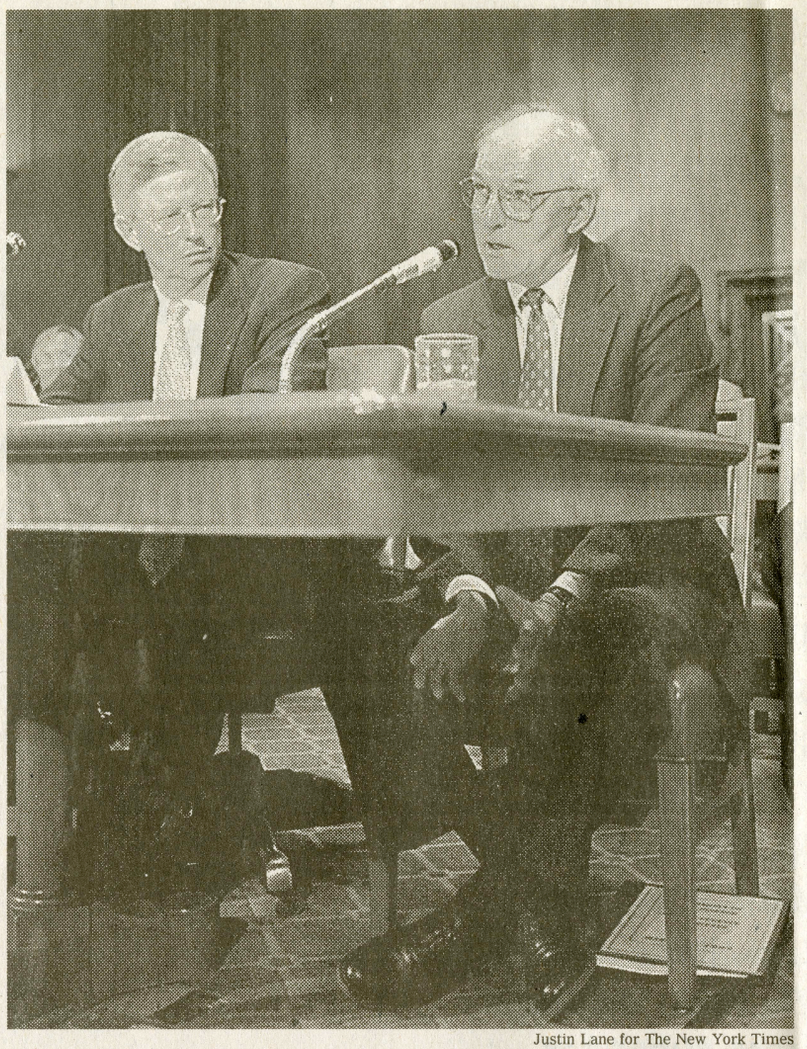
Despite the warnings, steelmakers and some Senators vowed to push for quotas that they argue are needed to save a basic American industry.

Charlene Barshefsky, the United States trade representative, speaking before the Senate Finance Committee, said the quota bill, while "well intentioned," would be "neither in the national interest nor in the interest of the steel industry." She was joined in testimony by Commerce Secretary William Daley.

The measure, which swept through the House this month by a vote of 289 to 141, would roll back amounts of imported steel to levels from the mid-1990's. That vote came in response to a surge of low-cost imports from Asia and Russia late last year that brought down steel prices, which have just begun to recover.

"As our economy continues to grow, demand for steel products remains strong," said Ms. Barshefsky, who repeated the Clinton Administration's intention to veto any quota measure. "Imposing quotes at this stage, when it looks like the market is beginning to stabilize, could have the unintended effort of disrupting the market, with effects that could reverberate throughout the U.S."

Democrats and the Administration are wary of alienating organized labor, which is lobbying hard for the measure. Though it would violate World Trade Organization rules and faces a tough reception in the Senate, Senator Jay Rockefeller, a West Virginia Democrat and its sponsor, said: "Over the next two weeks, the United Steelworkers Union will unleash a terrific lobbying campaign in every member's district."



Justin Lane for The New York Times

Executives testifying before the Senate Finance Committee yesterday in opposition to steel import quotas included, from left, David Daniel of Quality Tubing Inc. and Jack Porter of Caterpillar Inc.

Under the measure the House passed, steel imports would be limited to volumes based on monthly averages gleaned from the three-year period before July 1997. The economic crises in Asia, Brazil and Russia hurt demand in the home countries; moreover, severe devaluations of their currencies made the steel inexpensive for markets here.

American steelmakers have brought anti-dumping suits against many countries, which have since cut steel exports to the United States. Russia, for example, has voluntarily agreed to reduce its exports.

Still, in testimony pitting protectionists against free-traders and the steel industry against the Administration, the bill's supporters said quotas were needed.

Critics of quotas, including Ms. Barshefsky and Mr. Daley, said they supported an alternative proposed in the House that would make it easier for the industry to seek remedies under existing trade law when faced with sudden surges in imports. This measure, sponsored by Representatives Sander Levin, a Michigan Democrat, and Amo Houghton, a New York Republican, would lower the standards for bringing such cases to the International Trade Commission.

Steel industry leaders, however, insist quotas are necessary. "The real question is, do we want a steel industry in the United States?"

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California Utility Buying 16 Illinois Plants

Edison Will Pay $4.8 Billion to Unicom to Expand in the Midwest

CHICAGO, March 23 (Bloomberg News) — **Edison International**, California's second-biggest utility, agreed today to buy 16 power plants in Illinois from the **Unicom** Corporation for $4.8 billion in cash to expand into the Midwest.

Edison, which serves 4.3 million customers through its Southern California Edison unit, will get plants that can produce enough power to light 9.8 million homes. Six of the biggest plants are fired by coal, the cheapest fuel used to generate electricity.

Unicom, the owner of Chicago's dominant utility, is selling the plants to prepare for deregulation in Illinois. Edison's California market was opened to competition last year and is looking for revenue sources in other states. The Unicom purchase gives it access to the fast-growing Midwest electricity market, where there is a shortage of power at times of peak demand.

"It's a shrewd move," said Edward Tirello, an analyst with BT Alex. Brown Inc. "The plants are right in the middle of the Midwestern hub."

The plants sold for almost three times their book value because they are in the Midwest, where power prices jumped during a heat wave last June to $3,200 a megawatt hour, more than 125 times the previous year's average.

Unicom, which serves 3.4 million customers through its Commonwealth Edison unit, expects a gain of $1.7 billion from the sale, while Edison said the plants would begin to raise earnings in 2002.

Shares of Edison rose 12.5 cents yesterday, to $24.75. Unicom rose 6.25 cents, to $38.25.

The purchase, expected to be completed this year, includes a large plant that can be fueled by natural gas or oil and nine smaller plants used when electricity demand is high.

Though coal-fired power plants are cheaper to operate than gas or nuclear ones, they also pollute more. Edison's generating unit, Edison Mission Energy, said it was confident that it could operate the plants profitably even while investing $200 million to cut their emissions.

"There is a bit of a trade-off here," said Edward Muller, the chief executive of Edison Mission. "We will have to spend some money to improve the environmental performance of the plants, but we can make the economics work."

Edison Mission has stakes in 11 California plants, which it can maintain because it is legally separate from Southern California Edison. Edison Mission also owns plants in eight other states, including Nevada, Florida, West Virginia, New Jersey, Washington and New York, and has promised to build an additional 50 megawatts of gas-fired generation in Chicago.

This month, Edison, based in Rosemead, Calif., completed a $1.8 billion acquisition of a coal-fired power plant in Pennsylvania. The company plans to spend $200 million on pollution-reducing equipment for the plant.

Edison, which is second in California behind the Pacific Gas and Electric Company, a unit of the **PG&E** Corporation, is expanding outside the country as well. It said on Monday that it would pay $640 million to buy a stake in Contact Energy Ltd. from the Government of New Zealand.

Unicom, based in Chicago, plans to spend proceeds from the Edison sale on reducing operating costs at its nuclear plants as it prepares for competition in Illinois.

Bank of New York Adding Scottish Trust Bank

By Bloomberg News

The **Bank of New York** Company agreed yesterday to buy the trust bank of the **Royal Bank of Scotland** P.L.C. for an undisclosed sum, making the Bank of New York the world's largest custodian of investor assets.

The Bank of New York, which generates about 20 percent of its revenue from operations outside the United States, said the purchase would add Royal Bank's £400 billion, or $653 billion, of assets under custody, raising its total to $5.9 trillion worldwide and moving it ahead of the **Chase Manhattan** Corporation. The Bank of New York will also buy a minority stake in Royal Bank's investor services unit. The units primarily handle back-office record-keeping and accounting for securities transactions.

"We've seen a tremendous amount of growth in Europe in the past few years, and this adds to our platform," said Thomas J. Perna, a senior executive vice president at the Bank of New York.

The Bank of New York bought the institutional trust and custody business of Coutts & Company in London, a unit of National Westminster Bank P.L.C., last year. It bought the global custody and securities-lending business of J. P. Morgan & Company in 1996.

Mr. Perna said the bank expected to make other acquisitions in Europe.

Banks in the low-margin custody business have expanded through acquisitions to generate the volume needed to justify needed investments in technology.

United States banks dominate the business. Chase Manhattan, which acquired the global custody business of Morgan Stanley Dean Witter & Company in October, has about $5.4 trillion in custody assets, including more than $2 trillion in cross-border assets, a spokesman said. The **State Street** Corporation, the No. 3 company, had about $4.8 trillion in assets under custody at the end of December.

"This is a business where the American banks have cleaned up," said Charles Ruffel, editor of Global Custodian, an industry publication based in Greenwich, Conn.

The biggest custodian outside the United States will be **Deutsche Bank** A.G., Europe's No. 2 bank, after it completes its acquisition of the **Bankers Trust** Corporation in New York, one of the world's largest securities processors.

In Britain, after Royal Bank's decision to sell, only **HSBC Holdings** P.L.C. and **Lloyds TSB Group** P.L.C. retain sizable custody businesses.

Royal Bank, Scotland's largest, bought the trust and the investor services businesses in March 1997 from SG Warburg & Company. Mercury Asset Management, a unit of **Merrill Lynch** & Company, owns a stake in both units; the Bank of New York is buying Mercury's stakes. The businesses will remain in London after the acquisition.

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workers Union president, said. "We know there's an overcapacity of steel in the world. If we do not act decisively in the present crisis, there will be no American steel industry in the 21st century."

His views were echoed by Curtis H. Barnette, chief executive of the **Bethlehem Steel** Corporation, who said: "We are in a period of record demand, and we are experiencing widespread losses in our industry. There is only one cause: imports."

But several users of raw steel criticized quotas, saying they would cut off the supply of specialty products that American steelmakers do not produce and could lead to retaliation against their own products.

Jack Porter, chief procurement officer for **Caterpillar** Inc., a maker of heavy equipment, said his company "strongly opposes the steel quota legislation." He added that it "could lead to direct retaliation against our exports and undermine the international trading system."

Senator Phil Gramm, a Texas Republican, sharply criticized the bill, calling it "a prosperity killer that would send the Dow down 2,500 points."

"It would be a move to protectionism," he said. "We're a prosperous country right now, and if we start a trade war, we will be the great loser."

SBC-Ameritech Deal Gets One Approval From U.S.

WASHINGTON, March 23 (AP) — The Justice Department gave conditional approval today to the planned takeover of the **Ameritech** Corporation by **SBC Communications** Inc., a deal that would create the nation's largest local telephone company.

The acquisition would combine two regional Bells into a local telephone giant that would control 57 million phone lines, almost a third of the nation's total, spread through 13 states.

The Justice Department approved the merger as long as the companies sell some cellular properties in 17 markets, including the metropolitan areas of Chicago and St. Louis. Once that is done, SBC can also proceed with a deal to buy the cellular telephone operations of the **Comcast** Corporation. The provision is one of the largest divestiture agreements involving a merger ever required by the Justice Department's antitrust division, the department said.

The deal, valued at $60 billion when it was announced last May, still requires the approval of the Federal Communications Commission, which is reviewing it.

By fusing the companies' adjoining local phone territories, the merged company would control a swath of the nation's midsection from Wisconsin to Texas.

Shareholders of both companies have approved the merger, which executives hope to close by the middle of this year.

Federal restrictions bar a Bell telephone company from owning more than one cellular or wireless property in a market.

The Consumers Union, the Consumer Federation of America and long-distance companies want the Justice Department and the F.C.C. to block the deal.

Consumer groups argue that SBC Communications, based in San Antonio, and Ameritech, based in Chicago, whose local phone territories meet on the Missouri-Illinois border, would have been each other's biggest competitor and thus should not be allowed to merge.

They also contend that the merged company would be so formidable that it would discourage other companies from offering local phone service within its 13-state region. That would blunt the prospects of lower phone rates through competition, the critics say.

The companies, supported by major telephone unions, say that the merger would be good for consumers and for competition. The merger, they say, will foster local phone competition and possibly lower prices, accelerate the roll-out of high-speed Internet access and data services, and create jobs.

Bankruptcy Is Requested By Airline

Continued From First Business Page

ly popular with New York area customers because of its low fares, including a $99 ticket from Newark to Orlando, before running out of money and filing for bankruptcy protection in 1996.

It was rescued by an outside investor new to the airline industry, Dr. Charles C. Edwards, a Baltimore physician who bought Kiwi and has retained his position as its chairman while continuing a regular practice in spinal surgery.

After initial hopes that Dr. Edward's infusion of cash, known to be more than $5 million, would reverse its decline, Kiwi encountered a rash of customer complaints the last two years about things like erratic service and canceled flights. It was forced to cancel its service to Boston last year after it fell behind in payments to Logan International Airport, which threatened it with eviction.

Using only leased aircraft, Kiwi has seen a sharp erosion in its fleet, which fell to six planes in February after two were repossessed.

In a statement last night, Kiwi said it had named Gene Gillespie, a lawyer who has retained much day-to-day authority over its operations for two years, as its chief executive. It also said Dr. Edwards would remain as chairman, but in an interview, Mr. Kulat, the company spokesman, said the Transportation Department had made clear that it wanted Dr. Edwards removed from day-to-day management authority.

While declining to speculate on financial terms of a takeover by Pan American, Mr. Kulat said Kiwi was confident that its fresh infusion of cash would be enough to settle with its creditors and meet the demands of the Government.

Despite yesterday's threat that it could be shut down by the Government — perhaps in less than a month — Mr. Kulat said Kiwi employees were continuing to encourage people to book flights far in advance. "We are telling people we will be here for them," he said.

Quotation of the Day, page 2, every day, in the News Summary. The New York Times.

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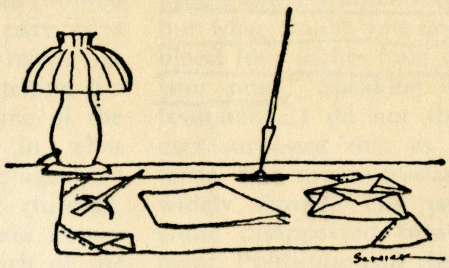


Editorial Disorder And Early Sorrow

MEG GREENFIELD

THE FIRST publication I ever worked for was a newspaper that was co-owned and co-edited by me. It was called the *El-Jo DeLuxe* in honor of my middle name, which is Ellen, and my partner's name, which was Josephine. We were nine years old at the time, and this kind of fair-sharing arrangement was the agreed-upon basis of our partnership, although we were less faithful in observing it whenever cash was at stake. Our frequent discord over the division of our income was resolved in a series of meetings that I remember chiefly for the unusual amount of kicking, biting, and scratching they entailed—not to mention the consequent shrieking. Josephine was tall and featured knees. I was short and wore an inverted soup-bowl haircut to which there was loosely affixed at all times a gigantic taffeta ribbon. Ghastly as it was to observe, we never went anywhere but arm in arm. We were best friends.

Since our principles also required that we have offices in each of our houses, the paper was planned in Josephine's closet and printed in my basement, where our work was not without its hazards. The least of these was envelopment by wet laundry, and the worst is still beyond my power to describe—it involved the fact that the machine on which we typed our stencil was emplaced directly beneath my brother's punching bag. Still, we fought for the right to do the typing, since whoever got there first at once inscribed herself as "editor-in-chief," leaving the other in the unenviable role of "distributor." The distributor delivered not only our twenty subscription copies, which were legibly reproduced in purple ink, but also half a dozen others we continued to run off well after the stencil had given out. These were printed in a watery orchid hue that a court of law might or might not have declared to be in fact invisible, and they were stuffed under the doors of nonsubscribing neighbors by the distributor, who presented herself the next day and demanded five cents payment. From time to time, we made a nickel this way, but on the whole it was unrewarding work. And that is why, as the editor typed away, the distributor would sit on the cold cement floor and sulk.

It was in that basement not long ago, now minus the apparatus of childhood, that I came across some copies of the *El-Jo DeLuxe* while my brother and I were going through family papers, prior to the sale of the house. Unlike the other memorabilia we encountered, the sight of it suffused me with a sense of Significance and Woe. Twice in its brief existence from 1940 to 1941, I recalled, the *El-Jo DeLuxe* had had to be suppressed and its printing machinery to be seized. Moreover, the second of these episodes had involved some large and basic truths about the function of the press in a free society. The story of the *El-Jo DeLuxe* is a turbulent one, but it is full of morals for our time—if only we are brave enough to face them.

I SEE by an issue from the autumn of 1940 that the McIntyres had just come home. Here is the complete story: "FLASH! The McIntyres of 21st avenue north are back from eleven months on business in the east. In their opinion, this is the best city. Warm regards, McIntyres!!" I cite this story in full because it expresses the sum of our editorial policy: eternal solicitude for our subjects (almost all our stories ended with a dispensation of regards), and local pride bordering on mania. Not from the McIntyres alone but from all returning travelers, we exacted something like a municipal loyalty oath; and we were very stingy with our allegiance, extending it only to the barest minimum of persons and places that we had been assured were worthy. These, as any child of the period could tell you, included Finland, because she had paid her First World War debt; Haile Selassie; King Zog of Albania; and—grudgingly—Great Britain, who had not paid her war debt but in whose behalf anyway we often stood in Josephine's closet and sang, "Don't give up, Tommy Atkins—Be a stout fellow! Chin up! Cheerio! Carry on!"

Neither our foreign nor domestic policies, however—the one extremely cranky, the other a little damp with good will—reveals itself upon scrutiny of the paper to have been our principal inspiration as publishers. We were moved by the profit motive, as I may have already made plain, and there is evidence throughout the *El-Jo DeLuxe* that we were quite slipshod about maintaining the line between editorial content and commercial self-interest that is supposed to be the first ethic of publishing. "If you have noticed a slick cream auto on Crescent Drive Wednesday morn," one of our typical news accounts begins, "it belongs to Mrs. and Mr. Jack Kilbey of Bellingham. Mrs. Kilbey subscribed to the *El-Jo DeLuxe* and more of you ought to follow her example."

To rouse our readers' curiosity in what often turned out to be house

, we of course had to provide ome news. And we knew our market well. For the most part it consisted of housewives who counted on us to supply missing parts of a picture they could only make out dimly from behind a twitching living-room curtain: the name of the family who had moved in, what "he" did for a living, the ages and grades in school of the children, the extent to which certain houses had been remodeled, which of the neighbors planned to repaint in the spring. Josephine and I were meticulous about providing the answers to such questions, although we probably didn't always emphasize the things our matronly readers cared about most. "The doghouse," we would tell them, for example, "is large enough to accommodate three children and has two windows which adds to its attractiveness." Still, we were trying; and if we failed, it was only for lack of news. Very little ever happened in that neighborhood, a problem we only partially succeeded in disguising by beginning all our items—including fillers and birthday messages to my great-aunts in Ohio—with "FLASH!" Our fillers themselves tell the sad story. Usually they were full-length articles we left untitled because we had plagiarized them from the local press. One such filler, an analysis of Walt Disney by Sidney Skolsky, went on for two consecutive issues in their entirety.

In Washington, I have since learned, there is nothing government press officers fear more than what is called a "news vacuum"—a dull stretch in which reporters, desperate for a story, may pick up anything that comes along and overplay it beyond recognition. We, of course, lived in a permanent news vacuum; and in almost every edition of the *El-Jo DeLuxe* one can see the frantic quest for "the story"—the sixth-grade teacher "almost" had a bad skid in her automobile; a fifth-grade pupil "practically" fainted from Clorox fumes. It was only a matter of time until it happened, but since our parents were not press officers, they could not be expected to know what was coming. What came was a description, in all its repellent detail, of what we called the "near fatal nosebleed" of Josephine's younger brother—a story that began memorably as follows: "Most people think a nosebleed is nothing, but what would you say if clots of blood four inches long came out of your nose?" Speaking strictly professionally, I do not think I have ever surpassed that as a lead sentence. But my enthusiasm was not widely shared. The printing machine disappeared from the basement. Publication of the paper was suspended. And perhaps—I can't remember—we were even slammed around a little bit.

WELL, as the history of the free press amply demonstrates, you can't keep a good newspaper down; much less a bad one. We were back in business in about six months, owing to the baseless optimism of our parents, who believed we were appreciably more mature at ten than we had been at nine and that we had "learned something" from our experience. This time we only lasted for two issues.

The trouble the second time around involved charges a good deal more serious than mere sensational-



ism, and it concerned a real public issue. Some time earlier that year, the school board had announced its decision to create a junior high school out of the Henry Wadsworth Longfellow Elementary School. Seventh- and eighth-grade students from four schools in our area would attend it, and the displaced younger children from Longfellow would, in turn, be sent to us. The stir that followed this announcement was no less real for being subterranean in nature. Where the other four schools existed in comfortable middle-class neighborhoods, Longfellow was in the poor, tough part of town. Its pupils were largely Negroes, and there had been no Negroes in our school before.

I have searched my memory to be careful about all this. I had probably never even met a Negro, and the word had not come down from Josephine's parents or from mine. Where did we hear the talk? Specifically, I recall one of our teachers as a source, and also the old lady with whom we haggled over candy in the school store and who was, in this pursuit, an equal match to our joint talents. But there were others. We heard of remarks allegedly made by the principal of one school, of do-or-die resistance being planned in another. When we sat down to immortalize the situation, there is no doubt in my mind that we were reflecting faithfully—if crudely and starkly—the prevalent attitude in our neighborhood. "FLASH!," it naturally began: "Children From Stevens, Lowell, T. T. Minor, and Montlake will go to Longfellow which will be East Center Junior High in the fall. Although no one wants their children to go to Longfellow or visa versa due to the negroes, that is what is going to happen say the school board." Josephine and I rooted around in the current folklore, came up with a suitable tag line, and gave it just that extra little shove. "Said the principal of Montlake school," I typed, "we don't want those niggers coming here."

The routine manner in which we filled the rest of the paper with our heartfelt regards for persons who were having their windows washed, and distributed it to our subscribers and our nonsubscribing victims, leads me to believe that we were innocent of what we had done and unsuspecting of the uproar to follow. We were—and yet, in some small way, we weren't. Before I knew exactly what was going on, but when my parents' expressions and the whole atmosphere of our house had already become ominous, I think I could have told you that the gathering storm had something to do with me and the *El-Jo DeLuxe*. And as I marched down the stairs on my way to an exchange of views with my father, by whom I was finally sum-

moned, I believe I could also have pointed out the offending article and its most offensive passages.

I will not pretend to remember all that was said on that occasion, but I will never forget the highlights, much as I'd like to. Roughly, the charges against me were (1) lying and (2) the possession of ridiculous and ignorant opinions. My defense followed a complicated course: Yes, I had too heard the principal say it, although, no, it was true I had never even laid eyes on him, but Josephine knew him well and she heard him say it, or at least that's what she told me, but she may have made it all up, and in any event, the whole thing was her fault. My problem was that I still didn't know precisely what the "fault" was, since I continued to assume that my father and I and that poor maligned principal were in agreement on the fundamentals. So, to reinforce our common bond, I asked him whether he thought the "niggers" ought to come to our school. He chose that moment to advise me that the word I wanted was "Negro," and—perhaps because I saw the whole tight structure of my various patriotisms and loyalties being challenged—I remember that this remark enraged me. "Nee-gro," I began to mimic with exaggerated care, and then, seeing the look on his face, I abruptly feigned a racking cough, so he would attribute my enunciation to ill-health rather than insolence. "Nee-gro-ho-ho-ho-awgh," I fairly choked, and, lest he had any doubt about my good faith in the matter or the probability of my immediate

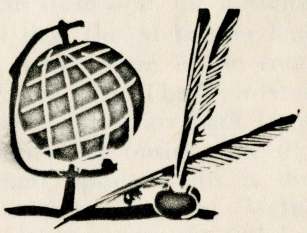


death, I went through it for him a second time—"Nee-hee-awgh-awgh-awgh. . . ."

He was unimpressed, as I had reason to know he would be. The Camille thing had never been much use in our family, although I tried it out repeatedly in moments of great danger, of which, I suddenly realized, this was one. But with the superior wisdom of age, my father took this show for what it was: a confession of guilt and a surrender. He more or less set aside the charge of lying and sought to convince me that I had somehow misinterpreted what people thought and that it would be too bad if I based my editorial judgments on such cockeyed information. This approach had the virtue of permitting me to reconstruct the event as a dreadful misunderstanding in which I was blameless. I leapt at the opportunity and could hardly remember ever thinking what, in fact, I had been thinking five minutes before. The discussion dwelt briefly on newspaper retractions, and this interested me enormously. I had no way of knowing the subject was academic, since I didn't know he had already decided that the world had seen enough of the *El-Jo DeLuxe*.

YOU MAY WONDER where my partner was at such a critical time. She was probably home facing similar music. Whenever there was trouble of this magnitude, Josephine and I were separated for at least a full week, each set of parents being of the opinion that the other child was the bad influence. Accordingly, I set about what I considered the very glamorous task of preparing a retraction on my own. The only thing Josephine and I shared that week was the unrelieved hostility of the neighborhood. We were outcasts. Indeed, you would have thought we had invented racism in my basement. Most people didn't even talk to us, and those who did lectured us on what was known simply as "brotherhood" in those days. Notably, their number included the same persons who had given us our original *sub rosa* guidance. That teacher, for instance, fixed me with a terrible stare when she delivered some tender thoughts to the class about the family of man and how it had been created equal.

If I had been a sufficiently sensitive child, this turn of events might have led me to a more memoir-like conclusion. I would have been able to record that my youthful encounter with adult hypocrisy had disillusioned me in an interesting sort of pastel-tinted, melancholy way. Far from it; I was exhilarated. Each new lecture and every sly recantation only seemed to confirm the truth of the document I was composing;



and if my mentors assured me that the Negro race was supposed to be right up there with Finland and Albania, that was all right with me. I only wished they had made it so explicit sooner. The burden of my retraction was that the entire article in the previous week's paper had been due to some unspecified "error" on the part of some similarly unspecified "reporter." But mostly it was taken up with another fictitious quotation from the principal of Montlake School, this time to the effect that he could hardly wait for the proposed merger to take place. I had worked very hard on that quotation and was extremely disappointed to discover that I no longer had a newspaper to publish it in.

IN MY TWILIGHT YEARS I have taken to thinking that Josephine and I alone were responsible for the orderly desegregation of our city's school system in 1941—a daydream that I find as irresistible as it is preposterous. At most, we managed to destroy resistance in one neighborhood by having done nothing more virtuous than the wrong thing. Still, in our inadvertent and ignoble way, we caused policy to be made as I have so often seen it made since—by outright denial of that which had been true. More than my experience with the *El-Jo DeLuxe* has convinced me that it is a foolish journalist who will underestimate the fallibility of his own reporting, the unreliability of his sources, the Peck-sniffery of his public, and—taken together—their tremendous potential as a force for good. Over the long term, anyway, the worst seems to be for the best and hypocrisy its own reward. One thinks about these things.

The High Cost of Living

MEG GREENFIELD

It was an article of faith with me when I lived in the West that New Yorkers are incurable braggarts. They are, of course; but like everyone else in the West I had missed the point of what they were bragging about, believing it to be the fact that everything is bigger and better in New York, rather than, as is actually the case, that everything is bigger and worse. Indeed, it was only after many years of being an adoptive New Yorker myself, and by definition an incurable braggart, that I realized how much of my own pride, along with that of my fellow citizens, lay in the belief that New Yorkers are bilked, poisoned, and pillaged with more system and less mercy than any other concentration of persons in human history. So firm was my conviction, in fact, that upon moving to Washington, as I have recently done, I was at first unable to recognize that in at least one area of possible victimization, New York might just have to look to its overpriced, smog-stained laurels. I am referring to the quest for adequate housing.

The charge is a serious one, since the inability to find a decent place to live has long been a point of particular pride with New Yorkers. And in fairness I will grant that in some respects the quest for housing in Washington is no more disruptive to the ordinary person's mental health than it is in New York or elsewhere in the country. The nation's capital is not alone in being blessed with those writers of classified advertisements who have learned to count airless crannies between furnace and stairwell as "rms," who trouble to mention "firepls" in which pls—it turns out—the tenant will not be permitted to build a fire, who allude to "patios" and "terraces" that reveal themselves on inspection as backyard mud heaps that would even be offensive to a goat.

All this is part of the National Experience. What then *is* unusual about Washington? For me it has been the assurance freely offered by any number of landlords that if I do accept the outrageous terms of their ads and move into their inadequate apartments, I will—as if all that were not enough—be, in addition, murdered.

Washington leads the nation in aggravated assault, as my new friends the landlords have pointed out. Invariably, they have added that what I, an allegedly defenseless female, should do is move to Georgetown, the elegant and relatively safe part of Washington, where the terms are twice as outrageous and the rooms smaller by half. I must confess that at first I was rather touched by this solicitude. It simply would not cross the finely tooled mind of a New York City landlord to warn a prospective tenant of danger to life or limb. On the contrary, he would persuade you, if he could, that there was nothing amiss about installing your aged grandmother in a fourth-floor walkup on Hudson Street that shared a bath with Pier 47. For once you have satisfied a New York City landlord that you are solvent and discreet, he will not introduce the extraneous issue of your ability to survive intended mayhem. *"Que será, será,"* as the cumulative sophistication of New York City may be summed up, and it hardly seems fair to expect more in the way of compassion from the city's landlords whose very livelihood, under rent control, requires a rapid turnover of tenants.

By contrast, the Washington landlords' concern seemed at first to me not only touching but positively salubrious. It prompted that sort of hard thinking and long-term stock-taking that few of us often engage in. Everyone, after all, has computed how much of his monthly income should be allotted to rent from a strictly budgetary point of view. But how many of us have faced up to the larger issues? How much of my monthly wage, as I finally put the question to myself, was my life worth to me? I am sorry to say the answer was: not that much.

How do you talk a friendly stranger out of his overprotective attitude toward your welfare when that stranger is, of all things, a reluctant landlord? I think most people would agree the problem is a strange one. My own first inclination was to try philosophy. "Well," as I put it to a voice on the phone that was refusing me a place near Dupont Circle, "we all have to go some time. Don't you think? Only I *would* hope the utilities are included. I mean. You know?" (He wasn't answering me; you can't get smart with these landlords.) When all the great ideas I had learned from the Container Corporation of America ads proved useless, my thoughts turned from philosophy to statistics. I divided the total number of murders into the total population figures for several cities and discovered to my satisfaction that it would be considerably more dangerous for me to live in Lubbock, Texas.

In this figure the FBI supports me. Or at least I think it does. The statistical picture of crime in Washington is a confused one, though lacking little in detail. True, every depredation, from attempted carnal knowledge to purse snatching, seems to have been duly recorded by age, race, and sex of the offender, not to mention the month of the year, day of the week, and hour of the day it is most likely to occur. But in the present anxiety-ridden atmosphere of Washington I haven't dared study these figures too carefully for fear of becoming hysterical in the presence of my own friends who, through no fault of their own, happen to be white middle-aged men, say, on a Tuesday afternoon in November.

On the other hand, those figures I *have* tried to master continually elude my grasp. There are FBI figures, and Police Department figures, and figures offered by Southern congressmen who have their own

gram with private capital. When this new committee voted unanimously against the use of Federal funds and declared its conviction that, if at all possible, local projects should be directed and paid for by the locality directly concerned, the *Republic* expressed its gratification. ". . . At a time when most cities across the nation have gone to Washington extending the tin cup of charity," the paper declared on November 20, 1960, "the action of the citizens' committee stands out as sharply as an Arizona butte. . . . It remains as true today as it did when Woodrow Wilson first said it, that the history of liberty is a history of the limitation of governmental power—not the increase of it . . . the action of the citizens' urban renewal committee was an imporant victory over creeping bureaucracy, and the sixteen members deserve an appreciative vote of thanks for a job well done."

Then in February President Kennedy sent a telegram to mayors throughout the country urging that work on urban-renewal projects be stepped up immediately as a means of combating unemployment and promising to expedite Federal aid funds. Mayor Mardian replied that there would be no Federal financed urban renewal in Phoenix.

Enter Mr. Staggs

Despite the appointment of two committees to study the problem, Phoenix had no real plan. And after all forms of Federal support had been branded as an invitation to socialism, even the rather loose local housing code began to come under fire. There was some talk of adding an urban-renewal bond issue to other municipal bonds being prepared for submission to the voters, but it was feared that a request for slum-clearance funds would bring on the defeat of the whole $150-million program. One member of the urban-renewal committee told the Phoenix papers: "Urban Renewal would have started in Phoenix a year ago except for the vocal opposition of a few rabble rousers. Now urban renewal has a stigma attached to it, a bad image that somehow urban renewal is something evil, something undemocratic, something un-American."

In the meantime, private enterprise had stepped forward in the person of Ralph E. Staggs, a local builder of considerable reputation and a recent Republican county chairman in Arizona. Staggs offered to be a one-man urban-renewal organization. "Staggs-Bilt Homes has decided to go into the urban renewal business, or as I prefer to call it, the private redevelopment of slum areas," he announced in February, 1961. "We intend to do this without the help of tax money."

The *Republic* was jubilant: "His plans make more sense than any we have seen yet. We hope they lay to rest the ghost of both urban renewal and public housing." The city gladly stepped aside and began to do away with anything even remotely associated with an organized approach to the problem of housing. It abolished its urban-renewal department entirely. The campaign against the housing code continued, and it too was finally abolished by a referendum last spring.

As the city settled down to watching the Staggs idea solve its housing problems, the mood of satisfaction and anticipation was perhaps best expressed by the *Republic's* sister paper, the afternoon *Gazette:* ". . . by wiping the slate clean, Mayor Mardian, other members of the council, and the city's professional administration are making it possible eventually to create a city betterment program geared to local control, local decisions, and local initiative. The results cannot help bring better results than 'exported from Washington' patchwork could achieve. . . . Urban Renewal in the best meaning of the phrase—in the sense of neighborhood beautification —remains a prime goal for all Phoenicians. We believe it will be reached faster this way."

But things didn't turn out quite that way, and Staggs himself has deplored some of the results of the local antipathy toward any form of government interference in housing. "It's extremely unfortunate," he said, "that the council saw fit to do away with the urban renewal department and with the housing code. . . . We have to have a housing code. . . . Without it areas can continue to deteriorate into slums. This may just kill any type of urban renewal work."

That, in effect, is precisely what happened. Staggs hired a lawyer, set up an office, and went about the project just as he said he would. But within the last few months the futility of his efforts became obvious and the whole project has been called off.

Among the reasons for his failure, an associate of Staggs has cited first of all the difficulty of acquiring land. His private corporation had no authority to condemn property, and the land in greatest need of redevelopment was almost impossible to purchase because of confused titles and the fact that many landowners believed their property would soon increase in value thanks to the proposed extension of a Phoenix freeway project.

He also faced the problem of getting changes made in the zoning regulations. Despite the fact that existing dwellings did not conform to present zoning, Staggs needed the city council's approval of variances before he could proceed with his multiple-unit plan.

But most important of all, Staggs found that his project simply couldn't be made to produce a profit. The people for whom it was to be built could not afford to pay rents high enough to make the project economically attractive to a private builder.

The implication of the Phoenix *Republic* that Staggs would make history in laying "to rest the ghost of both urban renewal and public housing" was something less than accurate. The net result is that five years after Phoenix decided something had to be done about the spread of urban blight there is no urban renewal, no housing code to enforce even minimum standards in deteriorating buildings, and no serious plan to do anything about the slums south of Van Buren Street.

But there is always optimism in the clear, dry sunshine of Arizona. The Phoenix papers are now sponsoring a "City Beautiful" drive to beautify the city's neighborhoods by removing unsightly billboards and tree stumps. That doesn't require any interference whatsoever from the Federal government.

unsurprising assessment of the problem. There are the figures of those who are trying to get new criminal legislation for Washington and the figures of those who are trying to prove that Washington is a summer festival. All this is by way of explaining that the set of figures I proceeded to cook up may have been misleading but that there were precedents for my behavior and extenuating circumstances too. To my per capita arguments I added what I thought would be a clincher from a different angle: that such cities as Philadelphia, Los Angeles, and New York had far higher totals of the crimes under consideration than Washington did. For good measure I threw in a recent quotation from the Chief of Police: "The District does not have an extreme crime rate in comparison with nationwide averages. . . ." Then I settled down at the telephone, only to learn that Washington's landlords are no more susceptible to mathematical abstractions than they are to metaphysical ones such as "when it's your time, it's your time."

My final statistical effort was spent on a female who declined even to show me a house she was letting on Corcoran Street. "According to the FBI," I began—"and I think you will find this interesting—in Lubbock, Texas. . . ." Now, I cannot tell you exactly why it is unwise to bring up the subject of the FBI in a conversation with a prospective landlord, but in a general, intuitive way I should have known it was. Still, it is a sign of the unfailing altruism of Washington landlords, except where money is at issue, that the last one on whom I tried my tricks, while clearly supposing me to be either a lunatic or a spy, gave some thought to my welfare in general.

"You should move to Georgetown," she said when I had finished.

"I hadn't really wanted to," I said.

"It *is* rather dark there," she agreed.

"That's not what I. . . ."

"You should probably get yourself one of those gas bombs."

"GET YOURSELF a gas bomb." It is the negation of Mary McCarthy in our time. By "gas bomb" (or "gas stick") in Washington is meant a handsome brass object resembling a fountain pen that costs $6.95 in better Connecticut Avenue shops and that, by its manufacturer's own boast, "discharges a blast of a radically new powerful tear gas that temporarily incapacitates man or beast." It is not subject to the Federal Firearms Act, and it weighs only an ounce and a half. I know all this because in one last desperate moment it crossed my mind that I might have an effective counter in arguing with my landlord friends if I could claim to be equipped with the recommended Washington arsenal—a tear-gas bomb, a siren, and a big, mean dog at the end of a leash.

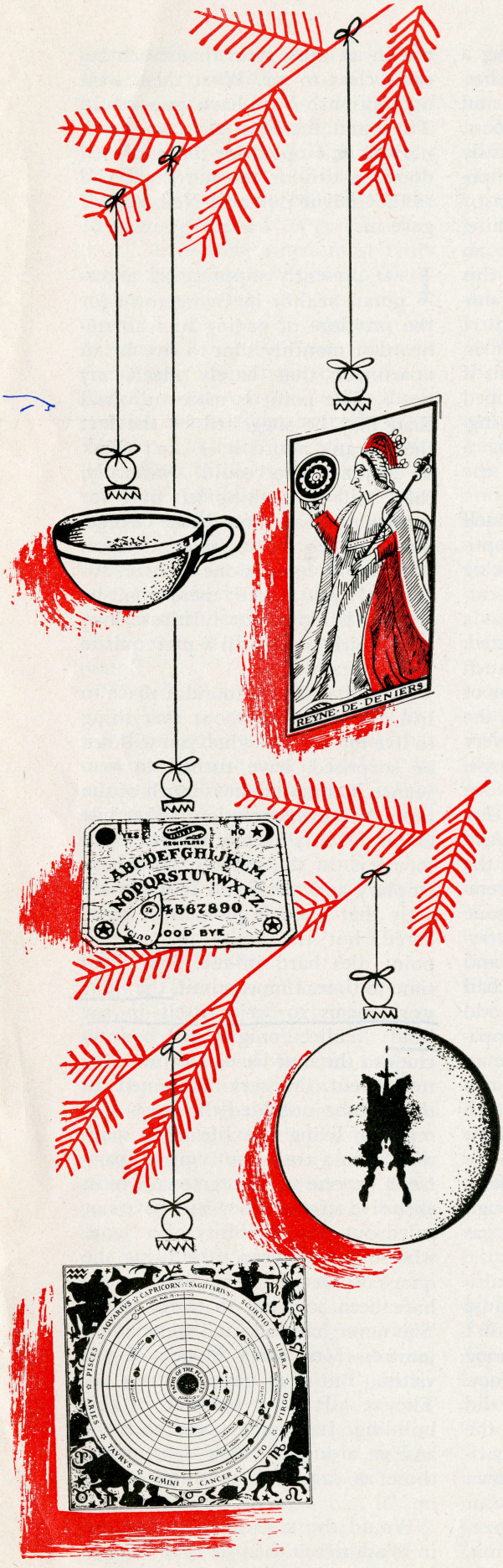
Thus it was that I found myself not long ago an embarrassed, skeptical customer in a local store being urged to take the handy two-cartridge kit plus two extra refills at a dollar each. But surely, I objected, that would be protesting too much —tear-gas bombs in anticipation of *four* separate assaults? Not at all, the saleswoman replied, but her every argument seemed to weaken her case. Indeed, she finally managed to set off a train of thought in my mind that led to a momentous decision. And that was when, to assure me of the bomb's dreadful potential, she reminisced about the day one had gone off by mistake in the store and everyone had had to rush, blinded and gagging, into the street. I had thought there was something odd about the illustration that accompanied the weapon. It shows a man wearing a kind of soft visored cap that used to be associated with criminality about to molest a woman at a bus stop. More fool he. She is letting him have it right in the face. Conveniently, however, even though they are only feet apart, the gas cloud is in his face, not in hers.

I did not mention this—my ultimate objection—to the lady because I couldn't be sure that she didn't have a Mr. John gas mask among her wares for just that emergency. But visions came to me. How did you set off the siren and fire the bomb at once? What if I incapacitated not only the man but my own beast and myself into the bargain? Did I really want to own a disagreeable dog? Or a bomb? Or a siren, for that matter? I would be a washout in an arms race; that much became clear to me. What then, were my options? You have guessed it. Then and there, in that extraordinary store, I opted for the hardened domicile site, or the hardened pad as they might put it in New York. I gave in.

I AM presently supplicating a corporate realtor in Georgetown for the privilege of paying him an unheard-of monthly sum to live in an apartment that barely meets my needs. The point is more universal than may be suggested by the fact that I can't afford it; I can't think of anyone who could. Naturally, there will be nothing left over for entertaining at those little Georgetown dinner parties one might as well give so long as one is there. It's probably just as well; there won't be enough left over for furniture anyway, which is after all a prerequisite for entertaining.

Now that I have found a place to live and lost just about everything to live for, my thoughts, you will not be surprised, have turned to vengeance. I think about it much of the time. And my conclusion is that just about the only form of revenge open to me is, in the modern mode, exemplary and sacrificial. It is not exactly that I am hoping to be murdered, but the desire to prove a point dies hard in me. And from time to time, I must admit, the news story seems to write itself in my head: "Police tonight still had no clues to the murder of a capital correspondent. Mystery thickened as their probe unfolded the story of a reporter living the life of a semi-recluse in a costly but empty apartment on one of Georgetown's most exclusive streets. They still have not ruled out the possibility of a 'man' who may have been subsidizing the quarters. Alarms but no descriptions have been sent out to thirty states. 'She never had folks in,' commented janitress Mrs. Mary Moody of the victim. 'But then none of them do. They're all pretty peculiar in this building. Just come home at night and set around in their apartments, those as can find anything to set on.' "

Would the true story of housing in Washington then be told? People have given their lives in lesser causes.



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By JOHN SKOW

BRAVERY IS NOT ENOUGH

Stirling Moss scorned pain and drove as well as any man who ever lived. One day he made a mistake and they had to cut the car off him with shears.

Moments after a foolhardy try to pass on an English track, a bleeding Moss is scissored from his car.



It is, of course, not enough to be brave. Racing drivers who are merely brave become merely dead. That is one of the clichés of auto racing; citizens who bought their first sports car last week, and are still making the mistake of waving to Volkswagens, have learned to smile sadly and say this. They talk of the Marquis de Portago, the gallant Spanish damn-all who crashed and died in the 1957 *Mille Miglia*, and they say, making the word a sneer, "Oh, Portago was *brave*. . . ."

Very well, it is not enough to be brave. Stirling Moss was and is brave, and he was enough more to become, almost certainly, the greatest auto racer who ever shifted gears. At the beginning of last year he was at the top of his form and of his profession; his income was ticking along at something like $150,000 a year; and his success with suntanned young women would have made him an international hero even if no one had ever heard of the internal-combustion engine. The queen had appointed him to the Order of the British Empire. Small boys wished they were Stirling Moss, and so did men.

Moss had never been world champion, for complicated reasons boiling down to the fact that, because of patriotism and a taste for the grand gesture, he usually insisted on driving British cars (until quite recently this was a handicap) and cars that were privately owned (factory cars are always faster). Moss was not champion. He was merely the man that every champion had to beat; knowing that you could not beat Moss, you tried to beat his car. Moss passed champions while waving at girls. And then came Easter, 1962.

Moss still does not know what happened that day at England's Goodwood race course. The fact that he does not know, and that what happened may have been the result not of mechanical failure but of the first major driving error of his career, torments him more than the knowledge that he must never race Grand Prix cars again.

These machines are the fastest and most difficult way ever devised to travel over a twisting road surface. They are not sports cars, with fenders, lights and at least a pretense of such amenities as doors, nor are they Indianapolis cars, which can speed only over a softly curved oval track. They are fragile lash-ups of ferocious (but not very large) engines, tough five-speed transmissions, enormous brakes, one reclining seat and as little else as possible. One Grand Prix builder has found a way to leave the frame out of his cars; the chassis is made of three gas tanks—one for the floor and two for the sides. It is not as strong this way, but it is strong enough, and it is lighter.

The car Moss was driving at Goodwood was a Lotus, two years old and outclassed for speed by several other cars in the field of 17. In the first eight laps nothing noteworthy took place. Moss worked his car up to fourth place, pressing for third. Then his gearbox jammed, and five minutes were wasted making repairs. Every other car in the race was now ahead of Moss, and Graham Hill, in the lead, was three laps ahead. There was simply no possibility of winning. "What are you going to do?" someone asked Moss as he climbed back into the car. And Moss answered, "Have a bloody go."

Thirst got you off balance?



It's time for the real thirst-quencher!

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How dry, dry, dry can you get? You'll know if you chase wild badminton birds some summer afternoon! How quick can you quench? You'll find out with 7-Up! With the very first sip, your mouth turns fresher and your throat feels gratefully cool. When you finish the bottle, *thirst* is finished! Be our guest. It's *always* 7-Up time!

FOR THIRST QUENCHING, FRESH TASTE, QUICK LIFT..."FRESH UP" WITH SEVEN-UP!

Here was the British sportsman at his best—the outmanned romantic pressing on regardless, a bit adolescent and more than a bit glorious. Moss indeed had his go. By the end of 34 laps, in a car that was not of the best, he broke the course record and made up one lap of Hill's three-lap lead.

Moss was famous for being able to deliver, oftener than anyone else, this kind of flat-out performance. And not, most of the time, in races hopelessly lost. He has entered more races and won more, with a better winning percentage, than any other driver. (In the '61 Grand Prix of Monaco—a race that is considered one of his two or three best—he beat the Ferrari factory team with another outgunned Lotus by holding himself on the outer rim of what a man can do with a car for the last 92 of 100 laps.)

Now, to Graham Hill, two laps ahead in the race, but only a few car lengths ahead on the road, what his mirror showed him was incomprehensible: Moss seemed to be trying to pass him on St. Mary's Corner, a tough, slow curve where it is not possible to pass a car of comparable speed. Moss did not make it, of course. His car pulled nearly up to Hill's, going much too fast at perhaps 110 mph, slowed a bit across 150 yards of grass, then slammed into an earthen bank.

He sneered at injury

It took men with metal shears half an hour to cut Moss free. He spent the next two months in a hospital, his left knee broken, his shoulder torn, his face a wreck. There were broken ribs. Injuries of this degree were commonplace for Moss; part of the legend that sets him apart from every other racing driver, except the late Tazio Nuvolari, is the record of his contempt for pain. But it was different this time. His helmet had split, and the right side of his brain was a great bruise. For weeks the left side of his body was in paralysis. His speech was slurred, his vision affected. Friends who saw him then said that although he could respond to ideas fed him, he did not seem able to seize and hold an original thought. He had no memory of the crash—and still does not; he had planned to use hypnosis to recover the episode, but has been advised that the therapy could bring on a recurrence of paralysis.

Moss's recovery has been a complete medical success. He is no longer bothered by double vision, and he can talk and think as well as before. His face is slightly scarred, but the scars are not disfiguring. He wears a sinister black beard now. ("You see, they took a piece of hip here to raise the left eye, and they asked me not to shave for a while. . . .") Otherwise he is the same. He is tanned and strong, and he can walk, run and water-ski. He can also drive a racing car better than all except 10 or a dozen men in the world.

And that is why on May 1 of this year Moss announced his retirement. The edge of his awesome physical and mental equipment has been dulled, worn down slightly toward what is normal. Some of the dexterity is gone, and some of the ability to flick his attention from a distant road surface to his instruments and back again with no perceptible time lag.



Months after the wreck at St. Mary's Corner, a bearded Moss returns to Le Mans—this time to coach drivers rather than race a Grand Prix car—and finds the women still swarm to his smile and his charm.

So Moss packed it up, after taking a Lotus back to Goodwood, horsing it up to 140, and deciding that what he could still do with a car was not enough. Letters from people to whom this meant something began arriving at three or four times his normal rate of 10,000 a year. It is a measure of this man that at what must have been one of the worst periods of his life, and at a time when he could reasonably expect a severe drop in income, he hired two extra secretaries to help him answer the mail.

But Moss is not just a star athlete with a bad arm, and the fact that his accident undoubtedly saved his life is not lost on him, but it doesn't make any difference. He would like to have his laurels back. A reporter who thought he detected relief in Moss's tone as he talked of retirement was, it seems likely, detecting only what he would have felt in Moss's place. Champions are not like other people.

Last spring seemed a good time to see Moss and to get, if possible, a summing-up. I had talked with him only once before, at the Sebring sports-car race in March, 1956. Although he had never heard of the newspaper I worked for, he discussed matters cheerfully for 20 minutes, including matters I had in my nervousness forgotten to raise. Later, driving with his elbows straight out from the shoulder, recognizable half a mile away, he led the race for a while until his Aston-Martin swooned from stage fright.

Now, in 1963, with Moss retired, and most of the other good drivers who had been at Sebring that year not retired but dead, we agreed to meet at Indianapolis. Moss was "covering" the Memorial Day race for a U.S. newspaper chain—he tapes his comments, and then edits what his ghost has written for him, and thus comes nearer to homemade authoring than most sports figures. Earlier he had taped a magazine piece suggesting without much bashfulness that Indianapolis was something of a joke, and that two Grand Prix drivers, Scotsman Jimmy Clark and U.S.-born Dan Gurney, were going to shock speedway traditionalists with their superlight Lotus Fords. (Clark came in second and Gurney seventh.)

So here was Moss, out of the driver's seat and a long way from home. He looked assured, tanned and healthy as he sunned himself beside the pool at the speedway's motel. There were, of course, a couple of girls in bikinis nearby. In this respect Moss sometimes carries his environment with him and sometimes forages; in either case he is always very much at home. He is five feet, eight inches tall, muscular, bald, bearded and slit-eyed. The physical characteristic that betrays his profession is not the scarred face, which he could have picked up in a war or an amatory discussion with a redhead who emphasized her point with a cut-glass vase. His forearms, however, are a driver's: rooted with veins, heavy as blocks of wood.

He spoke of retiring: Yes, the decision was irrevocable. Yes, it galled him. "But no heartbreak—after all, I've been in it for sixteen years—doing reasonably well. . . ." It had been his own decision, the only intelligent thing to do. I must understand, he said more intensely than he said anything else that afternoon, that they hadn't taken his license away. Later on he returned to the point—the decision had been his. He still had his license.

He expects to stay "reasonably close" to racing. He ticked off a list of commitments that would take him well into the fall—articles to tape; a lecture on sports cars in Birmingham, Ala.; running the Shelby-Cobra pit at Le Mans for the London *Sunday Times*. He had bought a pair of rally cars, he said, and planned to manage a team of women drivers, which sounded rather like a fox managing a hen house. Then there was his travel agency and his interest in a jewelry firm—"solid gold, none of this plated stuff." And recently he had joined an industrial-design firm, Ogle Associates. Design has been a hobby for years—"I hold patents [pronounced pay-tents] on a kind of phonograph record and a ball-point pen that writes uphill." Moss has no formal engineering training, but a Grand Prix driver understands machines, and he gets to know what sorts of stresses materials will really take.

Or so Moss was saying. A listener had to wonder whether it would be enough. Design offered a challenge, certainly, but how would Moss meet it? He could not reasonably expect to become the world's best industrial designer, and he is accustomed to being the best. Here, too, it is not enough to be brave.

The question hung in the air. We talked of Indianapolis. Naturally it's a difficult race, he explained, but not difficult in as many directions at once as Grand Prix racing. Gear shifting counts for nothing, and braking for very little. "I think the hardest thing for me to do . . . I won't say master . . . I don't think you ever master anything . . . Yehudi Menuhin has not *mastered* the violin . . . but the hardest thing, it took me eleven years to . . . come to grips . . . with braking. . . ." Back to Indianapolis: The regulations are silly, Moss said. No women in the pits, for instance—what is racing about, after all? "And they tell you to hold up one hand when you want to be timed. I would like to steam through there at 180 with *both* hands in the air." Moss never raced at Indy, but he did practice there once, and it began raining. When this happens at Indianapolis, everything but the swearing stops. Moss took his car out, ran it faster than before, and then came back in to listen to the bad words.

The matter of rain tells something about Moss. Grand Prix racing goes on unless the cars actually begin to float, and Moss is recognized, with no argument, as having been the best of all at driving in the wet. Here is what he said about rain: "There is this psychological thing. . . . They thought I liked it. I didn't. But I rubbed my hands and looked pleased." Then Moss went over to eat lunch, while the bikinis nibbled toast.

The next day Jimmy Clark, who was runner-up to Graham Hill last year in the driving championship, talked about Moss. He was sorry Moss had had to retire. Why? Well, Moss was a friend. But both Clark and Moss had said, separately, that the best drivers are seldom really close friends. ("The top men can't be, in anything," Moss said.) And Clark, a slight, strong, hard young man who resembles a large jockey and who wants very much to stop being runner-up to Graham Hill, went on to explain that if Moss hadn't quit then, he, Clark, would have been able to see how much he had improved. For, as Clark explained: "Moss was always the yardstick."

Moss popped about the garages and pits, signing autographs, talking with the ghost from the newspaper chain and showing friends a proof copy of his autobiography *All But My Life*, which Ken Purdy had written from his tapes. "Look at my sex novel," he would say to someone he knew from Nürburgring, almost as if he were afraid, now, that the friend wouldn't pay attention if he said only, "Look at my book."

I did not see any difference in Moss from the old days until Jimmy Clark, who had been running his deadly little Lotus in fuel-consumption tests, brought the car in to the pits and sat at the wheel for a while posing for photographers. Moss went over to him. They talked for 10 minutes, Moss waving a hand, standing up, kneeling down, laughing, gesturing at the Lotus. Clark smiled. And there it was; seven years before when I had seen him, and for all those other years, it had been Moss in the car, solid as an engine block, smiling. Now he was a man who knew the driver well enough to lean on his car. Each man sensed this. Neither could help showing it.

Later a friend of mine had to be taken to the airport, and Moss drove us out. "This thing couldn't pull the skin off a rice pudding," he said in professional disgust at the rent-a-car I was using. He held the rent-a-car at a sedate 75, which in Indiana is not enough to prevent old ladies from vrooming past you in pickup trucks, although it is usually enough to keep them from yelling insults out the window as they go by.

I asked why he had so often raced hopelessly outclassed cars. "Why, I wonder, did I?" A pause, then, "I liked to say, 'All right, old boy, all the odds are in your corner.'" What would he like to be in 10 years? "It seems silly," he said, "but I would like to be married, with one or two children. Married, and to be something in industrial design." (Moss was married once, and speaks of his former wife as if she were St. Joan. The collection of bikinied airline hostesses came later.) And then the tired, foolish question that racing drivers are always asked, just as foreign actors are asked what they think of American women. No, he said thoughtfully, he didn't believe that Grand Prix drivers raced because of a death wish. Yes, he was sorry when one of his friends was killed. "But I don't know a single driver who would want another man to stop what is to him the greatest sport in the world just because someone died. I left instructions that I wasn't to have a funeral. . . ."

After this there wasn't much to say. Moss showed me a new tape recorder that worked better than mine, and apologized when one of the bikinis glared at him for being late. Then he went off to a dinner in someone else's honor. That is how a champion spends his time when the laurels are old. THE END



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Trevor's Sleight of Hand

by Stanley Elkin

Angels at the Ritz & Other Stories
by William Trevor. 252 pp. Viking, $7.95

William Trevor, the British writer, is practically unknown to readers in this country. That, not to put too fine a point on it, is hard cheese for readers in this country, for Mr. Trevor is as good as anyone now writing. And that means anywhere.

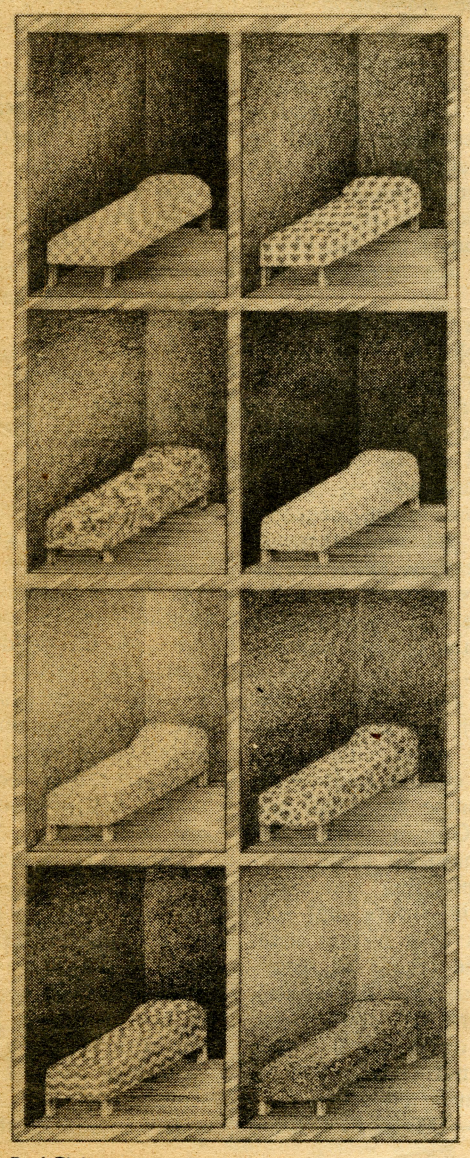
Mr. Trevor writes in a deceptively simple, plain style some of the most moving literature ever made. His novels and short stories celebrate through a technique which, if he did not invent, he has certainly perfected, a solemnly funny hymn to all the lonely people, a sort of literary Eleanor Rigby-ism—open-heart surgery on the bed-sitting-room soul. And the technique is "simultaneity," not Dos Passos's camera-eye, nor Thornton Wilder's stage managing, nor yet Dylan Thomas's open umbrella over *Under Milkwood*. When Trevor plays God he plays *God*. He is ubiquitous and omniscient—even prescient. Thus, he is capable of momentarily stopping the action to leap forward in time in order to provide an absolutely gratuitous—in terms of the plot—piece of information about the destiny of the most minor character. A bellboy, never seen before, never to be seen again, has not been tipped in this example from Trevor's novel *The Boarding House:*

> The uniformed child, who imagined that Mr. Sellwood would press into his palm a many-cornered three-penny piece, blinked his eyes.... His instinct was to take this man by the arm, or at least by some portion of his clothes, and lead him into the dining-room, but his training prevented so natural an expression. He stood there, small and enthusiastic, *a child who was later to rise to heights in the hotel business,* and said nothing further.

In context, such an effect is devastating, quietly suggesting as it does the mysterious flux in things. We have seen such effects before, of course, in the epilogues of nineteenth-century novels, for example, where the novelist ritualistically performs a sort of certified public accounting for his characters, giving us hiatus, flux, a frequently diminished view of characters who have been seen closely for hundreds of pages—a kind of realistic surrogacy for the "And they lived happily ever after" line of fairy tale. Actually the meaning is the same as it is in Trevor. The meaning is death. But in Eliot or Dickens it is a convention, as curtain calls are a convention. In Trevor it is blow-by-blow, the chilling, heartbreaking, double-entry bookkeeping of one who knows what is happening and what will happen, and who, like a doctor who will not lie to his patients, doesn't hesitate for a moment to blast us with it.

The settings and personnel of William Trevor's fiction are peculiarly suitable to his techniques. Most of his characters are lodgers, boarders. They live side by side in the same hotels, hospital wards, boarding houses, public houses. (The premises of Trevor's novels are premises.) But they live alone. And here is the point, I think; here is the thing which distinguishes Trevor's work from the work of anyone now writing: they live *simultaneously;* though they live in collectives, it is only in a loose nexus, one to the other; they do not share each other's problems; everyone's ego is up front. This practically annihilates a basic aesthetic law, that novels must have protagonists, but in Trevor it is often difficult to tell—you can't from the titles, even when the title bears a character's name—just who the protagonist really is. It is as if Trevor has invented a new democratic form, and everyone has the most pressing need and the best lines. People appear, disappear, are casually reencountered. The effect is one of overview, simultaneity, proportion, the skyline of human existence, and everything all the more stunning for the almost ruthless equanimity of his prose:

> All over Dublin that lunchtime people from offices and shops took advantage of the sunshine; children, tired of the good weather, waited for the cinemas to open. Youths in open shirts crept over the grass in St. Stephen's Green, causing the girls they crept upon to shriek. The cardsharpers whose photograph Mrs. Eckdorf had taken spent part of their gains in a breadshop in Mary Street, and the twins that had been that morning born in the Coombe Maternity Hospital passed their first midday asleep and in health. The Indian doctor who had delivered them stood in the Municipal Art Gallery regarding the face of Lady Gregory as represented by the Italian artist Mancini....
>
> In Reuben Street the woman who had said to her priest that she was not ungrateful for the life she'd been given was measured by local undertakers.... The cinema projectionist whom Mrs. Eckdorf had called a naughty chap hummed to himself in the projection room of one of the cinemas which children were preparing to enter. [From *Mrs. Eckdorf in O'Neill's Hotel*]



Paul Richer

And that's how it is in Trevor. No sparrow falls.

Here, reduced, are the basic situations of three of William Trevor's novels:

Mr. Bird (*The Boarding House*), a God-figure who dies on the first page, wills his boarding house to the two boarders most likely to run it into the ground.

Miss Gomez (*Miss Gomez and the Brethren*), a Jamaican émigré working as a housecleaner in London, is converted by a classified ad and seeks to salvage the souls of all the lodgers in the two remaining houses where rooms are let in bulldozed Crow Street.

Like Joan of Arc out to save France on a hot tip, Ivy Eckdorf (*Mrs. Eckdorf in O'Neill's Hotel*) hears the name of a semidefunct Dublin hotel from a ship's barman and goes to that city to make pictures of a tragedy that presumably took place there three decades earlier.

To this point I have been discussing Mr. Trevor's novels, but here, full-scale and life-size, are the premises of two of his short stories:

A retired general ("The General's Day" in *The Day We Got Drunk on Cake)* comes to *(Continued on page 12)*

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Five in Hollywood

by Roger Greenspun

Some Time in the Sun: The Hollywood Years of Fitzgerald, Faulkner, Nathanael West, Aldous Huxley, and James Agee
by Tom Dardis. 274 pp. Scribners, $9.95

According to the old myth about American writers and the Hollywood dream, the West was someplace they went to die—in spirit if not in fact—or to grow fat from corruption, or to turn dull and desperate from thrusting their finely honed sensibilities against the impenetrable wall of front-office policies. Once they might have done something honest and true, which was why the monster wanted them, but never could they serve both God and Metro. So in the happy versions of the myth they got out. In the unhappy versions, they got drunk and died from premature heart attacks.

From our vantage point, after more than a decade of *auteur* theory and after the wholesale revaluation of so many "commercial" movies, at least up to the Sixties, the old myth looks so indulgently ridiculous we have to pinch ourselves to remember it wasn't entirely untrue. With our still comparatively new-found appreciation of the director as "author," we may forget that there have also been authors, literary ones, who wrote the scenes that were transformed or maybe never even used by the men who made the movies. Screenwriting credits are traditionally the most elusive in the business. Among its annual awards, the New York Film Critics Circle gives a plaque for best screenplay. But, for that award only, nobody's name appears on the plaque because the officially credited author(s) of the screenplay and the person, or people, who actually wrote the movie sometimes have nothing in common.

Tom Dardis's *Some Time in the Sun* follows the screen careers of five writers in Hollywood, all serious, all professional, and all honored for work outside the movies. William Faulkner, F. Scott Fitzgerald, Aldous Huxley, James Agee, and Nathanael West aren't your usual run of Hollywood hacks. Compared with many Hollywood hacks, they aren't that important in terms of what they wrote for the screen. But they are important in their own right, and Hollywood got them all, in some cases for life. Faulkner left, partly through the prestige of *A Fable*, which began, as Dardis points out, as an idea for a movie script. The rest stayed more or less because they had to, because that was how they made their living.

Dardis's book, at its straightforward best, is essentially an account of how some good writers, whose books didn't always sell, made their livings. Hollywood hired them, sometimes at quite extraordinary salaries: $1,250 a week for Fitzgerald in 1938, almost $2,000 for Huxley. But even Nathanael West, slaving away in the bargain basements of RKO and Republic, made almost as much in a week as the $500 advanced him in the same year for *The Day of the Locust*. It may seem poetic justice that *The Day of the Locust* was subsidized by Republic Pictures. But as normal business ventures, Republic also "subsidized" *Johnny Guitar* and *The Quiet Man* and *The Sun Shines Bright*. In the final assessment of what matters in twentieth-century art, these films may count for more than the collected works of Nathanael West.


The Granger Collection
F. Scott Fitzgerald

In a letter to Josephine Herbst, West said that writing for the movies was no picnic—lots of work and pressure. "Otherwise, it's like the hotel business," the business that supported him in New York before he went out to write for the movies. Huxley complained of having his work "held up by retired button-manufacturers using the Divine Right of Money to obstruct. . . ." But then Huxley offered almost a parody of the intellectual's abhorrence of the studios, right down to a genteel anti-Semitism (". . . the all-powerful Jewish gentlemen in charge of distribution . . ."). Huxley has only three screen credits, all adaptations, including one from his own "Giocanda Smile." But of all Dardis's authors, he stayed the longest, and, in the mind-expanding enthusiasms of his last years, became the most identifiably Californian.

Faulkner remained aloof, but he helped write *The Big Sleep* and *To Have and Have Not*, and for other projects he turned out some dialogue that Dardis quotes and calls unplayable, but that sounds totally Faulk-

Short Takes

Nonfiction

The Alms Race: The Impact of American Voluntary Aid Abroad

by Eugene Linden. 288 pp. Random House, $10

The Ugly American lives on. In the tiny African nation of Lesotho, Eugene Linden studied the operations of CARE and found that technological assistance, however well intentioned, has invariably undermined the traditional culture and, paradoxically, worsened problems it was designed to alleviate.

Although many of Linden's points are well taken—the planners' insensitivity to cultural differences, the guilt-relieving function of American charity, the Cold War orientation of CARE allocations—he offers no feasible alternatives to the present situation. If medical aid increases the population load, if modern tools disrupt ancient ways of coping, should we then abandon all forms of public and private aid? In fact, the author perceives development itself as a cultural cancer whose only remedy, it would appear, is complete isolation of the world's poorer nations from the mixed blessings of the twentieth century.

But is this a practical (or even desirable) solution? In justifying it, Linden revives a somewhat colonial view of the Third World resident as a Noble Savage, blissful in his tribal animism and threatened by contact with the consuming, decadent West. Since our aid makes undeveloped nations conscious of their relative poverty, says the author, we are to blame for the current malaise of envy and disillusionment.

Despite an understandable nostalgia for less complex and crisis-ridden times, it's surely nonsense to call for a global reversion to some imagined, pre-industrial Golden Age: the world will need far more interdependent planning and cooperation in the future, not less. As Linden's case history demonstrates, the record of American aid abroad is a dismal one, but his scorn for charity and celebration of primitive values are simply not constructive. A most frustrating book.

—Daniel P. O'Brien

Time Before Morning: Art and Myth of the Australian Aborigines

by Louis A. Allen. 304 pp., illustrated. Thomas Y. Crowell, $18.95

This book is the work of an amateur—in the sense that the word derives from the Latin *amator*, a lover. The author, Louis A. Allen, a management consultant in Palo Alto, California, is smitten with the art of Australia's Arnhem Land aborigines—and has been ever since that day in 1959 when, on a trip to Australia, he encountered examples of the bark painting of which Picasso was an admirer. In the years since then Allen has built up a distinguished collection of aboriginal paintings and carved figures and has given a great deal of time to researching their meaning. The end result of his researches—which took him into some of the wilder parts of Australia to talk with black artists and storytellers—is a book that offers something for almost anybody interested in art, in myth, or just in life as it is still lived in the remnants of a Stone Age culture.

There is an aspect of the book that Allen himself points out will not be acceptable to some anthropologists. Purists will not care for his statement that in his retelling of aboriginal myths he has integrated material absent from the original versions —material that he feels the white reader will need for an understanding of the landscape and customs from which the myths grew. However, even if these stories in the Allen version are not exactly the voice of the Stone Age, their form does allow the author to pass on an extraordinary amount of information he has gathered about a remarkable people. Detail that doesn't fit into the stories Allen sets out in fascinating supplementary notes. His book has 167 illustrations of aboriginal art in color and black-and-white.

—Patricia Clare

Sane Asylum

by Charles Hampden-Turner. 296 pp. San Francisco Book Co., $10

John Maher of Delancey Street

by Grover Sales. 173 pp. W. W. Norton, $7.95

"An incompetent with no education can be one of two things, a bum or a social leader. I failed as a bum, so. . . ." Such statements are typical of John Maher. In only six years, on ground broken by Alcoholics Anonymous and Synanon, Maher has built San Francisco's Delancey Street Foundation from a self-help community of former criminals into a social movement that Nicholas Von Hoffman described as a cross between the Little Sisters of the Poor and the Mafia.

Maher epitomizes much of Delancey Street's character. He grew up in New York's underworld, moved into Synanon at twenty-two to kick a ten-year heroin habit, and stayed with the pioneer addict-reform movement for eight years before going on his own. Delancey Street incorporated Synanon's best ideas: intense group encounters, nonviolence and an antidrug posture, a self-supporting industrial program, and the belief that addiction, crime, and other "character disorders" are outgrown only as a side effect of self-realization. But Synanon was "an isolated utopian commune that had no contact with current social movements and discouraged its people from leaving the commune to live and work on the outside." Delancey Street aims at a working alliance with other political and social movements to change the society rather than retreat from it.

Both *Sane Asylum* and *John Maher of Delancey Street* are movingly personal, but they leave some things unexplained, like Maher's admiration of machine politics, or the contrast between his populist values and his tendency toward elitist judgments. What matters to the authors isn't how perfect the movement is, but how significant. Of the two, Hampden-Turner's book is the more analytical and heavy. His major point is the way Delancey Street handles the polarities of most of American thinking: "creativity vs. productivity, middle class vs. working class, self-reliance vs. social causation."

Grover Sales, a journalist, achieves more readability by transcribing Maher's own words from a tape recorder and fill-

ANGELS AT THE RITZ

(Continued from page 1) town from his cottage in the country to spend the day. Bridie (in the title story of *The Ballroom of Romance*), a spinster who works all week on her father's farm, goes to a dance-hall on Saturday nights.

There is, in brief, a hand-in-glove relation between premise and form. In the baroque, unhinged, and shaggy givens of the novel form—novels are essentially baroque—anything can happen—and ought to. But in short stories, at least as Trevor writes them—this should be clear from the examples—only *character* may happen, get, that is, locked into itself. Hence many of Trevor's short stories—often beautiful and always well made but not, I think, as exciting as his novels—tend toward almost syllogistic conclusion. There are epiphanies—Trevor, born in Ireland, obviously owes a great deal to Joyce—but the epiphanies are only the expected lights at the ends of rather straight tunnels. Though he likes to employ many of the devices familiar from his novels—servants living together in a great manor; abrupt shifts in point of view, *A* looking at *B*, *B* at *A*: "He turned to look at her. . . . She was thin . . . a woman in her thirties. . . . In a pale face her eyes were hidden behind huge round sunglasses. . . . Nothing about her was smart," and then, in the next paragraph, "In turn she saw a man who seemed to her to be typically English. He was middle-aged and greying. . . ."; the same cool prose even during heightened moments: "In different circumstances, with a less unfortunate story to tell, it would have emerged. But in the early morning there was another truth, too. He was the stuff of fantasy. She had quality, he had none"—one *always* knows the protagonist (usually the first person named) and, unlike the novels, almost always what's going to happen. Moreover, and again unlike the novels, Trevor is quick to establish the basic possibilities and limitations of a given character. The stories, then, are closed enterprises, the novels open.

In *Angels at the Ritz & Other Stories,* Trevor's newest collection of stories and certainly his best—it occurs to one that the story *collection* appeals to Trevor for precisely the reason his novels appeal: they are a staging area for the illusion of simultaneity, of all lives lived together all at once—Trevor turns once more to the lower-echelon lives of lonely people. There is a somewhat plain, spinsterish typist—in "Office Romances"—taken up by the office Lothario, a sort of "leading man," who, "with the worst possible motives," performs "an act of charity for the girls who were his victims," giving them "self-esteem...memories to fall back on." There is an unhappily married Cockney woman who gives elocution lessons to Indians in Bombay; there are an aging brother and sister who live out their lives on an ever diminishing estate in Ireland; and a divorced mother who works as a secretary for an Indian in an office-supply business and who wears the wrong clothes and says the wrong things when she visits her son in the exclusive prep school that her well-to-do ex-husband pays for. There is an eighty-one-year-old widow who wants to give one more tennis party on her ruined court before she dies. There is a middle-aged, petulant, self-pitying bachelor who still lives on the shares his parents left him. There is a young Irish bride who marries a man she does not love because she is pregnant and her priest forces the marriage. There are two women, friends in their fifties, who go without their husbands, or their husbands' knowledge, to dance at the Tottenham Court Dance-Rooms on Tuesday afternoons. There is a sixty-one-year-old tailor who has never married. In only four of the dozen stories in the collection are the principal characters married, and even in the four exceptions the marriages are troubled. In effect, then, we have what we had in the novels: isolatos of the lower-middle class—bachelors, spinsters, widows, the divorced, the children of divorce and death—all those Eleanor Rigbys of the mind and heart, the loss leaders of personality and papered houses of population; people who, quite literally, have nothing to lose and who, in Trevor's wonderful fiction, are ripe, if not for salvation then at least for insight (for in these stories of coming to terms and resignation there is a sort of personal, willed demography)—census takers of the self who can say at the end, "Ah. There I am. That's who I was."

If, because of the nature of Trevor's notion of the short story (that it is character come upon in tranquility), many of the stories in *Angels at the Ritz* are quiet and without surprise, none are bad stories, and all are good. Some, indeed, are superb: the title story itself, "In Isfahan," "Office Romances," "Teresa's Wedding," and the marvelous "Afternoon Dancing." If his novels are far more adventurous—and they are—it is nevertheless true that Trevor is a glorious and important writer—perhaps even historically—a writer all readers should get to know at once. □

Poetry



The Sun's Progeny

by Hayden Carruth

Coal
by Audre Lorde. 70 pp. W. W. Norton, $7.95; paper, $2.95

In Audre Lorde's poems, technically very advanced though they are, even brilliant, even cool, if by coolness one means not sophistication so much as real controlled passion; in these technically advanced poems I nevertheless find a vision of the primeval more convincing than any other I have seen in American poetry for a long time.

Passion means eternity in her magic; eternity means passion.

> Father the year has fallen.
> Leaves bedeck my careful flesh like stone.
> One shard of brilliant summer pierced me
> and remains.
> By this only
> unregenerate bone
> I am not dead, but waiting.
> When the last warmth is gone
> I shall bear in the snow.

The earth is speaking, the voice of nature, every woman since time began, every feminine thing, and speaking to whom? To what father? He of the "only / unregenerate bone": call him Fate. Oh, what echoes compressed in this poem, resonances, mythologies! I can only marvel.

And the language, when one stops to see it, is *poetry*. No gimmickry from the Iowa Wrackship. Rhyme and meter in perfect modulations of song, down to that final "snow"; how beautifully, augustly, it closes the poem in a great repose. This is sexual solemnity that only the oldest minds and deepest bodies can know.

Or consider her words of cosmological alienation:

> I was brought forth in the moonpit of a virgin
> condemned to light
> to a dry world's endless mornings
> sweeping the moon away
> and wherever I fled
> seeking a new road home
> morning had harrowed the endless rivers
> to nest in the dried out bed
> of my mother sea.
>
> Time drove the moon down to crescent
> and they found me
> mortal
> beside a moon's crater
> mouthing the ocean names of night.

At the center—far out, far in—of the universe is Loneliness.

Audre Lorde connects it all up, sexual, racial, metaphysical, grief in the webs of nature, injustice the only constant. Her book is called *Coal,* yet it is dedicated to "the People of Sun." Why? Because coal is the sun's progeny, come forth at last to the light, to burn in pain or joy or victory or humiliation or whatever other aspect of mortality it may assume.

> I am Black because I come from the earth's inside
> now take my word for jewel in the open light.

May I say, without overstepping myself, that many of us are coal? That coal is our aspiration, the essence of our randomly pigmented humanity? For us these words indeed are jewels in the open light. □

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BZ50589	**The Rockefellers** (Holt, Rinehart and Winston)	15.00		11.25
BZ78975	**The Russians** (Quadrangle/New York Times Book Co.)	12.50		9.38
BZ52986	**Sinatra** (Macmillan)	10.95		8.22
	Features			
BZ77347	**Angels at the Ritz & Other Stories** (Viking)	7.95		5.97
BZ54756	**Some Time in the Sun** (Scribners)	9.95		7.47
BZ52474	**Adventure, Mystery and Romance** (University of Chicago Press)	15.00		8.50
BZ77292	**The Scene** (Viking)	14.95		11.22
BZ52509	**Ted Shawn** (Dial)	10.00		7.50
BZ79221	**Growing (Up) at Thirty-Seven** (M. Evans)	7.95		5.97
BZ75978	**A Complete Guide to Therapy** (Pantheon)	10.00		7.50
BZ56929	**Is There Life After High School?** (Little, Brown)	7.95		5.97
BZ77402	**Insanity Inside Out** (Crown)	10.00		7.50
BZ77805	**The New Muckrakers** (New Republic Book Co.)	10.00		7.50
BZ34946	**Gerhardt's Children** (Atheneum)	9.95		7.47
BZ62187	**Coal** (W.W. Norton)		paper	2.95
BZ61441	**A Nation of Nations** (Harper & Row)		paper	8.95
BZ77831	**A Nation of Nations** (Harper & Row)	27.50		20.63
BZ61751	**The Next 200 Years** (William Morrow)		paper	3.95
BZ73482	**Today and Tomorrow in America** (Harper & Row)	8.95		6.72
BZ58284	**The Financiers** (Weybright & Talley)	15.00		11.25

Code		PUBLISHER'S PRICE		BOOKSERVICE PRICE
	Advertised Titles			
BZ77117	**A Welfare Mother** (Houghton Mifflin)	6.95		5.22
BZ62008	**Girl in the Hairy Paw** (Avon)		paper	5.95
BZ78073	**Consumer's Guide to Fighting Back** (Dodd, Mead)	7.95		5.97
BZ54756	**Some Time in the Sun** (Scribners)	9.95		7.47
BZ50050	**Someone Is Killing the Great Chefs of Europe** (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich)	7.95		5.97
BZ77297	**Personal Freedom** (Viking)	6.95		5.22
BZ39481	**Sitting on the Blue-eyed Bear** (Lawrence Hill)	10.00		7.50
BZ53249	**Peter Max Paints America** (Acropolis)	24.95		18.72
BZ51229	**The Very Rich Hours of Adrienne Monnier** (Scribners)	14.95		11.22

The following advertised titles may be obtained directly from the publisher:
The Murder of Allende (Harper & Row, 10 East 53 St., New York, NY 10022), $10.95
Butch Cassidy, My Brother (Brigham Young University Press, Provo, UT 84602), $7.95
The Oxford Companion to German Literature (Oxford University Press, 200 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10016), $27.95
The Creation of the American Republic, 1776-1787 (University of North Carolina Press, Box 2288, Chapel Hill, NC 27514), $15.00
Understanding Aging (Appleton-Century-Crofts, 292 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10017), $12.50

	Short Takes			
BZ76662	**The Alms Race** (Random House)	10.00		7.50
BZ77510	**Sane Asylum** (San Francisco Book Co.)	10.00		7.50
BZ50102	**John Maher of Delancey Street** (W.W. Norton)	7.95		5.97
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BZ75672	**Lost Profile** (Delacorte)	6.95		5.22
BZ52759	**Now and Another Time** (Doubleday)	7.95		5.97
BZ75534	**The Abyss** (Farrar, Straus & Giroux)	10.00		7.50
	Fiction			
BZ77565	**City of the Dead** (Simon and Schuster)	8.95		6.72
BZ77316	**No Bugles No Drums** (Viking)	8.95		6.72

The following books may be ordered directly from the publisher:
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The Business of Crime (Oxford University Press, 200 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10016), $12.95
Sade/Fourier/Loyola (Hill and Wang, 19 Union Square W., New York, NY 10003), $8.95
The Next 200 Years (William Morrow, 105 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10016), $8.95
Beyond Despair (New Republic Book Co., 1220 19 St. N.W., Washington, DC 20036), $8.95
Coal (W.W. Norton, 500 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10036), $7.95
Alcoholism (Lippincott, E. Washington Square, Philadelphia, PA 19105), $5.50; paper, $2.25
As Right As Right Can Be (Dial, 245 East 47 Street, New York, NY 10017), $5.95
Cats and Dolls (Addison-Wesley, Reading, MA 01867), $5.95
Pippi on the Run (Viking, 625 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10022), $7.50

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Word for Word / *Baseball Chatter*

Faster Than Jackie Robinson: Branch Rickey's Sermons on the Mound

THE armed forces were still legally segregated. So were public schools. Blacks could clean houses in places like Levittown but could not buy homes there. That was what America was like in 1947, when a teetotaling, Bible-quoting Republican from Ohio integrated major league baseball. The 50th anniversary of Jackie Robinson's debut with the Brooklyn Dodgers will be commemorated by President Clinton at Shea Stadium Tuesday, but what of the man who hired Robinson? Who remembers Branch Rickey?

As a player for the St. Louis Browns, his record was unremarkable, except for allowing more stolen bases, 13, than any catcher in one game. As a manager, he was famous for dispensing raises more sparingly than sage advice. Here's a sampler from "Branch Rickey's Little Blue Book" (Macmillan, 1995), "Baseball's Greatest Quotations" (HarperCollins, 1991) and Rickey's own "The American Diamond" (Simon & Schuster, 1965).

SAM ROBERTS

Rickey was a keen observer of character. When the Cardinals' Flint Rhem returned to work after claiming that gangsters had kidnapped him and made him drink vast amounts of liquor, Rickey, then the manager, said:

You couldn't disprove his story by the way he smelled.

•

Only in baseball can a team player be a pure individualist first and a team player second, within the rules and the spirit of the game.

Frankly, I would prefer a player who will embrace rational adventure than a field full of know-it-alls who do nothing. Anatole France said it better. Speaking to the French Assembly at a time of great stress in his country, he said: "I prefer the errors of enthusiasm to the indifference of wisdom."

Ego — the safeguard against slumps.

On Leo Durocher, who managed the Dodgers and then the Giants:

He has the most fertile talent in the world for making a bad situation infinitely worse.

Drawing on Rickey's papers at the Library of Congress, Stephen Fox, a social historian, wrote in 1995 that Rickey's motives in hiring Robinson were at least as practical as they were principled. His daughters disagree. One daughter, Jane Jones, recalled how her father, years before, would read aloud Gunnar Myrdal's treatise on race in America at the breakfast table. Then, when New York City passed a Fair Employment Act, he declared: "They can't stop me now."

Another daughter, Mary Eckler, remembered that on the night before Robinson's contract was announced, Lowell Thomas said, "Branch, tomorrow all hell will break loose." To which Rickey replied: "Tomorrow all heaven will rejoice." In Robinson, he said he needed more than a very good player. He needed a morally sound man with the self-discipline to turn the other cheek to the predictable taunts:

I must be sure that the man was good on the field, but more dangerous to me, at that time and even now, was the wrong man off the field.

Rickey, a Methodist, was deeply religious but maintained that people make their own luck. He said of his Pittsburgh Pirates when the 1952 season ended:

They finished last — on merit.

Things worthwhile generally just don't happen. Luck is a fact, but should not be a factor. Good luck is what is left over after intelligence and effort have combined at their best. . . . Luck is the residue of design.

Early this year, Robert D. Behn, director of the Terry Sanford Institute of Public Policy at Duke University, analyzed Rickey's record and hailed him as the quintessential public manager. Rickey's definition of the roles of manager, pitcher and catcher:

A manager who is not in sole charge of his players cannot run his team, serve his employers best, and, indeed, cannot call himself a manager. A few players will soon find his weakness and start managing him.

In pitching we want to produce delusions, practice deceptionism, make a man misjudge. We fool



Associated Press

Jackie Robinson and Branch Rickey at contract time in 1950.

A better manager than a ball player, Rickey was instrumental in creating the farm system to develop new talent and in pressing for expansion teams in other cities.

him — that's the whole purpose of the game. The ethics of baseball would be violated if man did not practice to become proficient in deception. In other words, you can't go to heaven if you don't try to fool the batter.

The catcher is in position to be the field general. He sees exactly where seven men are standing and he should be the master defensive tactician of the game. He should be able . . . not only to select the pitch but to indicate where it should go.

And he defined what it takes to be an umpire:

A man involved in a game who has the authority of a sea captain, the discretion of a judge, the strength of an athlete, the eye of a hunter, the courage of a soldier, the patience of a saint and the stoicism to withstand the abuse of the grandstand, the tension of an extra-inning game, the invective of a player and the pain of a foul tip in the throat. . . . The players are faceless. The play's the thing.

Rickey was no traditionalist, but he realized that progress had its pitfalls. Explaining why he turned down $150,000 for the rights to televise Dodger games in 1949:

Radio stimulates interest. Television satisfies it.

We have to be careful about television because the tail could wag the dog.

Night games alone are the strongest single reason for the extinction of the .400 hitter . . . Great pitching will dominate any game, but at night the pitcher has an added advantage because the contrast of light changes a hitter's depth perception.

Rickey was also deeply nostalgic.

Ebbets Field is now a memory, a lovable, cherished memory that only makes a Brooklynite regret that so-called progress or the prospects of private profit can so easily grieve the public trust. . . . It was not only a jubilant artistic triumph when Brooklyn won, it was an expression of the composite personality of a people, who by the ardor of their support and the competitive superiority of their team had proved their independence from the giant municipal structure that had engulfed them.

After Rickey died, in 1965, Arthur Daley wrote in The New York Times that only Alexander Cartwright, who drafted baseball's original rules in 1845, had a greater impact on the game. Fred Wilpon, the Mets' president, described Rickey as "brilliant in his creativity, thought processes and articulation." He was instrumental in creating farm teams to develop new players and in pressing for expansion teams in other cities. Sometimes described as too theoretical, he was an astute analyst:

The awareness of the artfulness of every play on the field is what makes baseball exciting. As you see the runner's footwork at first and his cut to second, you know he will make it. If you see the outfield reach for the ball as it comes off the wall and field it in a bad position for his throw, you know he played the ball poorly. If the runner and the outfielder perform perfectly, then the outcome of the play depends on the way the second baseman takes the throw. If he does it perfectly, then the tag can be averted only by a remarkable fallaway slide.

Many will tell you baseball is a slow game, but for a fan to trigger mentally a series of sharp observations building to the climax of one play such as this requires keen insight and knowledge, for all these things happen with amazing speed. *Seeing them happen* is what makes baseball exciting and gives it speed. The fan who has no understanding naturally looks for nothing, sees little and complains the game is dull.

There is an uncanny, strangely appropriate relationship of distances and human physical effort.

•

He ran the short-lived Continental League (which prodded the expansion of the National League to include the Mets) and was a consultant to the Cardinals until 1965. Later that year, as he was being honored by Missouri sportswriters, Rickey stopped suddenly and said: "I don't believe I'm going to be able to speak any longer." He collapsed and died a few weeks later, having wrought profound changes in a game that he championed as a vehicle for national renewal.

On opening day, it *is* next year. The year the home team can win. Hope springs eternal in April.

The Nation
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CAREERS IN EDUCATION



The George Washington University
WASHINGTON DC
MEDICAL CENTER

Vice President for Health Affairs and Executive Dean

The George Washington University (GW) Medical Center, a major research and teaching institution in Washington, D.C. with over $54 million in annual extramural support, seeks a Vice President for Health Affairs to oversee its prestigious Medical Center, including all programs and operations of all full-time basic science and clinical faculty, and all voluntary faculty. The Vice President will serve as a primary liaison in university-hospital relations. Reporting directly to the University President, the Vice President will initiate fiscal and organization planning to help place the Center at the forefront of education and research. S/he will work closely with the Deans of the School of Medicine and Health Sciences and the School of Public Health Services to promote their schools' missions, foster basic science and clinical research programs, expand the Medical Center's outreach, and develop and oversee fundraising. A strong commitment to the Center's community involvement is a must.

Qualifications
Entrepreneurial leader with significant management experience in academic healthcare; demonstrated ability to develop/implement long-range objectives; familiarity with emerging healthcare trends and structures; substantial scholarly and/or clinical record; M.D. or Ph.D.

Background
Founded in 1821, The George Washington University occupies a 45-acre campus and offers 85 undergraduate and 70 doctoral programs, as well as graduate degrees in medicine, law, and public health.

The George Washington University is an equal opportunity/affirmative action institution.

VICE PRESIDENT
For Institutional Advancement And External Relations

Lehman College, the senior college of The City of New York in The Bronx, seeks an experienced individual to fill the newly-created position of Vice President for Institutional Advancement and External Relations. Reporting directly to the President and serving as a member of his cabinet, the appointee will oversee the operations of the Office of Development and the Lehman College Foundation, and the activities of the Performing Arts Center and Art Gallery. He or she will be expected to lead the advancement efforts of the College and assist the President in promoting the institution's public image. Candidates should have ten years of progressively, responsible and successful experience with fund-raising campaigns in an educational or non-profit environment with annual giving programs; proven achievement in developing Boards and in cultivating and securing major gifts; and an advanced degree, although a combination of baccalaureate and significant experience will be considered. The position requires a strong commitment to cultural diversity and public education, a high degree of initiative and creativity, marked interpersonal and communication skills, and a demonstrated ability to function both independently and as part of a team. Salary range: $91,718-$107,261. Anticipated appointment: no later than October 1, 1997. A complete resume/vita and a letter describing relevant experience should be sent by May 16, 1997 to: **Dean Michael Paull, Search Committee Chair, c/o Ms. Barbara Smith/Lehman College, 250 Bedford Park Blvd. West S-306; Bronx, New York 10468.** For a more detailed description of this position, please refer to our website www.lehman.cuny.edu or request the job announcement by e-mail from joblc@cunyvm.cuny.edu.

Lehman College/CUNY is an EEO/AA/ADA Employer.

LAKELAND C.S.D.

Northern Westchester County School District, 40 miles north of New York City
SEPTEMBER 1997
ANTICIPATED VACANCIES

- **ART**
- **ELEMENTARY**
- **ENGLISH**
- **FOREIGN LANGUAGE**
  Spanish, French, Italian; must hold multiple certification
- **MATH**
- **SCIENCE**
  Earth Science, Chemistry, Biology; must hold multiple certification
- **SOCIAL STUDIES**
- **SPECIAL EDUCATION**
  K - 12 and Alternative High School

The above openings maybe full-time, part-time, substitute or probationary positions. Copies of appropriate valid NYS certification must be submitted with resume. Salary competitive based upon education level and experience. Minority candidates encouraged to apply.

Send letter, resume and copy of certification by April 28, 1997 to:

LAKELAND SEARCH #110-34
c/o Regional Services
Putnam/NorthernWestchester BOCES
BOCES P.O. Box 711
Yorktown Hts, NY 10598-4399
No phone calls, please.
Written replies only. AA/EOE

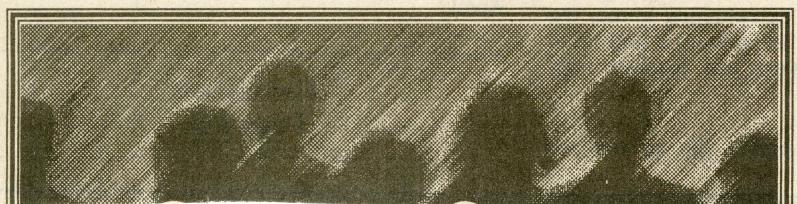
New York University

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR FOUNDATIONS OF CONTEMPORARY CULTURE
College of Arts and Science

The College of Arts and Science is seeking an Assistant Director for the Foundations of Contemporary Culture, the humanities-social science sequence of the Morse Academic Plan. Responsibilities will include: training of graduate students who serve as preceptors in the program, assisting faculty in preparation of syllabi & development of course materials, coordinating the process of course evaluations, teaching, and student advisement. Qualification include: an advanced degree in the humanities or social sciences or equivalent, 2-3 years' experience in an academic environment including writing, student advisement, previous teaching experience at the college level and supervisory experience also required. Ph.D. preferred. Interested applicants should sent a cover letter amd resume with salary history to: **New York University, Faculty of Arts and Science, 5 Washington Square North, New York, NY 10003 Attn: Human Resources.** No phone calls please.

NYU encourages applications from women and members of minority groups.

Education



Director of Graduate Admissions and Student Services *(Search Re-opened)*
School of Public Affairs

Responsible for graduate recruitment/admissions and oversight of the Office of Student Services. The Director develops and implements recruitment strategies, represents the School at recruitment functions, supervises the graduate application and admissions process, and administers special scholarship and other programs. The Director works closely with the Office of Undergraduate Admissions and Financial Aid in promoting applications to the undergraduate programs of the School. Additionally, the Director oversees the Office of Student Services, which coordinates administrative and curricular guidance services to the School's students.

We seek candidates with at least six years' relevant experience; strong marketing, organizational, and interpersonal skills; and experience managing a database and working on the Internet. Baccalaureate degree required; advanced degree (especially in a public policy field) preferred. Salary: $42,186–$55,854, depending on qualifications. Excellent benefits.

Send resume, cover letter, and the names of three references by May 2, 1997, to Dr. Ronald Schurin, Office of the Dean, School of Public Affairs, Baruch College, 17 Lexington Avenue, Box F-1228, New York, NY 10010. An AA/EO/IRCA/ADA employer.

Baruch College/The City University of New York

HARRISON CENTRAL SCHOOLS
Superior Westchester District seeks outstanding candidates for

Purchase School Principal
Innovative Educator sought to lead
a Blue-Ribbon National School of Excellence of 350 pupils, Grades K-5:

Qualifications: Ability to inspire, support & work cooperatively with a talented staff, involved parents & motivated students. Master's required, Doctorate preferred. 5-7 years outstanding teaching. 3-5 years of demonstrated success in building leadership, or equivalent role. Solid technology & curriculum accomplishments. *Harrison's compensation package is highly competitive with high expectation suburban communities. Prior experience as a Principal is an asset. New York State SAS or SDA is required.*

K-12 Technology Director
The successful applicant will report to the Superintendent of Schools and be responsible for implementing the District Technology Plan which includes local area networks, direct access to the internet, hardware/software implementation & support. Director will work with principals and teachers to ensure technology integration & training programs supporting the goals of the District Technology Plan. The applicant for this new position will possess the following qualifications: solid understanding of instructional technology applications in education; innovative and creative approaches to applying instructional technologies; use and understanding of the Internet, local networks, hardware & software; ability to work with teachers & students in integrating technology into curriculum; ability to coordinat the activities of hardware and software vendors. *Salary commensurate with experience.*

Send application letter & resume by Wed., April 30th, 1997:
Ronald D. Valenti, Ph.D, Supt., Harrison Central School District, Harrison, NY 10528 EEO/AA

Lower School Head

The Head of Lower School is responsible for the day to day operation of grades Beginners (3 years old) through Grade 5. Other responsibilities include faculty development and supervision, curriculum, budget planning, scheduling and participation on the Headmaster's administrative team. Ranney School seeks an administrator with independent school experience; an advanced degree is highly preferred. Candidates must possess exceptional leadership skills and successful experience in guiding faculty. The School's philosophy is committed to embracing the whole child in the learning process and fostering positive parent relations. Lastly, the candidate should have an awareness of and appreciation for the advancement of technology in elementary education. Ranney School offers a highly competitive salary and benefits package. The position begins on or about July 1, 1997. Interested and wualified candidates should send a leter of interest along with a resume and any other appropriate documentation to:

Lawrence S. Sykoff, Ed.D.
Head of School
Ranney School
235 Hope Road
Tinton Falls, NJ 07724
FAX: (908) 542-6636

Ranney School is a coeducational college prep day school established in 1960. It serves students in grades Pre-K through High School and is accredited by Middle States. The Lower School consists of approximately 260 students. The School maintains active participation in NAIS, NJAIS, ERB, CASE and NACAC.

New York City Board of Education

Community Superintendent District 12, Bronx

Our District: Serves a multicultural population of approximately 18,000 general and special education students in 19 elementary schools, 4 intermediate schools collaboratives, in an area encompassing the South Bronx.

Qualified candidates must possess a New York State School District Administrator Certificate, and must meet the educational, managerial and administrative qualifications and performance record criteria defined in Chancellor's Regulation C-37. A copy is available by calling the Office of Community School District Affairs at (718) 935-3910.

Salary: $124,630

To apply, please send letter of application and resume by **May 6, 1997** to:

Community School Board Twelve,
1000 Jennings Street, Room 406,
Bronx, New York 10460,
Attn: Honorable Louis R. Maldonado, Chairperson.

AA/EOE

PASCACK VALLEY REGIONAL HIGH SCHOOL DISTRICT

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- **GUIDANCE COUNSELOR**
- **LIBRARIAN**

Please send resume and letter of application by May 2, 1997 to:

Department of Human Resources
Pascack Valley Regional
High School District
46 Akers Avenue
Montvale, NJ 07645

BELLMORE-MERRICK CHSD

– Administator Vacancy –
ASSISTANT PRINCIPAL
Effective July 1, 1997
Grand Avenue JHS/Grades 7 & 8
Previous teaching experience in English or Science preferred.

– Teaching Vacancies –
Effective September 1, 1997

- **ART (1 year Leave)**
- **MUSIC**
- **PHYSICS**

Salary commensurate with experience and education as per contract. NYS certification required. Please submit letter of interest, resume and copy of certification by May 2, 1997 to:

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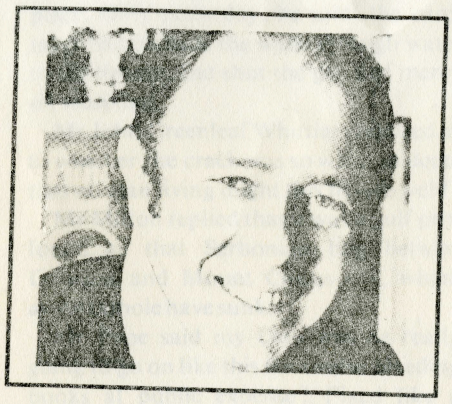
Deputy Superintendent
BELLMORE-MERRICK CHSD
1260 MEADOWBROOK ROAD
NORTH MERRICK, NY 11566
Affirmative Action/Equal Opportunity Employer

WHITESTONE

The Unacknowledged Legislators of the World



The Poetry Society is falling apart. Rows about personalities, about money, about vanishing booze, fights over control and future plans, mass accusations and resignations have all played their part in what Barry MacSweeney has described as the war between poetry and bureaucracy: "I can't remember when we last talked about poetry at a council meeting" he told the *Guardian*. Come on, replies ALAN COREN, it was always like that.

THE meeting convened at 2.30 pm.

Mr William Wordsworth immediately rose to say, in his own defence, that there was a tree, of many, one, a single field which he had looked upon, both of them spoke of something that was gone; the pansy at his feet did the same tale repeat: whither was fled the visionary gleam? Where was it now, the glory and the dream?

Mr Andrew Marvell said that that was all very well, but it did not justify £28.40 return rail fare to Keswick, plus £14.26 overnight stay at the Come On Inne and £19.70 for a steak dinner for two, plus three bottles of Bulgarian Riesling. There were plenty of trees and fields within walking distance of the Society's premises perfectly capable of raising questions about the disappearance of visionary gleams and similar cod's wallop. Also, he would like to know why the steak dinner was for two people, and did it have anything to do with the pansy at Mr Wordsworth's feet?

Mr Wordsworth replied that he had found love in huts where poor men lie, his daily teachers had been woods and rills, the silence that was in the starry sky, the sleep that was among the lonely hills, and you could not get that kind of thing in Camden Town. As to the steak dinner, he did not see what business it was of anybody else's who had joined him for it.

Mr Marvell said that had they but world enough and time, this coyness, Wordsworth, were no crime, but some of them weren't bloody paperback millionaires and couldn't muck about all day nattering, also this was taxpayers' money and not intended for filling Wordsworth's poofter shepherd oppos with foreign booze. His, Marvell's, mistresses never required more than a bottle of Mackeson's beforehand and a Vesta curry afterwards, never mind a night at the Come On Inne.

Mr Wordsworth said that if he must know, the gentleman referred to was Samuel Taylor Coleridge, exemplar of an imagination, which, in truth, was but another name for absolute power, and clearest insight, amplitude of mind, and Reason in her most exalted mood.

Mr Marvell asked Mr Wordsworth to pull this one, it had bells on. No offence to the Hon Member S. T. Coleridge, but he had recently seen him with an arm round a Chief Petty Officer outside a mission near Albert Dock.

Mr Coleridge replied that it was an ancient mariner and he had stopped one of three. If the other two were here today, he continued, they would corroborate his story. The sailor had an idea for a poem and was looking for someone to go halves with him. Anyway, he had a long grey beard and a glittering eye and was probably old enough to be his, Coleridge's, mother. Father.

Mr John Milton rose to enquire about the sailor's idea: did it have anything to do with Man's first disobedience, and the fruit of that forbidden tree whose mortal taste brought death into the world, and all our woe?

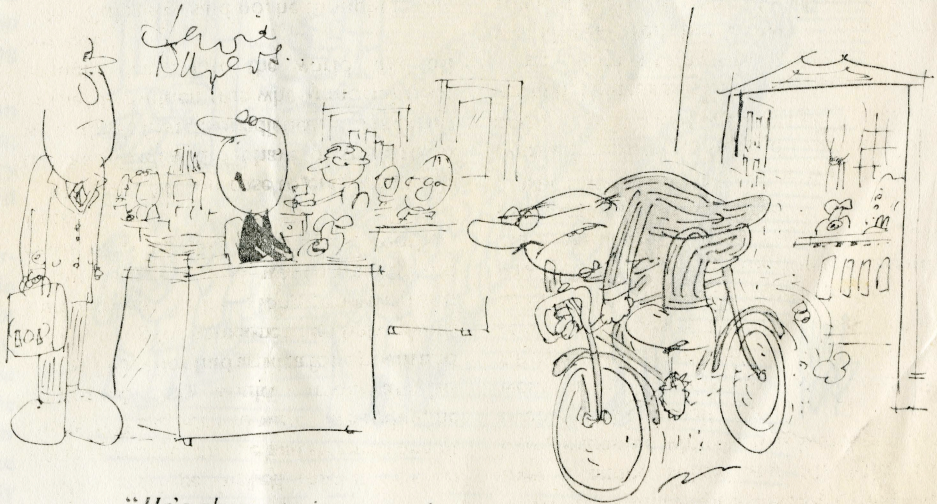
Mr Coleridge said no, he thought it was about a gull or something, why did Mr Milton want to know?

Mr Milton replied that he had paid good money for the idea about Man's first disobedience etc. and was buggered if he was going to see it come out in some tatty downmarket form, such as rhyming bloody quatrains, before he had had a go at it. He was envisaging something in about twelve books, it could take weeks.

Mr Alexander Pope asked the Council if they intended subsidising Mr Milton's living expenses while he was knocking out twelve books on fruit. No slur intended, he went on, but he had always considered Mr Milton a bookful blockhead, ignorantly read, with loads of learned lumber in his head. Such laboured nothings, in so strange a style, amazed the unlearned, and made the learned smile. Pardon him, he said, but he spoke as he found.

Mr Milton said Mr Pope was a complicated monster, head and tail, scorpion and asp, and Amphisbaena dire, Cerastes horned, Hydrus and Ellops drear.

Mr Thomas Gray rose to say that this was all very well, but it wasn't getting the cracked pan in the Members' Gents repaired, which was why, so he understood it, the meeting had been convened in the first



"He's always trying to catch one off guard."

place. Only yesterday, he said, the caretaker had forbade the wade through water to the throne, and shut the gates of mercy on mankind.

Mr John Greenleaf Whittier enquired as to whether the crack was so wide, so deep, that no man living might this fissure weld?

Mr Milton replied that it was a gulf profound as that Serbonian bog betwixt Damiata and Mount Casius old, where armies whole have sunk.

Mr Pope said my God was he really going to go on like this for twelve bleeding books at public expense? Fixed like a plant on his peculiar spot, to draw nutrition, propagate, and rot?

Mr John Keats said that, as convenor of the Plumbing Sub-Committee, he was looking into the whole question of the refurbishment of the toilet facilities. It would not stop at a new pan and lilac seat; what he had in mind was a bower quiet for them, full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet breathing.

Mr Pope asked Mr Shelley who his friend was.

Mr Shelley replied that he never was attached to that great sect whose doctrine was that each one should select out of the crowd a mistress or a friend, and all the rest, though fair and wise, commend to cold oblivion.

Mr Pope enquired whether Mr Shelley had met Mr Milton. It was his opinion that if they ever put their heads together, they would be able to come up with thirty-eight books on anything. Still, cold oblivion wasn't a bad phrase to describe the Members' Gents, if that was what he was talking about; better than a quiet bower full of people breathing, mind, though he couldn't, of course, answer for Mr Coleridge.

Mr William Shakespeare enquired of Mr Keats why they did pine within and suffer dearth, painting their outward walls so costly gay? Why so large cost, having so short a lease, did they upon their fading mansion spend?

Mr Keats replied that they required an unimaginable lodge for solitary thinkings; such as dodge conception to the very bourne of heaven, then leave the naked brain.

Mr Shakespeare said that if he understood correctly what Mr Keats had in mind, were the walls of the new khazi not going to end up covered in verse jottings, and would this not be an irritation to those wishing to lock themselves in cubicles the better to read the small print on their contracts so as not to end up with three bloody tragedies running simultaneously on Broadway and not even a percentage of the gross after producer's profits?

Mr Keats said he couldn't help it, the stuff just poured out of him. He informed them that he had been taught in Paradise to ease his breast of melodies.

Sir Edmund Spenser reminded them that at the last meeting, he had sought an undertaking that the new lavatory would be painted in goodly colours gloriously arrayed, but had as yet received no word from the committee as to what these colours might be. Three months had now passed.

Replying, Mr Shelley said he rather fancied azure, black, and streaked with gold, fairer than any wakened eyes behold.

Mr Marvell said what about orange bright, like golden lamps in a green night?

Or, interjected Mr Shakespeare, what about having the majestical roof fretted with golden fire? It might cost a bob or two, he added, but it would not half impress publishers.

Mr Gerard Manley Hopkins said that he personally had always rather gone for dappled things.

Green, said Mr Walt Whitman, green, green, green, green, green.

The committee looked at him.

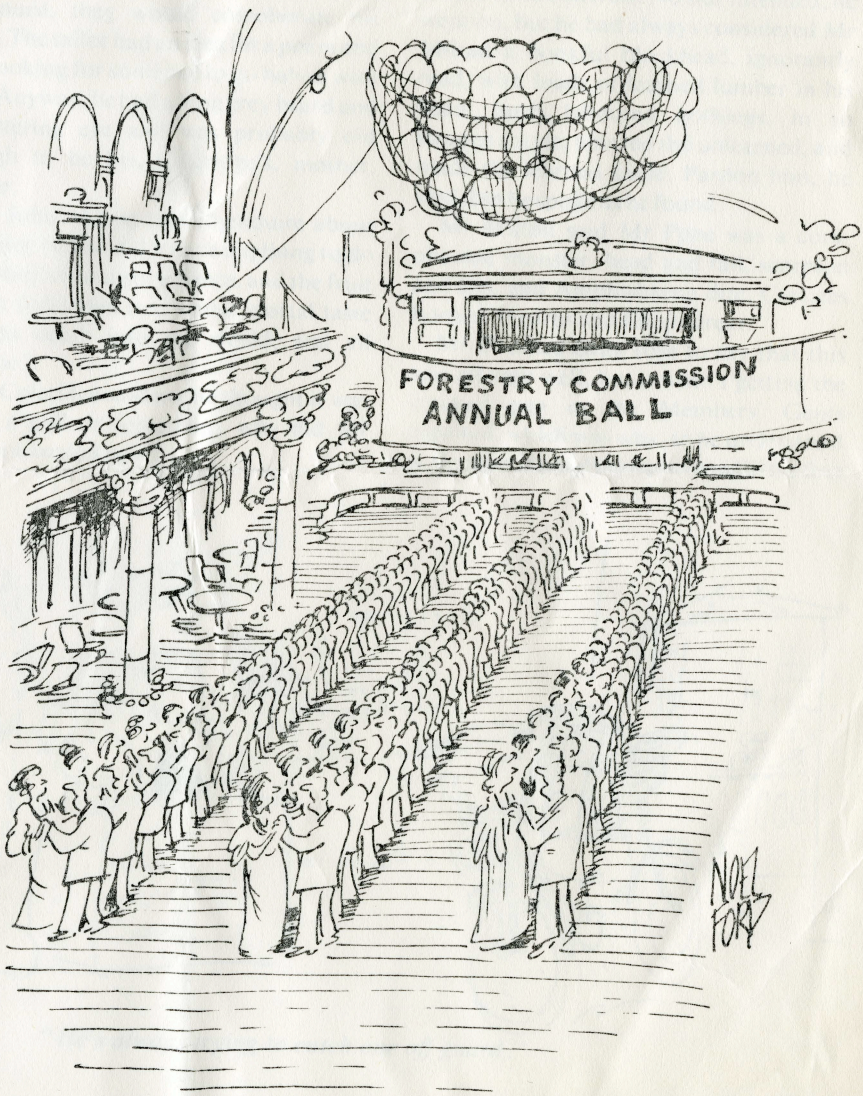
Mr Milton expressed the opinion, after a short silence, that they were not getting anywhere. Chaos umpire sat, he continued, and by decision more embroiled the fray by which he reigned.

Mr Pope asked God to help him.

Mr Wordsworth said that as he had opened the proceedings, it was only fitting, not to say nicely constructed, that he should sum up. He then invited the committee to remember that dust as they were, the immortal spirit grew, like harmony in music; there was a dark inscrutable workmanship that reconciled discordant elements, made them cling together in one Society.

Mr Pope said ho ho ho.

The meeting rose at 4.26 pm.



precursors of Norman:

"A river ran through the town..."

--The Autobiography of Mark Rutherford,
by Wm. Hale White, p. 4

"A river ran through it..."

--Greenwillow, by B.J. Chute, p. 1, 2nd sentence

tank of gasoline—making me ineligible to get gasoline, if the service-station proprietor happened to be one of the service-station proprietors who bothered to check gas gauges. I figured that I would be below half a tank the next day, but then I would be an even-numbered car on an odd-numbered day. Could it be that I was meant to drive around in circles until my tank got below half? If this is the moral equivalent of war, I wondered, how does one surrender?

I made it to North Hollywood. In fact, I had plenty of gas when I arrived, having spent so much time calculating my strategy that I didn't have much time to drive around in Anaheim. I turned in the car, and, after a decent interval, went back to the North Hollywood office to claim car No. 2. Another man waiting for a car informed me that all of my calculations about odd and even were unnecessary, since rental cars are eligible to get gas anytime. That was encouraging, I said, except that the odd-even system didn't seem to be making the lines shorter anyway. Then the rental-car clerk, overhearing our conversation, explained to us that the rental-car company would sell us gasoline at any of its offices, with no waiting. Our problems were solved. I was greatly relieved that no more scheming would be necessary. I pointed to my informant and said to the clerk, "He's next."

Gestures

AT a party in honor of Rosemary Clooney, Helen O'Connell, Rose Marie, and Margaret Whiting, stars of the touring musical show "4 Girls 4," at the Ballroom Restaurant, in Soho:

A man wearing a purple tie with a pearl tiepin pointed his forefinger at his chest, covered his mouth with his hand, opened his eyes wide, and rolled them.

A girl wearing a tight black skirt with red flowers on it did an exaggerated slinky step across the floor, to make the people she was with laugh.

Mitch Miller, the band leader, wearing a brown velvet jacket, kissed Margaret Whiting. To do this, he pursed his lips and extended them past his full mustache and beard.

A woman in a white straw hat and a black dress blew cigarette smoke through her nostrils straight to the ground, so that the smoke would not annoy the man she was talking to.

Mayor Koch came in, shaking hands and bowing. He pointed the shiny top of his head at each person he met.

A woman with yard-long hair ran her fingers under the lapels of the jacket of a tall, white-haired man.

A man in a white suit looked toward the door fifteen or twenty times.

An Oriental cook peered out of the round window of the door from the kitchen fifteen or twenty times.

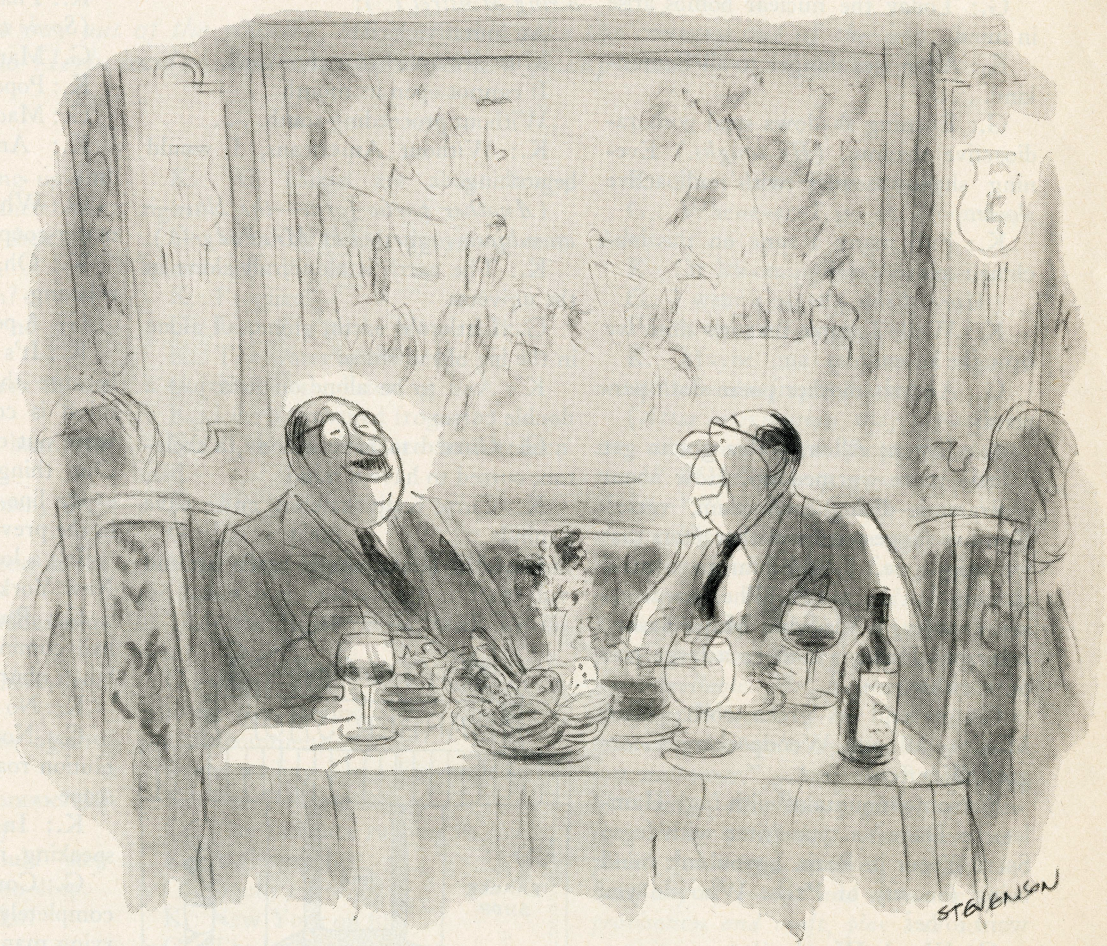
Two men were introduced in a very crowded part of the room. They were pressed so close together that when they shook hands they had to stick their hands out like flippers from the waist.

A woman in a blue Chinese-style jacket took the right hand of the man she was with in both her hands and began to play with his fingers while he continued to talk to another man.

A man in a red blazer with a texture like sofa upholstery bent over a woman who was shorter than he, took her face in one of his hands, kind of squished it together until it looked like a fish face, kissed her lips with a loud smack, and, seeing someone he wanted to talk to across the room, moved on.

Poems

IN a moment of optimism, the poets Allen Ginsberg and Kenneth Koch recently agreed to make up "collaborative spontaneous poems" in front of an audience at St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, on East Tenth Street. This collaboration took place in the Parish Hall, where the St. Mark's Poetry Project has held its events since the church was damaged by fire, last July. We transcribed some of the spontaneity. Later, Mr. Ginsberg told us that he learned to improvise poems from Jack Kerouac and from the form of Buddhism that he studies. "It's a tradition in the lineage of crazy wisdom—turning the wheel of dharma by spontaneous rhyme," Mr. Ginsberg said. Mr. Koch told us, "I've never done this sort of thing in front of an audience before. I have done improvisations, with poets and painters. Larry



"I say 'Give me a windfall and I'll talk windfall tax.' What do you say, Harry?"

Rivers and I did a series of poem-paintings: he'd put a spot of color on a canvas, I'd write a word over it, he'd put some more color over it, and so forth. Collaboration is like having the Muse in the same room with you, bothering you but giving you good ideas."

(*Ron Padgett, poet, director of Poetry Project, introduces "two of the best poets of our century." They enter. Mr. Koch with handsome toothy smile. Mr. Ginsberg with gleeful face rejuvenated by shaving of famous beard. They sit at long table in front of fireplace. Perrier and wine bottles on table. Warmup produces poem with two words in each line.*)

K. (*light boyish voice*): Snowmen perpetuate

G. (*deep boyish voice*): Liquid meltability

K.: Without stopping

G.: Winter winter

K.: Summer autumn

G.: North Pole

K.: "North Pole" is one word.

G. Northpole Southpole

K.: Learning sideways

G.: Sleeping likewise.

K.: Let's do some iambic-pentameter couplets.

G.: Today the nuclear bombs arise in mind

K.: Allen sees danger to all humankind. . . .

G.: Evening shadows steal with radioactive shadow. (*He laughs.*) Evening shadows steal with radioactive *shade.*

K.: Full many a tune on this machine is played.

(*More of this.*)

K.: Well, I think that it's time we brought an end

G.: And so another poem doth perpend.

K.: Listen, Allen, we've got to get a little more warmed up. How about a dramatic dialogue in blank verse? Ron has suggested some characters that we might be. I told him to control himself, but he hasn't. The characters are (*reading*) Vladimir Mayakovsky; a carrot; Halley's comet; a large pair of work shoes—

G.: a field of green corn; New Mexico; Woody Woodpecker; Georgia O'Keeffe—

K.: some mountains with fog; Hamlet the Dane; a typewriter with legs; Sacré Coeur in Paris. I wouldn't mind being the *city* of Paris. Who do you want to be?

G.: Woody Woodpecker.

K.: The title of this play is "Woody Woodpecker Goes to Paris." I think I have to stand up to do blank verse.

(*Both stand.*)

G.: Oh, wow! I'm here in Paris, Notre Dame

Sits on its haunches and looks down.

I've never been in such a strange domain,

I think I'll take a walk around the town.

K.: What bird is this that on my agéd streets

Doth so pursue his argument?

G.: Some rhyming beastie from United States has come.

I'm here, and though you may think I am dumb,

No less I'll continue with my tourist peregrination,

Seeing this town, coming from another nation.

(*City of Paris accuses Woody Woodpecker of being "scruffy" American.*)

G.: No mistake, sir, under my wings and in my bill

I carry many a hundred-dollar paper.

(*Development of plot concerning Haussmann, Rimbaud, French fries, songbird edibility. City of Paris asks Woody Woodpecker to sing.*)

G. (*almost to tune of "A Wand'ring Minstrel I"*):

An imitative bird

Must always rhyme the word.

It cannot open its mouth

Without proceeding south. . . .

K.: Without Americans, I would be nothing.

(*Another poetic form—the blues—on subjects suggested by Mr. Padgett.*)

K.: The earth is alone, all alone in the universe

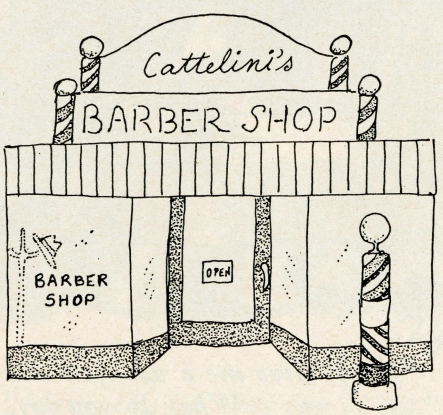
G.: Little old earth, alone, all alone in the big old universe

K.: And to be alone on it is just a double curse.

G.: Cursed to have a body, a skeleton, cursed to have a mind

K.: Curse body skeleton, curse have a mind

G.: All I can do is walk around naked and sing these blues like blind.



K.: You want to do a ballad?

G.: Yeah—*a a b b*?

K.: No, let's do *a b a b*—that's easier. Then we each get to rhyme our own lines. (*Reads suggestions from Mr. Padgett, including "William Blake and Popeye have a disagreement and fight to the death," "An old man is imprisoned for stealing a book of his own poetry," and "A young lover discovers he is the reincarnation of Gertrude Stein and fears this will damage his forthcoming marriage."*) I find Ron's suggestions very disturbing.

G.: Well, we can *ballade* on our own themes.

(*They choose Blake-Popeye idea.*)

G.: Popeye! You represent Tharmas! Only the body there! Only the meat!

K.: Hey! Hey, hey, hey, Allen, this is a ballad. You know, like, "I walked across the country gray/And saw a little girl."

G.: Popeye, here y'are in y'body, here y'are in y'meat.

No. What's a four-beat line?

Popeye's in his body, Popeye's in his meat.

K.: That's an Alexandrine.

G.: Popeye sat upon his chair—

K.: That's it!

(*Some time later.*)

G.: Mary Blake's apocalypse

K.: Popeye's deuteronomy

G.: Made her kiss Bill on the lips

K.: And praise his male economy. . . .

G.: What have we got next? Tetrameter couplets?

K.: Oh, Jesus! Let's do something relaxing.

G.: A poem that makes no sense.

K.: It's impossible to make no sense, because the poor frail limited human mind is constructed so that it makes sense out of anything. But we can try. One thing we could try to do is in every line contradict flatly what's said in the previous line.

It's a lovely warm spring evening in New York

G.: Raining and sleeting and the hail coming down on the roof of the burnt church. . . .

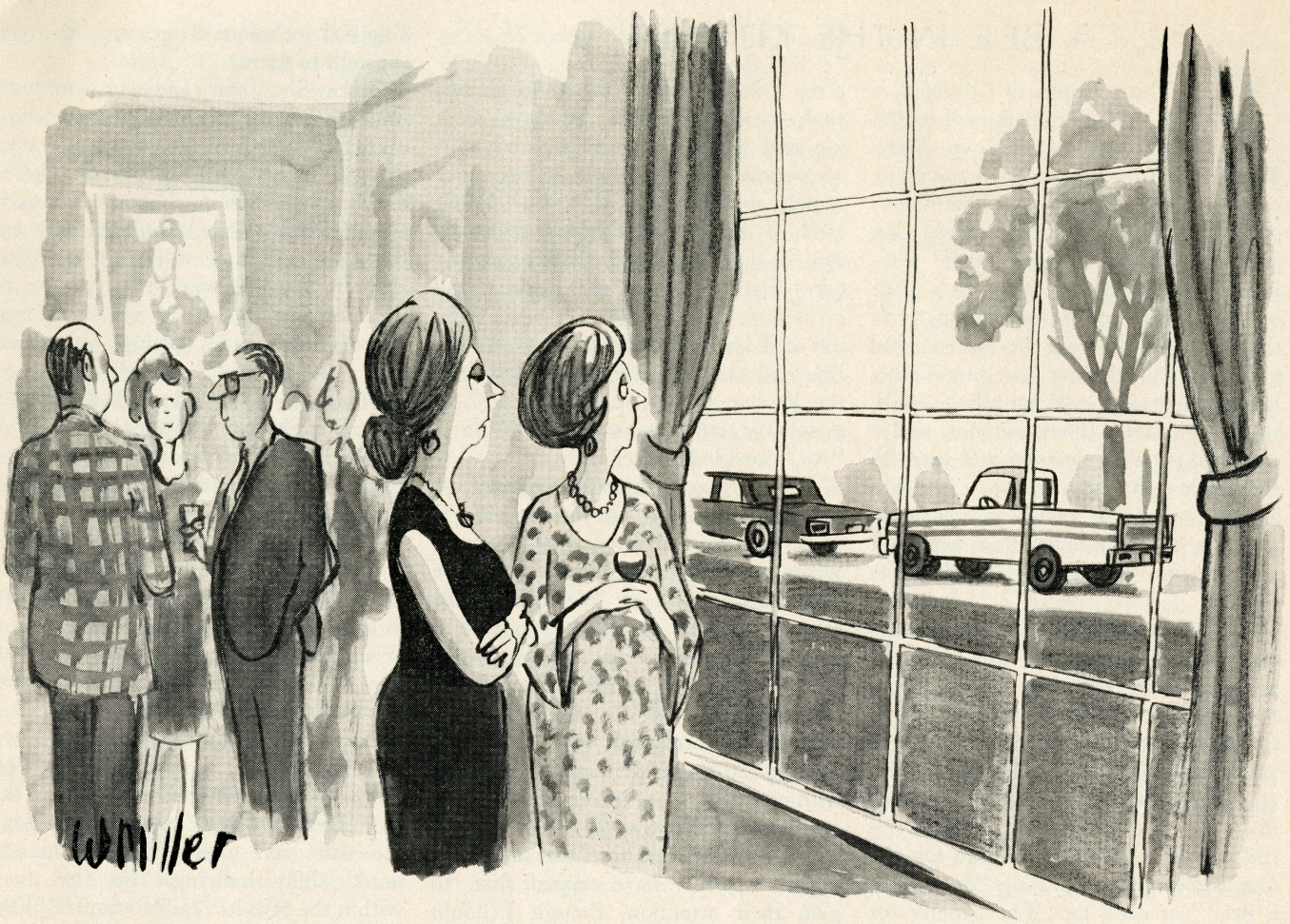
K.: No one has spoken tonight.

G.: Nothing but the industrial revolution roaring its way across the landscape . . .

K.: In the time in which we're speaking, no one ever wore clothes.

G.: Completely covered with armor, completely helmeted, visored, and carrying many lances

K.: People showed how peaceful they were



"You can take the boy out of the country, but you can't take the country out of the boy, so Herb decided that what we need is a pickup truck."

• •

G. (*very excited*): Roaring up and down, screaming, tearing their hair, scratching themselves, biting their own noses!. . .

K.: How about a bad poem?

G.: A poem deliberately no good. I.e., comma, bad verse.

I love you like the flowers in the spring

K.: Though always I hear the crunching of the skeleton . . .

G.: Sophisticated gentlemen, let's sip our Martinis.

K.: I remember the countess at the Villa d'Este well

G.: Where I cried for madder music and for stronger wine

K.: And we suffered, I think, in a less normal way

G.: 'Cause the world was against us and we were right!. . .

K.: I hate all those commercial bastards! Gosh, Nancy, if only

G.: The plutonium would stop bothering me every time I go to sleep.

AUDIENCE MEMBER: Haiku!

K.: I can't count syllables.

AUDIENCE MEMBER: Epic!

G.: Haiku.

K.: All haikus are about frogs, right?

G.: Wearing beard, the young man leans forward

K.: Froglike

G.: Listening to the poets croak.

K.: The water in the bottle

G.: Sits quietly, listening

K.: Like a drowned frog.

G.: The old fireplace hasn't been used

K.: The beautiful city

G.: Lacks wood.

K.: Pretty. Do you feel, Allen, that the haiku is a more natural form for us than the blues? What shall we do next?

G.: More haikus. We could go on forever: the ground, the recognition, and the comment.

Sirens wailing down Eleventh Street

K.: Ron Padgett sitting

G.: The audience rubbing its chin.

K.: A glass wallet

G.: Smoky currency

K.: New York on fire.

G.: The leathern cow moos

K.: The cotton sheep replies

G.: The shepherd pipes his ditty.

K.: That's a very sweet one.

G.: Whenever I go to Bloomingdale's

K.: Or Bloomingdale's comes to me

G.: I wear a tuxedo.

We have to do an epic yet.

K.: Maybe one minute of silence would be a nice improvisation.

(*After intermission, they flip coin to see who reads first from "prepared texts." Mr. Ginsberg wins toss—tails. Reads "Plutonian Ode"—new version, with revisions suggested by various poets and friends. Long lines of incantation. Effort to rid world of plutonium by inhaling it with huge poet's breaths. Poetry controlling the uncontrollable. Mr. Koch reads "The Boiling Water." Calls attention to excitements usually overlooked—"serious moments," when water boils, fly lifts wings, etc. Poetry giving itself to the little particular. Audience applauds for many minutes, satisfied by harmony of cosmic and domestic, improvisation and craft, play and work, restraint and abandon, privacy of poets' imaginations and generosity of poets.*)

A BEE IN THE KITCHEN

THE thing began at Olympia, a large exhibition hall in London more often devoted to Show Jumping but on this occasion the scene of a tennis World Doubles Championship. The British pair, curly-haired Cox and his partner, Lloyd, were playing McEnroe and Fleming for a place in the finals, and at one time, with the score at 3–all in the last set and a service break not inconceivable, looked as though, against all the odds, they might win. They did not, and I switched off the television and went to the kitchen for some ice. A bee was buzzing about in there—not a usual event in a cold English January, so I spoke to it. "We lost!" I told it bitterly.

Of the two kinds of insanity exhibited here I reckon that the bitterness was the more extreme. "Telling the bees" is an old English custom, still practiced, I believe, in the remoter rural districts of the West Country. This courtesy is, or was, usually extended in the event of a death in the family—the proper procedure being to tap the hive three times, repeating "So-and-So is dead" at each tap. The penalty for failure to make this announcement is another death in the household within the year, or, as some say, the departure of the bees to some other and more communicative locality. Of course, a solitary bee is not a hive and cannot easily be tapped; but there is at least a precedent for giving the news to bees, and, for all we know, they may be as interested in one kind of disaster as another. What concerns me more deeply is that I should, even momentarily, regard the loss of a tennis match as disastrous.

Tennis is not a game that greatly excites me per se, nor one that I ever played much above the level at which a start is made with five balls because the sixth went into the laurel hedge last Sunday. Cox and Lloyd, though British, were not playing *for* Britain, and if they had been, their success could have reflected no conceivable credit on me personally. They were playing for a top prize of twenty thousand pounds each—a reward, for a few days' serving and returning, so ridiculously out of proportion as to fill me, in my saner moods, with nausea and despair. What kind of distorted patriotism, nationalism, chauvinism is this that makes me care tuppence whether a backhand crosscourt volley with heavy top spin did or did not land one inch outside the line and that drives me untimely into the kitchen to cry out "We lost!" to a solitary out-of-season bee. Who is "we," for God's sake?

It is useless, as a matter of fact, to tell bees anything. They can't hear. I ought to have known that, because when writing, years ago, in these pages about Gilbert White and the effect of echoes on bees, I quoted a passage in which that capable eighteenth-century naturalist denies that the creatures respond in any way to sounds. He proved it for himself by roaring at them through a speaking trumpet held close to their hive and noting that they failed to show "the least sensibility or resentment." Perhaps he should have tapped first, to gain their attention, though I doubt whether it would have made any difference. All that I have read about bees—and I have read a good deal since that discreditable incident in the kitchen—seems to show that you need a special technique to get any message through to them.

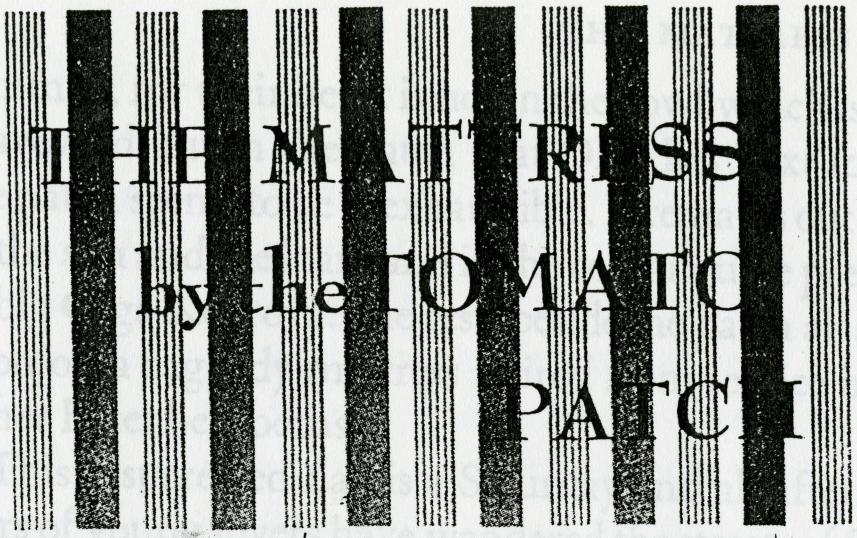
Take Sir John Lubbock, for instance—not the distinguished astronomer "J.W." but his son, a considerable scientist in his own right and a keen bee-watcher, who, about a century after Gilbert White, was hard at it on the same old tack of trying to make himself heard. Aware that, on occasion, a new queen in the hive sets up an intermittent piping, to which any residual young queens appear to respond, he naturally asked himself what was the point of this exchange of sounds if neither party could hear them. They might as well be discussing Home Rule in Parliament. Nevertheless, Sir John was unable to get his bees to take any notice of any sound he could devise, and in the end, reluctant to believe that all this piping was to no avail, fell back on the supposition that they could only hear higher notes than any at his personal disposal.

Now take another great leap forward, this time of half a century or more, and see what Karl von Frisch, the "Dancing Bees" man, has to say. He will have none of this "higher note" shilly-shallying. To the duet within the hive he readily admits. "The free queen," he says, "emits a kind of piping sound and the imprisoned queens also make similar noises which, however, from the depth of their dungeons sound like a hollow 'quack quack,' " and he goes on to tell us how "Bee-keepers maintain that the quacking bees are asking whether there is a queen about, and as long as they get an answering piping, they take good care not to leave the protection of their cells." They know very well, you see, that she will not tolerate any rivals. This sounds like good bee sense to me, but it won't do for von Frisch. Bees, he states categorically, "are unable to distinguish between piping and quacking"—and how I wish I had been around while he was proving *that* to his own satisfaction—"and are only receptive to tones in their immediate vicinity through a very finely developed sense of touch."

So there we are. Had I known all this before entering the kitchen I



"Mary, this isn't my cup of tea."



Hartcandy 1954

My landlady, Olga Kedrova, has given me a bowl of ripe tomatoes from the patch that she lies next to, sunning herself in the great white and blue afternoons of California. These tomatoes are big as my fist, bloody red of color, and firm to the touch as a young swimmer's pectoral muscles.

I said, Why, Olga, my God, it would take me a month to eat that many tomatoes, but she said, Don't be a fool, you'll eat them like grapes, and that was almost how I ate them. It is now five o'clock of this resurrected day in the summer of 1943, a day which I am recording in the present tense although it is ten years past. Now there are only a couple of the big ripe tomatoes left in the pale-blue china bowl, but their sweetness and pride are un-

dimmed, for their heart is not in the bowl which is their graveyard but in the patch that Olga lies next to, and the patch seems to be inexhaustible. It remains out there in the sun and the loam and in the consanguine presence of big Olga Kedrova. She rests beside the patch all afternoon on a raggedy mattress retired from service in one of her hotel bedrooms.

This resurrected day is a Saturday and all afternoon pairs of young lovers have wandered the streets of Santa Monica, searching for rooms to make love in. Each uniformed boy holds a small zipper bag and the sun-pinked-or-gilded arm of a pretty girl, and they seem to be moving in pools of translucent water. The girl waits at the foot of steps which the boy bounds up, at first eagerly, then anxiously, then with desperation, for Santa Monica is literally flooded with licensed and unlicensed couples in this summer of 1943. The couples are endless and their search is unflagging. By sundown and long after, even as late as two or three in the morning, the boy will bound up steps and the girl wait below, sometimes primly pretending not to hear the four-letter word he mutters after each disappointment, sometimes saying it for him when he resumes his dogged hold on her arm. Even as daybreak comes they'll still be searching and praying and cursing with bodies that ache from pent-up longing more than fatigue.

Terrible separations occur at daybreak. The docile girl finally loses faith or patience; she twists violently free of the hand that bruises her arm and dashes sobbing into an all-night café to phone for a cab. The boy hovers outside, gazing fiercely through fog and window, his

now empty fist opening and closing on itself. She sits between two strangers, crouches over coffee, sobbing, sniffing, and maybe after a minute she goes back out to forgive him and rests in his arms without hope of anything private, or maybe she is relentless and waits for the cab to remove her from him forever, pretending not to see him outside the fogged window until he wanders away, drunk now, to look for more liquor, turning back now and then to glare at the hot yellow pane that shielded her from his fury. Son of a bitch of a four-letter word for a part of her woman's body is muttered again and again as he stumbles across the car tracks into Palisades Park, under royal palm trees as tall as five-story buildings and over the boom of white breakers and into mist. Long pencils of light still weave back and forth through the sky in search of enemy planes that never come over and nothing else seems to move. But you never can tell. Even at this white hour he might run into something that's better than nothing before the paddy-wagon picks him up or he falls onto one of those cots for service men only at some place like the Elks' Lodge.

Olga knows all this, but what can she do about it? Build more rooms single-handed? To look at Olga you'd almost believe that she could. She is the kind of woman whose weight should be computed not in pounds but in stones, for she has the look of a massive primitive sculpture. Her origin is the Middle East of Europe. She subscribes to the *Daily Worker*, copies of which she sometimes thrusts under my door with paragraphs boxed in red pencil, and she keeps hopefully handing me works

by Engels and Veblen and Marx which I hold for a respectful interval and then hand back to her with the sort of vague comment that doesn't fool her a bit. She has now set me down as a hopelessly unregenerate prostitute of the capitalist class, but she calls me "Tennie" or "Villyums" with undiminished good humor and there is nothing at all that she doesn't tell me about herself and nothing about myself that she doesn't expect me to tell . . . When I first came to stay here, late in the spring, and it came out in our conversation that I was a writer at Metro's, she said, Ha ha, I know you studio people! She says things like this with an air of genial complicity which a lingering reserve in my nature at first inclined me to pretend not to understand. But as the summer wore on, my reserve dropped off, and at present I don't suppose we have one secret between us. Sometimes while we are talking, she will go in my bathroom and continue the conversation with the door wide open and her seated figure in full view, looking out at me with the cloudlessly candid eyes of a child who has not yet learned that some things are meant to be private.

This is a house full of beds and I strongly suspect that big Olga has lain in them all. These big old-fashioned brass or white iron beds are like the keyboard of a concert grand piano on which she is running up and down in a sort of continual arpeggio of lighthearted intrigues, and I can't much blame her when I look at her husband. It is sentimental to think that all sick people deserve our sympathy. Ernie is sick but I can't feel sorry for him. He is a thin, sour man whose chronic intestinal trouble was diagnosed eight years ago as cancer, but whose con-

dition today is neither much worse nor better than when the diagnosis was made, a fact that confirms the landlady's contempt for all opinions that don't come through "The Party."

Ernie does the woman's work around the apartment-hotel, while Olga soaks up the sun on the high front steps or from the mattress by the tomato patch out back. From those front steps her lively but unastonished look can comprehend the whole fantasy of Santa Monica Beach, as far north as the "Gone with the Wind" mansion of former film star Molly Delancey and as far south as the equally idiotic but somewhat gayer design of the roller coasters at Venice, California.

Somehow it seems to me, because I like to think so, that this is the summer hotel, magically transplanted from the Crimean seacoast, where Chekhov's melancholy writer, Trigorin, first made the acquaintance of Madame Arcadina, and where they spent their first weekend together, sadly and wisely within the quiet sound of the sea, a pair of middle-aged lovers who turn the lights off before they undress together, who read plays aloud to each other on heaps of cool pillows and sometimes find that the pressure of a hand before falling asleep is all that they really need to be sure they are resting together.

The Palisades is a big white wooden structure with galleries and gables and plenty of space around it. It stands directly over a municipal playground known as "Muscle Beach." It is here that the acrobats and tumblers work out in the afternoons, great powerful Narcissans who handle their weightless girls and daintier male part-

ners with a sort of tender unconsciousness under the blare and activity of our wartime heavens.

While I am working at home, during my six-week lay-off-without-pay from the studio (a punishment for intransigence that presages a short term of employment and forces me to push my play anxiously forward), it is a comfort now and then to notice Big Olga dreaming on the front steps or sprawled on that old mattress in back of the building.

I like to imagine how the mattress got out there . . . This is how I see it.

On one of those diamond-bright mornings of early summer, Big Olga looms into an upstairs bedroom a soldier and his girl-friend have occupied for the week-end which has just passed. With nonchalant grunts, she looks at the cigarette stains and sniffs at the glasses on the bedside table. With only a token wrinkle or two of something too mild to be defined as disgust, she picks up the used contraceptives tossed under the bed, counts them and murmurs "My God" as she drops them into the toilet and comes back out of the bathroom without having bothered to wash her hands at the sink. The boy and the girl have plainly enjoyed themselves and Olga is not the kind to resent their pleasure and she is philosophical about little damages to beds and tables incurred in a storm of love-making. Some day one of them will fall asleep or pass out in bed with a lighted cigarette and her summer hotel will burn down. She knows this will happen some day but till it happens, oh, well, why worry about it.

She goes back to the bed and jerks off the crumpled sheets to expose the mattress.

My God, she cries out, the condition this mattress is in!

Bad? says Ernie.

Completely ruined, she tells him.

Pigs, says Ernie.

But Olga is not unhappy.

Pigs, pigs, pigs, says Ernie with almost squealing repugnance, but Olga says, Aw, shut up! A bed is meant to make love on, so why blow your stack about it?

This shuts Ernie up, but inwardly he boils and becomes short-winded.

Ernie, says Olga, you take that end of the mattress.

She picks up the other.

Where does it go? asks Ernie.

The little man backs toward the door but Olga thinks differently of it. She gives an emphatic tug toward the gallery entrance. This way, she says roughly, and Ernie, who rarely presumes anymore to ask her a question, tags along with his end of the mattress dragging the carpet. She kicks the screen door open and with a joyous gasp she steps out into the morning above the ocean and beach. The white clocktower of downtown Santa Monica is looking out of the mist, and everything glistens. She sniffs like a dog at the morning, grins connivingly at it, and shouts, Around this way!

The mattress is lugged to the inland side of the gallery, and Ernie is still not aware of what she is up to.

Now let go, says Olga.

Ernie releases his end and staggers back to the scalloped white frame wall. He is broken and breathless, he sees pinwheels in the sky. But Olga is chuckling a little.

While the pinwheels blinded him, Olga has somehow managed to gather both ends of the mattress into her arms and has rolled them together to make a great cylinder. Hmmm, she says to herself. She likes the feel of the mattress, exults in the weight of it on her. She stands there embracing the big inert thing in her arms and with the grip of her thighs. It leans against her, a big exhausted lover, a lover that she has pressed upon his back and straddled and belabored and richly survived. She leans back with the exhausted weight of the mattress resting on her, and she is chuckling and breathing deeply now that she feels her power no longer contested. Fifteen, twenty, twenty-five years are in her of life still, not depleted more than enough to make her calm and easy. Time is no problem to her. Hugging the mattress, she thinks of a wrestler named "Tiger" who comes and goes all summer, remembers a sailor named Ed who has spent some liberties with her, thinks of a Marine Sergeant, brought up in a Kansas orphanage, who calls her Mama, feels all the weight of them resting lightly on her as the weight of one bird with various hurrying wings, staying just long enough to satisfy her and not a moment longer. And so she grips the big mattress and loves the weight of it on her. Ah, she says to herself, ah, hmmm . . .

She sees royal palm trees and the white clocktower of downtown Santa Monica, and possibly says to herself, Well, I guess I'll have a hot barbecue and a cold beer for lunch at the Wop's stand on Muscle Beach and I'll see if Tiger is there, and if he isn't, I'll catch the five o'clock bus to L.A. and take in a good movie, and after that

I'll walk over to Olivera Street and have some tamales with chili and two or three bottles of Carta Blanca and come back out to the beach on the nine o'clock bus. That will be after sundown, and three miles east of the beach, they turn the lights out in the bus (because of the wartime blackout), and Olga will have chosen a good seat-companion near the back of the bus, a sailor who's done two hitches and knows the scoop, so when the lights go out, her knees will divide and his will follow suit and the traveling dusk will hum with the gossamer wings of Eros. She'll nudge him when the bus slows toward the corner of Wilshire and Ocean. They'll get off there and wander hand-in-hand into the booming shadows of Palisades Park, which Olga knows like a favorite book never tired of. All along that enormously tall cliff, under royal palms and over the Pacific, are little summer houses and trellised arbors with benches where sudden acquaintances burst into prodigal flower.

All of these things, these prospects, too vivid to need any thought, are in her nerves as she feels the weight of the mattress between her breasts and thighs, and now she is ready to show the extent of her power. She tightens the grip of her arms on the soft-hard bulk and raises the mattress to the height of her shoulders.

Watch out, my God, says Ernie, you'll rupture yourself!

Not I! says Olga, I'll not rupture myself!

Ha ha, look here! she orders.

Her black eyes flash as she coils up her muscles.

One for the money, two for the show, three to get ready, and four to GO!

Christ Almighty, says Ernie without much breath or conviction, as the mattress sails, yes, almost literally sails above the rail of the gallery and out into the glistening air of morning. Fountains of delicate cotton fiber spurt out of at least a thousand ruptures in its cover the moment the wornout mattress plops to the ground.

Hmmm, says Olga.

The act has been richly completed. She grips the rail of the gallery with her hands that have never yet been fastened on anything they could not overwhelm if they chose to. The big brass bangles she has attached to her ears are jingling with silly but rapturous applause, and Ernie is thinking again, as he has thought so often, since death so thoughtlessly planted a slow seed in his body: How is it possible that I ever lay with this woman, even so long ago as that now is!

With an animal's sense of what goes on behind it, Olga knows what her invalid husband feels when she exhibits her power, and her back to him is neither friendly nor hostile. And if tonight he has a cramp in the bowels that doubles him up, she'll help him to the bathroom and sit yawning on the edge of the tub with a cigarette and a Hollywood fan-magazine, while he sweats and groans on the stool. She'll utter goodhumored "phews" and wave her cigarette at the stench of his anguish, sometimes extending a hand to cup his forehead. And if he bleeds and collapses, as he sometimes does, she'll pick him up and carry him back to bed and fall asleep with his hot fingers twitching in hers, doing it all as if God had told her to do it. There are two reasons: He is a mean and sick little beast that once mated with her and

would have been left and forgotten a long time ago except for the now implausible circumstance that she bore two offspring by him — a daughter employed as "executive secretary to a big wheel at Warner's." (She has to stay at his place because he's a lush and needs her constant attention.) And this one, "My God, look at him." A blownup Kodachrome snapshot of a glistening wet golden youth on some unidentified beach that borders a jungle. He makes his nakedness decent by holding a mass of red flowers before his groin. Olga lifts the picture and gives it five kisses as fast as machine-gun fire, which leave rouge-stains on the glass, as bright as the blossoms the grinning boy covers his sex with.

So those are the circumstances she feels behind her in Ernie, and yet they cast no shadow over the present moment. What she is doing is what is usual with her, she's thinking in terms of comfort and satisfaction as she looks down at the prostrate bulk of the mattress. Her eyes are soaking up the possibilities of it. The past of the mattress was good. Olga would be the last to deny its goodness. It has lain beneath many summers of fornications in Olga's summer hotel. But the future of the mattress is going to be good, too. It is going to lie under Olga on afternoons of leisure and under the wonderful rocking-horse weather of Southern California.

That is what the veteran mattress has done for the past few summers. The rain and the sun have had their influence on it. Unable to dissolve and absorb it into themselves, the elements have invested it with their own traits. It is now all softness and odors of ocean and earth, and it is still lying next to the prodigal patch of tomatoes

that make me think of a deck of green-backed cards in which everything but diamonds and hearts have been thrown into discard.

(What do you bid? demands the queen of hearts. But that is Olga, and Olga is bidding *forever!*)

On afternoons of leisure she lies out there on this overblown mattress of hers and her slow-breathing body is steamed and relaxed in a one-piece sarong-type garment that a Hollywood pinup girl would hardly dare to appear in. The cocker spaniel named Freckles is resting his chin on her belly. He looks like a butterscotch pudding with whipped cream on it. And these two indolent creatures drift in and out of attention to what takes place in Olga's summer hotel. The quarrels, the music, the wailing receipt of bad news, the joyful shouting, everything that goes on is known and accepted. Without even feeling anything so strong as contempt, their glances take in the activities of the husband having words with a tenant about a torn window shade or sand in a bathtub or wet tracks on the stairs. Nobody pays much attention to poor little Ernie. The Ernies of the world are treated that way. They butt their heads against the walls of their indignation until their dry little brains are shaken to bits. There he goes now, I can see him out this window, trotting along the upstairs gallery of the projecting back wing of the building with some linen to air, some bedclothes on which young bodies have taken their pleasure, for which he hates them. Ernie treats everyone with the polite fury of the impotent cuckold, and they treat Ernie in such an offhand manner it turns him around like a top till he runs down and stops. Some-

times while he complains, they walk right past him dripping the brine of the ocean along the stairs, which Ernie must get down on his hands and knees to wipe up. Pigs, pigs, is what he calls them, and of course he is right, but his fury is too indiscriminate to be useful. Olga is also capable of fury, but she reserves it for the true beast which she knows by sight, sound, and smell, and although she has no name for it, she knows it is the beast of mendacity in us, the beast that tells mean lies, and Olga is not to be confused and thrown off guard by smaller adversaries. Perhaps all adversaries are smaller than Olga, for she is almost as large as the afternoons she lies under.

And so it goes and no one resists the going.

The wonderful rocking-horse weather of California goes rocking over our heads and over the galleries of Olga's summer hotel. It goes rocking over the acrobats and their slim-bodied partners, over the young cadets at the school for flyers, over the ocean that catches the blaze of the moment, over the pier at Venice, over the roller coasters and over the vast beach-homes of the world's most successful kept women — not only over those persons and paraphernalia, but over all that is shared in the commonwealth of existence. It has rocked over me all summer, and over my afternoons at this green and white checkered table in the yellow gelatine flood of a burlesque show. It has gone rocking over accomplishments and defeats; it has covered it all and absorbed the wounds with the pleasures and made no discrimination. For nothing is quite so cavalier as this horse. The giant blue rocking-horse weather of South-

ern California is rocking and rocking with all the signs pointing forward. Its plumes are smoky blue ones the sky can't hold and so lets grandly go of . . .

And now I am through with another of these afternoons so I push the chair back from the table, littered with paper, and stretch my cramped spine till it crackles and rub my fingers gently over a dull pain in my chest, and think what a cheap little package this is that we have been given to live in, some rubbery kind of machine not meant to wear long, but somewhere in it is a mysterious tenant who knows and describes its being. Who is he and what is he up to? Shadow him, tap his wires, check his intimate associates, if he has any, for there is some occult purpose in his coming to stay here and all the time watching so anxiously out of the windows . . .

Now I am looking out of a window at Olga who has been sunning herself on that smoking-car joke of a mattress the whole livelong afternoon, while she ages at leisure and laps up life with the tongue of a female bull. The wrestler Tiger has taken the room next to mine, that's why she keeps looking this way, placidly alert for the gleam of a purple silk robe through his window curtains, letting her know of his return from the beach, and before he has hung the robe on a hook on the door, the door will open and close as softly as an eyelid and Olga will have disappeared from her mattress by the tomato patch. Once the cocker spaniel had the impudence to sniff and bark outside Tiger's door and he was let in and tossed right out the back window, and another time I heard Tiger muttering, Jesus, you fat old cow, but only

a few moments later the noises that came through the wall made me think of the dying confessions of a walrus.

And so it goes and no one resists the going.

The perishability of the package she comes in has cast on Olga no shadow she can't laugh off. I look at her now, before the return of Tiger from Muscle Beach, and if no thought, no knowledge has yet taken form in the protean jelly-world of brain and nerves, if I am patient enough to wait a few moments longer, this landlady by Picasso may spring up from her mattress and come running into this room with a milky-blue china bowl full of reasons and explanations for all that exists.

The New York Times

Etiquette: Is It Back?

By MONIQUE P. YAZIGI

La Goulue, the elegant bistro at Madison Avenue and 65th Street, is exactly the kind of place where you might expect the patrons to know how to dip a soup spoon or tell the difference between a fish knife and a butter knife or exactly the right time to place the napkin on your lap. There's platinum credit cards in them there Kelly bags.

But François Latapie, the dapper Paris-born owner, is aghast. Every day the blasphemies pile up. First of all, he sees patrons actually reorganize the table, moving plates, ashtrays and salt and pepper shakers out of the way. You just don't do this in his type of restaurant. And the wine glasses! People pour beer in the white wine glass (to look elegant) and white wine in the red wine glass (by mistake). And just to show you that the barbarians are at the gate, they grab fistfuls of matchbooks and rip flowers out of his wall bouquets and tuck away the espresso spoons.

"Some people just don't eat properly," Mr. Latapie said recently. "When the waiters pull the table out to clean they find a treasure — napkins, bread, forks, spoons, knives — and for every 10 forks we find a $100 bill."

It's not just that they don't care, he said, trying to be understanding. It's just that they don't know. And many do try.

It might not be a consolation to Mr. Latapie, but there are the rumblings of an etiquette renaissance. Publishing houses report increased sales of etiquette books, and they are reissuing the old standards by Emily Post and Amy Vanderbilt. Magazines like Town and Country and Good Housekeeping have felt enough demand to bring back the old manners columns. Waiting lists are longer than ever for children's ballroom dancing and etiquette classes at elitist bastions like Barclay and Knickerbocker. And private schools are incorporating the teaching of manners into the curriculum.



FPG International

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The entire issue of etiquette has often been handled skittishly, as if its mere mention would awaken with a vengeance the gods of democracy. It is fascinating to read back over the canons of manners, like Emily Post's 1922 "Etiquette," and observe the defensive tone of the offerings and the impulse toward self-justification. There is great effort to point out that money and manners don't necessarily go

40 Poems That T. S. Eliot Wanted to Keep Hidden From Posterity's Eyes

By SARAH LYALL

LONDON, S

ept. 22 — The poet's instructions could not have been more clear. "I beg you fervently to keep them to yourself and see that they are never printed," T. S. Eliot wrote in 1922. He was 34, and he was preparing to sell a notebook full of early poems to a friend named John Quinn, for $140.

For 74 years, Eliot's wishes were respected, more or less. Although several of the poems have appeared in published letters, and several others in an anthology of off-color verse, the notebook itself turned up in the New York Public Library in the late 1960's. Since then, scholars have been allowed to read and refer to the poems, but have been forbidden to quote from them directly.

That has all just changed, however. With the publication here of Eliot's notebook in a thickly annotated volume called "Inventions of the March Hare: Poems 1909-1917," more than 40 poems never before seen by the public have been made available. The title is Eliot's, written on the first page of the brown leather notebook, then crossed out.

"Inventions of the March Hare," edited by Christopher Ricks and scheduled for publication by Harcourt Brace in March in the United States, includes complete poems, parts of poems and early versions and fragments of some of Eliot's greatest works, among them "The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock," scribbled by the poet on his travels from 1909 to1917. The poems' existence, Eliot scholars say, offers fresh insight into the poet's early artistry, his strict personal standards and his fervent search for the perfect word and the perfect phrase.

"They're poems that are written by someone who had an exceptionally rigorous and high standard for himself as to which of his poems was worthy of publication," said Anthony Julius, the author of "T. S. Eliot, Anti-Semitism and Literary Form."

The poems include a middle section of "Prufrock," titled "Prufrock's Perviglium," most of which the poet considered inferior and never included in the published version. They also include echoes of famous lines by Eliot. A poem titled "Afternoon"



T. S. Eliot as a young man.

seem troubling, particularly to a modern-day sensibility.

These poems — bawdy, scatological limericks with racist imagery that describe, among other things, the encounter of a highly sexed Christopher Columbus with King Bolo, a well-endowed black monarch — were torn from the notebook but recovered in Ezra Pound's papers at Yale.

In Britain, they have raised new questions about Eliot, whose reputation is already undergoing something of a revision after the exploration in Mr. Julius's book of the anti-Semitic elements in some of the poet's greatest works.

How big a deal are these new bawdy poems?

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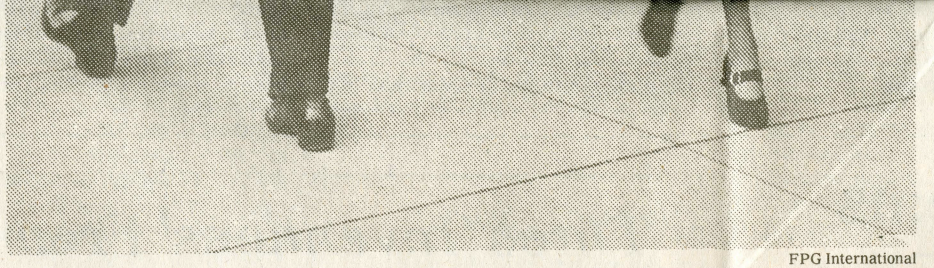
Also, public relations firms are arranging personal etiquette classes for private clients who are paying up to $100,000 to be tutored by society doyennes.

Why is this happening? Most surmise that it is a growing sense, in a world of frenetically busy two-income families, that something is, well, missing, that the decline of that great socialization vehicle, the family meal, has left a generation of children eating tacos and Chinese food out of cardboard cartons and with only cursory knowledge of the use of the fork and other niceties.

The Jane Austen movies, too, may have put an ache in the hearts of moviegoers, making the certitudes of 19th-century



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England seem spiritually nourishing in an age of Nine Inch Nails and HBO comedians.

"I tell you it is civility which is what people really miss," said Nelson W. Aldrich Jr., who has written about class and society. "This is in contrast to the 19th century, when it was a function of people being yanked from one cultural economic level to a higher one and they suddenly wanted to know how to use a fork. Manners was a mark of social mobility. Now I think there's a political wish behind it that people want other people to be civil to them."

"A lot of people are talking about and thinking about it again, but there has been a lapse," said Letitia Baldrige, the former chief of staff for Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis and the author of books on etiquette. "There's a meanness and nastiness of people turning on each other yelling out the window. People are self-obsessed. Manners to me is thinking about somebody else."

The entire issue of etiquette has often been handled skittishly, as if its mere mention would awaken with a vengeance the gods of democracy. It is fascinating to read back over the canons of manners, like Emily Post's 1922 "Etiquette," and observe the defensive tone of the offerings and the impulse toward self-justification. There is great effort to point out that money and manners don't necessarily go together and that manners themselves can lead to moral behavior.

In his introduction to the Post book, Richard Duffy points out that Confucius could not tolerate the suggestion that virtue is enough without politeness. Referring to the Chinese sage, Mr. Duffy wrote: "He viewed them as inseparable and 'saw courtesies as coming from the heart,' maintaining that 'when they are practiced with all the heart, a moral elevation ensues.' " Thus you might be hard-pressed to find virtue at La Goulue.

But, in fact, talk of strict etiquette has been used as a weapon of the upper class,

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out.

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The poems include a middle section of "Prufrock," titled "Prufrock's Perviglium," most of which the poet considered inferior and never included in the published version. They also include echoes of famous lines by Eliot. A poem titled "Afternoon" includes the lines "The ladies who are interested in Assyrian Art/Gather in the hall of the British Museum," a less successful version of the "Prufrock" lines "In the room the women come and go/Talking of Michelangelo."

"Holding the book is like holding a long-lost map to a treasure-trove," the critic Eric Griffiths wrote in The Guardian. Though the poems "share many turns of cadence, phrase and thought" with Eliot's published work, he said, "the iron filings of Eliot's imagination lie all around in heaps but without the magnet needed to spring them into pattern."

At the same time, "Inventions of the March Hare" includes several poems that



T. S. Eliot as a young man.

seem troubling, particularly to a modern-day sensibility.

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How big a deal are these new bawdy poems?

"They are not worth reading," Mr. Julius said. "They tap, in the most puerile way imaginable, racist fantasies of the sexual superiority of blacks."

To the critic and poet Craig Raine, a staunch defender of Eliot, the off-color poems are nothing to get upset about. "It seems extraordinary to me that we live in a world of Tarantino films and here we are pretending to be shocked by a few bawdy poems," he said. "He didn't publish these poems, he didn't set out to publish them, and the idea that great poets are somehow different from the rest of us — that they can't write for us or to us — is ridiculous. To me, they simply add to his humanity." Was it

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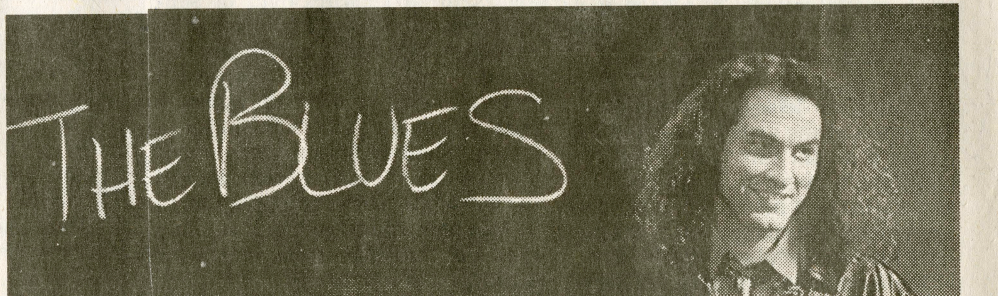
John F. Kennedy Jr. Is Said To Have Married in Georgia

By ROBERT D. McFADDEN

seemed to be more certain confirmation yesterday at a political appearance in Steubenville, Ohio.

TELEVISION REVIEW

Stand-Up Routines in The Classroom



Ireland and Its Discontents

THE COLLECTED STORIES OF SEAN O'FAOLAIN
1304 pp. Boston: Atlantic/Little, Brown & Co. $29.95.

By DENIS DONOGHUE

SEAN O'FAOLAIN (pronounced SHAWN oh-fay-LAWN) was born John Whelan, the youngest son of Denis and Bridget Whelan, in Cork, Feb. 22, 1900. His father, like mine, was a policeman, a constable in the Royal Irish Constabulary. To be born in Cork is sometimes regarded as a joke, especially by Dubliners, but Corkmen have a way of dispelling the joke by taking a train to Dublin and winning the best jobs. In his travel book "An Irish Journey" and his novel "A Nest of Simple Folk," O'Faolain expressed not perhaps the spirit of Cork but his own affection for the place, comparable to the affection Frank O'Connor expressed for it in his story "The Saint and Mary Kate" and Daniel Corkery in his collection of essays "A Munster Twilight."

O'Faolain had a far better education than his father could have afforded: the best local school and, in 1918, entry to University College, Cork. His life had already been transformed. He was too young to have taken part in the Easter Rising in 1916. Besides, like nearly everybody in Ireland at the time, he regarded Patrick Pearse, James Connolly and the other rebels as mischief-makers till the British Government executed them and turned them into martyrs. John Whelan changed his name to the Irish form of it and turned himself into a rebel. He joined the Irish Volunteers and, when the Civil War started in 1922, committed himself to the Republican cause and Eamon De Valera. Several of his first stories, like "Fugue" and "The Bombshop," are derived from his own militant experience.

In the foreword to a collection of his stories published in 1970, O'Faolain acknowledged that his early work was heavily poetical, "full of romantic words, such as *dawn, dew, onwards, youth, world, adamant,* and *dusk*"; full, too, of "those most romantic of all words, *and* and *but*, words that are part of the attempt to carry on and expand the effect after the sense has been given." His first problem was to find or imagine events splendid enough to appease his style, a style compounded not only of poems learned by heart but of a desire to find the heroic note fulfilled in daily practice. He had the words he loved but not always the occasions to justify them. So he imagined an Ireland continuous with the aftermath of 1916, a country of young men and the glory they longed for: "Looking up I saw the West grow cold and saffron as if the threshers of the morn, reduplicated in valley after valley, had blown a storm of corn-sheaves against the falling cape of night. A score of birds fulfilling their ancient ritual flew homeward in formation."

In such sentences, O'Faolain is trying to force the young man's feeling to rise to what the words have promised on his behalf, to justify a degree of sublimity

Continued on Page 27

Denis Donoghue holds the Henry James Chair of Letters at New York University. His most recent book is "Ferocious Alphabets."

Make Them Resent Your Splendor

LEILA
Further in the Destinies of Darcy Dancer, Gentleman.
By J. P. Donleavy.
380 pp. New York:
Seymour Lawrence/Delacorte Press. $17.50.

By JULIAN MOYNAHAN



Maciek Albrecht

"LEILA" is a mock Gothic fiction in J. P. Donleavy's happiest vein of bawdy pratfall comedy. A sequel to "The Destinies of Darcy Dancer, Gentleman" (1977), it shows that mock Anglo-Irish squireen, Reginald Darcy Thormond Dancer Kildare, becoming master of Andromeda Hall, a severely dilapidated manor house on 1,000 agricultural acres. The manor is looked after by a cross-eyed, suicidal butler, Crooks; a philosophical, botanizing gardener, Sexton; and some dozen other forelock tuggers, ranging from the stout, freckled, redolent Molly, who takes a bath once a year whether she needs it or not, to the exquisite, raven-haired title character, a housemaid with fine manners and ankles, a clouded past and an inexplicable determination to keep the master (though she loves him and he her) out of her bed. Maybe in the next sequel they will turn out to be brother and sister, as in the old Gothics.

The time is just after World War II, and the house lacks electricity and a telephone. Coal is beginning to trickle into Ireland, along with a few other goods, now that the Allied blockade, conceived by Churchill to punish Ireland for its technical neutrality, has been lifted. But these improvements are something of a mixed blessing. The first time a train, the Midlands Meteor, is fired up with American anthracite instead of turf, its boiler explodes. Getting around Dublin — Darcy makes forays from the Shelbourne Hotel to the Buttery of the Royal Hibernian (a fine hostelry lately and sadly closed) to the dreadful cellars under Fitzwilliam Street — is most effectively accomplished on foot or by horse-drawn cab. And when the young master is in residence at the hall, it is the immemorial activities of country life — fox hunting, sexual adventures of many different sorts, getting drunk and brawling — that are highlighted.

Randiness is everywhere. Not only does the quality make improper advances to the help and the help to each other but even animals get into the act or come close. When Dancer is having it off with Lois the nude artist (she paints nude portraits of men with her clothes off) in her Dublin studio, a rat comes out of the wall and watches with a beseeching look. Dancer owns a murderous black stallion called Midnight Shadow, and it breaks loose and runs free for most of the novel. Certainly the horse is a device for focusing and projecting authorial fantasies of antisocial violence, but it also joins fox hunts in progress with the indomitable purpose of servicing any saddled and bridled mare that may be in heat. Animal sexuality apart, the descriptions of the two hunts, which end in general punch-ups, are very funny. They must be the best of their kind since the brilliant rural comedy in the stories in "Some Experiences of an Irish R.M." (1899) by Edith Somerville and Martin Ross.

In "Leila," Mr. Donleavy, now middle-aged and the proprietor of a splendidly organized agricultural spread at Levington Hall in County Westmeath, gets

Continued on Page 25

Julian Moynahan's latest book is "Where the Land and Water Meet," a novel.

His Manager Said, 'Smile'

LOUIS ARMSTRONG
An American Genius.
By James Lincoln Collier.
Illustrated. 383 pp. New York:
Oxford University Press. $19.95.

By MICHAEL LYDON

"MY whole life, my whole soul, my whole spirit is to blooow that hooorn," Louis Armstrong told a doctor a few months before he died in 1971. No, he wouldn't cancel an upcoming date at the Waldorf-Astoria. "The people are waiting for me," he said. "I got to do it, Doc, I got to do it."

Music for Louis Armstrong was a lifelong compulsion to reach people, to amuse and excite them, to touch them and be touched by them. Music took him from an impoverished boyhood in New Orleans to 50 years of touring the world, until his shining trumpet and wide grin became universal emblems of good will and good times tonight. James Lincoln Collier tells the young Satchmo's story in careful and unsentimental detail. Armstrong was not born on July 4, 1900, though the date has become part of his legend. Independence Day was a popular chosen birthday among the poor whose actual birthdates went unrecorded. And Armstrong may well have cut two years off his age to duck the draft during World War I.

Mr. Collier argues that Armstrong's music was not the naïve outpouring of an untutored folk artist. He was gifted with a superb ear for harmony, but he learned to play the cornet at the Colored Waifs' Home, how to read music and to play ensemble on the Mississippi riverboats, and acquired the fine points of the ragtime-blues amalgam that became jazz from such seminal figures as Freddie Keppard, Kid Ory and Joe "King" Oliver. Oliver invited Armstrong to Chicago in 1922, where he amazed young white musicians like Bix Beiderbecke with his pure tone, balanced phrasing and offbeat rhythms. After a stint in New York with Fletcher Henderson, Armstrong returned to Chicago and cut the "Hot Five" records that made him an instant jazz immortal.

Mr. Collier, a trombonist himself, loves these records. And in his long discussion of their every nuance, his dry prose style comes alive. "Hot jazz at its most fiery," he writes, "fresh and shining as sunlight dancing on moving water." The "complex little twirls" of his improvised lines "defy transcription." "West End Blues," with Earl "Fatha" Hines on piano, contains "the sadness of a mature man, who, however he laughs [and] clowns . . . knows that there is no reasoning with pain, grief, and death."

Yet from this artistic pinnacle, Mr. Collier declares, Armstrong began to decline into crowd-pleasing stardom. His manager, Joe Glaser, told him to "smile," and his own insecurities demanded the nightly reassurance of enraptured applause. Overwork coarsened his lip, his hot licks lost their spontaneity, and high-note fanfares replaced the subtleties of his earlier playing. Jazz, first with swing and then with be-bop, moved on without him. Armstrong, Mr. Collier writes, "failed his own talent" — a view of Armstrong's career that is widely accepted in some circles today.

Nonsense! Try as he may, Mr. Collier can't even convince himself of this negative point. He himself finds dozens of examples of brilliance in Armstrong's last four decades. "It was impossible for Armstrong to sing and play without producing beauty," he writes. Armstrong "was without question the finest jazz singer who ever existed."

Jazz never passed Louis Armstrong by. Young Turks like Dizzy Gillespie came to revere his stubborn commitment to human joy. In his brief appearance in "Paris Blues," he nearly stole the film from Duke Ellington's score, not to mention Paul Newman and Sidney Poitier. Mr. Collier skims over Armstrong's life after the mid-1930's, and so we learn little about his greatest achievement — his survival and growth as an artist despite the battering of race prejudice and rough deals in Tin Pan Alley's darkest corners. At 65, he knocked the Beatles off the top of the charts with "Hello, Dolly."



Louis Armstrong.

Twelve years after his death, Armstrong is an undiminished giant because his music transcended perfect phrasing, original soloing and even jazz. Despite his naysaying, Mr. Collier knows this. He quotes a New Orleans musician Danny Barker who recalls a night in Armstrong's dressing room. A rabbi, a blind man, two nuns, a hustler, an ex-con and a few kids and cops surrounded Armstrong, who sat laughing and talking to them all. "Always a word of encouragement, see. . . . All the diverse people . . . and everybody's looking, got their eyes dead on him, just like they was looking at a diamond." That sweet cheerfulness was Armstrong's music, and every note always rang true. ■

Michael Lydon is the author of "Rock Folk" and the co-author of "Boogie Lightning: How Music Became Electric."

Maigret's Maker

THE MYSTERY OF GEORGES SIMENON
A Biography.
By Fenton Bresler.
Illustrated. 260 pp. New York:
Beaufort Books. $18.95.

THE LODGER
By Georges Simenon.
Translated by Stuart Gilbert.
165 pp. San Diego and New York:
A Helen & Kurt Wolff Book /
Harcourt Brace Jovanovich. $12.95

By JULIAN SYMONS

IN a discussion that Georges Simenon had with Charles Chaplin, actor and writer agreed that they were psychopaths. The difference, Chaplin said, was that other psychopaths paid to be cured, while they were paid to cure themselves. "Cure" is not quite the right word, however, in Simenon's case. It is rather that the act of writing was necessary to maintain his mental equilibrium, even though it involved a strain so extreme that he could not endure it for more than the seven or 10 days it took him to complete a book. Physically, the strain caused frequent vomiting and made it absolutely essential for him to make love to one or more women as soon as the book was done.

Fenton Bresler's biography is the product of conversations with Simenon and discussions with his two former wives and his family, all of whom talked to him with remarkable freedom, plus considerable further research. The writing is never better than commonplace and is in places unnecessarily sensational, particularly in the detailed accounts of Simenon's sexual exploits, but, still, this is the best and fairest view we have of an extraordinary life. Some sexual episodes that seem particularly to belong to the realm of fantasy are authenticated, especially by his second wife, Denise. Mr. Bresler's conclusion that the "key to the mystery" (his own journalistic phrase) of Simenon's personality lies in the writer's relationship to his formidable mother is no doubt correct, although his suggestion that Simenon had sex with so many women (10,000 by his own account, 1,200 according to Denise) because he was basically homosexual has its comic element. Would he have proved his heterosexuality by sleeping with only one?

Mr. Bresler's book tells us more than has previously appeared in English about Simenon's early days as a writer, his production of Westerns, adventure tales and "juicy stories" under 17 pseudonyms, including Gom Gut and Plick et Plock as well as the better-known Georges Sim. All this was before the creation of the Maigret character in his late 20's, when at last he used his own name. Mr. Bresler says Simenon's production includes "around 220" novels under his own name and more than 200 pseudonymous novellas.

Almost from the beginning of his career as a serious writer (although he always said, "I want nothing that resembles literature"), his books fell into certain patterns of characterization and attitude. The men are usually subordinate to the women; the women love power and exercise it ruthlessly. Simenon's easygoing father provided the model for Maigret, his mother for the many authoritarian women in the "hard," non-

Julian Symons is a critic, historian and practitioner of the mystery novel.

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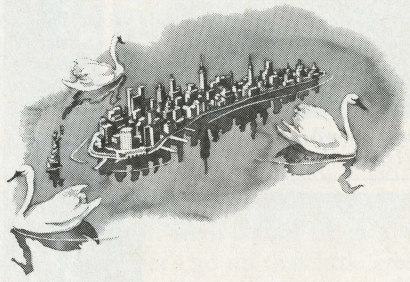

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A CINEMATIC GALLANT

In "Six Degrees of Separation," the director Fred Schepisi returns to the mysterious power of fictions—with a deceptively simple technique.

BY STEPHEN SCHIFF

FRED SCHEPISI is probably the least-known great director working in the mainstream American cinema—a master storyteller with a serenely muscular style that can make more flamboyant moviemakers look coarse and overweening. He has never been a self-promoter, and his films are difficult to pigeonhole. Even so, his obscurity is perplexing. Perhaps it has something to do with the fact that Schepisi (pronounced "*Skep*-see") not only comes from Australia but still lives there—and not in Sydney, the traditional center of Australia's film culture, but in Melbourne. Then, too, his interests have not always coincided with those of the box office. He has directed ten features, of which nine have been extraordinary pieces of filmmaking (and even the sole exception, last year's "Mr. Baseball," was about as good as a Tom Selleck picture can be), but only one has been a hit: "Roxanne" (1987), the elegant comedy in which Steve Martin played a contemporary Cyrano de Bergerac and gave his most inspired—and limber—performance ever. "Fred has chosen odd material," says the Hollywood producer Scott Rudin, who is working with Schepisi on his next project, a comedy about Albert Einstein called "I.Q." "He hasn't handled giant hit movies, so that's why people don't talk about him—this is a town where grosses are the whole game. But he's a major, really important filmmaker—definitely A-list. I'd think of him for any good piece of material I had. And when he says no, don't ask again. He's very decisive about what he likes. You never can predict what's going to grab him."

Usually, what grabs him are stories that pit a spirited outsider against a tiny-minded establishment: an educated half-caste against the white agrarian society of turn-of-the-century Australia, for instance, in "The Chant of Jimmie Blacksmith" (1978); a newly thawed Neanderthal against the beady-eyed Arctic scientists who want to dissect him, in "Iceman" (1984); a dour Seventh-Day Adventist against the media-crazed Australian public that thinks she killed her daughter, in "A Cry in the Dark" (1988); a hard-drinking British publisher against the spy networks of three countries, in "The Russia House" (1990).



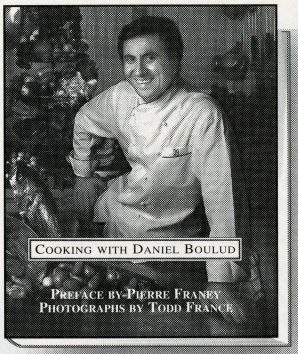
Schepisi: Hollywood's best-kept secret likes to break the rules.

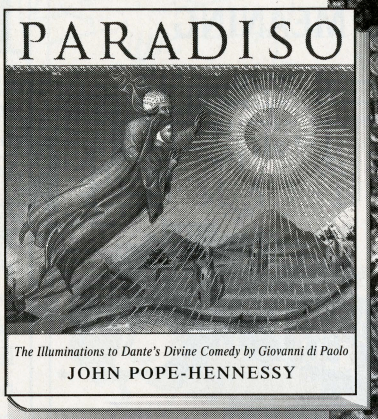
DAVID HUGHES

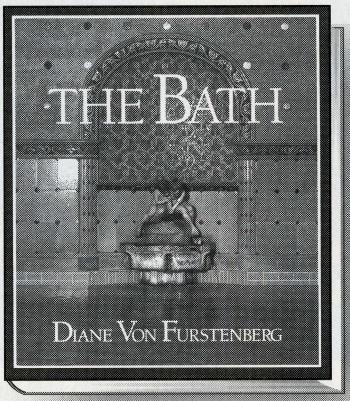
Schepisi tells stories about storytelling. Myths and legends whisper through his films, and he has a taste for the epic. He likes a wide screen, a vast setting: vertiginous distance shots pin his characters against daunting landscapes. Yet he often cuts away to examine nearby insects and animals, as if to remind us that the tale he's spinning isn't the only one in the world. You can be swept along by a Schepisi movie without ever grasping what it is that is sweeping you. His films feel smooth and patterned even when they're jumping hectically between flashbacks, time zones, geogra-

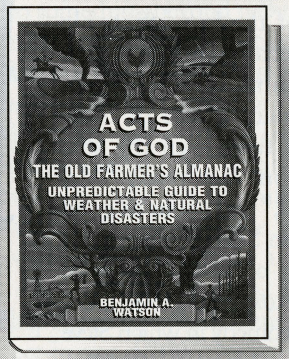
Books Make Great Gifts

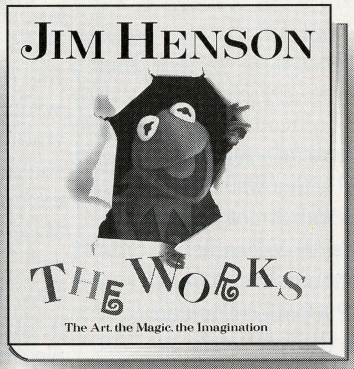


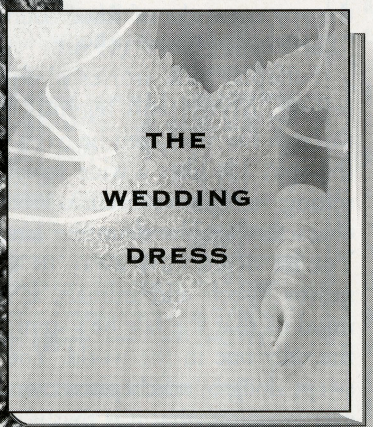


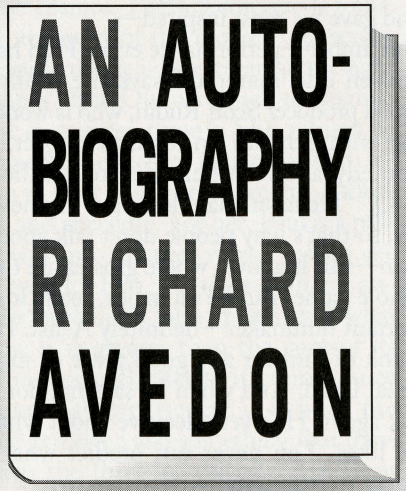


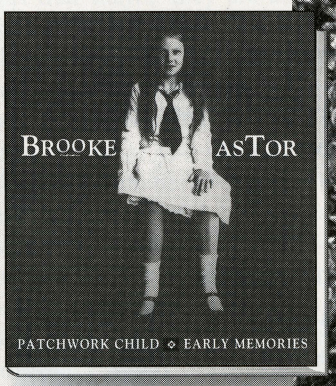












RANDOM HOUSE

...; they move in mysterious ways. ...episi's directorial approach is that of ... ballroom dancer, feinting and then embracing, throwing you off balance momentarily and then breaking your fall a second later. He has an urbane, almost flirtatious style. His movies hold doors open for the audience, guide our gaze, position and reposition us so that we see what we need to see and then, when we tire of the view, examine something new. Schepisi is a kind of cinematic gallant. Watching one of his pictures, you feel yourself in attentive hands.

"You have to understand your audience," he explains, cramping his vowels in the Australian manner. "You can't take the film wherever you want to take it if that means screwing it up for people. A film is about being in a boat going down the river. And you can kind of go over to that bank and then nip around to that bay, but basically you've got to stay on the river. And eventually it comes to a waterfall—*boom!*—and you've got to just go over that waterfall. You can't suddenly say, 'Oh, well, before we go over the waterfall let's go up that little creek there.' Too late. Because the emotion has now taken over, and you've got to just go straight to the target. Otherwise, you screw up everyone's experience."

As Schepisi talks, his hands play along: they're the nipping boat, they're the foaming river; when they clap, they're the waterfall. He's not a tall man, but his billowing midriff and cowboy swagger convey an impression of size. His hair is long and lank and strawberry blond, and he's currently making one of his periodic stabs at a beard: it's growing in in little red islands. Schepisi is fifty-three now, but his frisky, ingenuous demeanor makes him seem much younger. He has a great, probing snout and merry little eyes, and these things, along with an enormous, face-splitting grin, put you in mind of a dolphin inviting you in for a splash.

We are sitting at the dining-room table in his cluttered New York pied-à-terre; the walls and halls are full of paintings—soft, abstract ones by his third (and current) wife, Mary Rubin Schepisi, and red, labyrinthine ones by contemporary aboriginal artists. There are pencils and loose sheets of typing paper everywhere. Schepisi scribbles as we talk, drawing what he can't quite articulate, and as he chatters and sketches I begin to see what makes his films so fluid and rich: they are the product of a remarkably disciplined, almost musical mind, a mind that has trained itself to break stories down into their tiniest components and then reconstitute them again, without losing the emotion that makes them sail. The apartment is, more or less, his American office, and nothing like his airy Victorian house in Melbourne, where he plays lots of tennis and spends Sundays cooking opulent brunches for a brood that includes seven kids (the youngest nine, the oldest thirty-two). Here in New York, the phone never stops ringing. No matter who is on the other end, Schepisi calls him "mate."

"He is, I think, a genuinely happy person," Scott Rudin says. And so he seems—especially now, having just finished his exhilarating adaptation of John Guare's hit play "Six Degrees of Separation" (which opened in New York last week). Guare had picked Schepisi after interviewing several other prospects for the job. (Barbra Streisand and Norman Jewison were among those reported to be interested.) "Fred said he loved the way the play was structured," Guare says, "and he wanted to find the cinematic equivalent of it. And everybody else I asked was saying, 'Oh, wouldn't this actress be good in it, and that actress.' Well, I wanted Stockard Channing, who was so great in it onstage, and Fred did, too. Also, I had seen 'The Chant of Jimmie Blacksmith,' about this young aboriginal man coming into another culture, and it was devastating. And with 'The Devil's Playground,' Fred was like an Australian Louis Malle, the way he dealt with young people in that seminary—he was so sympathetic. And I felt the way that he used the setting in 'Roxanne,' not as just a picture postcard, but that town exerted a force on all the magical things that happened in that movie, and I wanted New York to have the same feeling." As for Schepisi, he had long yearned to make a real New York movie. "I had wanted to do 'Bonfire of the Vanities' when that was coming around," he says. "And before that I was interested in 'Billy Bathgate.' I definitely love New York. It's the atmosphere, the energy the place has."

Guare once wrote that when he and the director Jerry Zaks first began staging "Six Degrees," in 1989, "all I knew about the play was that it had to go like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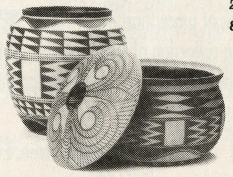
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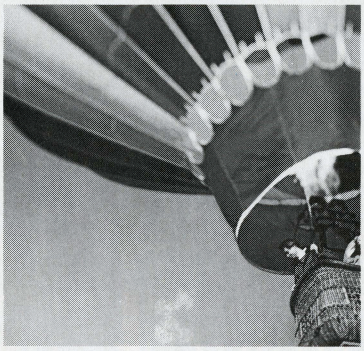

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"No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no—well, just this once."

• •

the wind." Onstage, at New York's Lincoln Center, it did: it had a breathless, wait-till-you-hear-this air. The characters spoke their story directly out at the audience, as if we were sitting across from them at a dinner party: Flan Kittredge, an art dealer, and his wife, Ouisa, just had to tell us about the night this preppy young black man named Paul burst into their posh Fifth Avenue apartment claiming that he had been mugged in Central Park, and how he proceeded to charm and awe his unwitting hosts by cooking dinner, spinning eloquent theories about "The Catcher in the Rye" and the nobility of the imagination, and, mostly, convincing them that he was not only a dear friend of their college-age children but the son of Sidney Poitier—none of which turned out to be true. From this scrawny premise, based in almost every particular on an actual incident, Guare brewed an amazingly rich thematic stew: the play was about liberalism and race, the ambiguity of relationships, the illusory nature of status and celebrity and wealth, the use and abuse of experience, and a dozen other weighty matters, all roiling around together. Watching "Six Degrees" was like swallowing an intense decoction of New York life. You didn't need to see the wine and pasta to feel the dinner party's hum; you didn't need to glimpse Central Park to sense its splendor and menace splayed just beyond the play's imaginary windows.

You might also have felt that you didn't need a movie version of "Six Degrees"—that its buoyant theatricality could only be diminished by the kind of literalization that inevitably accompanies film adaptations. But Schepisi's version is, in most ways, as good as it could possibly be: theatrical, yes, but exuberant, witty, and poignant—the final fulfillment of Guare's vision. It also goes like the wind. Ouisa and Flan Kittredge (played by Stockard Channing and Donald Sutherland) still spend the film telling their story, but Schepisi and Guare have placed them where the play never could, where one really *would* find them blabbing away—at New York art galleries, at Lincoln Center between acts, at Mortimer's Restaurant and the Gotham Bar & Grill and the dinner table of Kitty Carlisle Hart. Schepisi staples the characters against their surroundings the way he always does, but this time those surroundings aren't the awesome mesas of the outback or the ice mountains of the Arctic—they're the canyons of Manhattan. The camera swoops around street corners like a runaway taxi, hurtles through the Strand

-book store, helicopters in on the -tropolitan Museum—always on the -ail of Ouisa and Flan and the growing gaggle of cronies whose world "Paul Poitier" (played, somewhat awkwardly, by Will Smith) has penetrated.

Pretty soon, you feel the pace of these lives in your blood, and you sense the way Paul's presence has thrown a monkey wrench into the works, jamming the gears and conveyors that keep New York on the go. Like so many of Schepisi's characters (and like Schepisi himself), Paul is an outsider, a kind of sophisticated barbarian. But the outside he personifies is many-headed: he is black, he is poor, he is young, he is homosexual, he is homeless—all the things that make cozy urban liberals like the Kittredges feel morally insufficient. And one more thing: he is make-believe. Paul has cobbled a convincing identity out of thin air; his invasion of the Kittredges' life marks the intrusion of fiction into the world of seeming fact. I say "seeming fact" because Paul's appearance sets off a chain reaction: suddenly, the Kittredges' relations with their children, Flan's career, even the marriage itself come to seem unreal, a sham. Fiction infects these lives like a virus, and Schepisi's camera charts the germ's progress. It's as though we were scuttling with it through the circulatory system of the city—through streets and lobbies and hallways, through museums and restaurants that are like the organs and nerve centers of some gigantic metabolizing creature. Even when Schepisi parks somewhere to shoot a long conversation, the camera rarely stops moving. It breathes forward and backward, a predator rocking expectantly on the balls of its feet.



"That came out of a sort of panther thing," Schepisi says. "I wanted Paul to be completely enchanting, but I wanted you always to be asking, 'Where's the threat? Where's the danger?' And I remember saying to Will Smith, 'I want to feel that you could spring at any time.' I knew that that would be very hard for him, so we did it with the camera a bit—quite a bit. And somehow it sort of grew into a real thing for the film. The camera doesn't go in its prescribed path. It moves, and, before you quite realize it, it goes in another direction, and it might be lifting slightly and then moving around slightly." Schepisi's hands form a glider in flight. "It's a pattern across the whole film, to give it the right kind of drive-through energy."

THE camera movement in "Six Degrees" is the freest and most invigorating that Schepisi has ever tried, but experimentation of that sort is not new to his work. In "The Russia House" he perfected a kind of ominous glide that made you feel as though you were being followed or spied upon, as though there were always something lurking just out of view. The glide had another function as well: it felt swoony and romantic. And in that way it reflected the movie's central irony—the American and British spies may think they've launched an espionage operation in Russia, but what they've really launched is a love affair between their operative, Barley (Sean Connery), and his Russian contact, Katya (Michelle Pfeiffer).

"The film itself is really what dictates your camera movement," Schepisi says. "I'm very strong in thinking that a film should have a style, design, and discipline that are all true to it. You have a personal grammar and certain things you want to have a bit of cinema fun with, but it's always got to be completely in the service of the story." In "Iceman," when the Neanderthal (played by John Lone) escapes from a vivarium and starts rampaging through the scientists' labs, Schepisi's camera leaps in and out of the creature's point of view, first observing him with a stalker's cool surmise and then peering through his eyes with a movement that's quicker and more feral—the thrilling fear of a hunter on a mythic quest.

"That's a thing I call subjective-objective," Schepisi says, "and I do that all the time." In "The Chant of Jimmie Blacksmith," for instance, the title character is a half-aborigine who spends the first part of the movie grinning sweetly as his white employers pelt him with abuse. Then he erupts, taking an axe to a houseful of white women and children, and instantly becomes a legend in the process—an outlaw feared and reviled throughout Australia. The massacre is

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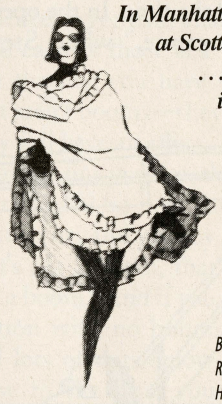
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the most horrifying scene in any of Schepisi's films, and one of the most horrifying acts in all cinema—not because Schepisi shows spurting arteries and gaping wounds but because of the way his subjective-objective technique captures the ghastly dance between terrified victims and their equally terrified killer. "When Jimmie jumps into the house, we jump in as his point of view, and then we change; we become one of the other people in the room, watching Jimmie ducking and weaving, and then we go back and become Jimmie's point of view again. Back and forth, subjective-objective. We're being both him and his victim, and because we're changing the perspective all the time, it creates an unsettling panic."

Techniques like these aren't taught in film schools; most of them, in fact, belong to Schepisi alone. He seems to have made them up as he's gone along, inventing something new with every picture. And he likes to break the rules. If the film schools tell you you're not supposed to jump-cut, Schepisi jump-cuts—and he does it in a way that, far from jolting the viewer, creates an unexpected intimacy. If they tell you you're never supposed to flip-flop the camera angle in a scene (it's called "crossing the line," and is thought to disorient the audience), Schepisi does it all the time. In the opening shots of "Roxanne," when Steve Martin goes tripping down a sidewalk in one direction, Schepisi has him zipping into the next shot from the opposite direction, and then, in a third shot, zooming right toward us. Those reversals kick off a pattern of suavely zigzagging motions that run throughout the film, jacking up the comedy, and eventually limning the characters' star-crossed romance. "There's a whole conventional pattern for cutting, and that's what you see in most movies," Schepisi says. "And I just don't like it. I don't think it's right. I don't think it's got any magic to it at all."

SCHEPISI began developing tricks of his own when he was still in his twenties, pursuing a career in advertising and documentary production back in Melbourne. He had started out poor, the second of four children; his father was a fruit dealer and his mother an aspiring concert pianist who wound up working in the fruit store. Fred was sent to boarding school at the age of eight, and then, at thirteen, to a monastery whose Dickensian rigors he would document in his first feature, "The Devil's Playground." He likes to say he wasn't much good at school, but he skipped two grades nonetheless, and found himself, at the age of fourteen, a year away from graduating from high school. Instead, he dropped out. "I hated school anyway—hated it, hated teachers. So I didn't finish and I didn't go to university. But so[illegible] body told me that you could earn a l[illegible] of money in advertising if you were good at English. So I went into advertising at fifteen, as a dispatch boy."



"Cassandra and I are splitting up, Ted, and we'd like you and Amy to have the kids."

At twenty, he married his first wife, Joan Ford. "She actually helped me settle down, because I was a rage of emotions in those days, mostly because of boarding school. I need a lot of loving, and my parents were not big on affection and tenderness, and she helped me get through all that. We had four kids together. And, also, she got me to reading really good books."

By the mid-sixties, he had established his own movie company, called The Film House; it remains one of the most successful production firms in Australia. "This is something I strongly relate to in 'Six Degrees,' " he says. "The thing about a young person getting a chance. Paul is just starting out in life, and he needs a chance, like I did. And when you first start out, you're so vulnerable and easily crushed, especially when you're just starting to think you might be good at something. You feel very strongly that you could prove yourself if given an opportunity, and I remember that feeling—it touched me very deeply in the play."

Now he began to experiment, directing commercials and documentaries in order to teach himself how to work with actors, how to manipulate lenses and layer soundtracks. "I used to try techniques that nobody had ever done anywhere," he says. "I've got reels of these things, with high-contrast black-and-whites and hand-painted-on films, and all that. My friends were kind of mad and avant-garde and out on the edge, and we would get students involved, and we went out and got novelists and playwrights who had never worked in films before. It was a real workshop situation, which is very peculiar to Melbourne. It was all just completely free, exciting, experimental stuff, none of which you can do in Hollywood films."

One of his mad collaborators was a singer-actress named Rhonda Finlayson, who became his production manager, casting director, and second wife. Then in the early seventies Schepisi met the novelist Thomas Keneally, who wrote "The Chant of Jimmie Blacksmith" (and, eventually, "Schindler's List," the novel on which Steven Spielberg has based his latest film). Schepisi and Keneally collaborated on "The Priest," a rather dreary

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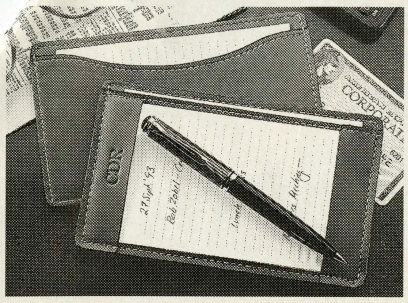

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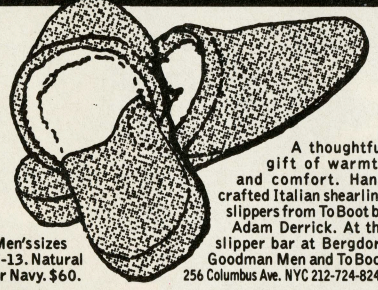

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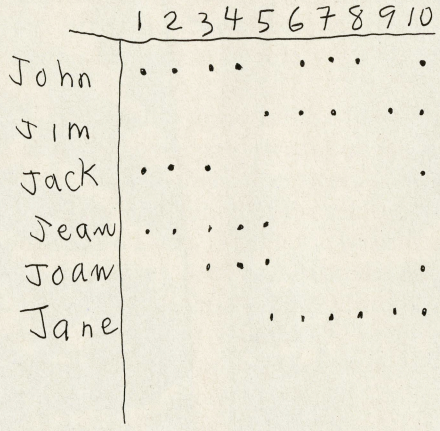
half-hour movie, which nevertheless won a Silver Award from the Australian Film Institute. Encouraged by its success, Schepisi went to work on his dream project, "The Devil's Playground," a surprisingly deft and witty study of the sexual repression and self-loathing engendered by seminary life. The movie took five agonizing years to make, but Schepisi used the time to develop a set of techniques that were unique to him—the bedrock of his style.

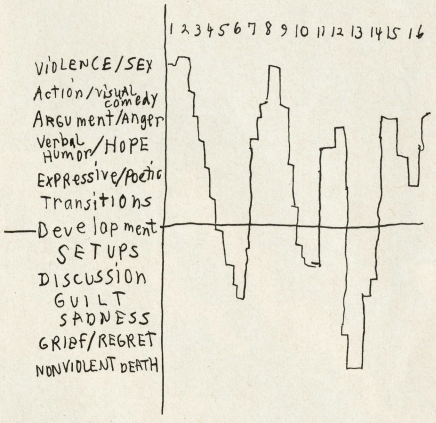
"I didn't really know what I was doing in terms of budget, and all that," he says. "So I needed a film to use as a model, something that was similar in size of cast and story and locations to 'Devil's Playground.' Finally I picked 'Morgan.' And I broke 'Morgan' down scene by scene, wrote down what all the shots were and how many cuts there were, and figured out how long it would have taken to shoot everything. And then I charted a graph of all the actors. You can do this with any film."

Schepisi stops, grabs a sheet of paper, and begins to scribble. What he draws looks something like this:



"It's funny," he says. "If you take the scene numbers on the horizontal here, and you put the actors' names in on the vertical, and just put dots in the scenes where they appear in the film, you can tell in one second, without the emotion you get from reading the script, what impact the actor is having. Someone will say to you, 'There's a problem with your film. This character just disappears.' And you'll say, 'Bullshit,' because you're really involved in it. But if you actually just lay it down you'll see that on a chart this character disappears for that long. And one thing I have discovered is that if the audience falls in love with somebody, and you take them away from that person, even in the most complicated film, they'll *hate* you. It's a purely emotional thing, and I understand it. It means that there's a primal something there that you've got to account for."

Now he shunts that piece of paper aside and doodles on another. "Look at this," he says. "One of the other things we did on 'Devil's Playground' was we said, 'Let's check to see if the film's interesting'—not too depressing and not too boring. And we did a graph, like this:



"O.K., development is the incidents that make up your story—that's the base of the chart. And above the line are what I would call the 'values,' all the things that have a lot of sit-up-and-take-notice impact on the audience—sex, action, violence, argument, character revelation. And each of those is a 'boom.' And below the line you have the other things that aren't booms—they're gloomier, but they still have an effect. The farther away from the line you are, the bigger the impact. Right? So now you go and look at each scene, and you say, 'That's a boom, that's not a boom, that's a boom, that's not a boom.' And if you get a whole long section with no booms above the line and lots of dots below the line, or too close to the line, you say, 'Oh, shit. Something's wrong.' That's when you have to transpose some scenes."

In many ways, "The Devil's Playground," which was released in 1976, presages the rest of Schepisi's work. The young seminarians and their teachers spend their lives scourging and denying their bodies, but their bodies refuse to capitulate: they still desire, swell, discharge—they still win. This is Schepisi's great theme: the return of the repressed. That which is kept down in a man or in a society returns to invade and

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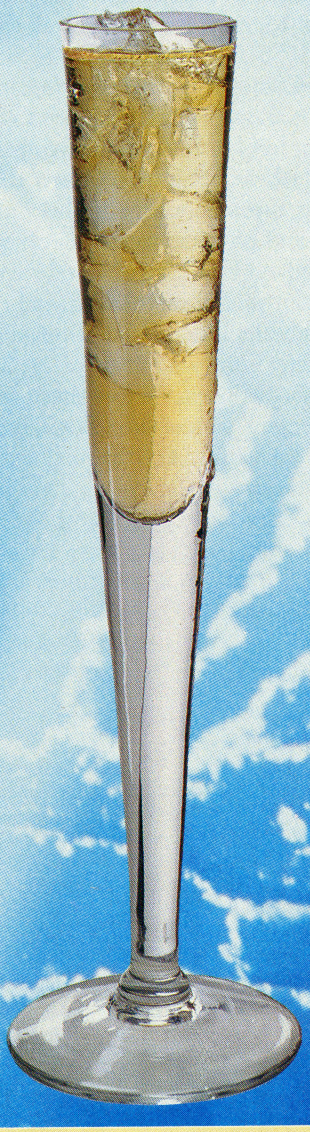

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...t and attempt its overthrow—as the ...man does, as Paul Poitier does, as the ...tle character does in Schepisi's great second feature, "The Chant of Jimmie Blacksmith."

"Jimmie Blacksmith" cost about a million U.S. dollars to make, and, though that sounds modest by American standards, it was the most expensive film that had yet been shot in Australia; its creation even became something of a media event. Nevertheless, when it was finally released, in 1978, the Australian response was mixed. Many people thought it had cost too much; others found it squirmy, uncomfortable viewing. Certainly it was strong stuff—the most potent indictment of Australian racism that that country had ever seen. But it was something more as well. In "Jimmie Blacksmith" Schepisi had directed a masterpiece, a passionate, deceptively smooth shocker that deplores Jimmie's savagery even as it condemns the white bigotry that has driven him to it. The movie is anything but a message picture. It builds its world molecule by molecule, from the soil to the sky, using the wide screen to explore not only Jimmie's grim deeds but the quality of the light that plays upon them and the flight patterns of nearby birds. In the end, the film feels as fated and strange as a Greek tragedy; the drama it portrays seems to emerge from the earth and air of Australia itself.

By the time "Jimmie Blacksmith" was finally released in America, in 1980 (to enthusiastic reviews), Schepisi had found himself an American agent—the formidable Sam Cohn, of I.C.M.—and was fielding dozens of directing offers. The property he chose, a quirky yet hypnotic Western called "Barbarosa" (1982), allowed him to explore his favorite themes against an American West that has never looked wilder, more majestic, or more surreal. "Barbarosa," too, is about the return of the repressed: the title character (played by Willie Nelson) has been expelled from his own family—banished by his father-in-law, Don Braulio Zavala, on his wedding night. Repressed in person, though, he returns as legend. Barbarosa's putative crimes become the campfire lore of every Zavala child; assassinating him becomes the obsession of every Zavala youth. Like "Jimmie Blacksmith," "Barbarosa" is about a man who must live with his own myth, and it works the way most of Schepisi's films have worked: by contrasting the outlaw with the story that a society spins about him, and demonstrating, as "Six Degrees" does, the havoc that fiction wreaks on the world of fact.

Yet Schepisi's view of fiction isn't simple. In his movies, fiction is also the thing that glues a society together: the fiction of religion in "The Devil's Playground," of racism in "The Chant of Jimmie Blacksmith," of the Cold War in "The Russia House." Fiction is the tie that binds—but it binds in more ways than one. In "Iceman," where the constricting fiction is science, Schepisi encases his characters in antiseptic tunnels that resemble a rat's maze, and then, with a whoosh that feels like a rebuke, leaps to a shot of the magnificent ice peaks that the scientists have shut themselves away from. His 1985 adaptation of David Hare's play "Plenty" is about the stultifying fiction of British hope and glory that culminated in the Suez crisis. And Schepisi makes every stately London building and street lean in and squeeze his heroine (played by Meryl Streep); he shoots her in offices through imprisoning layers of glass until you can feel her spirit bumping at the edges of her life like a fly in a bottle.

FICTION has power in these films, but it is also oppressive, unjust. And never more so than in Schepisi's most searching exploration of the subject, "A Cry in the Dark." The movie was based on a case that electrified Australia during the early eighties: Lindy Chamberlain, the wife of a Seventh-Day Adventist minister and the doting mother of two sons, claimed that in 1980, while she and her family were camping near Australia's spooky Ayers Rock, a dingo, or wild dog, had crawled into their tent and made off with their nine-week-old daughter. The Chamberlains weren't pretty, and they weren't good on TV: they seemed curt and impatient, and they kept talking, rather bloodlessly, about how the disaster that had befallen them must have been God's plan. In the movie, you watch public opinion ineluctably turn against them until, in a sequence that is all the more harrowing for its lack of sentimentality, Lindy is tried and convicted of her daughter's murder and sent to prison. (The conviction was later overturned.) Badly marketed by Cannon Pictures, "A Cry in the Dark"

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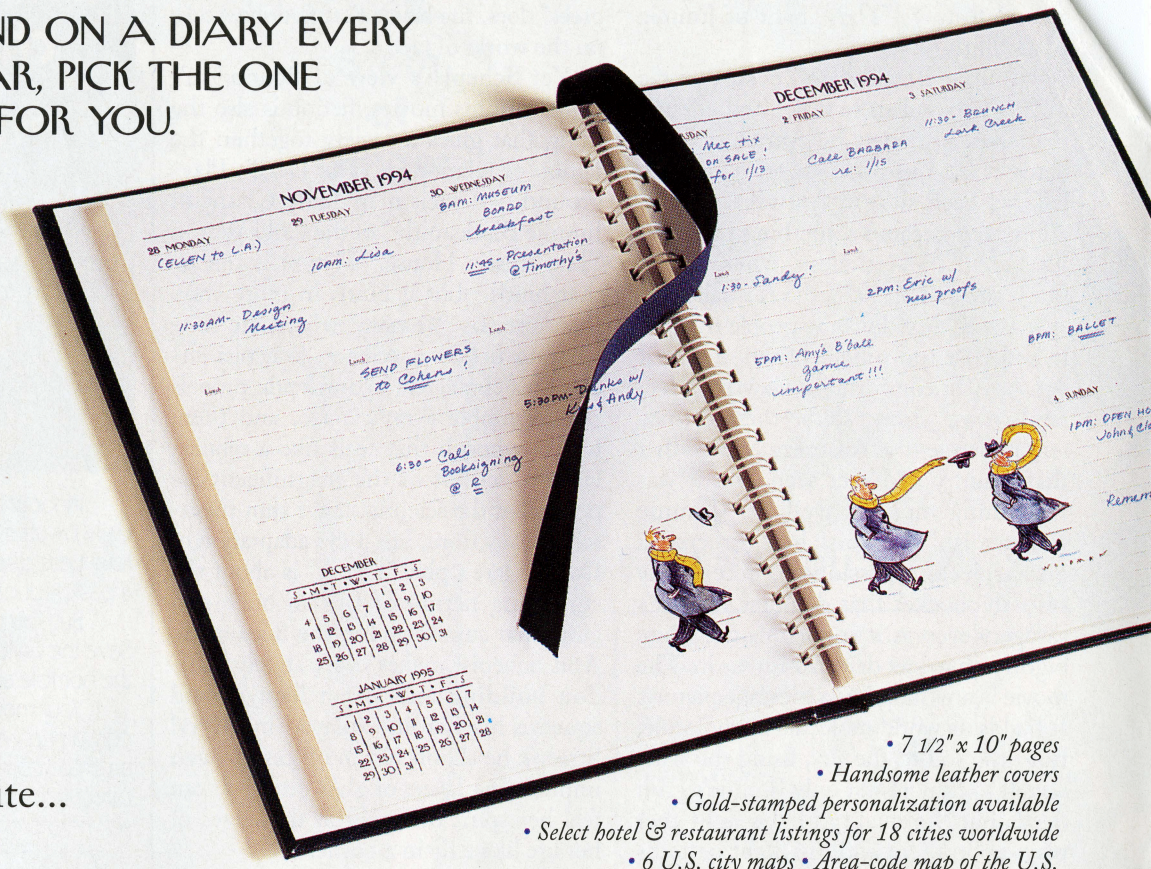

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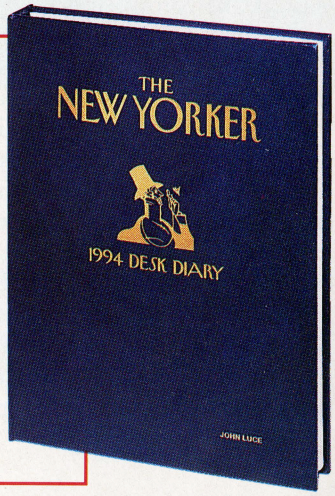

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a flop in America, but it is a great film, and Schepisi renders its intimidating complexities with the vigor and ease of a master. Meryl Streep's portrayal of Lindy (which she has called "almost the thing that I'm proudest of") allows her to be chilly and cynical, and even physically repugnant, but it also displays the character's wicked savvy, and Schepisi uses her performance with an unusual kind of integrity. Streep earns our sympathy as the story demands that it be earned—not because Lindy is likable, not because we fall in love with her, but because she's innocent and her conviction by innuendo is monstrous.

"A Cry in the Dark" is distinctive in another way as well: in it Schepisi perfected a technique he had been developing ever since "The Devil's Playground"—the meticulous cinematic construction of a community. As he tells the story of Lindy Chamberlain, Schepisi cuts away to barrooms, dining tables, patios, cafeterias—he ranges all over the continent to catch the gossip about the case as it develops. The cuts are so fluent and the patterns they make so seductive that they never feel jarring; instead, by the film's end Schepisi has built a disturbing and deeply felt portrait of Australia itself. "I love doing that," he says. "I do it in 'Russia House' and in 'Six Degrees,' too. It's a kind of mosaic. But you have to be very careful, because it has to be designed. You need a principle for why you're doing every shot the way you're doing it. I learned a lot about that shooting 'Plenty.' In that film, whenever Meryl goes into a new apartment we always shoot it the same way. Whenever she stands by a window, you always hear similar sounds and we always approach it the same way, because they're the déjà-vu moments where she's remembering when she was young. We do that with sound, too. The sound of parachutes opening at the beginning I use again all through the film, when people are opening tablecloths and curtains, because it brings back a certain feeling."



Schepisi tinkers with sound in the editing room as well. "What I did in 'Six Degrees' when I found that things weren't getting laughs, I actually mixed the sound of the joke line ten per cent above the rest of the dialogue in the scene. And it worked. Another thing I do is steal sound from other takes. I print takes I know I'm not going to use except for sound. Because maybe the actors have done a great take, but they just lost energy on a word, or mispronounced, or bobbled, or put a wrong emphasis. And I'll just use three words from a different take and edit it into this take. I do it all the time. Probably at least ten per cent of what you see in my films has words from a take other than the one you're watching."

Schepisi is known for demanding a lot of takes, but he gets what he wants from his actors: they transcend themselves. The performance that Stockard Channing delivers as Ouisa in "Six Degrees" is a knockout, funny and touching and exquisitely observed, but he has frequently sculpted marvels from less promising clay—from nonprofessionals like Tommy Lewis and Freddy Reynolds, the aboriginal leads in "Jimmie Blacksmith," or from stars who were not, shall we say, previously known for their expressiveness, such as Daryl Hannah in "Roxanne." He genuinely likes actors, and, though he would never put it this way, he knows how to manipulate them. "Normally, I don't tell them technical things," he says. "I give them an emotional reason for standing where I want them to stand rather than saying, 'Hit your mark like this.' But then, with somebody like Sir Ian McKellen"—who has small roles in "Plenty" and "Six Degrees"—"he's always a little nervous on early takes on film, and it's better to give him something technical to concentrate on, like 'I need you to stand here, and then why don't you give her a look,' and his whole concentration goes to that and then he lets himself go for everything else. That sort of stuff. Sometimes with Meryl you don't need to say a word all day. Someone like that, when she's great, don't fuck it up. And don't go in and say, 'That was good,' either. Because then she's going to go, 'What was good?' She'll check herself—like she's taken flight but she suddenly looked down. You don't want to screw it up. It has to come from inside. It has to come through the eyes."

And here we arrive at the limits of his prodigious technique. All the planning and analysis in the world cannot account for what really catches fire in a Schepisi film. They can account for its formal beauty, they can account for its clarity and for the way its narrative moves, but

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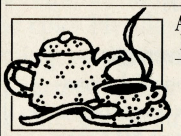

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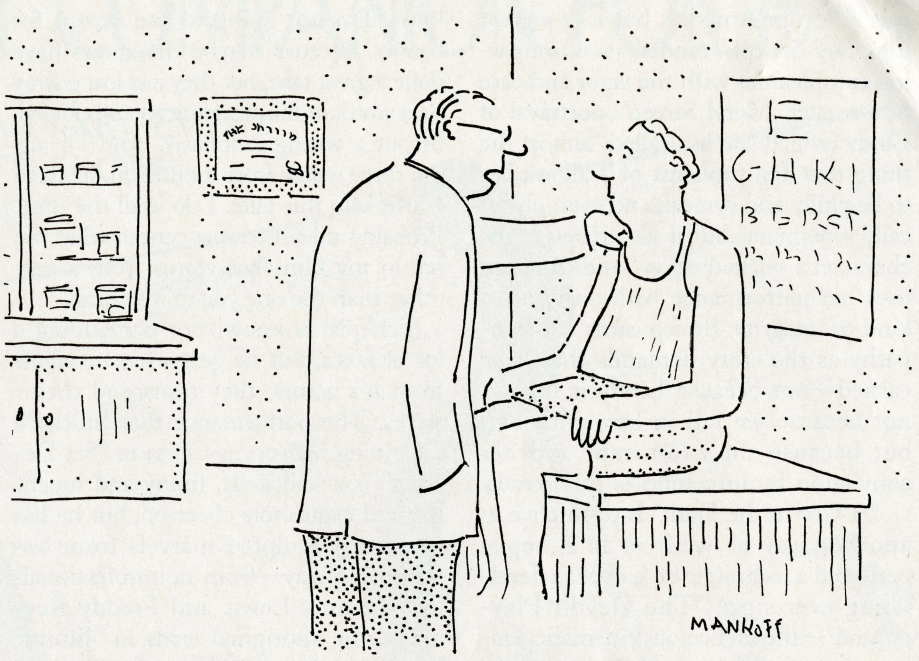
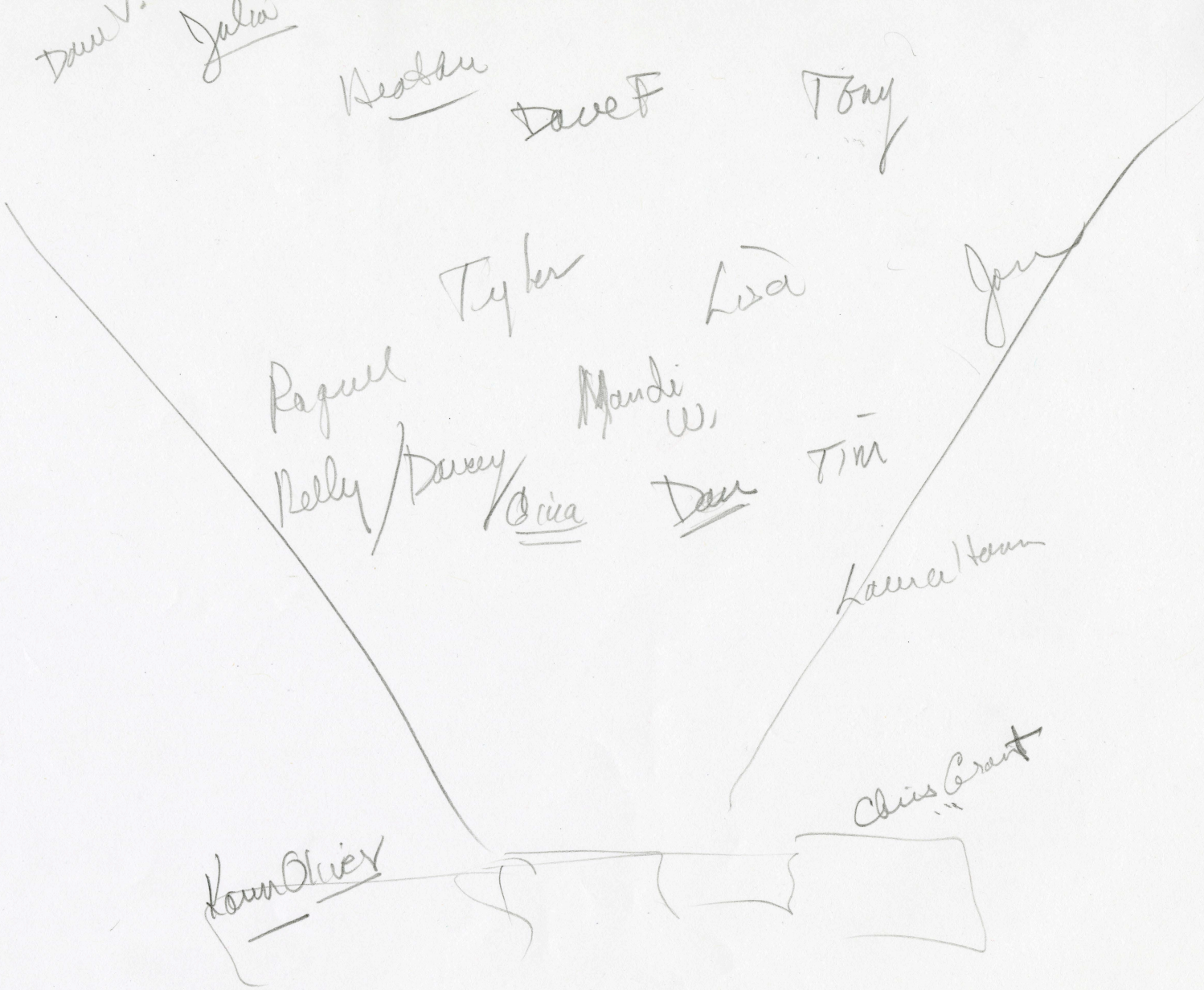


"You're sicker than I think."

• •

they cannot account for its passion and intelligence and humanity. That mystery—the mystery of how technique gives rise to something beyond technique to create art—is at the heart of Schepisi's work, and it reaches a kind of apotheosis in "Six Degrees of Separation." For Paul Poitier is himself a sort of artist—an artist whose medium is identity. He has invented a simulacrum of a marvellous and fascinating person, the way a painter creates a simulacrum of a landscape, or the way Michelangelo, in the Sistine Chapel ceiling (which Ouisa and Flan inspect in one of the movie's most jubilant scenes), concocted a simulacrum of the cosmos. Paul's technique is to lie, and, for most of the movie's characters, to expose the lie is to extinguish the light it sheds. But Ouisa refuses to dismiss Paul as a mere phony. She refuses to cheapen the effect his fiction has had, refuses to let it pass into the realm of chitchat and anecdote. For her, Paul is a passageway into another world, just as she has been for him. Far more than her art-dealer husband, Ouisa understands what art is: it is greater than the sum of its techniques and effects; it continues to resonate as experience; it is both the thing perceived and something that transcends the thing perceived. "Art keeps vibrating," Schepisi says. "It tells you things in ways that you can't be told otherwise. That's what this experience has taught Ouisa in the film, and it's a lesson I've learned, too—that when you're dancing through life and trying to make a buck and get established and keep up with your friends, you need something to stop you. This incident with Paul has stopped her, opened her up. That's what art can do."

He stops for a moment, sighs rather loudly, and runs his fingers through his floppy hair. "I'll tell you why I talk about technique and structure and all that stuff," he says. "Arthur Koestler once asked if our great scientific discoveries were accidents or the product of work and preparation. And his own answer was that maybe they are accidents, but they wouldn't happen unless you first did all the work. Because otherwise, when you come across something great, you won't recognize it. You can't cynically calculate what you want to get across. You just create the situation where it can happen, and then it just appears. I believe that. What 'Six Degrees' says about art touches me: that you never put on a brushstroke unless the brushstroke means something; that you never use a color unless that color vibrates with itself and then with the human soul. So that's why I go on about all the technical stuff. Because if you do that stuff right, the spirit bubbles up through it." ♦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Freeing the Slaves

The narrator of Jay McInerney's new novel is a serious-minded man who falls under the spell of a rebellious aristocrat.

THE LAST OF THE SAVAGES

By Jay McInerney. 271 pp. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $24.

By Geoff Dyer

AS the allusive title suggests, "The Last of the Savages" addresses itself to big themes. Grappling with "the past's implacable claims on the present," it is a novel about — as a character accents it with some incredulity — *his*tory. It is also, tacitly, a novel about the confrontation with a frontier: a demonstration of a writer coming up against his limitations. In the end it is less the work itself that compels admiration than the author's willingness to extend himself beyond his undoubted strengths.

Jay McInerney has always been most at home within narrow alleys of narrative: a few blitzed-out days in "Bright Lights, Big City," a few more in "Story of My Life." We enjoy Nicholson Baker for the way he notices things the rest of us overlook; by providing a narrative inventory — at once definitive and highly contingent — of situations his readers have probably glimpsed for themselves, Mr. McInerney offers the pleasure of recognition (this was explicit in the second-person narration of "Bright Lights"). His previous novel, "Brightness Falls," was broader, more ambitious, but it relied on that same ability to furnish a catalogue of the life styles that underwrote a particular moment — Black Monday — of historical convergence. In this novel, though, he means not only to offer a cross-sectional view of history but to chronicle it.

The story begins in familiar rites-of-passage territory, with the narrator, Patrick Keane, meeting his prep school roommate, the rebellious Southern aristocrat Will Savage. In galvanic reaction against a family history that has included the brutal suppression of a slave rebellion, Will's self-proclaimed mission in life is "to free the slaves." When he is an adult this will mean recording blues musicians and becoming a music mogul; in his adolescence it involves inviting Patrick down to the family home in Memphis and getting him stoned at a blues club. While there, Will makes his first advances on Taleesha Johnson, the young black singer he later marries, partly out of love, largely to cause maximum offense to his family, and, symbolically — or so it seems to Patrick — as a way of "healing the jagged rift across the face of our land." While Will becomes a prime mover in 70's counterculture, Patrick works his way to law school and the comforts of corporate life. By middle age the friends' lives exemplify the ways in which a generation defines and is shaped by its era.

As even this résumé makes clear, there is a lot of storytelling, of history — close on three decades — to get through. Conscious of the scale of his allotted task, Mr. McInerney resorts, on occasion, to summary. Dramatically, material is contrived so that it can be dealt with conveniently. How handy for the author, for example, that his narrator is in a taxi when Will and Taleesha's house goes up in flames: by the time he arrives on the scene the fire has only a paragraph left to run. Similarly, a key moment in Patrick's sexual stagnation is dealt with retrospectively, in a paragraph. The reason for this postponement is to maintain suspense about what he calls "the darkest enigma of my being" — but the suspense is proclaimed by lines like that rather than by self-generating increments: if the novel were working well, Mr. McInerney wouldn't need Patrick to persuade us that there *was* an enigma.

As a way of summarizing some of the problems of authorial summary, let's take a passage from the middle of the book. Patrick and Will are in New York: Will, Patrick says, "was in love and the scent of marijuana was in the air. The slaves were growing their hair out and marching on Washington. The Pentagon would shortly be levitated. Robert Kennedy and Martin Luther King Jr. and Jimi Hendrix were still among us."

That might be O.K. as commentary for a television documentary, where the on-screen images do nine-tenths of the work, but in a novel we need something happening in the foreground. Mr. McInerney duly obliges: "We wandered the downtown streets for hours, pausing in front of various nightclubs which Will considered hallowed." That "various" is a little slack (some pages later, incidentally, we learn that Patrick chose to study history "for a variety of reasons") and so, conscious that he has fallen below the minimum amount of writerly effort needed to fix the scene, Mr. McInerney makes sure that by the end of the sentence his characters wind up somewhere precise, namely the Cedar Tavern. But that's all it is: a name. As soon as we are inside, it melts away entirely, ceases to exist. The characters could be anywhere. A quick establishing shot has been used as a buffer between stock exterior footage and a generic interior.

Throughout the novel this kind of problem is exacerbated by the way that the dialogue has to do more of the narrative load-bearing than in the author's previous novels. Since Will and Patrick drift apart from each other, a given snippet of dialogue often has to provide us with a couple of years' worth of character development. As with a suitcase crammed full of luggage, chunks of dialogue are all the time threatening to burst out of the quotation marks that have been stretched around them.

A lack of concentration is also apparent at a simple linguistic level. During that first night in the blues club Patrick falls into "a kind of hypnotic rapture"; a little later someone shakes his hand "with a kind of fetal languor." Like burglars, writers leave their prints on everything they touch; an invisible but incriminating "kind of" precedes many a turn of phrase in "The Last of the Savages." The protagonist of "Bright Lights, Big City" dreams of writing perfect prose: "words in the correct and surprising sequence." There are odd felicitous touches here — like the view of "the expensive Pacific" — but what is most surprising about the prose of "The Last of the Savages" is its relative lack of surprises. Will drives Patrick through Memphis at "terrifying speed"; later on, we hear, they "roared out into the night"; later still the car comes "screeching to a halt." These, it might be claimed, are not very significant lapses, but they are indicative of a broader tendency to reach for the nearest phrase to hand, to coast linguistically. It might also be argued that these uninvigorating locutions are those of Jay McInerney's narrator, and there are occasions, certainly, when a low-intensity irony is wrung from Patrick's youthful belief that others "couldn't possibly imagine the sheer vivacity of my being, the poetry of my fierce yearnings and fears." When Patrick writes that he threw himself "into academic life with a vengeance," on the other hand, Mr. McInerney is reclining in his writing chair with a lack of conviction. In a crucial scene, Patrick lets Will take the blame for a serious breach of school rules; we should not let Patrick take the rap for his creator's shortcomings.



VLAD GUZNER

These are most significantly exposed in the character of Will Savage himself. For "The Last of the Savages" to succeed, it is not enough that Will imbibe the heady liberationist ferment of his time; he has also to embody it. As a physical presence he is understandably felt most strongly early in the book. Thereafter the book's lack of linguistic attention begins to sap him imaginatively. Drawn to a language that yearns to express the novel's grander ambitions, Mr. McInerney yields to an idiom that radically undermines it. "The benevolent glaze in his eyes had suddenly given way to a menacing intensity." No character can survive this kind of ministration from an author who is busy applying the glaze to something not yet fully baked. "The gaunt beauty of his youth had dissipated": that, likewise, is less a response to Will's appearance than a seductive appeal to a vault of sentiment amassed by F. Scott Fitzgerald and coveted by Jay McInerney.

Will Savage believes there is a curse on him and his family, but the eagerness to elide this taint with the curse that "came over to the New World with the first black slave" and has "been here ever since" is accomplished at the level of authorial declaration rather than convincingly manifested in the characters' actions. Will, the last of the Savages, is an engaging, complex character, but we are not persuaded that his story is history. We are left with the statement of great purpose rather than its achieved substance and form. □

Geoff Dyer is an English critic and novelist. His book about jazz, "But Beautiful," was recently published.



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The First Freedoms

A collection of essays by Ronald Dworkin explores the vagaries of the Constitution.

FREEDOM'S LAW

The Moral Reading of the American Constitution. By Ronald Dworkin. 404 pp. Cambridge, Mass: Harvard University Press. $35.

By Richard A. Epstein

RONALD DWORKIN, one of the most distinguished constitutional thinkers of our time, offers us a collection of his previously published essays that is both eloquently written and forcefully argued. It is, moreover, a set of essays whose substantive threads evoke mixed emotions in readers like me who admire his staunch defense of the traditional freedoms of speech and conscience but who question his endorsement of state regulation, often by default, on matters of property rights, economic and religious liberties. His selective invocation of "Freedom's Law" — freedom of speech and conscience but not of contract and association — illustrates one of the great unresolved tensions, and weaknesses, in modern constitutional doctrine.

Mr. Dworkin divides his essays into three broad groups. Part 1 addresses "Life, Death and Race" and chiefly defends the soundness of the legalization of abortion in Roe v. Wade. Part 2 is devoted to "Speech, Conscience and Sex" and offers an impassioned defense of broad reading of the First Amendment. Part 3, "Judges," reproduces his sustained if overwrought attacks on the Supreme Court nominations of Robert Bork and Clarence Thomas — essays that stand in stark contrast to his affectionate closing remembrance of Judge Learned Hand, for whom he clerked just after law school.

Thematically, these essays are linked together by Mr. Dworkin's frontal assault on the "historical" or "originalist" view of interpretation, which purports to limit the scope of the great constitutional clauses to specific vices identified by the framers. For Mr. Dworkin, what the Constitution says, taken at the highest level of philosophical abstraction, must direct our interpretive efforts. The crabbed imaginations and hidden reservations of the draftsmen count for naught. So what if the authors of the equal protection clause debated its merits before segregated galleries: its underlying principle — equal concern and respect for all citizens — drives us inexorably toward the Court's 1954 banning of school segregation in Brown v. Board of Education. So what if states routinely enforced anti-sodomy laws in 1868, at the adoption of the 14th Amendment? Only rank prejudice keeps them in place today. No historical practice can block the inherent moral argument.

Mr. Dworkin's approach works best on pornography and academic freedom. He rightly stresses that freedom of speech is a high-risk enterprise. The Constitution offers no guarantees to the speaker whose most cogent argument falls on deaf ears. Nor does it comfort an audience bound to endure speech harshly offensive to its deepest beliefs. Starting from these premises, Mr. Dworkin effectively demolishes Catharine MacKinnon's ill-conceived and overbroad anti-pornography ordinance, and his fine essay, "Why Academic Freedom?" forcefully explains why private universities, even though not bound by the First Amendment, should reject the "hate speech" codes that could readily inhibit the free and open exchange that nourishes independent thought. His defense of a vibrant, open and tolerant society is one of which John Stuart Mill could be proud.

So far, so good. But Mr. Dworkin should have then marched on to explain fully how the First Amendment digs into the next level of knotty disputes: national security, government employees, public records, use of public streets, parks and facilities. His moral dictates rightly exclude certain irrelevant considerations from the constitutional calculus. But they do not tell us how to incorporate other relevant considerations — public order, public places and public employment — into the law. If you want guidance on what books a school board can remove from its libraries and why, you'll have to look elsewhere.

Mr. Dworkin is still less successful in using his libertarian theme to justify a woman's constitutional right to an abortion. The obvious objection to this position appeals to the countervailing interest of the fetus. Mr. Dworkin parries by introducing a contrived and counterintuitive distinction between "derivative" and "detached" condemnations of abortion. The derivative view — which might better be called the "realist" position — refers to the fetal interest "in staying alive and a right not to be killed." The detached view protects the fetus only "as an objective or intrinsic good, a value in itself, quite apart from its value to the person whose life it is or to anyone else."

Mr. Dworkin claims that abortion implicates only the weaker, detached interest. But why? Conception is at least as relevant a break point in the unfolding of human life as are consciousness and sensation. If people have, as Mr. Dworkin himself does, ethical qualms about abortion, isn't it because they embrace the "derivative" (or "realist") view? Today the law protects the fetus against attacks by third persons on just that view. Mr. Dworkin's constitutional case, therefore, depends on showing how the mother's interests trump those of the fetus — a balance Mr. Dworkin never troubles to defend. Indeed, his penchant for philosophical generalization only accentuates the tension in allowing abortions in the teeth of a general prohibition against inflicting harm on others. Mr. Dworkin seeks to bolster his position by noting that the legislature cannot make the fetus into a constitutional person by stipulation, any more than it could a tree or a monkey. But monkey or tree does not become human: a fetus has that potential long before viability.

The chinks in Mr. Dworkin's philosophical armor are revealed by his limited topic menu. "Freedom's Law" does not address the palpable tension between the free exercise and the establishment of religion. To give both religion clauses grand readings risks placing them on a collision course. But giving them no reading at all undercuts Mr. Dworkin's claim to constitutional universality while leaving unaddressed the modern controversies over school prayer, religious displays on public property and public aid to education in religious schools. We need to hear more.

More strikingly, Mr. Dworkin dismisses the Constitution's takings and contracts clauses with the terse observation that conservative judges (he does not distinguish between majoritarian and libertarian) "will naturally interpret abstract constitutional principles in a conservative way, as they did in the early years of this century, when they wrongly supposed that certain rights over property and contract are fundamental to freedom." His ex cathedra pronouncement has no empirical backing. And his curt dismissal of property and contract rights blocks any interpretive answer on how he would sustain the now ascendant distinction between the preferred freedoms of speech and (perhaps) religion and the lesser freedoms of association and economic pursuit.

Why this selective acceptance of freedom? Why not seek the most general moral principle behind the Fifth Amendment, "nor shall private property be taken for public use, without just compensation"? Imagine how American law would look if the takings clause reached the common forms of land-use regulation (that is, large lot zoning), or precluded wealth redistribution by taxation. Stunned? But note that some elements of a Lockean defense of property are easily assembled. The framers defended property to reduce the power of the state and, following Madison, to control the dangers of faction. As the guardian of other rights, private property protects both free speech and religious association from government regulation and retaliation and thus advances the liberties that Mr. Dworkin rightly prizes.

Other omitted interpretive issues illustrate the same theme. What is the scope of Federal power under the commerce, bankruptcy or copyright clauses; sovereign immunity or Federal-state relations; Presidential power; or the amendment process? All these issues are getting hotter by the day. And all raise the question of whether and how separation of powers and federalism can help secure essential individual liberties.

Sensing difficulty, Mr. Dworkin tries to meet the charge that his philosophical method assures him of a set of "happy endings" by countering that his constitutional views require him to defend positions that he personally abhors. But to make good on the promise of "Freedom's Law" he would have had to venture forth from his favored bastions to explore the entire Constitution, including those key clauses whose broad sweep goes against his intellectual grain. By sticking so close to his emotional home, Mr. Dworkin illumines one corner of freedom's map, but only at the price of leaving large portions of its terrain unexplored. □

Richard A. Epstein is the James Parker Hall Distinguished Service Professor of Law at the University of Chicago and the author, most recently, of "Simple Rules for a Complex World."

NYT, Oct. 16 '92

It Seemed Like Donahue. But With Bush, Clinton

By MICHAEL KELLY
Special to The New York Times

RICHMOND, Oct. 15 — It turns out there is a reason Phil Donahue likes to talk to cannibalistic transsexuals in love with their mothers.

A channel-roaming viewer, looking for "Cheers" and tricked by the familiar sight of middle-aged men on bar stools into stopping at the second 1992 Presidential debate, might have thought for a moment that he had stumbled onto Mr. Donahue's talk show.

The format was right. Carole Simpson, an ABC News correspondent, roamed the stage with microphone in hand, as similarly equipped aides passed among the audience eliciting question and comment. The guests — President Bush, Gov. Bill Clinton and Ross Perot — were suitably casual, speaking informally and standing or sitting as the urge moved them. The format was free and easy, with no rules, no topics barred, everybody free to say whatever they wanted.

Unfortunately, talking about the national debt does not carry quite the same inherent level of fascination as talking about unnatural acts.

Before the debate began, speakers warmed up the 250 people in the audience with talk of the historic and exciting nature of the night's experiment: the first Presidential debate ever opened to the participiation of randomly selected citizens.

Historic, it was. Also responsible, civic-minded, worthwhile and informative.

Also as dull as C-Span at midnight.

3 Mock Candidates

A few hours before the program began, the television producer Ed Fouhy, Ms. Simpson and various other television hands were busy trying to sketch out the barest rudiments of a plan for getting through the 90 minutes.

On the stools sat three NBC journalists, posing as Mr. Bush, Mr. Clinton, and Mr. Perot. The three mock candidates made some effort to get into character.

The young man playing Mr. Perot spoke with a twang as he insisted that he did, honestly, want to talk about the issues but "you know how it is, only in America, the media just won't report it."

The middle-aged man playing Mr. Clinton spoke of his multipart plans.

The older man playing Mr. Bush promised, a la Herbert Hoover, that "prosperity was just around the corner."

Under the direction of Mr. Fouhy and the ABC producer Rick Kaplan, Ms. Simpson was put through a variety of situations. In one, the mock-Mr. Bush left his chair to go talk to a member of the audience close up; halfway through his conversation, he was interrupted by Mr. Clinton, who had followed him.

In another, Ms. Simpson had to cope with the notion of an audience member who, in a question, was suddenly stepping outside the bounds of television propriety. "Just remember, you hold the microphone, and you can walk away," Mr. Fouhy said. "Never let anyone take the microphone from you. Never, ever, ever, ever."

The last situation rehearsed: Mr. Bush, Mr. Clinton and Mr. Perot, or some combination thereof, get into a physical altercation. Dream on.



Paul Hosefros/The New York Times

Mary Matalin, the Bush campaign's political director, speaking with members of the press before the debate.

Looking for a Trick

Even when he is happy, David Tell looks like a minor figure in one of those Russian novels where someone is found hanged in the orchard around about page 632 and the serfs are knouted every couple of chapters. Thin, bearded, pale, and wan, he often wears on his face a sllightly pained expression, as if he has looked into the heart of man, and found it even worse than he had feared.

> What's called historic seems more like C-Span at midnight.

Oddly enough, though, Mr. Tell is not a poet, or even an associate professor of deconstructionist theory. He is the director of the opposition research for the Bush campaign; that is, it is his job to dig up the dirt that brings Mr. Clinton down.

This is something that, despite prodigous efforts, he has not done. What hope that is left in the Bush campaign — and that is not much — rests on the fading dream that one bright and lovely morning soon Mr. Tell will come up with something that will do what appears an increasingly difficult job. A photograph of Mr. Clinton and Mrs. Brezhnev sharing a quiet cigarette might do the trick.

Bearing the collective hopes of the entire Republican universe on his shoulders appears to be telling on Mr. Tell. Day by day, he looks more pale, more thin, more wan, and more pained. The Presidentail debates seem to be particulary trying times for him. Wraith-like, he floats around the edges of the proceedings, the hunter as a lonely heart.

In the press n' spin room a few hours before last night's debate, Mr. Tell was wondering if he dared smoke a cigarette. At the first debate, last week in St. Louis, he had tried that, in what he had assumed were the safe confines of the Bush offices. As he puffed, two burly men with guns, Secret Service agents, suddenly had loomed above him.

"Mr. Baker and Mr. Teeter would appreciate it if you don't smoke," the larger and more menacing of the two had said.

"My God," Mr. Tell had muttered miserably. "How am I supposed to get through the next two hours without a cigarette?"

Perhaps with that moment in mind, he decided last night to forego the smoke. What else could he do to pass the time? Well, he could spin — and on a subject close to his heart.

"The notion that opposition reseach could come up with something that all by itsefl would turn this around was never something anybody really believed," he said, with great ernestness. "Why, the idea that opposition research could ever turn a campaign around is just ridiculous; nobody every thought we could do something like that," he added, as much to himself as his listener."

Much at Stake

Going into last night's debate, the minions of Mr. Bush were all too aware of how much was at stake, and how little time remained to turn the race around. Their wit was of the gallows variety.

In honor of Robert Teeter, the Bush campaign chairman, there was cointed the Teeter Principle, a corralary to the Peter Principle, which holds that people are promoted to the the theory that people are promoted to their natureal level of incompetence.

One campaign official joked that the Bush strategists had, after much thought, hit on a way for Mr. Bush to maximize attention to himself in a three-way debate without seeming pushy: the President would go into the event armed with a water-squirting fake lapel flower, a "joy buzzer" for the handshakes, and a whoopie cushion.

Another official, joked that the Bush campaign's best chance lay in the possibility that Mr. Clinton, who has been plagued recently by throat problems that keep him from speaking much, would never recover his



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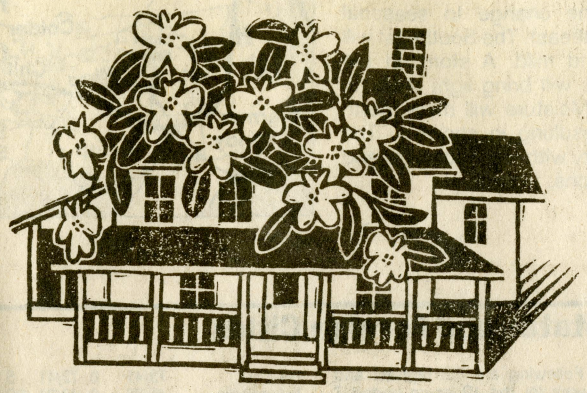
Growing

Anne Raver

NYT 2/20/92

In a house where nothing, absolutely nothing, was thrown away, a gardener digs for gold.



Susan Blubaugh

This big old house is full of good junk.

Down in the shadowy regions of the cellar are mason jars and jelly glasses, milk pails and stone crocks laced with cobwebs, clay pots and old nail kegs, tin boilers that once simmered smoked hams for hours on the stove.

The back porch (though it isn't a porch at all but a long drafty room off the kitchen, full of windows that rattle when the north wind blows) is crammed with tables full of pots and pans and cookie tins and meat grinders and badminton nets and croquet sets and a hedge trimmer with about a zillion feet of electric cord. There is an old refrigerator that fills up with beer when the whole clan is here, and a tall old pine cupboard that's so full you have to be careful when you open the glass-paned door.

Every closet in every bedroom has that smell of old books (I'm sorry to keep using this word, but this place is *old*), the cheap kind people used to get in sets (the Hardy Boys, Tarzan, Nancy Drew, Zane Grey), only the best one, like "Nancy Drew and the Hidden Staircase," is always missing. There are boxes of scholarly papers ("The Extinction of the Dinosaurs") and love letters from college ("My love for you is like a big red barn") and suits with impossibly narrow waists and strapless prom dresses, the kind with the puffy crinoline skirts, that are likely to spring out into the room looking for a dance.

Then there's the attic on the third floor.

Mom tries to attack this region once in a great while, clearing trails through the chairs and headboards and box springs and trunks and photo albums (we decided to keep all the pictures of everybody's first wife or husband) and old stuffed animals losing their stuffing.

"Next time you come down here," she says on the phone, "I want each of you children to sort through your things."

There's a radical, energetic tone to her voice. Everything else will go to Goodwill. Or maybe we'll have a yard sale. "People make hundreds of dollars that way," she says.

•

Yeah, and they just have a few dishes and lamps to sell. We could make millions.

But let her try to throw out one of those chairs missing a leg: "Wait! Wait! We could fix that!"

It's in the genes of farm children to save everything. Who knows when you'll need a piece of wire to get the tractor going? Or some soft twine to help keep the peas up, when they get so heavy the vines start sagging?

This is a gardener's gold mine.

Already I have a collection of assorted crocks that will look fine with blue lobelia trailing over the sides. Or maybe some white daisies with that pale green Helichrysum petiolatum tumbling down. And a whole collection of mints to pick for sun-brewed teas poured over ice. Gazania, that yellow flower with the silver leaves, looks great with herbs like marjoram and feverfew.

I've been poring over those coffee-table garden books for weeks now. I figure the old ham boiler is just as good as an 18th-century lead trough I saw planted with petunias, scented geraniums, purple sage and marguerites. And when I found the old wooden cart in the barn, I wondered how it would look full of fuchsias.

Whoa.

I've been in the city too long. This is a Maryland farm I've come back to, not some new place in the country trying to look old. The ham boiler should boil ham. The cart should haul leaves.

In the old chicken house, now piled with lawn chairs and ladders and Dad's old barbecue, I found enough seed-starting pots to start a garden supply company. And the leaky washtub that Grandmother, who was born in 1880, used for her potting soil.

She died 20 years ago. But I can still see her crouched beneath the pear tree, mixing clay soil with compost and peat, turning it over and over with her trowel until it was as moist and crumbly as chocolate cake. "There," she would say, banging her trowel against the metal tub. "Stick your hand in there. That's how soil should feel."

"Uh-huh," I'd say from deep in the hammock under the grape arbor, where Tarzan talked to the elephants.

•

In those days, gardening was something to avoid. It was what old people did, unless they had some hot sticky chore like weeding the carrots or picking beans. Then it was what you did for your allowance.

It was only when I moved away that I had the need to plant things. My first garden, 15 years ago, was a handkerchief of spinach and snap peas, a few tomato plants, some Italian parsley and basil. And three mammoth sunflowers that grew 10 feet high.

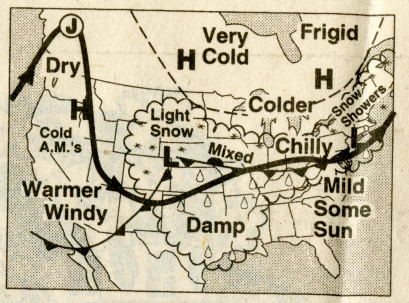
Tending those three flowers was like bringing a shell back from the beach to help me remember the boom and hiss of the waves. In my little apartment, I would look out at their bright yellow faces and think of the sea of sunflowers that once grew in our meadow, turning their heads from east to west as the sun moved across the sky.

As I come home to the farm these long weekends and look out over the fields, I am overwhelmed by the expanse of this easy, rolling land. I remember that I could plant a whole field of something and carry the harvest back in my wooden cart.

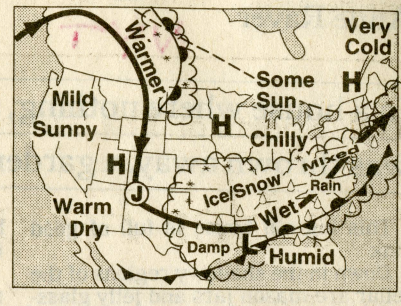
**Taking a trip?
Check the Weather Report for your destination . . . from Richmond to Rio.**

Extended Forecast

Saturday and Sunday: Cold air from Maine to Michigan will move south into the border states. Snow showers will accompany the change to seasonal chill in the Northeast. The Southeast will remain dry and mild. A storm in the western Plains will bring light snow to the Dakotas. Moisture will move north into Texas, resulting in showers. The West will be dry with cold mornings and milder afternoons.



Monday and Tuesday: A high-pressure system will expand from Minnesota to northern New England. Clear, cold conditions will dominate near the border as a storm gathers moisture in the Gulf States. An icy mixture will spread northeast from Oklahoma into the Ohio Valley. Snow may fall in the Northeast on Tuesday. The South will have another period of heavy rain. Clear, dry weather will dominate the West. Warmer air will push into the northern Plains.



United States and Foreign Cities

U.S. Cities Following are the highest and lowest temperatures for the 19 hours ended 7 P.M (E.S.T.) yesterday, the precipitation for the 18 hours ended 2 P.M. (E.S.T.) yesterday and expected conditions for today and tomorrow.

Weather conditions: C-cloudy, F-fog, H-haze, I-ice, PC-partly cloudy, R-rain, Sr-showers, S-sunny, Sn-snow, SS-snow showers, T-thunderstorms.

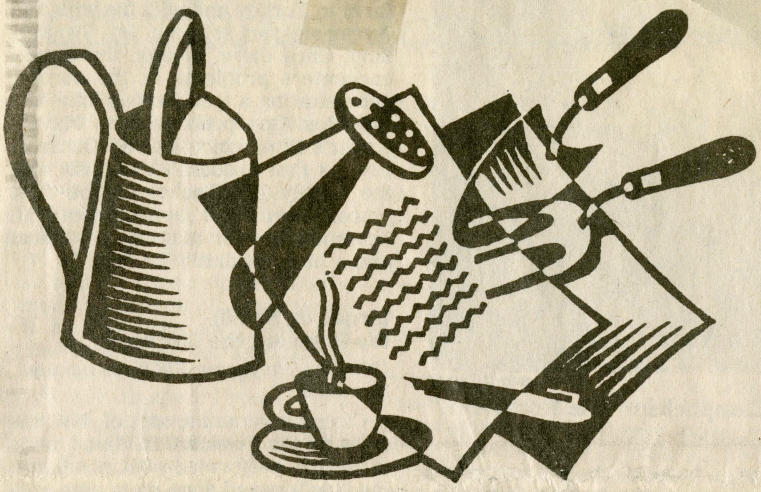
Cities	Yesterday		Today		Tomorrow	
Albany	47/36	.01	41/37	Sr	38/22	C
Albuquerque	54/25	0	58/26	PC	56/28	PC
Anchorage	16/1	0	18/-5	S	20/-5	S
Atlanta	63/51	0	63/39	S	68/39	S
Atlantic City	51/44	.02	50/38	PC	45/34	S
Austin	70/46	0	70/47	PC	68/53	C
Baltimore	56/42	.02	51/41	PC	56/31	S
Baton Rouge	71/48	0	69/38	S	69/45	C
Billings	59/33	0	38/27	SS	38/20	C
Birmingham	62/37	0	65/34	S	68/34	PC
Boise	51/43	.06	55/43	R	53/36	PC
Boston	47/39	.01	48/42	PC	43/29	C
Bridgeport	44/39	.02	46/37	PC	40/27	C
Buffalo	43/37	.05	36/33	C	37/27	PC
Burlington	45/37	.12	36/34	Sr	32/18	PC
Casper	42/27	0	47/33	C	42/26	PC
Charleston, WV	56/44	0	48/36	C	60/36	S
Charlotte	66/46	.01	60/42	S	67/35	S
Chattanooga	56/44	0	60/35	S	67/32	S
Chicago	41/35	.05	43/27	C	45/30	PC
Cincinnati	48/37	.01	47/32	C	56/35	S
Cleveland	47/40	.12	39/33	C	46/30	PC
Colo. Springs	49/17	0	57/27	PC	51/31	PC
Columbia	72/52	.01	66/38	S	72/32	S
Columbus	47/40	.02	43/33	C	53/32	PC
Concord	40/35	.02	45/36	C	34/15	C
Dallas-Ft.Worth	66/39	0	72/40	S	70/50	C
Denver	56/21	0	63/31	PC	53/32	PC
Des Moines	35/32	.01	49/29	PC	42/31	C
Detroit	43/37	.04	39/30	Sr	37/28	C
El Paso	68/27	0	68/30	S	69/37	PC
Fairbanks	-6/-29	0	-4/-30	S	0/-25	S
Fargo	20/6	0	27/18	C	19/4	PC
Hartford	47/37	.01	45/36	PC	43/27	C
Honolulu	82/73	0	82/70	S	82/70	S
Houston	73/41	0	72/41	S	69/50	C
Indianapolis	45/36	0	48/31	PC	50/35	C
Jackson	65/39	0	69/36	S	73/39	PC
Jacksonville	73/62	.02	70/45	S	73/42	PC
Kansas City	39/36	0	62/32	S	54/38	C
Key West	82/75	0	80/74	PC	80/71	PC
Las Vegas	63/41	0	64/40	S	68/45	PC
Lexington	50/39	.01	49/34	PC	61/34	S
Little Rock	60/39	0	66/36	S	68/43	PC
Los Angeles	65/50	0	67/51	PC	68/53	PC
Louisville	50/40	0	55/35	S	65/36	S
Lubbock	65/28	0	69/34	S	68/39	PC
Memphis	55/42	0	64/37	S	69/43	S
Miami	83/70	0	78/70	PC	78/67	PC
Milwaukee	36/34	.06	41/26	C	39/26	C
Minn-St. Paul	36/30	.01	36/25	PC	31/19	PC
Mobile	70/52	0	67/41	S	69/42	PC
Nashville	51/39	0	59/36	S	67/38	S
Newark	49/42	0	45/42	PC	47/30	PC
New Orleans	70/55	0	70/43	S	72/48	C
New York City	51/43	0	46/40	PC	48/33	PC
Norfolk	68/48	.19	53/43	PC	60/35	S
Oklahoma City	60/34	0	68/38	S	65/44	PC
Omaha	37/33	.02	53/26	PC	38/28	C
Orlando	80/68	0	73/56	S	77/53	PC
Philadelphia	51/45	0	50/39	PC	50/30	S
Phoenix	75/48	0	76/51	S	78/52	S
Pittsburgh	50/41	.01	39/32	C	44/28	PC
Portland, Me.	41/35	.18	46/34	C	33/19	C
Portland, Ore.	48/42	.05	55/45	Sr	55/45	Sr
Providence	48/41	0	48/38	PC	45/27	C
Raleigh	65/48	.18	62/41	PC	65/32	S
Richmond	67/44	.06	58/43	PC	62/33	S
Rochester	46/36	.04	36/33	C	37/24	PC
Sacramento	61/53	.07	62/50	PC	61/50	R
St. Louis	42/37	0	58/33	S	58/43	C
St. Thomas	85/74	0	86/72	PC	86/72	PC
Salt Lake City	52/35	0	52/36	Sr	51/36	PC
San Antonio	73/43	0	68/46	PC	68/53	C
San Diego	66/51	0	67/50	S	68/52	PC
San Francisco	60/54	.01	62/53	PC	60/50	R
San Juan	83/74	0	83/72	PC	84/72	PC
Seattle	47/35	0	51/39	R	56/44	R
Shreveport	67/41	0	68/35	S	70/43	C
Sioux Falls	34/25	0	39/21	PC	28/19	Sn
Spokane	46/30	0	46/34	R	49/36	R
Syracuse	51/36	0	39/36	C	37/23	PC
Tampa	74/66	0	72/56	PC	75/55	PC
Toledo	43/37	.01	39/30	C	44/29	PC
Tucson	72/39	0	75/43	S	77/45	S
Tulsa	60/36	0	69/37	S	66/47	PC
Virginia Beach	69/46	0	53/43	PC	60/35	S
Washington	61/43	0	52/42	PC	58/34	S
Wichita	57/28	0	65/34	S	64/37	PC
Wilmington	51/43	0	50/40	PC	52/30	S

The Times Weather Watch offers hourly readings and 3-day forecasts for 600 U.S. and foreign cities. Touch-tone telephones only: 1-900-884-CAST (75 cents a minute).

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

Cities	Yesterday		Norm
Acapulco	92/70	0	88/ 70
Amsterdam	40/32	0	41/ 34
Athens	48/43	0	57/ 45
Bangkok	92/72	0	93/ 72
Beijing	44/23	0	45/ 23
Berlin	34/28	trc	37/ 27
Bermuda	72/66	0	68/ 61
Bonn	36/25	0	43/ 34
Brussels	36/25	0	41/ 30
Budapest	35/25	0	41/ 28
Buenos Aires	85/81	0	82/ 63
Cairo	*	0	70/ 48
Caracas	83/72	0	82/ 72
Casablanca	61/57	.08	64/ 46
Copenhagen	36/23	0	36/ 27
Dakar	75/64	0	81/ 63
Damascus	*	0	57/ 39
Dublin	46/36	trc	46/ 36
Edinburgh	42/23	trc	43/ 34
Edmonton	11/9	.24	21/ 0
Geneva	30/25	0	43/ 30
Guadalajara	73/46	0	77/ 46
Havana	83/70	0	84/ 63
Helsinki	24/7	.01	27/ 14
Hong Kong	60/59	trc	63/ 55
Istanbul	36/32	.37	48/ 36
Jerusalem	57/41	0	55/ 43
Johannesburg	78/57	.16	77/ 57
Kingston	87/75	0	84/ 72
Lima	*	0	79/ 68
Lisbon	48/46	0	59/ 46
London	39/32	trc	46/ 36
Madrid	41/34	.12	54/ 36
Manila	84/75	0	88/ 70
Martinique	81/73	.30	84/ 70
Merida	88/66	0	84/ 63
Mexico City	*	0	70/ 43
Montego Bay	85/72	0	84/ 72
Monterrey	67/59	0	72/ 52
Montreal	33/32	.47	27/ 10
Moscow	16/7	.01	23/ 12
Nairobi	86/52	0	79/ 55
Nassau	80/70	.01	77/ 64
New Delhi	74/45	0	75/ 48
Nice	49/36	0	55/ 39
Oslo	27/7	0	27/ 14
Panama City	*	*	90/ 73
Paris	35/25	0	45/ 34
Prague	33/21	trc	34/ 23
Rio de Janeiro	*	*	84/ 73
Riyadh	67/46	0	73/ 48
Rome	48/27	0	55/ 41
Seoul	32/21	0	37/ 19
Shanghai	*	*	50/ 36
Singapore	91/75	0	88/ 73
Stockholm	31/19	0	30/ 21
Sydney	75/70	trc	79/ 64
Taipei	*	.67	64/ 54
Tokyo	50/41	trc	48/ 30
Toronto	40/34	.34	28/ 14
Tunis	50/43	.08	61/ 45
Vancouver	41/32	.20	46/ 34
Vienna	33/25	0	36/ 27
Warsaw	32/25	.02	34/ 21
Winnipeg	2/-6	.04	14/ -8

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



Susan Blubaugh

GROWING

When Rural Roots Refuse to Wither

Feb. 6 '92

By ANNE RAVER

First column of a series that will appear occasionally.

I live in Manhattan now. A lot of country children do. They can't wait to leave all that manure and the land of Sunday school pins and Reader's Digests piled in the bathrooms. They tend to choose the biggest cities they can find, needing a powerful antidote to the provinces.

In the low-rise streets of Greenwich Village, I still drink espresso as greedily as someone coming off Maxwell House for the first time, and good crusty prosciutto bread as if Italy were about to vanish from Prince Street. I have discovered how much cheaper films are than therapy, and I don't think I will ever tire of just walking, still put pleasantly off balance by the people I see, because they just don't act this way where I come from.

•

Yet I can't seem to yank my roots from the Maryland farm that has been in my family for four generations, ever since 1870 when my great-grandfather John Franklin Raver, a stocky farmer who lived a few miles to the east, walked through the woods and laid eyes on Mary Elizabeth Bond, a young woman of 17, whose father still held 450 acres of the original 1761 land grant from Lord Baltimore.

Mary and John settled down in a log house by a cold running spring on the farm to have 13 children. Until Mary got tired and died at 37. When John Franklin died, the land was offered to the children, and my grandparents, young newlweds then, bought 120 acres — the same hills I wander now.

For two centuries, fields of corn and soybeans and rye have crisscrossed these hills in an orderly patchwork. I realized the other day, digging a bed for a late shipment of lilies, why I always think of vegetables when someone says "garden." Green-blue kale. Fat heads of broccoli. Sweet carrots. Corn ripped from the stalk and thrown into the boiling pot.

Farmers connect the earth to sustenance. They plant crops first. Then trees to mark their land, to shade the house and shelter it from wind. Flowers come later, when there is time to feed the soul.

•

My father died in April, after I watched his fiery temper fade for many months. It wasn't a surprise, but losing a father — the patriarch — is a shock you can't prepare for. Suddenly there is this empty space where once a man shouted and laughed — a void, regardless of how good or bad your relationship was.

When my father died, I had the distinct, almost visual, sensation of his energy going up and away in a whirling gyre. Where is this person, I kept asking myself, as we rang the bell for him up at the old

Continued on Page B4



Ron Batzdorff/Disney

ll Campbell in "The Rocketeer."

ut here at least, thanks to the old demption-as-result-of-accident rou- ne, is the perfect chance to make mends. Mike Nichols's film is "cast ith actors from the A list, dressed id designed like a fashion layout and ritten and directed with such skill at its essential banality is often sguised" (Vincent Canby).

urney of Hope

89. HBO. $92.99. LD, $29.98. 1:55. Turk- n, Italian and German with English btitles. PG.

performances. director. conducted sees on postcards, Haydar sells his farm in Turkey and with his wife and 7-year-old son sets out for Switzerland. Once there, though, the family encounters problems at the border, necessitating a treacherous hike into the Alps. One problem with Xavier Koller's film, which won an Oscar in 1991, is that it doesn't establish why the family left Turkey in the first place. What's left is sentiment and "competent film making ... literal and a little bit dull" (Canby).

Cirque du Soleil: We Reinvent the Circus

1992. IVA/Polygram. $19.95. 55 minutes. No rating.

Circus it remains, sort of, but this show by the French-Canadian troupe is theater, performed with mesmerizing bravura and done up in high-tech gloss. Clowns and mimes set the stage for the kind of acts that earn the drum rolls in conventional big tops: a contortionist who slithers around herself like a snake, a dozen people on a bicycle, wire walkers and aerialists with unnerving panache, acrobats who climb on and over one another as if they were pieces of gym equipment. Most involving is the music, a breezy, ethereal score that lifts the performance and wafts it along.

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ars up the place. Francis Ford Coppola di- cted. 1974. Paramount. $69.99. LD, $29.95. G.

IE FRISCO KID. Out in the Wild West there as once a Polish rabbi (Gene Wilder) and a wnright friendly bank robber (Mr. Ford). 79. Warner. $19.99. 1:59. PG.

ADE RUNNER. In Ridley Scott's film, set in e 21st century, a retired policeman (Mr. rd) is reactivated to round up a gang of negade androids. 1982. New Line. $19.99. , $34.98. 2:01. R.

TNESS. Hounded by murderous policemen, Philadelphia police detective (Mr. Ford) es to Amish country, where he gets into a ltural bind after falling in love with a local woman (Kelly McGillis). 1985. Paramount. $14.95. LD, $29.95. 1:52. R.

THE MOSQUITO COAST. As an obsessed inventor, Mr. Ford tries to create an ideal community in the jungle. Peter Weir directed an adaptation of the Paul Theroux novel. 1986. Warner. $19.99. LD, $39.98. CC. PG.

FRANTIC. In Roman Polanski's thriller, an American doctor (Mr. Ford) and a mysterious woman (Emmanuelle Seigner) search Paris for his missing wife (Betty Buckley). 1988. Warner. $19.99. LD, $39.98. 2:00. CC. R.

WORKING GIRL. The title character (Melanie Griffith) puts together a deal with a big-time money man (Mr. Ford). 1988. Fox. $19.99. LD, $39.98. 1:55. CC. R.

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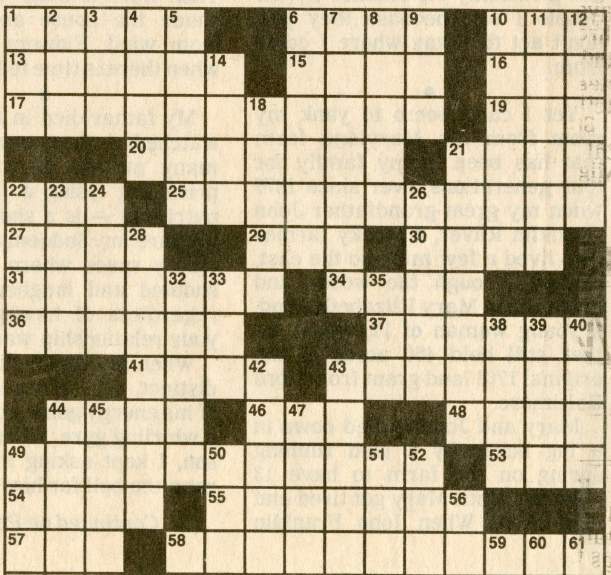
ted by Eugene T. Maleska

Word of woe
Conceit
Luau souvenir
Defeatist's grumble
Coffee maker
Sign up
Dines at home
Tippler
Some are even
ntended

DOWN

Burning Tree nstructor
Celtic sea god
Lisa on "Green Acres"
Hold together
Somewhat large composer?



Going Home: When Rural Roots Refuse to Wither

Continued From Page B1

church, as we carried his polished cherry coffin into the graveyard that holds the bones of his mother and father and his mother's mother and father and his mother's grandparents.

The succession of names in the cemetery and on the stained glass windows is like an incantation: Leave this place and these ghosts and the incurious faces of the people who stayed.

So I did. And by now I have lived in many cities.

And then one day in Missouri I rode over a pasture in a beat-up Ford with a farmer who wanted me to see his cows. I was stuffed full of home-cured bacon and fresh eggs from the breakfast he'd made in the house his father built.

"Most people can't wait to leave home," he said, as the truck stalled in a grassy ravine. "And then they spend the rest of their life trying to get home."

It's just the story of Oedipus, I guess, though some sons don't have to kill their fathers and marry their mothers and blind themselves to come into their own.

And what about the daughters? How do they find their true selves in a family where the father was king?

The men in my family got their land from the women, who then bore them children, who then thought of the land as their fathers' land.

Yet it was my Grandmother Grace, who wasn't a Raver at all, who seared herself into my memory with her gritty humor and her outrageous egotism, and the stories that she painted in her dark wallpapered room. They were as real to me as the very night the barn burned down.

Their faces stare out of the old velvet albums with stern expressions and fantastic hairdos, their arms resting on pillars and such. Grace is shown as a skinny bride in glasses with an ornate comb sticking straight out of her head. A few years later, she stands like a stout ship next to her wiry husband, Carroll, whose hands, my oldest brother says, were like iron.

•

Now my mother lives there alone. It is her home now, though she came from a little town on the Eastern Shore, never dreaming she'd have to chop off a chicken's head if Sunday dinner was ever going to get on the table. Now these fields and these views from every window are hers, and they are what she wants to look out on the day she dies.

We all talk carefully about what will happen to the farm, about who, if any of us, could carry on the stewardship of the land, with our lives so far afield from the potatoes we used to dig behind the barn.

In the evenings, I look out over the twinkling lights of the suburban houses that cropped up when the first neighboring farmer got old and his children didn't want the place. They have green useless lawns where corn and wheat once grew, and neo-colonial pillars pretending to hold up plantations. Yet I like some of the people who live in them. Especially our neighbor across the road, who shot a buck in our woods and insisted on hanging its small head, Teddy Roosevelt-style, over his mantel.

I have decided to garden down in Maryland this year, grabbing long weekends, even weeks when I can, if my computer and I can keep the copy flowing to New York. I know a lot of people who live like this these days. People like me, who get hooked on the city, but can't shake the clay off their feet.

Still, it seems a strange way to live. Not to have your coffeepot in one place. Not to watch the bugs and the birds and the snap peas every day. I could do that in New Jersey, I guess. But I can't seem to turn my back on this rolling land.

There's an old stone foundation near the barn that once supported a house for guinea hens. The roof caved in years ago, but the stones, gathered a century ago from the fields, are solid. Maybe I'll build a cottage there, with a porch, to take in the fields, the very sweep of which poses the old question: Can you go home again?

Make an old place new? Coax friends from New York to come down with a little pasta and espresso and the overwhelming desire to weed? Get to know the people back home, who could teach me plenty?

I don't know. But maybe a year of digging and planting and pruning the old moss roses Grandmother brought from her mother's house will hold the answers.

[illegible] therapy, and I don't think I will ever tire of just walking, still put pleasantly off balance by the people I see, because they just don't act this way where I come from.

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Yet I can't seem to yank my roots from the Maryland farm that has been in my family for four generations, ever since 1870 when my great-grandfather John Franklin Raver, a stocky farmer who lived a few miles to the east, walked through the woods and laid eyes on Mary Elizabeth Bond, a young woman of 17, whose father still held 450 acres of the original 1761 land grant from Lord Baltimore.

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Continued on Page B4

performances have obliterated almost any memory of that original "Tosca" beyond the fact that the staging was, understandably, rudimentary. Such was the case here, too. In Dona D. Vaughn's economical and tightly unified production, the basic layout remained the same for all three acts, with a wall sloping down and back from the right side of the stage and a few props focusing the action to the left and center.

Still, for all its simplicity, the physical setting had a sophisticated look. Miguel Romero's scenery was richly

pany's music director, conducted with scant regard for his young singers or for the problematic acoustics of Whitman Hall. His 31-member orchestra produced a loud and aggressively articulated curtain of sound that stifled the voices for entire phrases.

Under these circumstances, the lead singers, drawn from the company's rotating pool, fared reasonably well. Nina Warren was especially effective as Tosca despite an occasional hard edge to her soprano, or perhaps because of it, since it helped

wear him down in the second act. Antonio Adame was uneven as Cavaradossi, producing a few raw, forced high notes and some tremulous vibrato but rising admirably to "E lucevan le stelle."

The rest of the cast sang passably and acted indifferently. Mr. Shaw's coiling and slithering Scarpia seemed to set the dramatic tone, and the action seldom rose above posing and caricature.

The production is sung in Italian with English supertitles.

conduct, with Sharon Graham and Robynne Redmon alternating in the title role, Patricia Racette and Joanne Kolomyjec singing Micaela, John Absalom and Antonio Barasorda singing Don José, and Dean Peterson and Harry Dworchak playing Escamillo.

Mr. Eaton's verismo double bill is to open the season on July 16, and will be telecast on "Live From Lincoln Center" on Sept. 30. Also returning from last season are Verdi's "Traviata" and Puccini's "Bohème" and "Turandot."

Review/**Music**

Moscow Symphony Orchestra Tries a New Name

By BERNARD HOLLAND

Known once as the State Symphonic Orchestra of the Ministry of Culture of the U.S.S.R. and more recently as the Soviet Philharmonic, Gennady Rozhdestvensky's 11-year-old ensemble has been suffering the identity crises familiar to that part of the world. It returned to Carnegie Hall on Tuesday night with yet another name: the State Symphonic Kapelle of Moscow.

The confusions stop at this splendid organization's title. Indeed when it played out from the stage on Tuesday, one heard not a peep of complaint about Carnegie's post-renovation acoustics. The hall took up the rich, perfectly defined string sound, cushioned it in its bosom and glowed along with it. The evening's irony was how these wondrous resources could work counter to music's intentions, but so they did. Charles Ives's "Robert Browning" Overture was literally killed with kindness.

Its raucous midsection — crammed with unrelated and simultaneously operating material — is a conscious nose-thumbing at the kind of orchestral suavity the Kapelle espouses. Yet Mr. Rozhdestvensky managed to sort out every argument in this chaotic shouting match and give it not only a measure of reasonableness but something approaching elegance. It was a victory for Ives's victims, and one could only wonder whether the physical beauty of this performance was a matter of subversive intent or simply misguided — an inability to understand that much of the "Browning" Overture is meant to be ugly.

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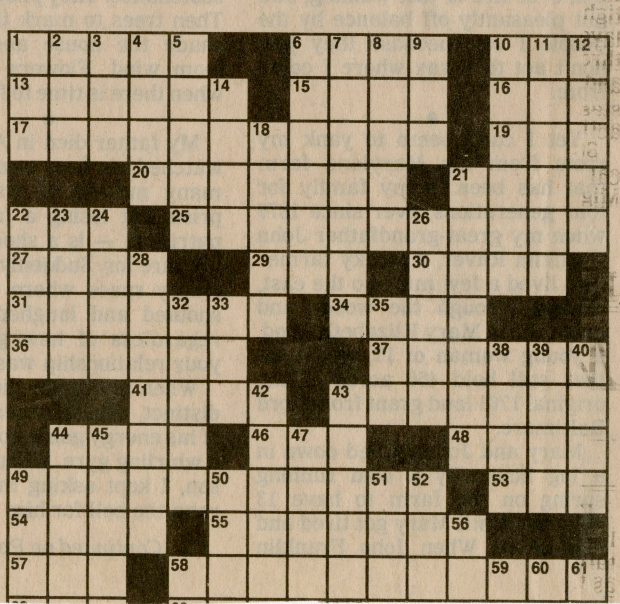
Inviting his son Aleksandr to play the Tchaikovsky Violin Concerto (the conductor's wife, the pianist Viktoriya Postnikova, had been the soloist the night before) helped Mr. Rozh-

Word of woe
Conceit
Luau souvenir
Defeatist's grumble
Coffee maker
Sign up
Dines at home
Tippler
Some are even
Intended

DOWN

Burning Tree instructor
Celtic sea god
Lisa on "Green Acres"
Hold together
Somewhat large composer?



THE END OF VANDALISM

ONE fall they held the blood drive in the fire barn at Grafton. Sheriff Dan Norman was there mainly as a gesture of good will, but one of the nurses didn't make it, so Dan agreed to place the gauze in the crook of everyone's arm. "And I thank you," he would say.

It was early afternoon when Louise Darling came in. Dan knew her somewhat. Tiny Darling was along, too—her husband. Dan thought Tiny had done some break-ins at Westey's Farm Home on Highway 18. There was no real proof.

Louise had a red scarf over her hair. She removed her C.P.O. coat so they could draw her blood. She wore a dark green T-shirt with a pocket. Dan admired her long white wrists and pressed the square of gauze to her pulse.

"I thank you, Mrs. Darling," he said.

Then came Tiny. He had red hair and had a tattoo of an owl on the back of his hand. "You ought to be sending this blood to Port Gaspar," he said.

"And where would that be?" said Dan.

"Port Gaspar," Tiny repeated. "The Navy sold the Eskimos a load of frozen salmon that turned out to be poisoned. Now they're sick. They've got blood poisoning. So guess what the Navy does. Of course, they send in some lawyers to threaten the Eskimo community."

"Where is Port Gaspar?" said Dan.

"In the South Pole," said Louise. She had large green eyes and faded freckles. "We heard the report on the radio. It might not have been the Navy, but they came on Navy boats."

"As observers," said Tiny. "They rode on the decks in their own little section, cordoned off with cords. Now many of the Eskimos need to have their blood flushed out."

Sheriff Dan Norman released Tiny's arm and spoke to Nurse Barbara Jones. "Where does this blood go, anyway? All to Mercy?"

"That's right," she said, "but I'll tell you what. One time my second cousin got blood-poisoned. You can't mess with it. Dan, you know her—my cousin Mary."

"Mary Ross," said Dan.

"Mary Jewell," said the nurse. "Now, her mother was a Ross—Viola Ross. She was first cousins with Kenny Ross who went to Korea. She couldn't even walk across the room."

Louise Darling straightened her coat and tilted her head to the side. "I'm not sure if these were actual Eskimos," she said.

"It was cold enough to be Eskimos," said Tiny. "Those lawyers said, 'Any more complaints, we're taking down this whole town with a snowplow.' "

"Their houses were made of snow," said Dan.

"Evidently," said Tiny.

THE next time Dan Norman ran into Tiny Darling was in a fight that happened one Sunday night at the Lime Bucket tavern. Dan had especially disliked bar fights ever since the time he got stabbed in the back with a pool cue and ended up going to a chiropractor instead of being outdoors all that summer. Dan did not know much about what a chiropractor did, and from what he could tell neither did this chiropractor, who kept a bottle of vodka on a big safe behind his desk and insisted on being called Dr. Young Jim because his deceased father, he said, had been known as Dr. Old Jim. This time the fight was being won by Tiny. He had Bob Becker by the hood of a red sweatshirt and kept knocking his head against the handles of a foosball machine.

When Dan and Tiny came out, the first snow of the year had begun and they could see it falling at a slant all up and down the empty street. Tiny was alert but quite drunk. From what Dan had been able to find out, the fight had been over whether Tanya Tucker was washed up in her career, with Tiny taking the position that she was not.

Dan headed up the highway toward the lockup at Morrisville. About halfway there Tiny took a swing at him, and Dan had to pull over, get Tiny out, put the handcuffs on him, and stuff him in the back of the cruiser.

"I always thought you were smart," said Dan, through the cage. "Come to find out I'm sadly mistaken."

"My arms are going out of their sockets," said Tiny.

"Just as well be smacking your own head on the handles," said Dan.

A long silence followed. "You have snow on your hat," said Tiny.

Dan slowed for a raccoon groping its way across the road. "We know it was you that broke in at Westey's," said Dan. "Pretty clumsy on that door, by the way. But it's beside the fact, since we're not going to prosecute, so I don't



"I notice you've started accumulating miles on different airlines from me."

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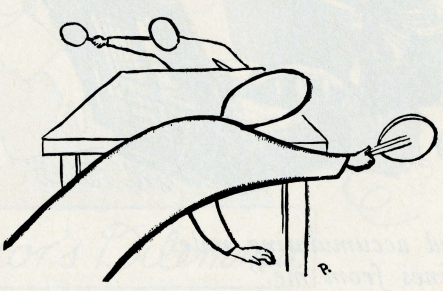

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really know why I bring it up."

Tiny laughed. "How tall is this cruiser?" he said. "A foot and a half?"

The lights were low at the jail in Morrisville, and inside they were projecting slides of nudes onto a map of the county. "I wish I lived on Floyd Coffee's farm tonight," said Deputy Earl Kellogg, Jr. Dan told them to cut it out and take Tiny Darling and put him in a cell. Then he sat down to do the paperwork.

"Dopers are out there pushing dope," said Tiny. "People stabbing that guy in the alley behind the bank. On the other hand is me, who gave blood."

"Woe is Tiny," said Earl Kellogg.

"Boo hoo," said Ed Aiken.

"What's your real name, Tiny?" said Dan.

"Charles," said Tiny. "I'm in the plumbing supply."

"What a lie," said Earl Kellogg. "Dan, Ted Jewell's daughter called. I forget her name."

"There's Shea and there's Antonia," said Ed Aiken.

"All right," said Earl. "The junior class there at Morrisville-Wylie is having a dance against vandalism, and this Shea Jewell said they want you to be a chaperone. They had Rollie Wilson from the E.M.T.s, but you know Wilson's had that fire."

"We'll see," said Dan.

"It's semi-formal," said Earl.

"We'll see," said Dan. He unplugged the projector, took the slides, and left. It was still snowing. He drove back toward Grafton on the gravel and found himself coming up on Tiny and Louise's place. Their yardlight blinked through the trees. Tiny and Louise rented the white farmhouse that used to be the Harvey and Iris Klar place and was still owned by the Klars' daughter Jean, who lived thirty miles away, in Reinbeck, and had a job that had something to do with the brick-and-tile company there.



GEORGE SAND HAS SOME PEOPLE IN FOR DRINKS

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Dan pulled in the driveway and got out. A white square-headed dog bolted from the toolshed and came leaping over the fine blue snow. The dog hardly made a sound, and Dan talked to him until he headed back to the shed. Meanwhile, Louise Darling had opened the front door. Someone had lined the foundation with hay bales—that was good. Louise wore jeans and a white sweatshirt. Dan stepped inside, closed the door, and noticed that Louise was not wearing any shoes or socks. The living room was dark except for the violet TV light.

Louise turned on a table lamp. "Where's Tiny?" she said. She had long full brown hair parted on the side. Over in the corner a sleek black camera stood on a tripod—Louise worked for Kleeborg's photography in Stone City.

"Tiny got in a fight with Bob Becker at the Lime Bucket," said Dan. "Tiny's fine, but he's drunk, so I took him to the Morrisville jail for overnight."

"He's not hurt," said Louise.

"No," said Dan. "He won the fight."

"What's he charged with?" said Louise.

"I'm not bringing anything," said Dan. "I wash my hands of it. What are you watching?"

"What does that mean," said Louise, "if you wash your hands?"

Dan stared at the TV. "He'll be let go in the morning," he said. "At eight o'clock in the morning they'll let him go when they go off their shift."

Louise went and drank something amber from a small glass. "God damn it," she said. "Why can't people leave Tiny alone?"

Dan sat down on the arm of a chair. "Louise," he said, "in all fairness, people might ask the same of Tiny. He can be pretty obnoxious."

Louise picked up a pack of cigarettes and sat down on the couch. "This is true," she said.

"What *is* this?" said Dan, gesturing toward the TV.

"KROX Comix Classix," said Louise. "There's this tired priest, and this moth is driving him crazy in his room. The priest had to ride a bicycle over rocks all day." Louise lit a cigarette.

"Huh," said Dan.

"It's a comedy set in Italy," Louise said.

They watched that for a minute. Dan

took off his hat and rested it on his knee.

"My face aches," said Louise.

Dan went home in his cruiser. He had a fried-egg sandwich and a bottle of Miller beer. He lived in a turquoise-and-white mobile home outside of Grafton. He looked at the nude slides but they were too small.

Louise painted her toenails—Dan had noticed that. She painted her toenails dark red. He imagined her dabbing away in some empty room of that drafty farmhouse.

AN unusual series of thefts began in February. There were still waves of snow on the ground. The stolen items were huge—combines, feed trucks, even a yellow road grader from the county shed outside Wylie—and seemed to up and vanish. Soon the rumor started that a gang was involved, a possible gang that people nicknamed the Freight Haulers. It was a big stir, with informational meetings and secret suspicions and false alarms.

In the midst of this, old Henry Hamilton had a tractor stolen from his machine shed. When Dan arrived to take the report, Louise Darling was there as well. It was Sunday morning. Louise had blue earmuffs on. Henry kept chickens, and Louise nestled a gray egg carton in the crook of her arm.

They all three went into the machine shed, trailed by Mike, Henry's part-shepherd. The shed had tin sides and a corrugated ceiling of clear green plastic. There was a blue Chevy pickup, an ancient silver corn picker, and a place where the tractor had been. It was quiet. Henry brought up the Freight Haulers.

"They're supposed to take everything to Texas in secret railroad cars," he said. "This was an Allis-Chalmers, color orange, with a radio. I put an umbrella on for shade in the summer. Of course, that's put away now."

"Did you lock the shed?" said Dan.

"I never have locked," said Henry. "I have all my keys confused in a drawer."

"Might want to rethink that," said Dan.

"I wonder if it was these freight guys," said Louise.

Dan walked around scuffing the dirt floor with his boot. "The whole idea is three-quarters myth," he said.

"What?" said Louise, lifting the blue fur off one ear.

I WAKE ALONE

From sleep I wake alone in dead of night,
the house a soundless void. Out there,
a harbor glitters, silent, with its lamps.
But so far removed, so frigid are those lights,
and so immense the stillness of these rooms,
that I raise myself in bed to listen.
And am seized, then, with a fear that stops my breath
and makes my eyes enlarge:
divided from all else within the house,
divided from all else that is on earth,
my life and I are utterly alone.

The thought, then, of the familiar streets
and of the daily names and faces
reasserts itself.
And, smiling for my own absurdity, I settle down.
Yet, even so, when fear dissolves in sleep,
at heart an icy residue persists,
because in truth I walk among my fellow-men
as an observer.
And have not one within whose hands to place
my own in simple trust,
or with whom I can forget myself.
So much so, that were it not
for Nature, for the waters and the trees
and all the speechless world of things
that bears me company through this existence,
I think that I would die of solitude.
For this journey undertaken among strangers,
encompassed by a void,
arouses dread,
and the certainty that it will be forever.

Most cruelly of all,
my eyes are dry.

—CAMILLO SBARBARO

(*Translated, from the Italian, by Shirley Hazzard.*)

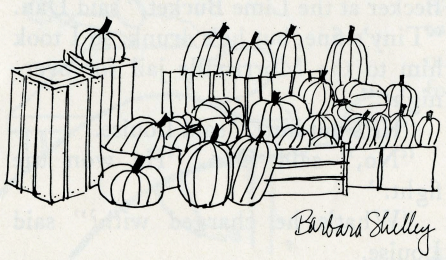
• •

"My opinion, it's overblown," said Dan.

"Not according to the fellow from the extension office," said Henry. "He said there are some things you can let go by, but not when they throw it in your face. He wouldn't go beyond that. What a guy ought to do is slip over to the railroad yard and do some asking around with them."

"I thought they just wanted great big items," said Dan.

Henry lit his pipe and fanned out the match. "That was a good-sized tractor," he said.



Mike slowly raised his head and barked once at the lime-colored light through the ceiling.

"Mike's trying to say it was guys from space," said Louise.

"No, Mike sees that swallow poking out his head," said Henry.

Louise and Dan left the shed and walked over by the hog pen in front of Henry's barn. It was cold. Louise's cheeks were red. She slipped the toe of her boot through the rail, and some pigs came over to chew on it.

"You're not missing anything, I hope," said Dan.

Louise pulled the earmuffs from her head. The blue pads coiled together. "There were lights going by last night," she said. "That's all. I thought it could be Tiny. These lights going

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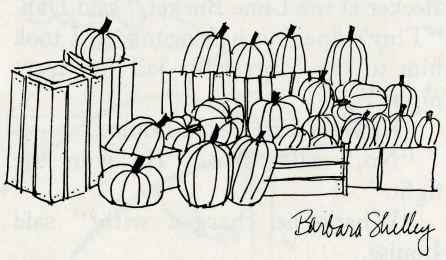

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up and down the wallpaper. Tiny and I got separated, and it occurred to me he might be mad about that."

"You and Tiny?" said Dan. "No kidding."

Louise wiped her nose with the back of her glove. "We weren't getting along," she said. "We would talk but it wouldn't be about anything."

"What makes you say he might be mad?" said Dan.

"Who wouldn't be?" said Louise. "It was seven years, practically. You begin to wonder what you had in mind the whole time."

"Did he ever threaten to or actually hit you?" said Dan.

"No," said Louise. "He might have taken a swing but it never would hurt."

"Because there's no reason you have to sit around living in fear," said Dan. "That isn't written anywhere."

"Not mad like that," said Louise. "Tiny would never hurt the individual person. More frustrated kind of mad."

"But you're still on the farm," said Dan.

"I still am," said Louise. "Tiny went to live with his brother Jerry Tate in Pringmar. It's good in the sense that Jerry racked up his snowmobile on New Year's Eve. He was wearing a scarf that got caught in the belt thing."

"God damn," said Dan.

Louise opened and closed the egg box. "Jerry is lucky to be alive," she said. "It's a trial separation."

"We can give you what we call special attention," said Dan. "We can come by your place on our patrols. It's not really the height of security but it's still something."

"All's I have is the rusty Vega," said Louise. "The whole bottom is about to shear off. They could haul that freight right now—it'd be O.K. with me."

"You know, though," said Dan, "sometimes you drive by a pickup and it might be parked on the shoulder with the flashers on. Now, say there's baled straw all over the road, maybe there's a man, there's a woman picking up the bales. Well, it's easy to see what happened. But it's too late to tie them tighter, obviously."

"O.K., I'm lost," said Louise, and she blinked. She had large green eyes and when she blinked Dan could almost hear her eyelids going *poink, poink.*

"When the bales fall off," said Dan.

Henry came around the corner of the barn with a bucket in his hand. "That's right, you needed eggs," he said. He led them into the low red chicken house. The room was warm and hazy and full of straw. The chickens beat their wings and ran like mad in every direction.



"No, Mr. Kurlander, I don't have, nor have I ever had, a recipe for cranberry muffins."

• •

DAN got the crop duster Paul Francis of Kesley to take him up to look for the stolen machinery. They got off from the Stone City airport and headed south. The county had its winter colors—gray and bark brown shot through with strips of pale white. After a while, Paul, like all small-plane pilots in Dan's experience, wanted Dan to try the wheel.

"Look left," said Paul. "Look right. Look up. You even have to look up."

The sun came out. "Where would you put a road grader?" said Dan.

"Keep your eyes moving," said Paul. "Where could you bring her down if an emergency happened?"

"Back to you, in that case," said Dan.

The plane, a blue-and-white Piper Cub, droned into the blue air. The engine roared and the heater blasted, but the cold was like a brilliant curtain all around them. When Dan tested the responsiveness of the wheel, the wing tilted and the plane headed into the watery space above them.

"Level, level," said Paul. Dan scanned a row of black instruments. To the left of some gauge he did not understand he saw a red-and-gold medallion—"The Sky Is Thine, O Lord."

"You're not looking," said Paul. "Disregard the panel at this stage. I'll tape them gauges up with masking tape."

"I hate this," said Dan. "I don't want to be the pilot. That's what you're for, and how about taking me over Martins Woods? I mean it. Lesson over, king's ex."

"All right," said Paul.

They said nothing for a while. Dan watched the snowy fields, the shimmering creeks, the cars on slick blacktop.

"Have you given any thought to joining our Methodist prayer group?" said Paul.

"No," said Dan.

They flew for another hour. When

Paul came in to land at Stone City he didn't like the set of his wings, so he pulled up and went around again. They flew right into the sun, and Dan put his hand up over his eyes. Paul still wasn't overly pleased with the setup, but he brought the plane bouncing down on the runway. Dan banged his ear against the door of the plane.

DAN met Louise at Kleeborg's Portraits at the end of the day. They took the cruiser out to a tuxedo shop on Old Highway 18. There was one green car in the parking lot.

"It looks pretty closed," said Dan.

"No, because it's Thursday, and all the retail stores are open until nine on Thursday," said Louise. "Is this like a date?"

Dan got out of the car, and Louise joined him on the sidewalk, where they stood looking in at the rows of shiny jackets. "You can't tell me this place isn't closed," said Dan.

But he pushed the door, and it opened. Behind a partition a small barrel-chested man in jeans and pointy sideburns and tiny cowboy boots was holding a pink cummerbund to the light. "The lady left," he said. "There was a lady here a while ago, but now she's left."

"Are those flares?" said Louise, pointing to the cuffs of the man's jeans.

"They're boot cut," he said, and then he was out the door.

Louise watched him drive away in the green car. "Boot cut, my ass," she said.

Dan ventured into a little room in back. A woman lay on a green vinyl couch with her eyes closed.

"Is she dead?" said Louise.

Dan shook his head. "Her stomach's moving," he said. "I think she's asleep."

They went back to the store part. A scrawled sign said ten per cent off everything. "I have a black coat," said Dan. "And I have black pants. So all's I need, pretty much, is a tie." He picked up a narrow bow of red plaid, held it under his chin, and cleared his throat.

"Wait," said Louise. She found a white shirt in cellophane and pressed it to his chest. "As far as the look, I like it," she said, "but I think you're not supposed to wear plaid unless it's the actual tartan of your clan."

"Keep in mind this is only semi-formal," said Dan.

"It was on 'National Geographic,' " said Louise, "that's all I can tell you."

"I forget which tartan my clan does favor," said Dan.

"Get the shirt, too," said Louise. She went over and tried on a powder-blue jacket with winged lapels. Her fingertips barely cleared the cuffs as she turned before a three-way mirror. "Check out this ugly son of a bitch," she said.

Dan slipped the tie in his pocket and came over. Louise looked into the planes of the mirror, her hair tucked into the jacket collar. Dan lifted Louise's hair and laid it like cloth on her shoulders. He saw a row of her in the mirror. She pressed the back of her neck against his hands. Her eyes closed, then opened; *poink*.

"You hurt your ear," she said. They began to kiss.

DAN stationed himself near the punch table at the Grafton gym to watch out for spikers at the End of Vandalism Dance. He spoke with Mrs. Thorsen, the small, strangely high-waisted math teacher. A band called Brian Davis and Slagheap played popular songs plus some covers they had customized to reflect the theme. Every now and then Dan would go to the lobby doors and look out to chase away the drinker kids hanging around the street lamp in their Monte Carlos.

The gym was dark except for stage light, and the music rattled through it like sheets of tin. When the dancing was fast it reminded Dan of the Pony, and when it was slow it reminded him of people huddling in the cold. In the center of the floor the shop class had built a mysterious display. It was a row of tall, pointed wooden slats with a double-hung window built in and a flashing yellow light bolted off the side.

"It's a collage of the different vandalism things," said Mrs. Thorsen. She wore a yellow dress and her eyes were exaggerated by mascara. "You have the fence, the glass, the construction light. They were going to make another one and go ahead and break the glass and paint on the fence, and show the before and the after. I'm not sure why they didn't, because probably it would have been better."

"Probably," said Dan.

"But I'm not going to say anything," said Mrs. Thorsen, "because the shop class always takes such intense shit. Every dance is



"According to this, everything we've done up to now is right."

the same. You should have seen their Stairway to Heaven."

After the intermission, Brian Davis came back with Slagheap and played "Rikki Don't Throw That Lumber." Mrs. Thorsen started telling Dan about the chinchillas she was raising with her husband. She practically had to shout. Some disease was making the chinchillas' hair fall out, which is exactly what you don't want.

About this time Tiny entered the gym with a blue wrecking bar. Later everyone would say it had been like a music video, with dancers parting as if by hypnosis and the band playing "China Grove." Dan had his back turned, but Mrs. Thorsen in her yellow dress was watching as Tiny moved past the punch area. He went straight to the vandalism collage and swung the head of the crowbar through the window, spraying glass toward the stage. He exploded the orange light and splintered two planks of the fence. Then Dan got to him and tried to enclose him in his arms. "Whoa, whoa, China Grove," sang the band. Tiny set his shoulders and shrugged out of Dan's hold. Somehow Dan caught the head of the crowbar on the temple. It was probably not intentional, just a little whack on the temple. Dan fell against the fence, and Tiny ran out.

By the time the glass and the other mess had been swept up and Dan had convinced Mrs. Thorsen to go on with the dance, Tiny was gone and the drinker kids had strategically moved their cars to the ball diamond across the street. Dan slipped on his suit coat and got into the cruiser carefully. He knew he had been hit on the head but he thought it was not bad. He tried to radio in about what had happened; something was wrong with the radio. When Dan turned the knob to tune the frequency, it only put out the light behind the dial.

He drove north on the gravel road to Louise's house, where he found her sitting at the kitchen table, with a camera taken apart and neatly laid out in front of her.

"I must be psychic," she said. "I saw a show about police tonight, and here you are in my kitchen."

"Has Tiny been here?" said Dan.

"A couple days ago he was," said Louise. "It was funny what he wanted. He wanted this old shot glass he got one time at the Sands Hotel in Las Vegas. 'Where's my little Sands glass?' he says. 'Where's my little Sands glass?' I had no idea what he was talking about. I'm going, 'Which glass, Tiny? A glass with sand in it?' But he had to have that glass."

"What did he want it for?" said Dan.

She shrugged, examining a small red-handled screwdriver in her hand. "I guess to drink out of," she said. "He wanted some other glasses, too. I guess his brother Jerry doesn't have much for the kitchen."

"Are you all right?" said Dan.

Louise nodded. "Except for this camera," she said. "Look at it. There are more pieces than I anticipated. If I don't get this camera back together I'm going to be in serious trouble."

Dan looked at the camera parts on the checkered tablecloth. There were springs and mirrors and pins.

"Give me your hand," he said. She did—her fingers were strong, almost hot. "Thanks," he said. They held hands that way, across the table.

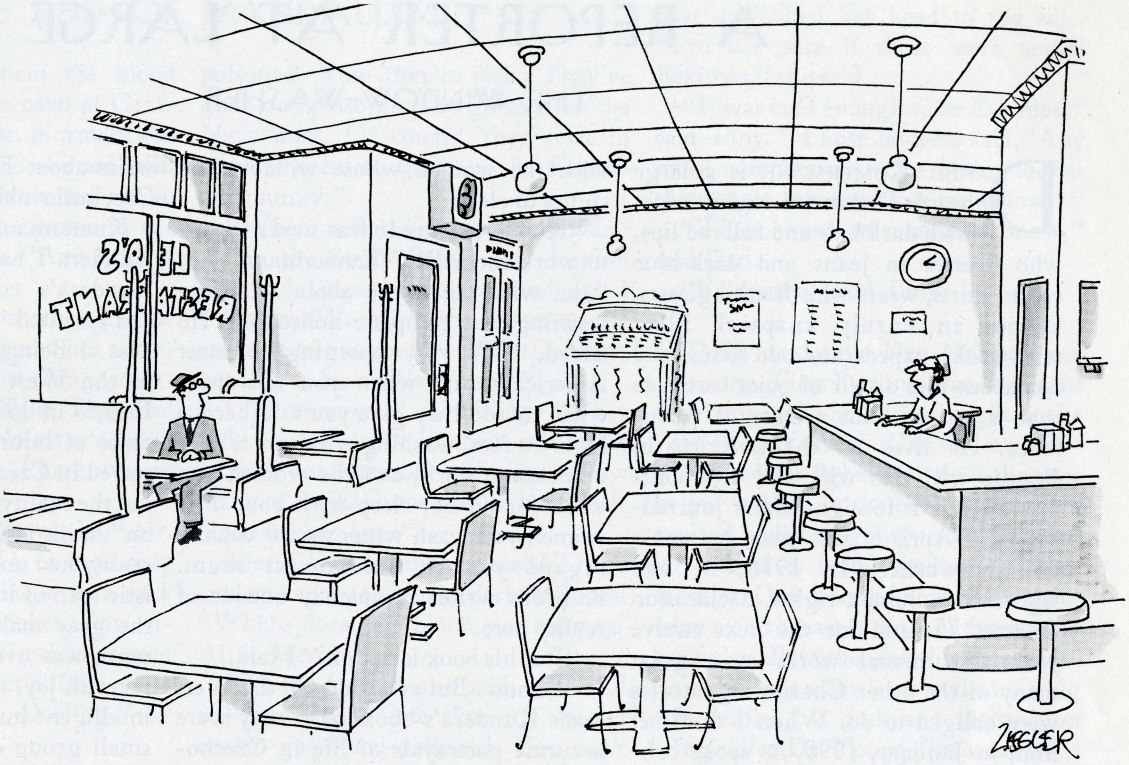
"It's nothing," said Louise.

Dan picked up the deputy Ed Aiken in Morrisville, and they went on to Tiny's brother's place in Pringmar. Jerry Tate lived in a gray bungalow on land that sloped down from the road. Heavy bushes surrounded the house, and Christmas lights still hung in the windows. Jerry Tate invited them in to sit but he said he could not make coffee because he wasn't supposed to move around after nine o'clock.

"I had a run-in with a snowmobile," said Jerry. "Seven little plates have gone out of kilter. I might not come back one hundred per cent. But the doctor says it shouldn't interfere with my plans."

So Ed Aiken made coffee and they drank it, and after a while Jerry said it wasn't his business but it seemed to him that Tiny might keep going if he saw the cruiser out front. Dan and Ed went to move the car and talk things over, and when they came back Jerry had locked the house up and turned out the lights.

—Tom Drury



"The booths are for parties of four or more."

A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE WINDOW-WASHER

Daniel Kumermann is a large bearded man of thirty-nine, with dark hair and full red lips, who dresses in jeans and dark-blue cotton shirts, wears wire-framed glasses, carries an unruly knapsack filled with books, papers, and odd items, and has about him an air of quiet certitude that is not without a trace of truculence. He lives on the outskirts of Prague with his wife and two children. He is a foreign-affairs journalist; until April of this year, he was a window-washer. In 1978, he had signed the human-rights declaration Charter 77, and for the next twelve years did menial work, as a great many of the other Charter signatories were obliged to do. When I first met him, in January, 1990, he spoke contemptuously of Milan Kundera's novel "The Unbearable Lightness of Being," whose hero, Tomáš, a doctor, refuses to sign a statement of complicity with the Communist authorities, becomes a window-washer, and spends an idyllic two years sleeping with the women whose windows he comes to clean.

"Kundera himself was never forced to work menially," Kumermann said, "and what he wrote about window-washing was complete nonsense." He added, "It's very upsetting to meet Americans and when you tell them what you do they give you a lecherous look. In fact, washing windows is very unpleasant work, and the women you work for do not sleep with you. The women you wash windows for usually regard you as the lowest scum. Kundera writes completely outside of reality here."

"But his book is fiction," I said.

"I know. But everybody in the West reads Kundera's books as if they were accurate portrayals of life in Czechoslovakia under the Communists. If he writes nonsense and nobody reads it, all right. But his books are famous. Everybody reads them and thinks they are true. Actually, Kundera is not a Czech author anymore. He's become something like a French wit. He should write about France rather than about Czechoslovakia."

Kumermann was voicing a view of Kundera I had heard before; many of Kundera's countrymen had disliked and resented "The Unbearable Lightness of Being," and the book's success in the West (Kundera emigrated to France in 1975) only exacerbated the sense of injury felt by those who had stayed in Czechoslovakia and had lived out the reality that Kundera "improved on" in his fable of totalitarianism. The reality had unexpectedly taken a novelistic turn of its own in late 1989, when the gray malaise of police-state existence was overnight transformed into feverish joy, and a shiningly good and intelligent man, Václav Havel, with a small group of fellow-dissidents, rose to the leadership of the nation. Many Czech-Americans—I among them—flocked to Prague to participate in this heady moment.

I arrived in Prague in late December, on the morning of Havel's inauguration as President of the Republic. My parents had fled Czechoslovakia and the Nazis with my sister and me in 1939; in fact, all my close Prague relatives had emigrated to America before the Second World War. We were one of the few Jewish families in Prague who had had the extraordinary good fortune to survive intact. Now, fifty years later, I was back, carrying a long list of Prague writers, artists, academics, and editors, and of family friends and distant relatives as well. (The distant relatives on my list were either non-Jewish or sufficiently semi-Jewish to have been spared.) Kumermann's was one of the names on the list.

Everyone in Prague was in a state of manic excitement and frantic activity. Everyone was looking at his watch because he had to be somewhere in fifteen minutes, phones were constantly ringing, appointments were constantly being changed because something had suddenly come up, no one had enough sleep, no one had enough time. After years of nothing happening, something had happened—something beyond anyone's wildest imaginings. People said they felt they were in a wish-fulfillment dream, not in actual life. I



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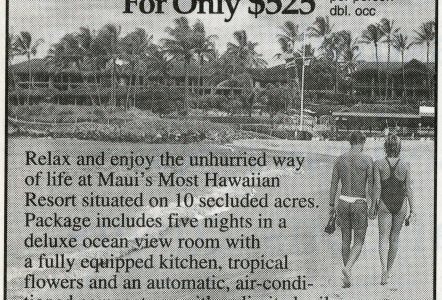

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CULTURAL PURSUITS

THE CASINO CUT

How did Martin Scorsese put together the longest and most ambitious movie of his career? The author visited the "Casino" cutting room.

BY STEPHEN SCHIFF

N Yorker Nov. 27, 195

ON the video monitor, two giant red dice floated into view. One at a time, they crashed down upon the green baize, very, very slowly. Then they caromed majestically toward a distant black void. If the dice had made any sound at all, they would probably have rumbled like those buildings on the evening news that are gently blown up at the behest of real-estate developers. "Yeah, it looks like a skyscraper coming in," the film director Martin Scorsese agreed. "It looks great." Another pair of dice bloomed onto the screen, and then another. "That one was very nice," Scorsese said. "Oh, *that!* That's *very* nice! That looks like a monolith coming down, you know? Interesting." Sitting at the controls, the film editor Thelma Schoonmaker twisted backward in her chair and gazed over her glasses at Scorsese. "As opposed to . . . ," she said, and two more red dice bounded slowly before us, one at a time. "But there was too much time between the first die and the second," Scorsese said. "Wasn't there?"

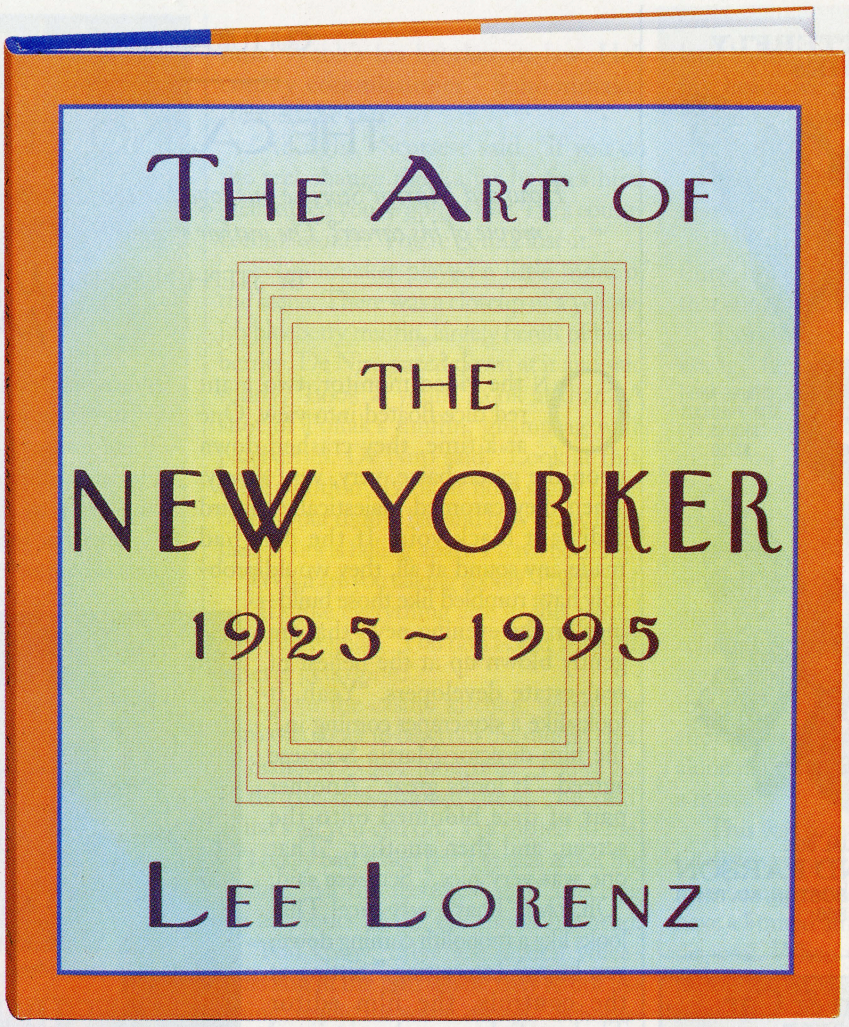
Was there? I was sitting next to Scorsese in his editing room, on the seventh floor of a midtown-Manhattan skyscraper, and, peer and ponder though I might, I found it humiliatingly difficult to tell whether there was too much time between the first die and the second. If there were too little, you might reason, the impact of their size and slowness would be diminished; too much, and the shot would grow boring. And it all depended on what came before and after, didn't it? Would the dice slow down the action or provide a welcome respite from some previous frenzy?

Such are the quandaries of the editing room, where the questions a filmmaker faces lend his enterprise a kinship with endeavors far afield from cinema—music, for instance, and mathematics, and even epistemology. Popular magazines and television shows have exposed us so exhaustively to the ins and outs of filmmaking that we feel we know what happens on a movie set. We understand that every moment of a film gets shot over and over again, in a dozen different ways. We know that when the director gets to the editing room he wants to see each moment of the film represented from all sorts of angles and distances, so that he and the editor can choose from a menu of shots and splice together a smooth, captivating whole. But here is where the questions arise. What makes something smooth and what



Scorsese: Las Vegas in three hours.

MARK ULRIKSEN



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…kes it captivate? And, more epistemo-…ogically: What makes audiences pay attention? How much attention do audiences have to pay? And when they pay all that attention what makes them feel they are getting their attention's worth, so to speak?

The movie Scorsese was editing was "Casino," which opens this week. It runs nearly three hours, so it's the longest film Scorsese has ever made. It is also the most ambitious. Focussing on a period from the early seventies until 1983, it uses a romantic triangle among a casino manager (played by Robert De Niro), his alcoholic wife (Sharon Stone), and a depraved gangster (Joe Pesci) to tell the largely true story of the last days of the Mob in Las Vegas; along the way, it provides a detailed map of the town's mazelike inner workings—the payoffs and scams, the hirings and firings, the cultivation of high rollers, the placating of town fathers, and, when all else fails, the mysterious burials in the desert. The screenplay was written by Scorsese and the journalist Nicholas Pileggi (whose literary version of this material, a nonfiction book called "Casino," has just been published), but it changed innumerable times in the course of filming; it was being altered even during the last few weeks of editing. And the complexity (some might say chaos) of the project was exacerbated by Scorsese's use of two elaborate voice-over narrations—one by De Niro and one by Pesci—and by an intricate soundtrack pieced together from old pop songs, everything from "Stella by Starlight" to "Gimme Shelter."

"This picture's a big one, so it's like chipping away at a big sculpture," Scorsese said. "Honing constantly. And it's tough, because there is no plot, really. It's just how these three characters interrelate throughout the picture and how things intensify." Scorsese sucked in a breath and beat a tattoo against the arms of his chair. "O.K., Thelma. What's next?"

What was next was one of those voice-overs. On the video monitor, Sharon Stone was striding confidently through the casino, folding wads of bills and distributing them, along with a fetching variety of winks and grins, to assorted doormen, card dealers, and valet parkers. On the soundtrack, the Roxy Music song "Love Is the Drug" was thumping, and Robert De Niro was delivering the voice-over: "Ginger had the hustler's code. She knew how to take care of people, and that's what Vegas is all about. It's Kick-



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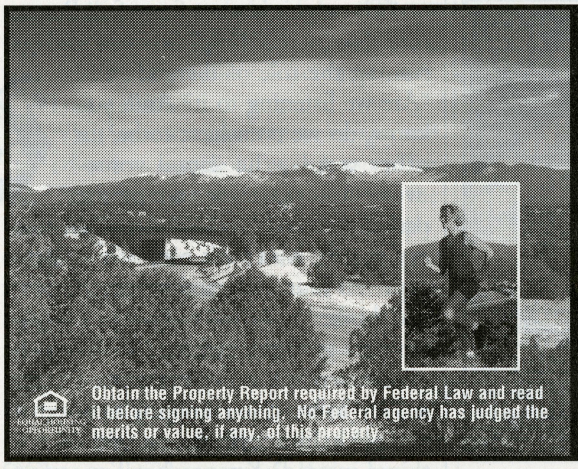

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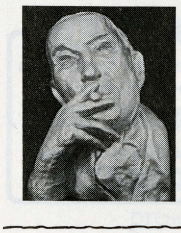

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back City. She took care of the dealers, pit bosses, floor managers. But mostly she took care of the valet parkers, the middlemen of Las Vegas. Ginger took care of the parkers because they took care of the security guards, who took care of the metro cops, who let her operate."

Schoonmaker stopped the clip, turned, and, once again, peered over her glasses at Scorsese. At fifty-five, she is an ebullient woman with plump, ruddy cheeks and wild white hair; in another decade or so, she might easily play Mrs. Santa Claus. She and Scorsese met as film students at New York University in the sixties; Schoonmaker went on to edit documentaries (including "Woodstock," which Scorsese also helped edit), but her first big feature was Scorsese's "Raging Bull," in 1980. The movie won her an Academy Award—"It was Marty's Oscar, not mine," she says—and she has edited every Scorsese film after that. "I wouldn't want to work for anybody else," she says. And since "Raging Bull" she hasn't.

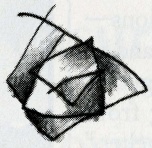
The question now was this: Scorsese and Pileggi had come up with a line that they were thinking of wedging into De Niro's voice-over, after "the valet parkers, the middlemen of Las Vegas." They thought it might clarify matters if they added "the guys who can get you anything."

"The way it is now, first of all I'm not sure if we're listening," Scorsese said, assuming the role of the audience. "Are we listening to it? And, you know, do we even have to be? In other words, the actual voice-over—'Ginger took care of the parkers because they took care of the security guards, who took care of the metro cops'—it sounds byzantine enough, don't you think? Do we have to put in 'the guys who can get you anything'? If they're the middlemen in Las Vegas, that kind of says it. Hey! What if you dropped 'middlemen' and put in 'the guys who can get you anything' instead? Know what I'm saying? Because 'middlemen' is more abstract. Because if a guy can 'get' you anything, it's 'get'—something physical. It's money, drugs, whatever. Getting things. So 'get' might cut through all the images, and maybe the audience will hear. 'Get.' "

During this speech, Scorsese had leaped to his feet, smoothed his hair, sat down again, leaped back up, pounded his fist into his palm, thrust a hand into his pocket, taken the hand out, and sat down yet again. Schoonmaker took it all very calmly. "Shall we try that?" she said.

"Will it take a long time?" Scorsese asked. To me, he added, "With this c[omputer], sometimes it's so fast. I mean, b[efore] when you wanted to make a cut, you changed the reel, and I could get up and make a phone call. But here you take a second and it's done, and I can't leave. I can't take a break. I'm trapped." While he was saying this, Schoonmaker was manipulating the computer, and you could hear De Niro's voice drawling over and over, forward and backward, "The valet parkers, srekrap telav eht, the valet parkers, srekrap telav eht, the valet parkers . . ."

Scorsese leaned back in his Eames lounger and stretched his legs straight out in front of him. He is a small man with profuse black eyebrows and quick, dangerous-looking eyes. In the old days, he used to wear a Satanic black beard, and, since he would occasionally portray scoundrels in his own movies (in "Taxi Driver," for instance), he acquired a somewhat sinister aura. But on this day, a few weeks before his fifty-third birthday, he looked exceedingly civilized, even elegant: he could pass for an obscure Sicilian duke. He wore a beautifully pressed pin-striped shirt, silky tan slacks, and woven loafers. His graying hair was swept regally back on the sides, and his nose was a complicated, chiselled affair whose facets and planes suggested privileged bloodlines, though during the Satanic-beard days they mainly suggested a series of run-ins with much bigger guys.



To get to the editing room, you had to go through a room that looked as though it ought to be the editing room: brown-black celluloid was draped across tables, and earnest young men and women were poring over it as though they were translating cuneiform. But the real editing room was the light-filled aerie next door, and there wasn't a strip of film in it anywhere. Instead, there was a huge wall chart that described "Casino" 's two hundred and sixty-nine scenes in the tersest possible terms: "Dead Dealer," "Body in Trunk," "Lawyer's Car Explodes." Below it were two video monitors, a keyboard, and a console that resembled something from a miniature-train set. These were part of the Lightworks computer editing system.

"Ordinarily, I would be saying, 'Let's go to the next reel,' " Scorsese explained, "but there's no such thing. See, she has all those 'tiles' up on the screen—those are the rushes. And the film is all divided up into these 'towers.' " He pointed out several gray metal boxes that were far too squat to merit so lofty a designation. The towers are es-

VENISON

Paul set the bags down, told how they had split
the deer apart, the ease of peeling it
simpler than skinning a fruit, how the buck
lay on the worktable, how they sawed
an anklebone off, the smell not rank.
The sun slipped into night.

Where are you I wondered as I grubbed
through cupboards for noodles at least.
Then came venison new with blood,
stray hair from the animal's fur.
Excited, we cooked the meat.

Later, I dreamt against your human chest,
you cloaked me in your large arms, then
went for me the way you squander food sometimes.
By then, I was eating limbs in my sleep, somewhere
in the snow alone, survivor of a downed plane,
picking at the freshly dead. Whistles
of a far-off flute—legs, gristle, juice.
I cracked an elbow against a rock, awoke.
Throughout the night, we consumed and consumed.

—KAREN CHASE

sentially enormous computer drives, and they contain everything that Scorsese shot during the production of the film. But they don't contain film, or even videotape. They contain patterns of numbers: zeroes and ones. Every face, every color, every scream that Scorsese shot and printed has been "digitized"—turned into binary data, just as music is turned into binary data when it's imprinted on a CD. And, instead of actually snipping celluloid, the way editors did in the old days (which is to say five years ago), he and Schoonmaker now use keyboards and mice to manipulate "information." That information is then handed over to the earnest young cuneiform readers in the next room, who translate it back into actual snips and splices.

In the editing room, the conversation often sounds encoded. "This?" Schoonmaker will say, and Scorsese will say, "Tighter, tighter, tighter, tighter, tighter." Sometimes he will simply slap the arm of his chair and whisper "Bam!" at the moment he wants a cut. On one occasion, as I was watching what struck me as a perfectly smooth sequence Scorsese and Schoonmaker looked at each other and sighed.

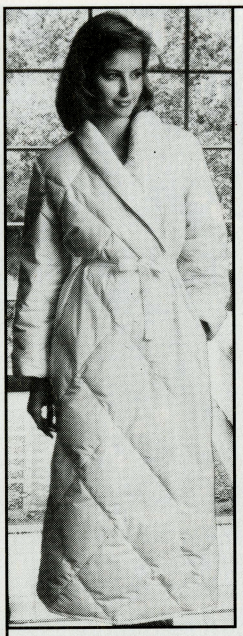
"Right?" she said.

"Yeah, it's slowing the whole picture up," he replied.

Schoonmaker removed a nanosecond or two of footage and played the sequence again. This time, it felt fleeter, more vivid, more alive. "Excellent," Scorsese said. "What's next?"

What was next was a reel change, and for editors as fastidious as Schoonmaker and Scorsese the reel change is one of the most vexing bugaboos. To put it simply, projectionists in many movie theatres have to change reels several times as the movie plays. Twelve feet (or eight seconds) before the end of a reel, a little mark in the upper right-hand corner of the screen signals the projectionist to get ready. About ten feet later, another mark tells him, "Change the thing now." If the projectionist does his job well, no one watching the film will notice the switch. But projectionists often don't do their job well. "Inevitably, you're going to miss part of the scene is what happens," Scorsese said. So he and Schoonmaker were trying to determine which bits of dialogue or action they could allow the audience to miss.

On the screen, Robert De Niro, as the casino manager, had just fired a witless local bumpkin who was supposed to be supervising his slot machines. Now Kevin Pollak, who plays the casino's figurehead owner, was telling him, "You can't just fire



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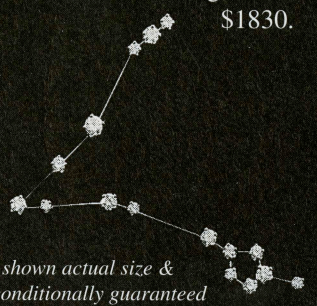

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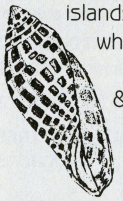

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him. Webb's his brother-in-law. He's county commissioner." Schoonmaker stopped the clip.

"All right," Scorsese said. "If you do the reel change right after he fires him, guaranteed you're gonna lose 'He's county commissioner.' You're gonna lose it."

Schoonmaker played a little more of the scene. There was a closeup of a yellowish blueberry muffin, largely bereft of blueberries. De Niro gazed down at it and said sourly, "Look at yours. Look at that." A shot of Pollak's muffin, glistening with blueberries. De Niro said, "Look at this, there's nothin'. Look at how many blueberries your muffin has and how many mine has. Yours is falling apart. I have nothing."

"What are you talking about?" Pollak said.

"It's like everything else in this place," De Niro replied. "You don't do it yourself, it never gets done."

Cut to the casino kitchen, where De Niro was about to bawl out the muffin chef.

Scorsese looked mournful. "You've got to do the reel change there," he said. "That's all you can do." He turned to me. "It's really bad when the logistics affect the picture. All the technical stuff affecting the aesthetics of it." He shook his head.

"You know, there are several voice-overs still in the film where they're not listening, really, for some reason," Schoonmaker said. "I don't know what it is."

"I don't know what it is, either," Scorsese murmured. He rubbed his eyes with his fists.

Whatever it was, it was one of those editing-room questions, one of the perplexing epistemological questions that no one has time to think about while the film is still being written and shot—like the question about what information the audience can do without during a reel change, or, in the "valet parkers" scene, the question about whether the audience will get "get."

Now we were watching one of Scorsese's beautiful, gliding dolly shots—a shot that took us into a room full of surveillance devices and fancy microphones and men sitting in front of spinning tape recorders. A voice-over explained what was going on. But I noticed that no matter how many times Scorsese and Schoonmaker played back the scene I always stopped listening to the voice-over at exactly the same point—the point at which one of the men lifts a weird electronic contraption toward the ceiling, and the camera rapturously follows the movement. At first, I thought it must be me—I was getting sleepy, perhaps, or the Editing Room Diet (chocolate, coffee, more chocolate) was making my head swim. But then Schoonmaker turned to Scorsese and said, "That's one of those voice-overs I was talking about."

Scorsese shook his head. "I know, I know," he moaned.

"What is that thing?" I asked. "That thing he holds up toward the ceiling—is that some kind of bugging device?"

Scorsese's eyes widened. "That's interesting," he said. "See what you said? This is one of those times when the images just carry the wrong weight. Something intangible you can't touch, a combination of the word with the image that it's on, and suddenly the audience doesn't hear or comprehend. Now, why? We don't know what it is. You said, 'Gee, it's interesting—that bugging device going up to the ceiling.' Well, of course. Your eye is going up there—you're not listening to what this guy in the voice-over is saying. The shot alone makes sense, the voice-over alone makes sense. Put them together, it's a mess."

This was somewhere between an artistic discovery and a philosophical one: human beings—at least, *Homo cinematicus*—have a limited amount of attention at their disposal. When you throw too much information at that attention, it does not necessarily expand to receive your offering; instead, it may contract or flee or, if you continue to tax it beyond its limits, shut you out completely—at which point *Homo cinematicus* announces that he is going out for some popcorn. "It's amazing how just moving something a little bit can make a big difference in the way it plays," Schoonmaker said.

"It reminds me of painting," Scorsese said. "As a painter, you put one color against another color, but you never know what the feeling will be until you try it. There's no intellectual reason or concept behind it. It just feels better. So there's no way to relax when you're doing this stuff. There's no way to relax and say, 'At least, here we know.' You never know."

Scorsese stopped for a moment, put his hands together as though he were praying, and pressed his index fingers to his lips. "Every time you go out to do a picture, you learn that you really don't know," he said. "You rediscover how to make pictures every time—every time you're out." He stopped himself, took a breath, and rubbed his hands together fiercely. "All right, Thelma," he said. "No more fooling around. What do we got?" ♦

VOLUME XX, NUMBER 33

The Washington Post

SUNDAY, AUGUST 19, 1990

3

Book World

'The Music of What Ha[illegible]s'

SELECTED POEMS 1966-1987
By Seamus Heaney
Farrar, Straus and Giroux. 273 pp. $20

OLD AND NEW POEMS
By Donald Hall
Ticknor & Fields. 244 pp. $24.95

By Michael Dirda

POETS may sometimes get a lot of respect, but they never get enough readers. Not until they're dead, anyhow: Recently Philip Larkin's *Collected Poems* made the Washington best-seller list, which does suggest that there is a hunger for verse when it's accessible, down-to-earth, [illegible], heart-stoppingly beautiful.



ILLUSTRATION BY LEE EDWARD WOLF FOR THE WASHINGTON POST
Donald Hall

All Larkin readers know by now that they should be out buying Anthony Hecht's recently published collection, *The Transparent Man,* and his *Collected Earlier Poems.* The two poets share a gloomily witty outlook on life that suits well the Washington temperament. Of course, once any reader is hanging around the H section of the bookstore's poetry shelf, he or she will also want to pick up Seamus Heaney's *Selected Poems* and Donald Hall's *Old and New Poems.*

Where a "Collected Poems," is a monument, a "Selected" is an invitation, a sometimes needed ice-breaker for shy new readers. In other words, most of us. Unlike expository prose, which blatantly aims to ingratiate, much poetry often ignores the ordinary courtesies: It is simply there, true to itself. If you picture good prose as a smooth politician deftly working the crowd, then poetry is Clint Eastwood, serape flapping in the wind, standing alone on a dusty street.

This stark image is not inappropriate to Seamus Heaney's poems, which tend to be lean, sinewy, taut and gnarled. The famous first lines of "Digging" say, "Between my finger and my thumb/ The squat pen rests; snug as a gun." Such bolt-action writing takes its business very seriously indeed.

Now in his early fifties, Seamus Heaney is the best known living Irish poet, and deserves to be. After all, how many husbands would dare write a frankly erotic love poem to an absent wife—and actually compare her to a polecat? But Heaney brings it off with casual brilliance; here is the end of "The Skunk":

> It all came back to me last night, stirred
> By the sootfall of your things at bedtime,
> Your head-down, tail-up hunt in a bottom drawer
> For the black plunge-line nightdress.

Poets live and die by their language, so one of the first things a reader notices about Heaney is his flair for picking just the right word (cf. "sootfall" in the above). A blackberry, for instance, is "a glossy purple clot," with a flavor like "thickened wine: summer's blood was in it." "Oysters" evokes the sexual carnage of eating seafood:

> Alive and violated
> They lay on their bed of ice:
> Bivalves: the split bulb
> And philandering sigh of ocean.
> Millions of them ripped and shucked and scattered.



ILLUSTRATION BY LEE EDWARD WOLF FOR THE WASHINGTON POST
Seamus Heaney

Softening the rape imagery, the deliciously prissy phrases could almost be Wallace Stevens's, whose spirit also hovers over this stanza:

> There are the mud-flowers of dialect
> And the immortelles of perfect pitch
> And that moment when the bird sings very close
> To the music of what happens.

The "immortelles of perfect pitch" is an example of Heaney's gaudier word-music, though not more beautiful than some of his simpler phrases that, without flourish, take your breath away: "Then I thought of the tribe whose dances never fail/ For they keep dancing till they sight the deer."

Heaney once defined poems as "acts of attention," and his are so compacted that many do require a bit of effort. (No pain, no gain.) His themes are traditional, —*Continued on page 6*

Michael Dirda is a writer and editor for Book World.

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Vonnegut

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much like William Buckley finds his despair un-American. He then crosses the lake to teach at a segregated prison. When all the convicts escape and kill the staff of the college, Hartke's blamed—for black convicts *must* have had a white mastermind. Put in prison himself, he writes this book about being the last U.S. soldier in Vietnam, etc.

But the plot for me is just a clothesline on which Vonnegut can hang out some simple truths, tell some jokes, give quick-change renditions of lives that almost always come to pratfall endings, and becomingly model his despair. That, for example, the American rich "had managed to convert their wealth . . . into a form so liquid and abstract, . . . that there were few reminders . . . that they might be responsible for anyone outside their own circle of friends . . ."

Or that lobsters are boiled alive.

ALONG the way, as always, Vonnegut shapes some parables to embody his disappointment in humanity and to remind us of what sound and fury we create while signifying . . . well, you know. In this book, Hartke recounts a science fiction story in which Vonnegut's favorite aliens, the Tralfamadorians, are using the earth to breed hearty germs suitable for space travel, so they can cover the universe with life. The T'dorians made humanity mess up nature to impose trying circumstances on their germs, weeding out weak bacteria-astronauts. So *that* explains the stupidity of human history! (And, from the Vonnegut/Hartke p.o.v. what an odd desire on Tralfamadore's part: "To me, wanting every habitable planet to be inhabited is like wanting everybody to have athlete's foot.") In previous novels, you may remember, history was explained as a shipwrecked Tralfamadorian's way of sending a message home, a savage semaphore system, with exploding bombs as dots and dashes. Vonnegut's mood has not lightened.

But then, why should it?

Still, considering what a worthless lot we are, why does Hartke/-



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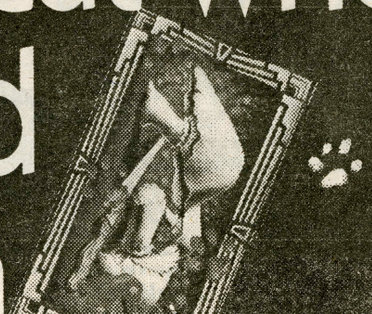
Kurt Vonnegut

Lilian Jackson Braun

"purveys delight from beginning to end."
—*Los Angeles Times*

The Cat Who Lived High



Heaney and Hall

Continued from page 1

"the music of what happens": family and heritage, the bloody politics of Ireland, friendship, teachers, poetry itself. For me his least appealing work is the sequence focused on Sweeney, a bard transformed into a bird: Based on medieval Irish lyrics, these poems seem a little too sectarianly Celtic, as do—sacrilege—some of the well-known meditations on the mummified remains of Iron-Age people found in bogs. Of course, Heaney uses these legends and anthropological discoveries as emblems of his nation's, and his own, character. I look forward to living with these poems a bit longer; one day they'll release their enchantment.

As it is, there are so many other felicities that one can find something for every mood. I especially like the feather-touches of Hopkins ("I am screes/ On her escarpments") and the occasional Yeatsian rhythms: "Unless forgiveness finds its nerve and voice,/ Unless the helmeted and bleeding tree/ Can green and open buds like infants' fists/ And the fouled magma incubate/ bright nymphs. . . ." Once T.S. Eliot's Prufrock announced that he was not Prince Hamlet, nor was he meant to be. Heaney, however, half-humorously asserts:

> I am Hamlet the Dane,
> skull-handler, parablist,
> smeller of rot
>
> in the state, infused
> with its poisons,
> pinioned by ghosts
> and affections,
>
> murders and pieties,
> coming to consciousness
> by jumping in graves,
> dithering, blathering.

In truth, Heaney—currently a teacher at Harvard and Professor of Poetry at Oxford—is probably one of the few poets who doesn't really need a Selected Poems. Anyone who cares for poetry already knows that he should be reading him. And anyone who likes his work will want to own it all.

SUCH is not the case for Donald Hall (interviewed on p. 15). For 30 years Hall composed verse, mostly pleasant, likeable work, colloquial, touched with Frost. He also brought out family memoirs (*String Too Short to be Saved*), edited anthologies, taught, established himself as a critic and man of letters. And then in the mid '70s, Hall suddenly caught fire and began to write really stunning poetry. In the shadow of "Kicking the Leaves" "Wolf Knife" and "Eating the Pig," the earlier half of *Old and New Poems* seems merely an overture, announcing themes to be treated fully only in its second half.

The main ones are Hall's admiration for his farmer-grandfather's values and his own acute sensitivity to passing time and death. The early "Mr. and Mrs. Billings" opens with a shock: " 'Your wife,' the doctor said,/ 'Will be dead/ In approximately twelve weeks.' " The last poem in the book, a *dies irae* of enormous power called "Praise for Death," starts with this oxymoronic flourish: "Let us praise death that turns pink cheeks to ashes." In general, Hall's finest achievements offer interchanges between the aging man and his memories: Hall walking through fallen leaves, thinking of earlier autumns; Hall discovering a jar of maple syrup put up by his grandfather and tasting its still potent sweetness; Hall memorializing the horses that worked on his grandfather's farm. All are beautifully controlled, moving stories in verse.

But Hall can be funny too. In "Great Day in the Cow's House" he exclaims:

> Sweet bellowers enormous and interchangeable,
> Your dolorous ululations
> swell out barnsides, fill spaces inside haymows
> resound down valleys. Moos of revenant cattle
> shake ancient timbers and timbers still damp with sap.

With similar exuberance, he elsewhere apostrophizes sheep as "Ruminant pillows! Gregarious soft boulders!" Who can resist such language?

Though he shares certain themes with Heaney—both write often about rural life, memorialize parents or grandparents, elegize friends—Hall prefers a far looser, easy-loping line. His vocabulary and syntax are plain, downhome; though sensitive to word music he generally avoids showing off. Like his masters Frost, Whitman and Dickinson, he also seems very American, no more so than in "Mr. Wakeville on Interstate 90," with its Mittyish fantasy of escape from family and job. Mr. Wakeville, driving down the highway, daydreams that he will, in his words, "abandon the route of my life":

> "I will stop somewhere. I will park in a summer street
> where the days tick like metal in the stillness.
> I will rent the room over Bert's Modern Barbershop
> where the To Let sign leans in the plateglass window;
> or I will buy the brown Bungalow For Sale.
>
> "I will work forty hours a week clerking at the paint-
> store.
> On Fridays I will cash my paycheck at Six Rivers Bank
> and stop at Harvey's Market and talk with Harvey.
> Walking on Maple Street I will speak to everyone.
> At basketball games I will cheer for my neighbors'
> sons.
> I will watch my neighbors' daughters grow up, marry,
> raise children . . ."

There are 40 pages here of completely new poems, several reminiscent of *The One Day*, Hall's dazzling previous book and winner of a National Book Critics Circle Award. No one who reads "Tubes," for instance, will ever forget its grisly humor about one of the common indignities of illness.

Some people say that we don't have real poets anymore, just academic versifiers or boring navel-gazers. Nonsense. We don't have enough real readers. Try some Heaney or Hall or Hecht. Before you know it, you'll be buying chapbooks and wondering why you ever bothered to read anything other than poetry. ■

Georgia, Alexander S. Clay, who served from 1896 until his death in 1910. Born in 1897, Lucius grew up in a Kennedyesque "political household," with one foot in Georgia and one in Washington, where he rubbed

Clay Blair's latest book is "Korea: The Forgotten War." He is at work on a history of the German U-boat war.

was courted by members of Congress, including House Majority Leader Sam Rayburn, who were seeking dams, harbors and other job-generating federal projects in their districts. Fulfilling an Army requirement for overseas service, in 1937 Clay was assigned to Manila, where former Army Chief of Staff Douglas MacArthur (then retired) and his chief of staff, Dwight D. Ei-

ets, 2.5 million trucks, 170,000 artillery pieces, 88,000 tanks and billions of rounds of ammunition, "all without a breath of scandal," Smith writes.

By war's end, Clay had won the unstinting admiration of every top-level official in Washington and when it came to managing a nation's resources, manpower and industrial production, he had no peer. Secretary of

achievement—the rehabilitation of West Germany. In bringing Clay—and his times—to life, Smith has not only rendered a valuable service for students of history but also set a new standard in military biography. Adroitly balanced, thoroughly researched, beautifully written, consistently fascinating, the book leaves you gasping in admiration. ■

A Sense Of the Past

THE UNMAKING OF A WHIG
And Other Essays in Self-Definition
By Edwin M. Yoder Jr.
Georgetown University Press
256 pp. $18.95

By Daniel W. Howe

RECENTLY Russell Jacoby and others have complained that the United States is no longer producing public-spirited intellectuals. The American intellectual community is seen as the captive of narrow academic careerism;

Daniel W. Howe is a professor of history at UCLA and currently visiting professor of American history at Oxford University. He is the author of "The Political Culture of the American Whigs."

it no longer addresses public concerns or even functions as a community. Without explicitly mentioning such accusations, this collection of essays implicitly rebuts them. The author of these essays shows a resolute devotion to bringing even the most elusive questions of politics and culture into the arena of public discourse, addressing them in a way accessible to all who will make the

"The author's sense of history is subtle ... dispassionate yet compassionate."

effort to join him in honest, rigorous thoughtfulness.

Written by a syndicated columnist with The Washington Post Writers Group, this book combines literacy, wisdom and charm. One long essay deals with a feud between Supreme Court Justices Hugo Black and Robert Jackson, recounted with objectivity and respect for both men. Eighteen short pieces treat a variety of subjects including literature, law, education, politics, religion and personal reminiscence. Some have been previously published or given as lectures, but they have been revised for the present publication and cohere remarkably well. The central theme of the collection is the author's sense of history: subtle, tough-minded, dispassionate yet compassionate. Edwin M. Yoder's appreciation for the past and its uses is all the more interesting for his not being a professional academic historian. Few academic historians any longer treat the political leaders of the past with quite the veneration Yoder accords them, but then few of us in the academy communicate the moral complexity of the past as well as Yoder does.

THE TITLE of the collection, like the essays themselves, is full of irony. The word "Whig" has a number of meanings: an 18th-century British political party dedicated to commercial expansion and limiting royal power; a supporter of the American Revolution; a 19th-century American party dedicated to economic development and resisting the power of the presidency (of Andrew Jackson); and, by extension from these other meanings, one who believes in progress. The title essay tells how Yoder's deepening sense of history led him first to reject the facile "progress" celebrated in most high-school textbooks and then to question the very possibility of applying present moral standards to judging the people of the past. In this sense, the "Whig" attitudes Yoder (like most Americans) had been brought up with were indeed unmade. However, the term Whig is sometimes applied in still another way—to mean someone who is interested in preserving the institutions and values of classical republicanism: gentlemanly, enlightened, tolerant, public-spirited. In this last sense, it would be hard to find a more attractive representative of the American Whig tradition than Edwin Yoder of North Carolina.

Even the subtitle of the collection, "Other Essays in Self-Definition," turns out to have its irony. Although these essays do in fact "define" their author, in the sense that the reader can piece together a coherent mind and temperament at work here, they are emphatically public, not private, in their concerns. Even the portraits of Yoder's late parents, undoubtedly written to help the author come to terms with his loss, derive their literary power from their representative quality, as portraits of human nature. "A Whig for Today: Essays in Defining a Public Philosophy" would have been as accurate a title for this book. As accurate, but less charming. ■

Dublin Journal

At Age 1,000, the City Claps Its Hands and Sings

By FRANCIS X. CLINES
Special to The New York Times

DUBLIN — First of all, the cow imported last year from the ever-receding farmlands is doing well at the zoo — herself a celebration of the progress of this tough and friendly city. For now the sight of such a pastoral creature being milked has been offered to urbane Dubliners as an exotic treat.

Second, and no less important for many lovers of this capital, the plan for a grand motorway to spill down through the city bold as the ancient patriots of Brian Boru has been suddenly defeated by ordinary Dubliners, who rose up in outrage in defense of the old neighborhoods.

Having gained one cow and lost one motorway, Dublin can now let the celebration of its grand millennium begin.

The New Year will mark 10 centuries, by the publicists' reckoning, since the city finally fell into certifiable Irish hands, warrior-king hands that wrested it from the long dominance of roving Viking occupiers in 988. By the reckoning of some scholars, however, this is inexact by any number of years.

As a result, the only recourse for the true Dubliner is to smile in sheer Irish pleasure at indulging in one and the same cause a heated dispute and a yearlong street party to be crammed with pub songs, Thoroughbred horses, literary characters, and a spirit of forgiveness toward past conquerors — the Vikings more than the English.

"What difference does it make whether or not it's real?" asks David Norris, a Joyce scholar quite mindful that the truth of Dublin is rooted at least as much in imagination as in reality. "It's a damn good thing that people in this city finally want to feel good about themselves and celebrate."

He is right, as the Lord Mayor, Bertie Ahern, concedes in proclaiming "yet another comeback" for a doughty city where "being optimistic and hopeful is not fashionable."

Such a humble confession would be hard to imagine in the City Hall of New York, where the Big Apple jingoism can regularly be heard bonging like Big Ben. Nor in the halls of Westminster, where dreamier souls cannot quite accept demise of empire. But here the cycle of hard times and flinty spirits has left an agreeable humility.

"Dublin Be Proud," advises the centennial book of Pat Liddy, a gifted artist who sketches and appraises, often mournfully, each corner of the city. The millennium already seems special because its boosterism is as soft to the ear as the River Liffey that flows beneath the O'Connell Street bridge so poignantly dappled with sun patches and the beggar teams of mother and child.

Here, a visitor can easily wind up assuring Dubliners that theirs is a city needing few apologies and greater gratitude for such civilities as afternoon tea in the front parlor of the Shelbourne, the grand hotel where the Irish revolutionaries composed their constitution. Some travelers relish the pleasure of getting lost on Dublin's stony, twisting streets for then a resident can be consulted for the lilt of instruction that the right path is "just a cuckoo's spit away." Lately, the visitor will be using one of the new pedestrian routes the city is mapping and building in a restoration of some of the old elegance that used to be frowned on as too symbolic of the old "English ascendancy."

Dublin is the fulcrum for a third of the nation's 3.5 million residents, suffering some of Europe's highest rates of taxation and unemployment. Locals term it woeful as they witness another generation of well-educated, ambitious young people flee abroad.

> 'What difference does it make whether or not it's real?'

"Coins, no paper," says the parking meter attendant in Parnell Square to a visitor fumbling with five-pound notes. "We might soon be taking those from you," he adds, grinning tightly. Whatever the precise year the Vikings were driven out, no Dubliner will dispute the millennium of taxation that has followed the victory of the Irish king, Mael Sechnaill, who immediately demanded an ounce of gold annually from every tenement in town.

In a busy year of celebration in literary fairs, street theater, concerts, regattas, and an imported football game between Boston College and West Point, the Irish will be hailing "dear dirty Dublin," to quote the great Dubliner, James Joyce, who will have his own week of literary rambles built around Bloomsday, June 16. He so wove this human, wordy place into a lifetime of literary art that it is difficult to tell exactly where the proposed motorway threatened the real Dublin and the imagined Dublin.

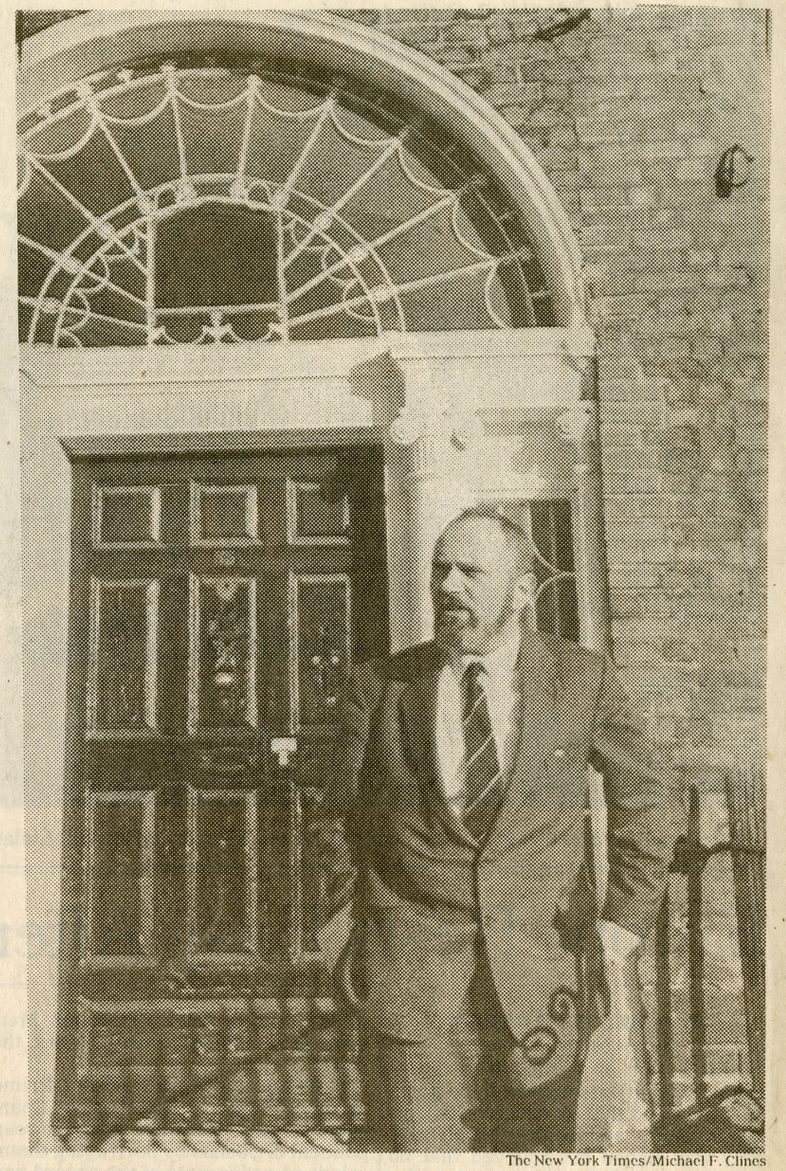
Mr. Norris would say again it does not really matter, for he has helped save both in the fight against the postwar urban renewal that blighted some of the most charming parts of the city. He does more than teach Joyce at Trinity College; he lives the irreverent urban gospel of the master each day, arising from the "jingling quoits" of his bed in a classic Georgian block-front home at 18 North Great Georges Street. For those who want actual Dublin facts, he notes that the first pint of Guinness stout was brewed on the block; for those needing the headier Dublin truth, he can discuss for hours the variegated Joycean brew concocted house by house and beyond.

The Ghost Triumphs

Jaunting forth from No. 18, Mr. Norris has Joyce's real alma mater, Belvedere College, S.J., to his left and the home of one of Joyce's half-imagined Dubliners, Denis J. Maginni, across the street at No. 35. He was of the lavender spats and canary yellow gloves in "Ulysses," modeled on someone real in the house. Mr. Norris successfully fought to save No. 35 from demolition by having it declared a permanent city treasure, the invented ghost of Maginni triumphing. Now the new James Joyce Cultural Center is growing within, manned by a young scholar who looks for "topographical errors" in Joyce's own account of Dublin.

Mr. Norris finds that quite unlikely about his beloved Joyce who, he noted, told the world that Dublin, his place of such richly lived and imagined events, would be found "written on his heart."

For Mr. Norris, the only sufficient words for Dublin in this millennium or the next are Joyce's own reply to the question of when he might return here. "Have I ever left it?"



The New York Times/Michael F. Clines

David Norris, a Joyce scholar, on Dublin's North Great Georges Street. He noted that the first pint of Guinness stout was brewed on the block.



Reuters

Palestinian protesters throwing rocks at Israeli security officers in Qalandia, in the occupied West Bank.

11 More Hurt in West Bank and Gaza

Special to The New York Times

JERUSALEM, Dec. 13 — The Israeli Cabinet heard a report today on recent disturbances in the occupied territories, as at least five more Palestinians were wounded by army fire in the Gaza Strip and six Israelis were hurt by stones and glass.

The debate on the unrest, in which at least six Palestinians have been killed and dozens wounded, was held in the context of a secret ministerial defense committee meeting.

Israeli soldiers shot and wounded four more Palestinians in the occupied Gaza Strip, where residents hurled stones at soldiers and passing vehicles, blocked roads and burned tires for the fifth consecutive day. Three soldiers and an Israeli civilian were slightly wounded by flying rocks.

In the West Bank, sporadic violence was reported. One man was wounded by troops who opened fire after stones were thrown at a civilian bus, slightly injuring soldier passengers with broken glass.

In East Jerusalem, a gasoline bomb thrown into the courtyard of the United States Consulate exploded against a wall, a consular spokesman said. No one was hurt, he said. Several Palestinians were reportedly detained for questioning.

'Terrorism of a Few'

Prime Minister Yitzhak Shamir, acting as Defense Minister, said the violence, one of the worst waves in the occupied territories in several years, was a result of "the failure of terrorist organizations to develop terrorist activity which would harm Israel's security."

"The majority of the population in the areas is interested in public order, but is exposed to the terrorism of a few," said a Cabinet communiqué that summed up Mr. Shamir's statements. The communiqué said the army was in control of the situation "in contrast with greatly inflated descriptions."

man Sunday in central Gaza.

U.N. Action Is Asked

MANAMA, Bahrain, Dec. 13 (Reuters) — The Islamic Conference Organization urged the United Nations today to intervene to protect Palestinians in the Israeli-occupied West Bank and Gaza Strip.

Europe Rests Easy After the Summit

By JAMES M. MARKHAM

Special to The New York Times

PARIS, Dec. 13 — Most West European Governments appear to be genuinely satisfied that an accord eliminating medium- and shorter-range missiles was signed but relieved that no bold or unsettling superpower initiatives were undertaken.

Officials in several capitals said leading European politicians were joined Culture Minister Melina Mercouri in smashing a bust of Mars, the god of war.

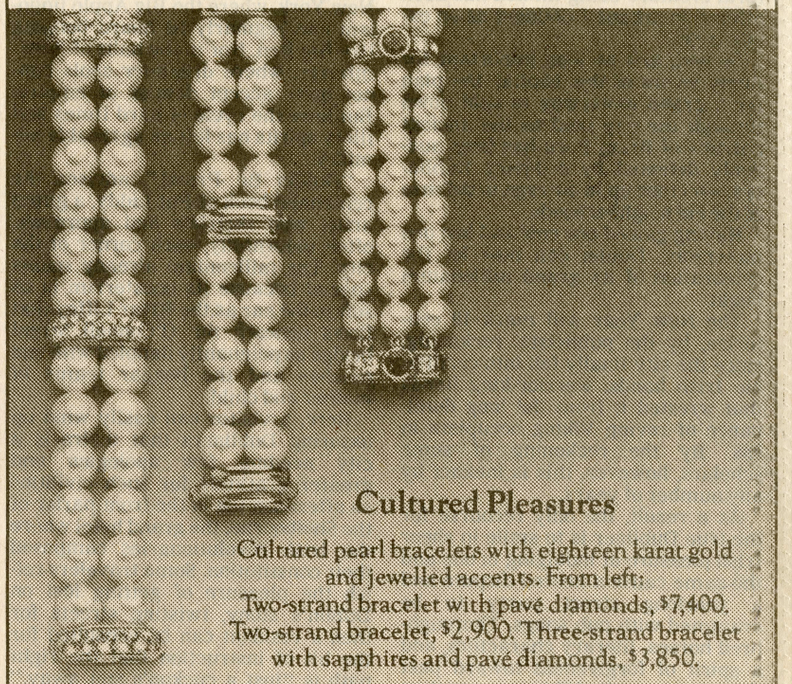
In Britain and West Germany, Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher and Chancellor Helmut Kohl have sought to reap political dividends by portraying themselves as godparents of the accord and severely chastizing their domestic leftist foes for having opposed the deployment of American medium-range missiles.

Gorbachev might now hold dramatic new initiatives in check because of American domestic considerations.

"The Soviets know that the treaty has got to get ratified," the diplomat said, "and that a fuss within the alliance will not help ratification."

The greatest concern at NATO headquarters is that Mr. Gorbachev might spring what is called "a third zero option" — a proposal for eliminating so-

Tiffany & Co. will open at 8:00 a.m. on Thursday, December 17 and Friday, December 18.



Cultured Pleasures

Cultured pearl bracelets with eighteen karat gold and jewelled accents. From left: Two-strand bracelet with pavé diamonds, $7,400. Two-strand bracelet, $2,900. Three-strand bracelet with sapphires and pavé diamonds, $3,850.

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Hers

Kathleen Rockwell Lawrence

I HAD an epiphany at the St. Patrick's Day parade in 1984 — a brisk sparkling Saturday, the sun lavishing gold over all that green. I was on 86th Street with my daughter, who was at the time 4 years old. We were watching the last of the parade. The day and the shot of Jameson's I had just tossed back, back at my friend Eileen's, had raised my dormant Irish Catholic consciousness to a level unmatched since I was 17.

The counties were marching by. Clare. Cork. Mayo. Officer Lenahan and a striped sawhorse marked Police keep us from the parade and the parade from us. This Officer Lenahan is so cute and merry that I have a crazy urge to buy a "Kiss Me, I'm Irish" button. I suppress it and instead purchase a green plastic lei for my daughter.

Just then the kilts and the banners and pipes of County Limerick march past us. Limerick, where, in the town of Templeglantin, lies a pile of rocks, the foundation only, of a thatched cottage, my grandmother's first home. The pipes are really calling me now.

• • •

"Will you arrest us if we march?" I ask Officer Lenahan.

"I'll arrest you if I see you," is his reply, his mouth smiling right along with his Irish eyes. In another shot I pull my daughter under the sawhorse and we join Limerick, delighted to be there at the end of the parade, marching with the counties. Falling into step I squeeze her hand and think of parades past: my family coming into Grand Central from upstate, my mother giving the thumbs-up salute to the marchers, standing for hours unmindful of the cold, corned beef and cabbage after at Horn & Hardart's before the train home.

My daughter pulls at my hand as we walk past Gimbels East. I hardly notice because I'm busy with the other hand, waving to my new public on the curb. She tugs again. She has something to say. I lean toward her, still marching in time to "Garry Owen." Her lei scratches my cheek.

"What is it?" I ask her.

"I guess we're not celebrating Shabbat today, huh, Mom?" says she.

She's confused, my daughter.

She thinks she's Jewish.

She might as well be, is what I realize.

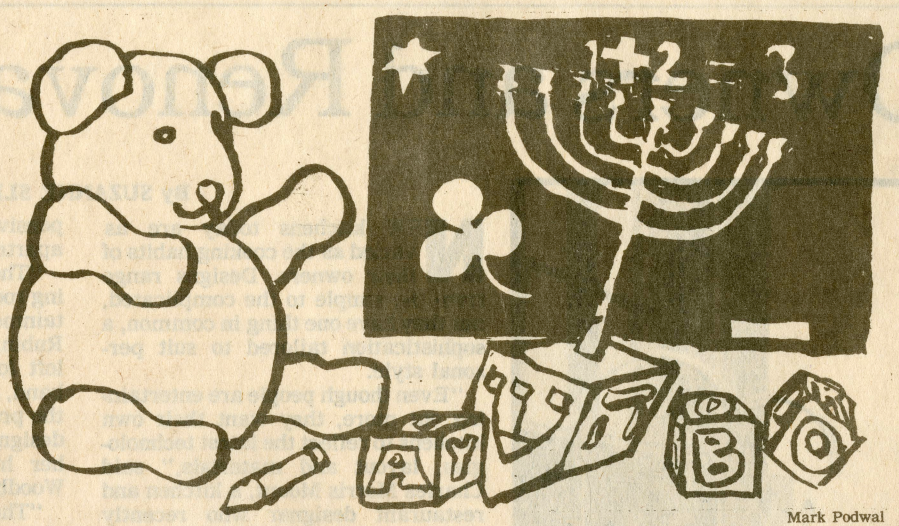
• • •

My husband and I come from Catholic backgrounds: Stations of the Cross, meatless Fridays, Lenten sacrifices, altar boy (him) and Sodality of the Virgin Mary (me), Confraternity of Christian Doctrine, Catholic colleges and wedding in the Church of the Sacred Heart.

So how come our daughter thinks she's Jewish? How come, when she was 3, she composed her own Christmas carol:

"Santa Claus, O Santa Claus,
Come light the menorah."

It is our own doing. We, the fallen-away Catholics, sought the nearest way. We sent her to nursery school at the Y.M.H.A. A not-bad nursery school. Good as most. It had what we wanted, the main criterion in our choice of school: it was on the corner. We could drop her off and be on the cross-town bus by 8:30. Proximity means a lot when you're dragging a toddler, her lunchbox, Grandpa Smurf and your briefcase.



Mark Podwal

A child learns to share in a religion of all the world.

"There will of course be some instruction in Jewish culture," the director told us when we signed on, and paused for our reaction.

"Of course," we said. "What's the tuition?"

My friend, the fallen-away Jew, was amazed. "I could never send my kid to a Jewish school." Well, sure. We would have had a hard time sending our daughter to a Catholic school, even if it were in the basement of our building. Even if they gave her a full scholarship and came upstairs to get her while we took an extra minute with the newspaper. It's in the nature of being fallen away. You can't go home again, and you don't send your kids.

Italian children and WASP children and a child from Namibia also went to the Y with her. About half of the children were Jewish. But why did my daughter raise her hand when the teacher asked who was Jewish?

She insisted on buying a menorah. After I paid the bill she said, "You don't *have* to buy a menorah — not if you don't celebrate." She, though, was clearly on the side of the celebrants.

She's a serious student. I was too. She pays attention. So did I. I was the only one who *had* to go to daily mass when weekly would have sufficed. And, to my everlasting regret, the only one who obeyed the nuns and didn't make out with boys at high-school parties. Religion is not for the likes of us. We take it too much to heart.

When I was a kid I was surprised to hear that the Jews thought they were chosen, when all along I was. Because I was serious, I used to worry for them, not being baptized and all — and now here's this daughter of mine.

Will she continue to feel Jewish? No. Religion is not like riding a bike. You forget it unless you keep at it. There is, too, the powerful countervailing force of two grandmothers who take her to mass occasionally. And now she had graduated to kindergarten at the local public school, where, for the time being, the church is separate from the state.

But I wonder, sometimes, whether I am depriving her of something, a richness of culture or a comfort of myth. The pipes will never call her the way they do me. She'll probably never get choked up at hearing "Adeste Fideles" at Christmas. She won't have memories of May Crownings, incensed evenings of new blossoms, pastel organdy dresses and candle glow — and, in the dark of church, voices chanting the Virgin's Litany, all the beautiful names for Mary, and after each one, "Ora Pro Nobis." But a lot of my emotion at these moments comes from the knowledge that it is a past lost to me, an innocence I can no longer share with people that I love.

• • •

She'll have some of it, though, because of the family around her. And I like to think that, growing up on the Lower East Side with Baptists and Hindus, Hispanics, blacks and Pakistanis, she'll share in a true religion of the world. (If I confuse religion and race, it's because they confuse me.)

A Rastafarian with a pride of dreadlocks tells her to finish her Egg McMuffin. A friend's parents make and sell the best cannolis in town. Korean friends own a nearby deli and give her treats each time we buy milk. The Greek florist hands her a daisy and tells me how his children grow tall back in his country. She will have a heritage.

• • •

At Passover she presents me with an intricate crafting of cardboard. "It's to hold matzoh," she says proudly, and sings a Passover song:

One morning Pharaoh woke in bed
There were frogs on his nose and frogs on his head,
Frogs here, frogs there, frogs were jumping everywhere.
Oh Pharaoh, Pharaoh, please let my people go.

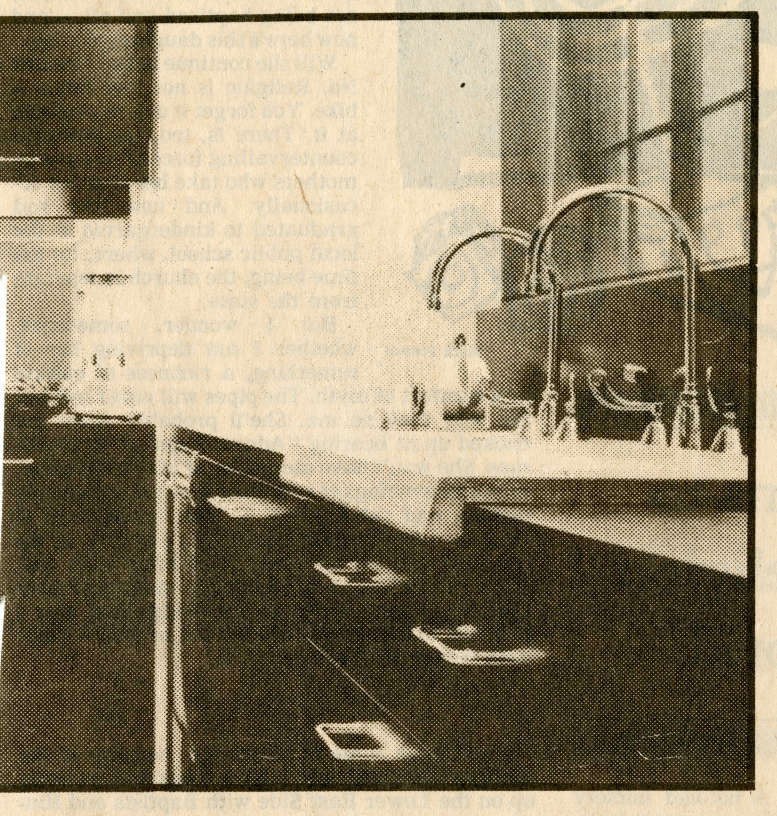
At Purim she emerges from class dressed as Queen Esther, with a construction paper crown, a white apron trimmed with pink rickrack. I've answered to "Ima," her father to "Aba." Why not? We're good sports.

At Hanukkah we sing "Spin, Little Dreidel" and she whirls around the room, laughing. When she catches her breath, she begins a march:

"Get a sword and march along with me. Everyone can be a Maccabee."

Which I believe to be the point. Everyone can. A Maccabee or a Catholic or a Moslem. Or whatever else they're taught.

itchen: Owners and Renovations



By SUZANNE SLESIN

NEW kitchens today are as varied as the cooking habits of their owners. Designs range from the simple to the complicated, but they have one thing in common, a sophistication tailored to suit personal style.

"Even though people are entertaining out more, they want their own kitchens to reflect the latest technologies, layout and materials," said Charles Morris Mount, a kitchen and restaurant designer who recently completed work on Canastel's and Montana, two currently fashionable Manhattan restaurants. Among the clients for whom he is designing home kitchens, Mr. Mount said he has "as many who don't cook as those who do." He even has clients who "want a well-organized kitchen for when their caterer comes," he said.

Four Manhattan apartments illustrate a trend toward highly individual kitchen planning, based on a personal assessment of how the space is used. Cooking is only one of the factors considered. Installing such an individually tailored kitchen, especially with state-of-the-art appliances or custom cabinetry, can be one of the most expensive renovations in a house or apartment.

"The combination kitchen and dining room were meant to be the entertainment center," said Michael Rubin, the architect who designed a loft for Kiki Boucher and her husband, Aaron Shipper. Miss Boucher is the president of Drake & Boucher, a design and advertising company, and her husband is vice president of Woodbridge Memorial Gardens.

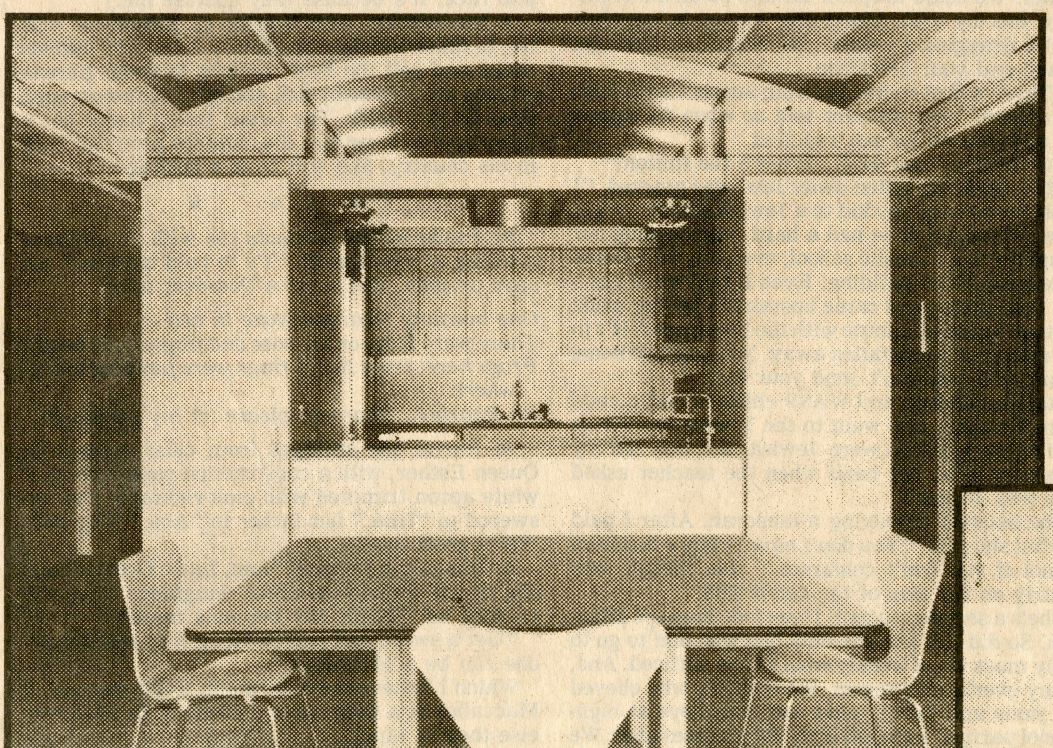
"The space was a large square, about 2,800 square feet with windows along three sides," Mr. Rubin said. "And I don't cook too much," said Miss Boucher, "but we use the kitchen a lot and everybody always ends up there. It's all very, very casual."

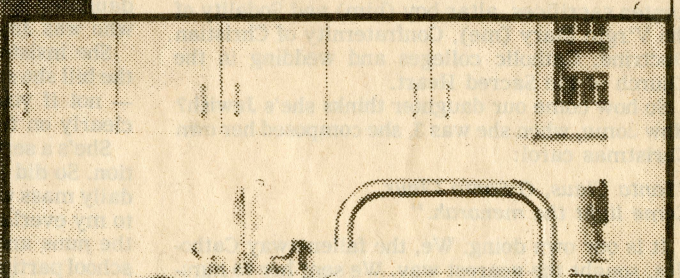
Mr. Rubin decided to house the kitchen in a separate free-standing structure set onto a marble-floored plaza. "It's a relaxed help-yourself situation, with food being cooked and laid out at the same time," said Mr. Rubin, who oriented the front of the kitchen toward the windows and dining table. Sliding wood and glass doors have been used to close off the bedrooms and living room on the periphery of the loft, leaving the kitchen and dining area as the space's public areas.

"The idea of having the kitchen as a free-standing temple prompted me to do vaulted ceilings," Mr. Rubin said. All the appliances, including a double-door refrigerator as well as a German-made stove, are set into sleek cabinets with counters topped with marble.

The architect chose birch wood both for the kitchen structure and the cabinetry. Two light systems, a series of torchiers along the walls and rows of lights recessed under the cabinets, highlight the sleek custom-built cabinetry. The cabinets were the handiwork of Gene Black of Materials Design Workshop, a Manhattan

Continued on Page 23





'My, my it's going to rain'

By STAN DAVISON

Ever since the first weather prognosticators dared to publish their guesses, the rest of us have enjoyed pointing out their blunders.

Reactions have varied from sarcasm, like the story of the man who told of shoveling a foot of Partly Cloudy off his driveway, to law suits for damages suffered by the promoters of rodeos. But along last, advanced technology seems to be arming the predictors with all they need to achieve tolerable accuracy.

They even dare to tell us that Deer Lodge will be one degree warmer or colder than Anaconda, which is cutting it pretty fine, and they aren't missing by much. This performance should be appreciated by all involved in agriculture, construction and sports, as well as by more casual consumers of weather, such as fishermen, campers and travelers.

However, let us not leave the weatherman undisturbed to smirk over his new-found perfection. We can still find cause for complaint. Time was, when the reliable part of weather reporting was exactly that: telling us what had happened the day before. But now this aspect of meteorology has gone sour. Surely anyone following our local daily data has to be baffled, after observing a two-day drizzle culminate in a few hours of downpour, only to see in the state report that we had T. That means not enough to wet the bottom of the cat's dish, when in fact that vessel had floated away and sunk early in the storm. This leads us to speculate where our official rain-catcher is located, and wonder what sort of cover it has on it.

Even more puzzling, after a day-long duck-drowner, is to see "Dillon, m.m." I can offer a clue here. One of my gentle old grandmothers, when confronted by total amazement, used to exclaim "My, my!" I think that's what m.m. stands for—something beyond figures or quantitative measurement.

It is true, of course, that a sharp edge can separate wet from dry and warm from cold. We have all probably noticed times when the street was fairly wet and not a drop of rain fell in the alley. So it is possible for the instruments to be correctly reported in their own location, while some of us live a few blocks away in different weather.

WHILE ON THE subject, I would like to file a complaint on a related matter, the classification of fogs. It riles me to hear of Dillon having a "patchy fog".

Our fogs, while rare, are not patchy, being solidly laced with the effluvium of countless corrals and feed lots, with a high ammonia content. A few locations may boast a better mist, such as Flathead's East Shore, where they cheat by having that lake to draw upon, while we worry along with our slough. Also, Billings may out-fog us, backed by their triple threat of oil refineries, stockyards and a beet-sugar factory. That puts them in Class AA, but for our size and limited chance to practice, fog along the Beaverhead can hold its own with most.

Also, I wish the weather people would quit setting the snow level at 5000 feet. We, along with the other two major cities of the state (Butte and Anaconda) are discriminated against in this. Let the snow come down to 4000 feet, so Three Forks can get some; or set the limit at 7000 feet to catch West Yellowstone, where another few inches of snow wouldn't be noticed.

As I write this, I hear the weather folks predicting frost for tonight, at 5000 feet and well into June. You know what Grandma would say. "My, my!"

mission last fall to drill in the Tendoy Mountains, the Forest Service has had no further word on that proposed well.

"It may be that the national slowdown in exploration is having an affect on the plans of the companies to drill in this area," Wilkerson said.

But she said many oil companies are midway through their 10-year leases on forest land.

"And there are very few ways for them to hold onto a lease after the 10 years passes. But they can hold the lease if they're drilling on the land or if they're involved in commercial production. That means if the companies are truely interested in this area we'll probably have a

Rocky Mountain exploration boom is leveling off, a direct result of the sluggish national economy and the worldwide decline in oil prices resulting from oversupply.

National news sources say drilling activity is more than 40 percent lower than a year ago and that hundreds of rigs are idle.

The Montana Oil Journal indicates, however, that there are some wells in the area. The trade paper lists as active a well (10,000 feet) on the Jack Hirschy ranch near Jackson and another Amoco tighthole at 9,600 feet at Snowline. The journal also says there are two wells below 8,000 feet being drilled by the Wm. G. Helis Estate in

interest in exploration seems to
down in the Dillon Resource Area

Mile High is exploring in the Re
Rock area and Conoco and Danie
have indicated they'll be here soo

"But that compares to seven
eight we had in here last year
Stokke said.

Stokke didn't have current stati
tics on leasing activity.

The Billings BLM office ha
indicated, though, that oil and ga
exploration in the state coul
increase significantly as a result o
the agency's national push t
eliminate a backlog of oil and ga
lease applications.

According to Roland Lee, Mon

(Cont. on page A-8)





Rain

tle down Atlantic Street one rainy mornin
's cows were driven by (from left) Eri

6 Blimps Hover Over Harbor

A stately, plump buckmulligan of blimps has hovered over the Liberty Weekend festival.

The six dirigibles that pop up at odd moments in New York's skyscape make up one of the largest gatherings of such airships since 1937, when the crash of the Hindenburg at Lakehurst, N.J., dimmed the world's enthusiasm for lighter-than-air craft. The blimps, which are nearly 200 feet long, are soft-sided helium-filled sacks, unlike the Hindenburg, a hydrogen-filled zeppelin with a rigid frame.

In addition to their owners' advertising symbols, the blimps carry law-enforcement officials and journalists, in compliance with Federal Aviation Administration rules that closed the airspace over the harbor to all except security and reportorial aircraft.

At 9:30 this morning the behemoths representing McDonald's, Citibank, Resorts International Hotels and Fuji Photo Film U.S.A. will arise jointly in the upper harbor and circumnavigate the New York area. At 4 P.M. they are to race — well, glide as quickly as dignity and two 200-horsepower engines permit — 12 miles from the George Washington Bridge to the Statue of Liberty, with the winner collecting $25,000 for a designated charity.

The event, organized by The Daily News, will be covered by television cameras in the two Goodyear blimps that round out the airborne armada.

7-5-86

n Weekend

broadcast rights to many of the
s activities, to limit access by rival
networks at Thursday's cere-
elighting of the Statue of Liberty

first intended to limit open access
e minutes in which President Rea-
Chief Justice Warren E. Burger
speak. But after loud complaints
other networks that other parts of
mony were legitimate news, ABC
open about 16 minutes of the cere-
the other networks.

ade portions of its exhaustive cover-
able to foreign television networks,
t 40 foreign networks purchased all
the coverage, according to William
irector of television sales for ABC
International.

tale said that networks in several
, such as Canada, France, Japan
y, purchased the entire coverage
of more than 10 hours of material
networks in most European and
nerican countries wanted at least
he package.

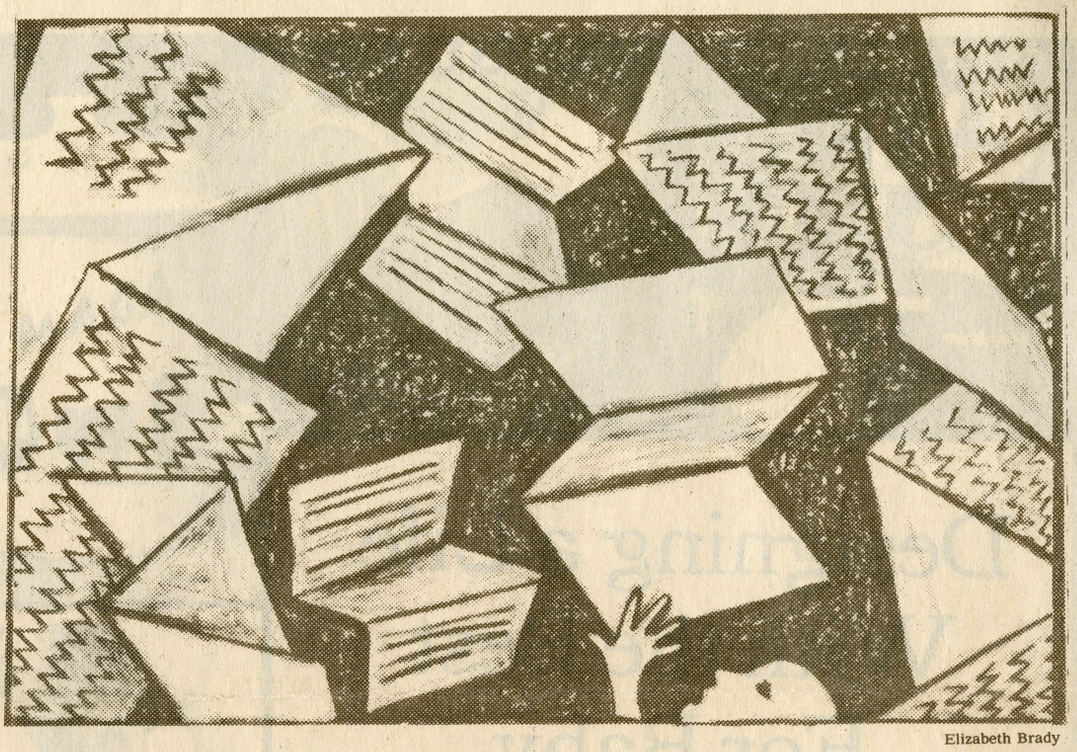
added that networks in Britain, Is-
Mexico decided not to take any of the
, though all covered the weekend ac-
n a more limited fashion.

:men for television networks in the
untries said that they decided not to
ABC package because interest in
untries was not sufficient to justify
ense.

iss Liberty

system carried 7 million people, dou-
ble the normal weekday load.

Hers | Ellen Currie



Elizabeth Brady

Self-denial can sometimes take complex turns.

I'VE been thinking a little about women, or one woman, me, and women's alleged propensity to do for others things they can't, won't or don't do for themselves.

This is a nippy subject. I tried it on a man who is, among his other qualifications, a psychiatrist, and he said, "That's *your* mishegoss." (Mishegoss, a technical and precise trade term, is not fully susceptible to translation, but it means, roughly, "I don't want to be bothered with you right now.")

This man may think I haven't heard about even quite modified self-sacrifice being old hat and pretty bad for you and spreading unwholesomeness and unrest. But I have heard about it. I know those ladies in the movies of my childhood who dealt faro or scrubbed floors to make their boys into neurosurgeons were highly manipulative and deep down just wanted to fix it so, in later years, Dr. Wonderful could hardly look a deck of cards or scrub brush in the eye.

That's not the kind of noble noodleism I mean. In my own life, self-denial has assumed some odd disguises and occasionally takes a complex turn.

When I was in my 20's, I was timid, very shy. I had been so dazzled by circumstance that I had a dazed quality. Some people took this for savvy. Though not for long. I heard about a job I wanted. I was trying to write short stories at the time and earning a scant living for two people, one of them old and sick, as a copywriter in the advertising department of a hectic big department store. A tough job and no thanks for it and hardly any money.

To get anywhere near a job interview, you were obliged to write a letter to the copy chief of the fashion agency convincing her that you were almost insupportbly qualified. Every copywriter I knew had written such a letter. Not one had had a nibble of response.

I knew that I must write a letter too, but I didn't want to write it. I knew why the copy chief had to have the letters. She had to see if you could sell anything. She had to see if you could sell *yourself*.

Well, I couldn't do that. I could lay forth my marketable skills, but I couldn't, as they put it in the advertising business, "ask for the order." I couldn't. It didn't seem decent. I was shy and I was just for hire, not for sale.

However, I needed the job. I needed the money and the possibilities. I needed, all the time, to think of my small anguished household. I needed, too, to escape from April Appliance Event. I needed it; I needed it, it came to me, because I had a starving child at home. (I didn't have a literal child. But I felt I had, what with one thing and another, the moral, emotional and practical equivalent. I felt this keenly and spookily.)

I wrote the letter. I began it, "I have a starving child at home." The shadow of my starving child fell across my letter and my fingers flew on the typewriter keys. It was a fluent letter and when I'd whipped it out of the typewriter I quickly copied it, removing only the very first line. My fingertips and eyes had to do with it; I kept my comprehension and my scruples under chintz, like the cover you throw on a noisy parrot when it's time for his and your nap.

I tore up the first letter, mailed the second, and waited in an agony of shame to see what would happen.

Yes of course I got the job.

The fashion agency was no bed of roses but it was lively and friendly and the work had a looniness about it that certainly made a change.

'God, you're the one," they said at first, "the girl who wrote the letter." It was hard to be proud of the letter, since I'd no idea what I'd said, and easy to fret about it, for the same reason. The letter had short-lived, low-level fame, the way such things do in advertising agencies, where you're only as good as what you've done so far this morning and there's an air, not uncheerful, of desperation and captivity. "Pretty good," an art director might say of my headline. "Not as good as the letter."

But the copy chief, who became my friend, muttered on about it. She'd tap a folder on her desk. The letter. I never saw it, but she seemed to keep it handy.

She and I talked about things, not specific things. Life. She disapproved of me. Personally, not professionally. She thought I was too serious, not, somehow, *young*. I had probably *never been* young. I took this verdict hard. Since I *was* young, I didn't know at all what to do about being *insufficiently* young; I could only assume I was as young as I was ever going to get.

The copy chief also told me the good deeds she'd done since she got to know me: caught up with her mother, civil to her stepchildren, odds and ends of alms and corporal mercy.

My blood ran cold as she recounted them. The letter, I thought, I mailed the wrong letter, I left *in* the part about the starving child. But it couldn't have been that, because they'd not have hired me. The mother of a starving child would have blighted the agency's tone.

• • •

Soon I met a man who offered me a better job. The agency wanted me to stay; they offered me gold and glory. But I had a sense of adventure about the other job. Anyway, I had to flee the eclipse of that lying, thieving letter of mine.

When I said goodbye to the copy chief, she told me with considerable grimness that she'd never again hire anyone on the basis of a letter.

"I like your work," she said. "I wish you'd stay. But that was some letter."

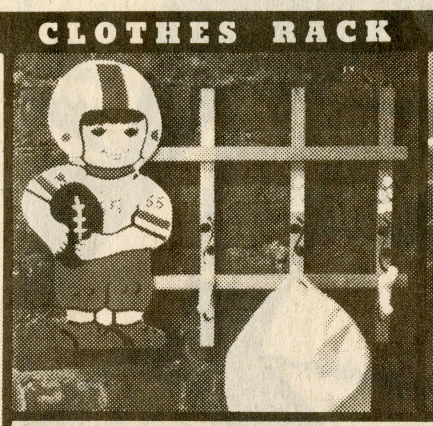
Could I see it?, I asked. Of course I did not want to see it; looking at the letter was a penance. No, I couldn't see it. There was no letter anymore, she'd lost it. Right after she read it the first time.

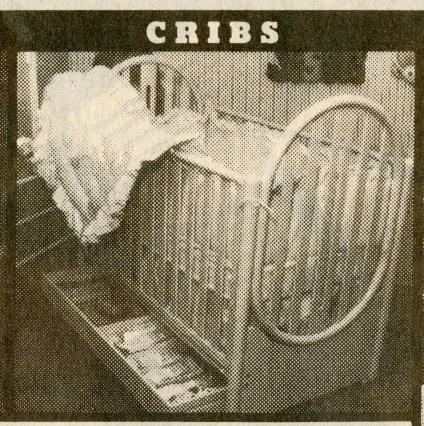
The letter has bothered me, a little bit and off and on, for years. What made me need to write it just that way? Why could I do for a phantom child what I couldn't do for myself — I was intelligent, capable, ambitious, responsible and young. Didn't I have any gumption?

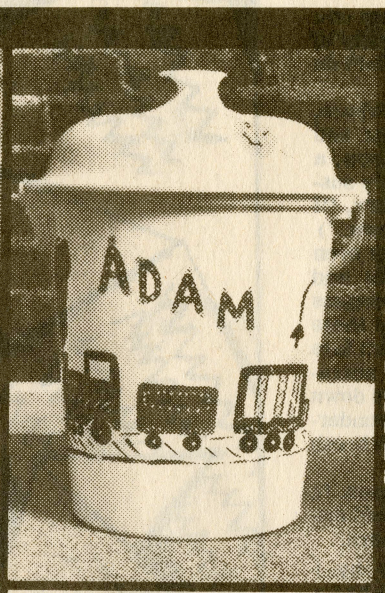
Through the current murmurs of entitlement, the talk of who is due what, of good deeds and bad faith, of self and selfishness, the answer has come to me.

There was no lie in my letter. I *did* have a starving child at home. It was me.

For the next several weeks the Hers column will be written by Ellen Currie, an advertising executive and a writer whose novel, "Available Light," was published by Summit Books last spring.







Designing a Life With the Best For Baby

By ANNE-MARIE SCHIRO

BRETT WEISMAN, 6 years old, wearing a red T-shirt, a white leather skirt, a plastic anklet and no shoes, grabbed the Porthault-printed bolster from her bed and rode it like a hobby horse, leaping from the bed to her handwoven pastel carpet.

"Brett doesn't care as much about her room as I do," said her mother, Carol Weisman. "She doesn't take care of it. This room was done for Carol. The next one will be done for Brett."

What Carol Weisman wanted in her child's room, she said, was beauty more than function. So the bed is upholstered in a Porthault floral, with matching wallpaper and balloon shades. The rug was woven and dyed to match the print, and lampshades were hand-painted.

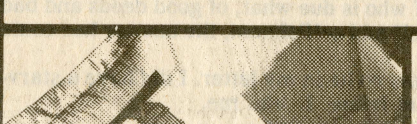
"We went all out for this room," said the decorator Susan Zises Green. "It's the ultimate little girl's room."

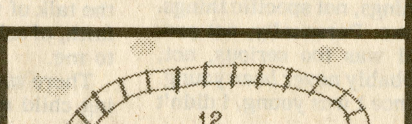
It is not, however, the only ultimate little girl's room in New York. A 7-year-old girl has one with yards of Brunschwig fabric on her bed and windows and stenciled flowers on the floor. A 2½-year-old has a pink room done by Denning & Fourcade, the prestigious decorators, that is abloom with a Rose Cumming pattern of cabbage roses, a flowered carpet and an antique sleigh bed. Another little girl has two canopy beds (one for sleep-over friends) in the room Mario Buatta decorated for her to resemble a flower garden.

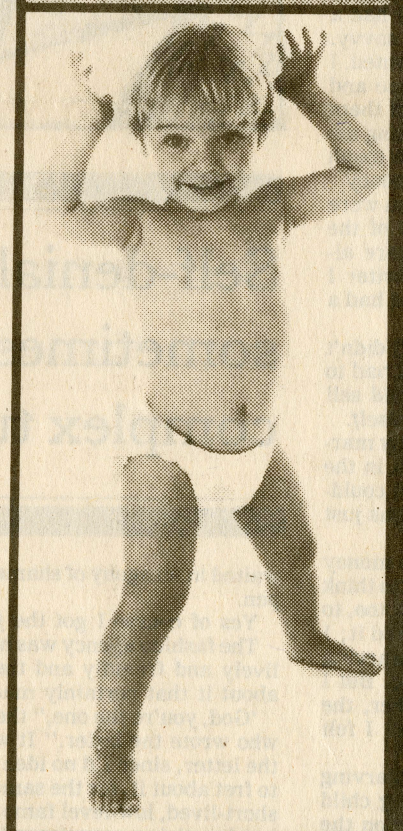
Couples who have both worked for 10 years or more before having their first child tend to have more money than parents in their early 20's. If their apartment is being decorated by a top-flight designer, many have the child's room done at the same time.

This was not always the case. "Parents used to feel that they didn't want to spend a lot of money on a baby's room, because children grow up," said Susan Zises Green, the decorator. "But I always encouraged them to do rooms that grow with the child. People are much

Continued on Page 17









Kennedy Wedding Has Its Myths

By MICHAEL GROSS

THE invitation reads: "Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis requests the honor of your presence at the marriage of her daughter, Caroline Bouvier Kennedy, to Edwin Arthur Schlossberg on July 19, 1986, at 3 P.M., the Church of Our Lady of Victory, Centerville, Massachusetts."

That was not Mrs. Onassis's only request. She has let it be known that advance publicity about her daughter's wedding was unwelcome.

"We made up our mind not to give out any information," Mrs. Onassis's longtime spokesman, Nancy Tuckerman, said. That is, not until a five-page fact sheet is released following the wedding. The wedding's suppliers — designers, caterer and hotel, for example — have all been asked to keep mum.

The result? A feeding frenzy for tidbits of Kennedy wedding news. And much of what has been reported is "inaccurate," "speculation" and "conjecture," according to Ms. Tuckerman.

Take the menu, for example. The meal planned by the caterer, Glorious Food, will not be unseasonably heavy New England seafood and boiled beef, as one report had it.

As of yesterday, the menu for the dinner, to be at 6:30 following a two-hour champagne reception, was cold pea soup with mint, shrimp and apples, vegetable vinaigrette, roast chicken with rice, cold sirloin of beef, salad, raspberries and two identical wedding cakes, white inside and out — and without the traditional bride and bridegroom on top.

The meal will be served, by waiters to be bused in from New York, under a tent decorated by Robert Isabell, a Manhattan florist. He is working with a close friend of Mrs. Onassis, Rachel Lambert Mellon, who designed the White House Rose Garden and landscaped Mrs. Onassis's summer home on Martha's Vineyard.

Then there are the invitations. It

CRITIC'S NOTEBOOK

When 'Good' Isn't the Right Word for the Show

NYT Dec. 29, '83

By BENEDICT NIGHTINGALE

Michael Frayn's "Noises Off" is so funny about so many aspects of the theater — read those spoof bios in the programs at the Brooks Atkinson, for instance — that it seems grudging to complain about its omissions. But what, I kept wondering, must the friends and relations of its main characters have said to them backstage after watching them bomb in the gruesome touring farce, "Nothing On"? In fact, how does one compliment a loved one who has just given an abysmal performance?

This is a problem many have suffered, and it is not made easier by what you may call actors' vanity or their vulnerability, depending on your charity. "You've struck me dumb" is useful, because it precludes you from having to say anything more. So are "devastating," provided you don't go on to explain it's the play that has been devastated, and "stunning," by which you surreptitiously mean you feel battered and numbed. The formula that Noël Coward recommended to those who wanted to be both polite and honest was a simple "incredible."

A friend, who knows many theater people, relies on "marvelous to have seen you." The performer is probably in such a state of post-curtain exhilaration that he hears only the first word, and doesn't register the edge of that "have." "In any case, they are people I like, so it would be marvelous to see them anywhere," explains my friend, a conscientious type. Myself, I prefer W. S. Gilbert's sly tribute. He would shake his head with reverence, rapturously intoning "good *wasn't* the word."

father, shuttling from house to house with a cat in a gas mask; mother, a fervent Catholic in permanent terror that the local church will be bombed; daughter Helen, a woman who is lame and quietly in love with a married man. These people are treated by Taylor with humor and affection; and that is the trouble with the play as well as its attraction. He couldn't bring himself to say anything hard about them. He was too nice.

But let's not knock niceness. In any case, Taylor was too wry and perceptive ever to become bland; and in "Good," his masterpiece, he succeeded in being wry, perceptive and horrific. That was an attempt to puzzle out how a German writer insidiously drawn into the S.S. hierarchy managed to justify himself to himself. Indeed, it showed a seemingly "good" man rationalizing his way to high office in Auschwitz.

It was a courageous play for him to write, because it meant entering and even identifying with a mind he, as a Jew, had every reason to loathe. Hi
family had fled persecution in E
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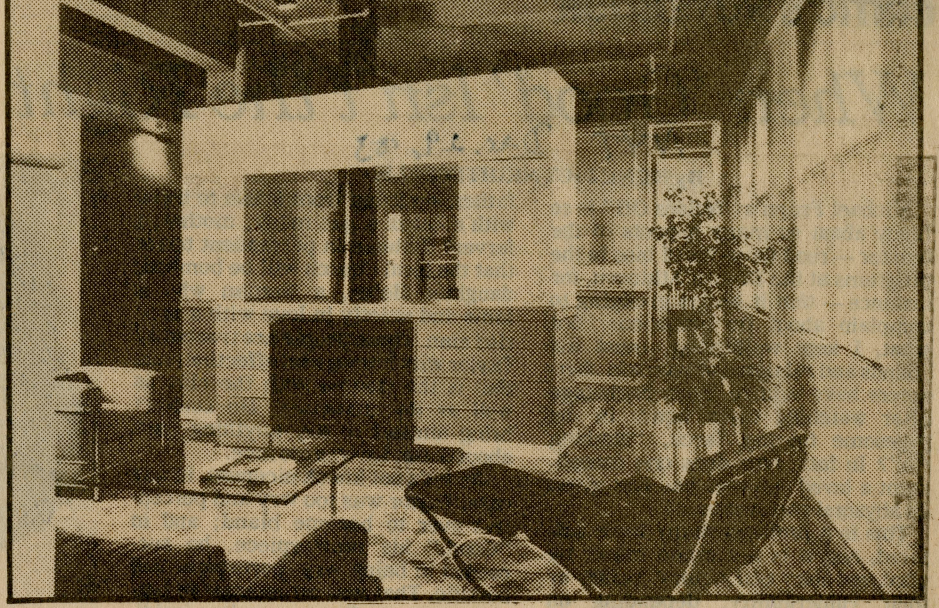


The New York Times / Robert Levin

s Is Growing Problem

mant emotional issues revived by the uation.

me children are unable to take one or the other parent be- he unresolved conflicts of Dr. Cath said. "They esses toward one par- her. I have seen the d want to take her the household, ecause of old

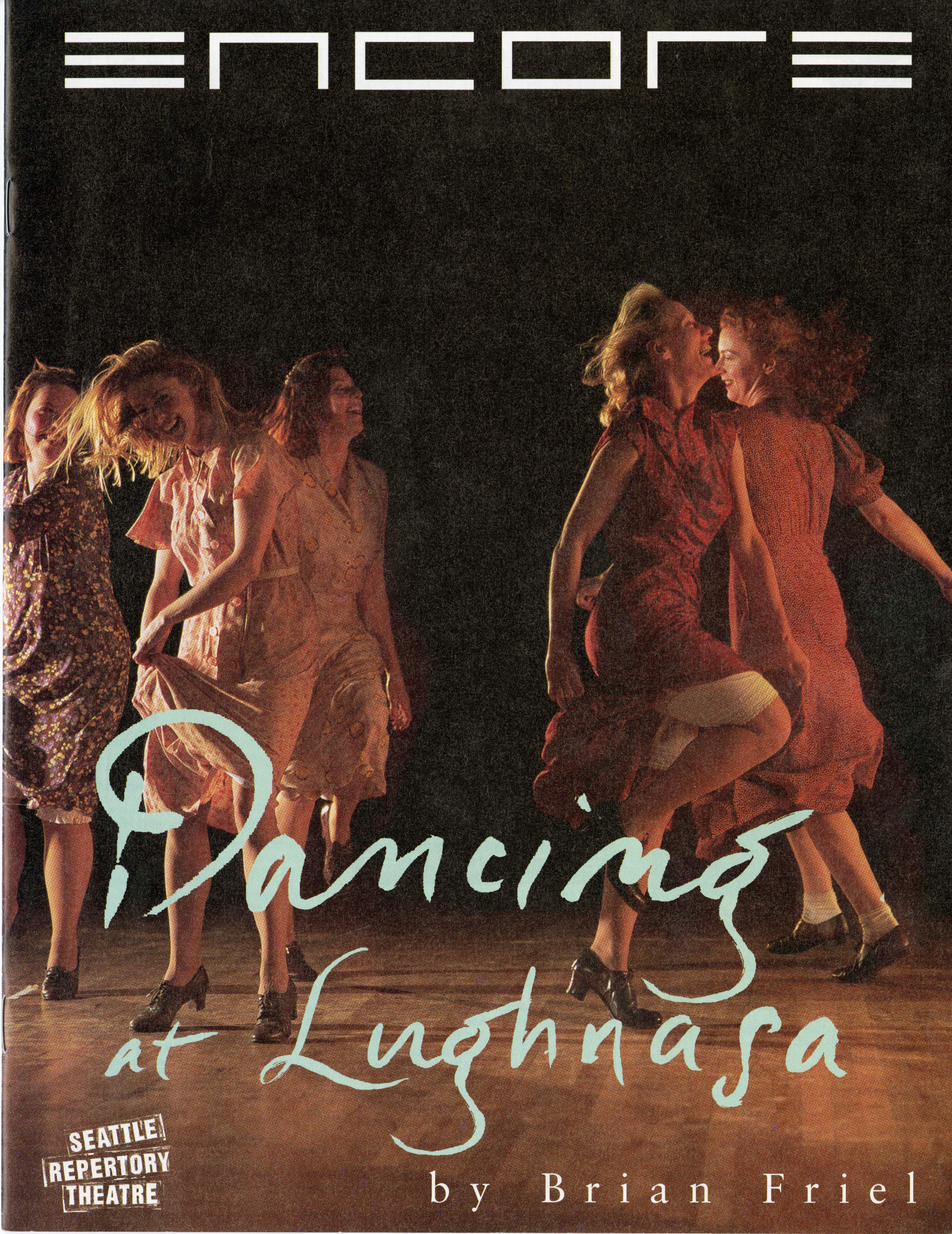
st vexing the eld- g ar- net- de

services commonly required by relatives attempting to arrange for long-distance care.

In many states people must turn to Medicaid, the state-run, Federally regulated welfare program for the poor. Depending on differing provisions from state to state, Medicaid may pay for in-home nursing services and help pay for expenses in a skilled nursing facility after a person has been discharged from a hospital.

Earlier this year, in an attempt to curtail Medicaid costs, the Reagan Administration told states that they may require people to help pay for care provided to their parents in nursing homes, when Medicaid is bearing cost of such care. Members of

encore



Dancing at Lughnasa

by Brian Friel

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SEATTLE REPERTORY THEATRE
1994-95 Season

Dancing at Lughnasa
by Brian Friel

December 31-January 28

FEATURE

4 FESTIVAL OF LUGHNASA
Lost in the past are the origins of Lughnasa, the festival of the Celtic god Lugh. It is in this summer harvest festival that *Dancing at Lughnasa* playwright Brian Friel looks for that shimmering "something" hidden deep in each of us, that essential something occluded by everyday life, that something that sparks our most profound dreams and fondest hopes. Andrea Allen brings us the story of the ancient Irish tradition of Lughnasa.

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For the third year in a row, American Airlines has helped the Seattle Repertory Theatre to jet the finest theatre artists from all over the country to work with our Resident Acting Company. As the official airline of the Seattle Repertory Theatre, American Airlines provides a vital service to our theatre by donating a significant portion of our airline travel throughout the season. This type of support allows us to invest more of our resources in the work the audience sees on stage. The Rep is grateful to the people at American Airlines for their commitment to the theatre, and to artists nationwide.

The Rep also salutes the Directors Circle

A special thanks to the individual members of the Rep's Directors Circle whose generous gifts to our Annual Fund have helped to bring one of America's outstanding directors, Pamela Berlin, to Seattle to direct this production of *Dancing at Lughnasa.*

Individual members are listed on pages 17 and 18.

Rep Facts

Mailing Address
Seattle Repertory Theatre
155 Mercer Street / Seattle, Washington 98109

Box Office Hours
Tuesday - Saturday, 10:00 a.m. to 8:00 p.m.
Sunday, 10:00 a.m. to 7:00 p.m.
Closed Mondays
Telephone: (206) 443-2222 / Fax: (206) 443-2221
TTY/TDD: (206) 443-2226 (for hearing-impaired persons only)

Performance Notes
Cellular phones and beepers may not be used during performances and should be left with the House Manager before the play begins. Doctors and others who may need to be contacted in an emergency may leave the number 443-2210 with their call services. They should be sure to give their names and seat numbers to the House Manager.

The taking of photos and recording are prohibited during the performance.

In response to numerous requests, latecomers will not be seated once the play has started. Latecomers will be seated during the next intermission of the play. Note: some plays are performed without an intermission.

Rep productions are generally suitable for ages 12 and up. We urge you to leave small children at home, as their behavior may prove distracting to the audience members around you.

PLEASE, NO BABES IN ARMS.

Exits
To ensure your safety in case of fire or any other emergency, The Rep requests that you familiarize yourself with the exit route nearest your seat.

Concessions, Bar, and Gifts
Cocktails are available in the Spirits lounge on the mezzanine level. Playgoers who place their orders prior to the opening curtain will find their drinks waiting for them during the intermission.

Starbucks coffee, Talking Rain sparkling water, soft drinks, tea, candy and fresh baked goods are available during intermission at the mezzanine concession stand and at the north end of the main floor of the Lobby.

The SRO Lobby shop, located on the mezzanine level, offers a variety of gifts and theatre-related items.

Smoking Areas
Municipal codes now prohibit smoking in all public buildings. If you wish to smoke, you may do so in the Spirits lounge on the mezzanine level or in the protected areas outside the Lobby.

Handicap Accessibility
People using crutches, walkers or wheelchairs may be driven directly to the theatre door if arrangements are made at least two days in advance. For Mainstage productions, The Rep offers seating areas sepcifically designed for the convenience of patrons in wheelchairs. The PONCHO Forum is now handicap-accessible. Please call 443-2222 for further information.

Services for Hearing-Impaired Persons
Thanks to the generosity of the Seattle Center, The Rep has an infrared listening system to aid hearing-impaired patrons. Headsets are available at no charge from the coat check on a first-come, first-served basis.

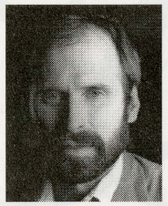
Sign-interpreted performances in American Sign Language (ASL) for hearing-impaired persons are offered at one Sunday matinee for each Mainstage production. Specially priced tickets are available. Please call 443-2222 or TTY/TDD: 443-2226 (for hearing-impaired persons) to reach our Box Office for ticket information.

Services for Visually Impaired Persons
Special performances for visually impaired persons are made possible by Arts and Visually Impaired Audiences. The program provides patrons with prerecorded descriptions of costumes and sets as well as live narration throughout the performance. Arts and Visually Impaired Audiences receives support from the Seattle, King County and Washington State arts commissions; and the Norcliffe Foundation.

Audio-described performances will be offered at one Saturday matinee for each Mainstage production. Specially priced tickets are available. Please call the Rep Box Office at 443-2222.

Transportation
Take Metro to the Seattle Repertory Theatre! Call 553-3000 for Metro bus schedule information.

Welcome



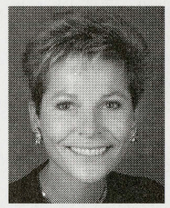
Subscribers and patrons:
It is a pleasure to ring in the new year with a play that has mesmerized audiences around the world, *Dancing at Lughnasa*. Brian Friel is an acknowledged master of his craft, a writer in love with his native Ireland. We're very pleased to be bringing his work back to our stage.

Dan Sullivan
Artistic Director



Happy New Year! And welcome to the Seattle Repertory Theatre. To all of our subscribers — we have enjoyed, with you, a very successful season, to date. To all newcomers — we at The Rep suggest you make your New Year's resolution to see more theatre this year. Enjoy the show!

Ben Moore
Managing Director



Welcome to The Rep! The entire Board of Trustees joins me in a joyous holiday season and the very best wishes for 1994. We hope to be an important part of your cultural life the coming year. As you know, The Rep is the Pacific Northwest's Tony Award-winning theatre, and no one is more responsible for that than Daniel Sullivan. We are all very proud of Dan and his constant efforts to bring us important new work that is re-shaping the American theatre.

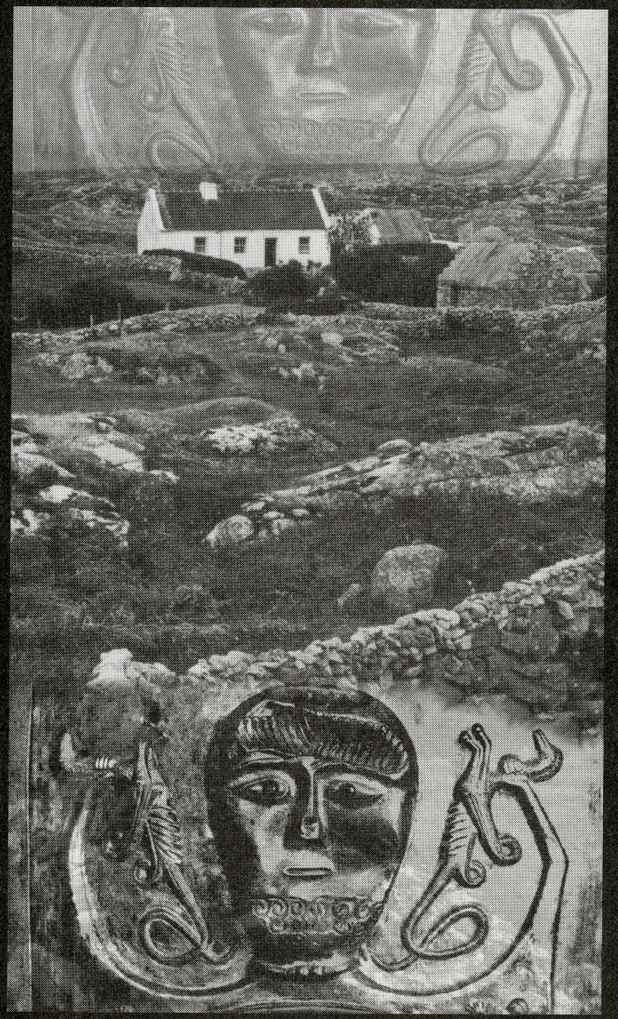
Ann Ramsay-Jenkins
Chairman, Board of Trustees

Lughnasa: The Festival of Lugh

by Andrea Allen

Lughnasa (LOO-na-sa) was one of the quarterly feasts of the old Celtic year when the Irish assembled to celebrate autumn and the coming harvest with games, feasts and dancing. The other seasonal feasts were Imbolc (spring), Beltaine (summer) and Samhain (winter).

According to Irish legend, Lugh, known as the sun god (like the Greek Apollo) and god of harvests, instituted a series of games as an annual memorial to his foster mother. She was buried, so the story goes, on the spot of the first Lughnasa festival, Teltown on the River Boyne, where a mound still stands. These celebrations survived until very recently, and usually included a great deal of dancing and the picking of bilberries, a deep blue-black berry found on heaths and in mountain woods in Great Britain and Northern Europe. Like most myths, there are a few variations on the origin and meaning of Lughnasa.



Bare rock, isolation, mythos: Irish cottage and ancient Celtic figure, perhaps a deity.

One version relates "nasa" to words meaning "to give in marriage." At the fair of Teltown "young men and women kept apart by themselves on one side, while their fathers and mothers were making contracts between them." Further, some say the festival was a celebration of Lugh's wedding to the goddess Eriu. It is also significant that the festival day, August 1, is exactly nine months, the normal period of gestation, before the great feast of Beltaine, which celebrated the beginning of summer. The festival was meant for "young people with no duties and no responsibilities and nothing in their heads but pleasure," writes Brian Friel in *Dancing at Lughnasa*. The festivities were a release of passions before the onset of colder months as couples were encouraged to mate in order to bring forth children in the spring.

While the festival atmosphere suggests giddy celebration, the consequences of the unbridled passion were severe and suggest the more serious tones of the festival. *The Women of the Gael*, written a little over a decade before the play's 1936 setting, comments on the traditional morality — "the intense Celtic pride" — of the Irish woman in relation to marriage and motherhood. Childbearing without establishing the contract between husband and wife was denounced. "Whenever a child is born out of wedlock, so shocked is the public by the very unusual occurrence, that it brands with an irreparable stigma, and, to a large extent, excommunicates the woman guilty of the crime." However, many men were compelled to leave rural Ireland to seek employment. This chronic lack of eligible bachelors added to the stress of this allegedly "unusual occurrence."

Bonfires were lit on the highest hills during Lughnasa, powerfully symbolic of the release of the carnal passions deeply ingrained in the festival. While there was much cause for joy in this, there was also a dark side. The "faeries" were said to be active at festival time, and one had to be careful to perform all prescribed rites to avoid their wrath. In ancient times, the gods, powers of nature, were propitiated by maddening invocations, riotous dances and human sacrifice.

The lighting of bonfires was linked to this human sacrifice. In one version of the ritual, a cake was divided and whoever drew the "burnt piece" was obliged to jump three times over the flames. In another version, all passed through the fire — the men when the flames were highest, the women when they were lower and the cattle when there was nothing but smoke. The passing of persons and cattle through the flame or smoke was a practice which interposed a magic protection between them and the powers of evil.

There was a pervasive sense of mystery and danger to the doings at Lughnasa. Friel writes in the play of a boy badly burned at the festival: "It was last Sunday week, the first night of the Festival of Lughnasa; and they were doing what they do every year up there in the back hills." But in the end, all variations the festival has taken over the centuries embrace a desire for a good life as well as a reverence for the powers of nature. Rather than denying the dark side of human nature, the festival's activities celebrate the tension between good and evil, men and women, and life and death. In this tension, the people find their true passion for life.

The present day pilgrimage to Croagh Patrick in County Mayo is the most direct descendent of this festival, and it is considered by some no coincidence that the Irish August Bank Holiday falls on the first of the month. Many such "pagan" rituals were similarly absorbed into Christianity. For example, many of the celebrations surrounding Christmas, including decorating trees and Santa Claus, evolved from seasonal celebrations of the winter solstice and other pagan festivities.

Andrea Allen is the Artistic Associate of Seattle's Annex Theatre. She is a free-lance writer and director who also works with the Seattle Rep's artist-in-residency program.

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Brian Friel



Brian Friel has lived in the north of Ireland all of his life, currently residing in Greencastle, County Donegal, in the Irish Republic. He was born in Ulster outside Omagh, County Tyrone, in 1929. When he was 10, the family moved to Derry (Londonderry). As a boy, Friel would often cross the border of Northern Ireland to visit his aunts in Donegal, the same aunts whose lives suggested *Dancing at Lughnasa*. Once asked about the seeming contradiction between his own deep roots and his displaced characters, he replied: "I think exile can be acquired sitting in the same place for the rest of your life. Physical exile is not necessary."

Friel studied for the priesthood at St. Patrick's College, but soon changed his mind. Reflecting later in life on his choice, he said that being a priest "would somehow have been in conflict with my belief in paganism."

With a schoolteacher as a father, Friel turned to education and taught secondary school from 1950 to 1960. He wrote short stories for the New Yorker in the mid-'50s, and then in 1960, he began writing full-time. Soon thereafter, an invitation to work with Tyrone Guthrie at his new theatre in Minneapolis turned Friel's writing toward the theatre.

For Friel, being both artist and Irish is an inherently political life. For a time, at the invitation of the president of the Irish Republic, he served in parliament (the Dáil Eireann), and he was a longtime member of the Nationalist Party in Northern Ireland. His plays confront the breakdown of the society he had known all his life, as well as the disenfranchisement of the Irish people.

Asked whether he were a born writer, Friel replied: "I don't know what a born writer is. The craft of writing is something you learn painfully and slowly. There was no background of writing in my family and I don't know how much of my talent is indigenous."

Born writer or not, Friel is one of Ireland's most prolific playwrights — scripting every play first in pencil. His first wide recognition came with *Philadelphia, Here I Come!* in 1964. Still, even the gifted are not immune to writer's block. Prior to *Lughnasa*, he spent many long days at his desk unable to proceed with an historical play about the 16th-century Irish hero Hugh O'Neill. His wife encouraged him to find a diversion, so he wrote an adaptation of Turgenev's *Fathers and Sons*. In 1987, while in London working on that production,

Asked whether he were a born writer, Friel replied: "I don't know what a born writer is ..."

he took a stroll with the playwright Thomas Kilroy.

"We walked across the Waterloo Bridge and up the Strand. It was about eleven-thirty at night, and there were homeless people sleeping in the doorways. Tom said 'If you talked to those people, I'm sure many of them are Irish.' And I said, 'I had two aunts, who, I think, ended up something like that.' He said, 'Why don't you write about that?' So that's how it began: backward."

The first draft for *Dancing at Lughnasa* was written in only eight months, and premiered at Dublin's Abbey Theatre. Although many of Friel's plays have strong female characters, this was the first to deal so directly with his mother and her family.

—Andrea Allen



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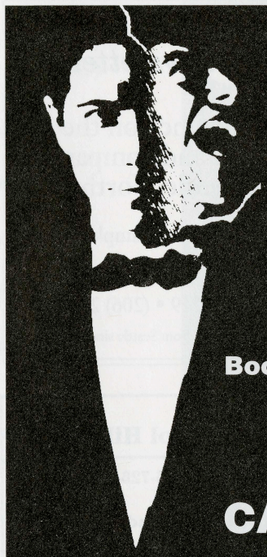

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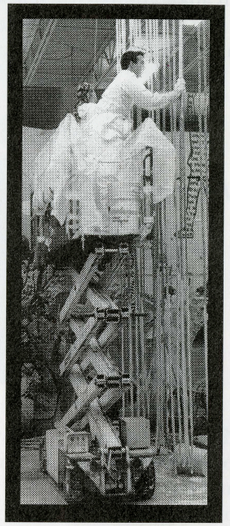
WIZARDS OF TECH

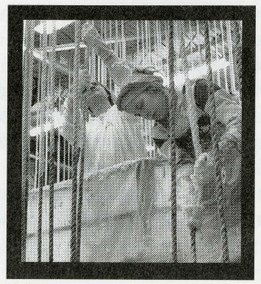
Technical Theatre Arts at The Rep

No one can whip up a set like the chefs in the Rep's shop. From bang-up main courses like the realistic sets for London Suite *and* The Sisters Rosensweig *to rich confections like Michael Olich's setting for* Dancing at Lughnasa, *Rep techies have proven they can cook. Glenn Horton, assistant to production head Terry Sateren, gives us a recipe we should probably not try at home.*



Rep painters and prop people slather 300 gallons of industrial latex adhesive on 5 miles of hemp rope.

Above: *Anthony Brigance Cook and (background) Jennifer Law up high on a lift.*
Below: *Jennifer Law (right) and Kent Holloway.*



Recipe for a Set

Preparation time:
5,200 hours

Ingredients:
✗ 5 miles Manilla rope, 3/4" and 1" diameter (mixed) (46 spools at 600 ft. each)
✗ 300 gal. Latex Industrial Adhesive
✗ 800 lbs. Whiting
✗ 66 gal. Paint
✗ 3000 feet Square and Rectangular Steel Tubing
✗ 65 sheets 3/4" x 4 ft. x 8 ft. Plywood
✗ 65 sheets 1/2 inch x 4 ft. x 8 ft. sound-deadening insulation board
✗ 65 sheets 1/2" x 4 ft. x 8 ft. Medium Density Fiberboard (MDF)

1) Unspool rope and cut into 25' lengths (about 1000 pieces). Set aside.
2) Hang 250 of the ropes from the ceiling. (Cover the floor with plastic for easy cleanup)
3) Combine 75 gallons of adhesive with 200 pounds of whiting. Stir well; do not let harden.
4) Apply adhesive mixture to the ropes, coating every other one, so they don't stick together.
5) When you reach the last rope, the first ones should be dry enough to not stick together. Go back and apply texture to the remaining ropes.
6) Let dry completely - about 3 days. Remove ropes and set aside.
7) Repeat steps 2-5 (three times) with remaining ropes, adhesive and whiting.
8) Lay out ropes on (protected) floor. Paint with yellow paint. Let dry, and set aside.
Repeat until all ropes are painted.
9) Weld steel tubing into supporting structure for 1458 sq feet of flooring. Build at 3° slope. Hang sections from ceiling as necessary to free up work space.
10) Cut Plywood to cover support structure. Nail to steel structure with air-powered nailers. (Hope it doesn't squeak.)
11) Repeat with Sound Board, for cushioning and sound absorption.
12) Cut 65 sheets of MDF into 300 pieces of varying length, width and shape. Nail to covered structure in precise pattern as determined by the Set Designer.
13) Paint constructed platforms with remaining paint and set aside.
14) Figure out how to move a 16' x 16' 300 lb. platform up and down a floor which has a 3° slope. Build, paint, and set aside.
15) Clear existing set from stage, and float platforms in on a cushion of air and secure to stage floor. Hang ropes, now weighing roughly 5630 lbs. Make the moving platform work flawlessly.

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Technical Production Assistant

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photo: Patrick Bennett

Seattle Repertory Theatre
Daniel Sullivan, Artistic Director
presents

Dancing at Lughnasa

by Brian Friel

Director	**Pamela Berlin**
Scenic and Costume Designer	**Michael Olich**
Lighting Designer	**Pat Collins**
Sound Designer	**Steven M. Klein**
Choreographer	**Marianne Claire Roberts**

Cast	In order of appearance
Michael	**R. Hamilton Wright**
Father Jack	**William Biff McGuire**
Maggie	**Marianne Owen**
Kate	**Barbara Dirickson**
Chris	**Liz McCarthy**
Agnes	**Katie Forgette**
Rose	**Kate Purwin**
Gerry	**Sean Cullen**

Time: Act I — Early August, 1936.
Act II — Three weeks later.

Place: The home of the Mundy family, two miles outside the village of Ballybeg, County Donegal, Ireland.

There will be one 15-minute intermission.

Understudies

(will not appear without an announcement o the audience)

Agnes/Rose/Chris—Alyson Bedford; *Michael/Gerry*—Eric Englund; *Kate/Maggie*—Sarah Getzoff; *Father Jack*—Rick Tutor

Stage Manager	**Karen Quisenberry**
Assistant Stage Manager	**Kristen A. Sweet**
Stage Management Intern	**Shawn Senavinin**
Assistant Lighting Designer	**Jay Strevey**
Dialect Consultant	**Deena Burke**
Directing Intern	**Ari Kreith**
Casting Consultant	**Meg Simon Casting**

Dancing at Lughnasa is presented by arrangement with Dramatists Play Service, Inc. in New York.
Originally produced on the New York stage by Noel Pearson in association with Bill Kenwright and Joseph Harris.

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The Actors



Sean Cullen
Gerry

Dancing at Lughnasa marks Mr. Cullen's third appearance at The Rep in the past two seasons. Last year, he played Mickey in Tom Donaghy's *Northeast Local* and Frank in Stuart Greenman's *Silence, Cunning, Exile*, both part of the Rep's Stage 2 season. Mr. Cullen's other regional credits include The Shakespeare Theatre in Washington, D.C., the Studio Arena Theatre in his hometown of Buffalo, New York, the Yale Rep, and Florida's Hippodrome State Theatre. In New York, he has worked at Soho Rep, The Drama League at Circle Rep and at Theatre for the New City. His television credits include CBS's "Under Suspicion," and "One Life to Live" on ABC. Mr. Cullen is a graduate of the Yale School of Drama.



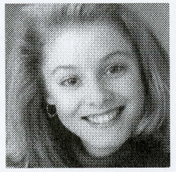
Barbara Dirickson
Kate

Barbara Dirickson was recently seen by Seattle audiences as Annie and Grace in *London Suite*, Ouisa in *Six Degrees of Separation*, Betty Chumley in *Harvey*, Hesione Hushabye in *Heartbreak House*, Chloe Haddock in *Lips Together, Teeth Apart* and M.J. in *Inspecting Carol* at the Seattle Repertory Theatre; as Tiny in *Gray's Anatomy* and Joy Davidman in *Shadowlands* at A Contemporary Theatre; and as Myra in *Hay Fever* at Intiman Theatre. During the Rep's 1991-92 season, she appeared in *Twelfth Night* as Olivia and in the title role of *Hedda Gabler*. She has also played Fran, Molly, Betsy and April in *The Heidi Chronicles*, Margaret Flaherty in *The Playboy of the Western World*, Beatrice in *Truffles in the Soup*, Merteuil in *Les Liaisons Dangereuses*, Maggie in *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*, Frankie in *Frankie and Johnny in the Clair de Lune*, Dorine in *Tartuffe*, Bessie Legg in *Hogan's Goat*, April Monkhood in *The Beauty Part*, and Josie in *A Moon for the Misbegotten*. She was also seen as Amanda in *Private Lives* at the Intiman Theatre. Before coming to Seattle, Ms. Dirickson appeared in *The Importance of Being Earnest* and *The Sorrows of Stephen*, and played Eliza Doolittle in *Pygmalion*, at San Diego's Old Globe Theatre. In 1970, she began a 15-year association with the American Conservatory Theater in San Francisco, going on to perform more than 40 roles. Ms. Dirickson appeared with the A.C.T. company on a three-city tour of the Soviet Union, as well as in Tokyo, where she played Mary Follett in *All the Way Home*. Her experience on the road began with a U.S.O. tour of the Northeast Command and included an engagement at the Santa Fe Festival as Libby in *Blue Window*. Ms. Dirickson was seen on television playing Ed Asner's daughter on "Lou Grant" and as Jeanne Hansen on "Northern Exposure."



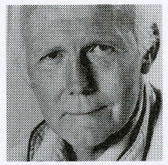
Katie Forgette
Agnes

Ms. Forgette is pleased to be back at the Seattle Repertory Theatre, where she was last seen as Laura in *A Flaw in the Ointment*. Most recently, she played Nurse Kelly in Douglas Hughes' production of *Harvey* at the LaJolla Playhouse. Other Rep shows include *Harvey*, *The Miser*, *Six Characters in Search of An Author*, and in the PONCHO, *Long Day's Journey Into Night*, *The End of the Day*, *Love Diatribe*, and *Strangers in Town*. At Intiman, Ms. Forgette's credits include *The Importance of Being Earnest*, *Misalliance*, and *Aristocrats*. She has also acted at The Empty Space, A Contemporary Theatre, and New City Theater.



Liz McCarthy
Chris

Liz McCarthy last appeared at The Rep in *The Real Inspector Hound*. Most recently, she has performed the roles of Keely in *Keely and Du* at ACT and Ani in a staged reading of *Nine Armenians* at the Intiman Theatre Company. Her other local credits include playing Tood in *The Cover of Life* and Mel in *Dreams From a Summer House*, both at ACT, Zara in *Invisible Friends* at Seattle Childrens' Theatre and Jean in *Brigadoon* at the 5th Avenue. Moviegoers may remember her as the Giggling secretary in *Twin Peaks, Fire Walk With Me*. Liz is a native of Seattle, where she lives with her husband John Martin and Trixie the Cat.



William Biff McGuire
Father Jack

Mr. McGuire first appeared upon the Seattle Repertory Stage in 1973 opposite Jessica Tandy in *Promenade All* directed by Hume Cronyn. Although born in America, Mr. McGuire made his theatrical debut in London, England, under the artistic leadership of Tyrone Guthrie in the original production of William Saroyan's *The Time of Your Life* directed by Peter Glenville. Mr. McGuire was a leading actor with The Guthrie Theater, Canada's Stratford-on-Avon under the direction of John Hirsch (creating the role of Hugh the Schoolmaster in Brian Friel's award-winning premiere of *Translations*), New York's Lincoln Center under the direction of Jules Irving, the Kennedy Center under the direction of Michael Blakemore, and the Denver Center Theatre under the direction of Edward Payson Call. Mr. McGuire has appeared in leading roles in numerous original Broadway productions: *South Pacific; Dance Me a Song; The Greatest Man Alive; Mary, Mary; King of Hearts; Present Tense; Catonsville Nine; Father's Day; Camelot; A View From the Bridge; Tower Beyond Tragedy; Portrait of a Madonna* (opposite Jessica Tandy and directed by Hume Cronyn); Sean O'Casey's *Pound on Demand; Bedtime Story* (with Ms. Tandy and Mr. Cronyn); the 1973 revival of *A Streetcar Named Desire; Conversations With My Father*, directed by Dan Sullivan; and the original Ensemble Theatre's production of Arthur Miller's *The Last Yankee*. In 1960, he met and married his co-star Jeannie Carson when they appeared in and recorded the acclaimed Broadway revival of *Finian's Rainbow*, now available on CD. Seattle Rep audiences have seen him in a wide and varied range of roles in *The Real Inspector Hound, Eye of God, Strider, Enemy of the People, Our Town*, Falstaff in *The Merry Wives of Windsor, Moon for the Misbegotten, The Cherry Orchard, You Can't Take It With You, The American Clock, Conversations With My Father, Long Day's Journey Into Night, Richard III, Measure for Measure, Twelfth Night, The Tempest, Cat on a Hot Tin Roof, Heartbreak House*, and Sidney in the Rep's own *Inspecting Carol*. Mr. McGuire's films include *Serpico, The Heart Is a Lonely Hunter, The Thomas Crown Affair, Station Six Sahara, The Gary Powers Story, Nero Wolf*, and *Midway*. He has been a leading actor on television from the early "golden years" to the present. He served with the 80th Division 305 Combat Engineers in World War II, attended the Nuremberg Trials and helped to rebuild the Wiesbaden Opera House. In 1953, he shared the London "Plays and Players" Comedy Award with Sasha Guitry. Mr. McGuire attended Massachusetts State College, Shrivenham University in England, and New York's Art Student's League.

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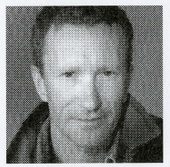
Marianne Owen
Maggie

In her eight seasons as a company member at The Rep, Marianne has acted in over 25 plays. Her favorite roles include Pfeni in *The Sisters Rosensweig*, Heidi in *The Heidi Chronicles*, Betty in *Landscape of the Body*, Bananas in *The House of Blue Leaves*, Myrtle Mae in *Harvey*, Grusha in *The Caucasian Chalk Circle*, Zorah in *Inspecting Carol*, Dorothy in *Eye of God*, Frosine in *The Miser*, and her many roles in the much-fabled production of *The Beauty Part*. Also in Seattle, she has acted in five shows at ACT, performed in readings at Intiman, and created the role of Marta in the world premiere of *Hell on Wheels* by Mary Lathrop at The Empty Space. Prior to coming to Seattle, Ms. Owen performed around the country in the national tour of *The Real Thing* and also acted at Playwrights Horizons, New York Shakespeare Festival, The Repertory Theatre of St. Louis, Actors Theatre of Louisville, The Guthrie Theater, Yale Repertory Theatre, Goodman Theatre, theatre festivals across Europe and Israel, and at the La Jolla Playhouse. She was a founding company member of the American Repertory Theatre, where she spent four seasons. In her career, she has had the pleasure of working with directors and writers such as Mike Nichols, Tom Stoppard, Athol Fugard, John Madden, Arthur Kopit, Tony Kushner, Ted Talley, Andrei Serban, Liviu Ciulei, Jonathan Miller, Des McAnuff, Dan Sullivan, and Doug Hughes, among others. A graduate of Yale School of Drama, Marianne has also worked on radio and television and appeared in the film *The Hand That Rocks the Cradle*. Ms. Owen is proud to have a home in Seattle and at the Seattle Rep.



Kate Purwin
Rose

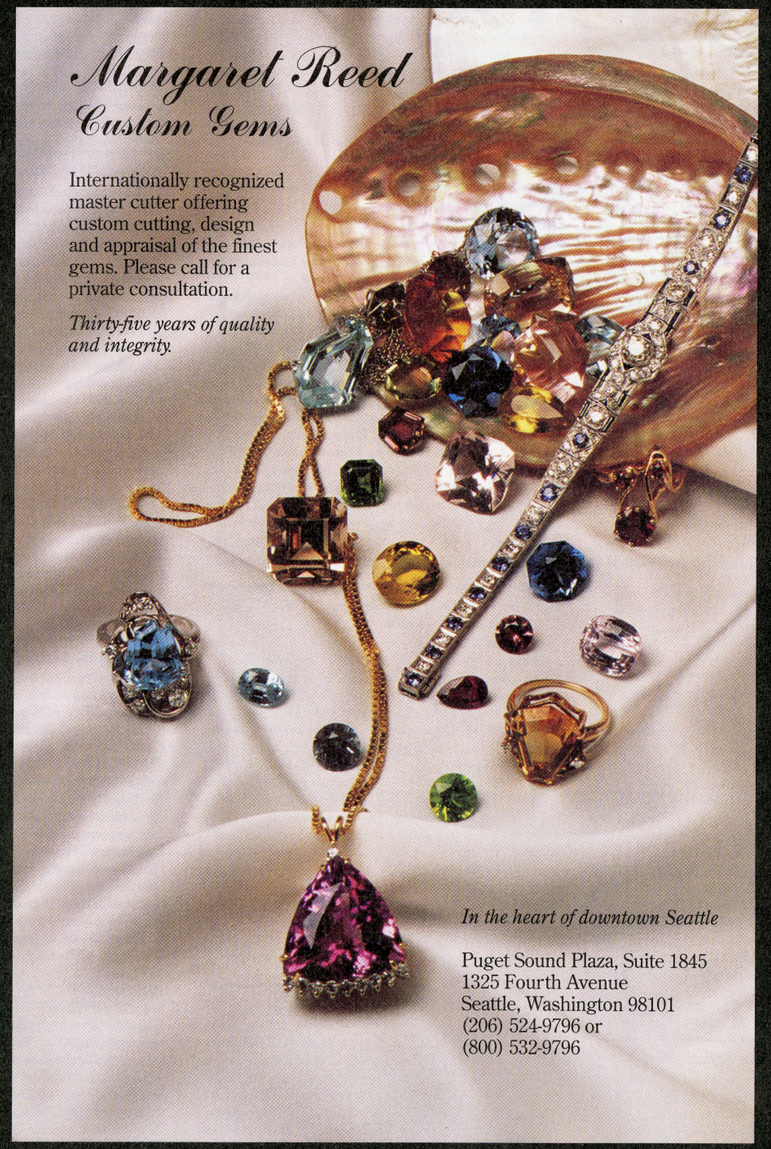
Kate Purwin is delighted to be making her first appearance at The Rep. Before her recent move to Seattle, she was seen on Broadway in Strindberg's *The Father* and off-Broadway in a revival of Lanford Wilson's *The Gingham Dog*. In Boston, Kate performed in *The Foreigner, Blithe Spirit, Crimes of the Heart, This Property is Condemned, Hello Out There*, and *Summer and Smoke*. Regionally, she appeared in *Alterations* at the Whole Theatre Company in a role she created at the Portland Stage Company. Her Los Angeles Theatre credits include *The Cherry Orchard* and *Fando & Lis*. On television, Kate was seen on "The Waltons" and "Little House on the Prairie," in addition to appearing in many commercials. Kate is a graduate of the California Institute of the Arts.



R. Hamilton Wright

Bob Wright has been a member of the Seattle Repertory Theatre's resident acting company since 1986. During that time, he has been the proud sponsor of a number of memorable characters, among them: Garry Lejeune in *Noises Off*, Wayne Wellacre in *Inspecting Carol*, Bazarov in *Nothing Sacred* and Valère, the hyperactive charboy, in *The Miser*. He was most recently seen in *The Real Inspector Hound*. Bob was born and bred in the Seattle area and now makes his home on the dark side of Queen Anne Hill.

This theatre operates under an agreement between The League of Resident Theaters and Actors' Equity Association, the Union of Professional Actors and Stage Manangers in the United States, and the Society of Stage Directors and Choreographers.



The Directors and Production Staff

Daniel Sullivan, *Artistic Director*

Daniel Sullivan assumed the artistic directorship of the Seattle Rep in 1981 after two years as Resident Director. Since that time, he has directed over two dozen plays, including the Mainstage productions of *London Suite; The Flying Karamazov Brothers in The Brothers Karamazov; Inspecting Carol; An Enemy of the People; Ah, Wilderness!; The Two Gentlemen of Verona; Bedroom Farce; Major Barbara; Romeo and Juliet; The Front Page; Make and Break; As You Like It; Our Town; Girl Crazy; Richard III; Red Square; The Caucasian Chalk Circle; Tartuffe; The Tempest; Truffles in the Soup; The Cherry Orchard;* and *I'm Not Rappaport* (which he subsequently directed on Broadway, on tour, and in London's West End). He served as both actor and director for *The Mandrake & The Wedding, The Merry Wives of Windsor,* and *Robbers*. Long committed to developing new works for the stage, Mr. Sullivan established the Rep's new play program in 1979. The Rep's productions of Bill Irwin's *Largely/New York* and William Mastrosimone's *Cat's-Paw* and *Shivaree* (the latter two directed by Sullivan) were developed in this program, as was Wendy Wasserstein's *The Heidi Chronicles*, which went on to win the 1990 Tony Award and the Pulitzer Prize. Prior to his association with The Rep, Mr. Sullivan was well known for his work at the nation's leading regional theatres. As a member of the Lincoln Center Theatre Company during the early '70s, he directed the American premiere of Durrenmatt's *Play Strindberg* and Sean O'Casey's *The Plough and the Stars*. In 1991, Mr. Sullivan directed the first production of his play, *Inspecting Carol*, in the PONCHO Forum and remounted the play on the Rep's Mainstage in 1992. He directed Herb Gardner's *Conversations With My Father*, which premiered at The Rep in 1991, at the Royale Theatre in New York. Mr. Sullivan's production of Jon Robin Baitz's *The Substance of Fire* completed its run at New York's Lincoln Center in the summer of 1992 and was remounted at the Mark Taper Forum in Los Angeles. Mr. Sullivan recently directed Wendy Wasserstein's *The Sisters Rosensweig* (a work developed in the Rep's New Play Workshop Series) at Lincoln Center and again on Broadway, for which he received his third Tony Award nomination.

Benjamin Moore, *Managing Director*

Benjamin Moore joined The Rep in December 1985 after a 15-year association with the American Conservatory Theater in San Francisco. As Production Manager and then Managing Director at A.C.T., Mr. Moore refined the theatre's repertory system of productions in rotation, supervised a fully-accredited actor training program, managed tours to the Soviet Union, Japan, Hawaii, and the Western states, and was instrumental in developing an exchange of theatre professionals with the People's Republic of China. He was appointed to the Seattle Arts Commission in 1987 and served as SAC Chairman for 1989. Mr. Moore currently serves on the board of the Washington State Arts Alliance and is a trustee of the I.A.T.S.E. Local 15 Health and Welfare Trust. He has worked extensively with the NEA as a peer panelist and on-site reporter. Mr. Moore holds a B.A. from Dartmouth College and an M.F.A. in theatre administration from the Yale School of Drama.

Douglas Hughes, *Associate Artistic Director*

Douglas Hughes joined The Rep as Associate Artistic Director in 1984, and has since directed *Pericles, Prince of Tyre; Harvey; Eye of God; Julius Caesar* (with Liz Diamond); *Hedda Gabler; Twelfth Night; The House of Blue Leaves; Passion Play; Endgame; The Forest; You Can't Take It With You; Landscape of the Body; The Understanding; The Beauty Part; Hogan's Goat; Nothing Sacred; Measure for Measure; The Playboy of the Western World;* and *That's It, Folks!* He directed the New Play Workshop Series productions of *Discovered,The Nice and the Nasty, Play Yourself, August Snow, New Music, Strangers on Earth, Love Diatribe, Eye of God, Displaced Persons, What To Say,* and *Black Forest*. His adaptation of *The Miser*, seen at The Rep in 1991, has also been produced at the Indiana Repertory Theatre. His translation of *Hedda Gabler*, seen at The Rep in 1992, was done at the Denver Center in 1993. Prior to his association with The Rep, Mr. Hughes lived in New York City, serving first as NEA Directing Fellow and later as Associate Artistic Director of the Manhattan Theatre Club, where he directed Vincent Canby's *After All*, Anthony Giardina's *Scenes from La Vie de Boheme*, Edward Bond's *Summer*, and Harry Kondoleon's *Slacks and Tops*. Among Mr. Hughes' directing credits in other cities are several plays by Mark O'Donnell for New York's Playwrights Horizons; Jon Robin Baitz's *The Film Society* at the McCarter Theatre, *Harvey* and *The Glass Menagerie* at La Jolla Playhouse, and at The Guthrie Theater, *Harvey, The Front Page* and *The Winter's Tale*. Mr. Hughes is a graduate of Harvard College and has served on the faculties of the Playwrights Horizons Theatre School and The Lincoln Center Institute.

Kurt Beattie, *Artistic Associate/ Literary Manager*

Mr. Beattie was Artistic Associate and Literary Manager at The Empty Space Theatre for five years and succeeded Burke Walker as Artistic Director there in 1991. Well known to Seattle audiences as an actor, he has performed leading roles at A Contemporary Theatre (where he appeared this past summer as Walter in *Keely and Du*), Intiman Theatre Company, The Empty Space Theatre, and was seen at The Rep most recently in *The Sisters Rosensweig* on the Mainstage, in *Measure for Measure* in the PONCHO Forum and in the New Play Workshop Series production of *Black Forest*. He has also performed at The Repertory Theatre of St. Louis, Indiana Repertory Theatre, Cincinnati Playhouse in the Park, and at Playwrights Horizons in New York City. A playwright as well as an actor, he was the recipient of a Seattle Arts Commission playwriting grant for his play, *Electric River*. He most recently directed the world premiere of Eric Overmyer's *Dark Rapture* for the Empty Space Ensemble Acting Company.

Ted Sod, *Artist-in-Residence, Outreach & Education*

Ted Sod is a playwright, performer, director and arts education advocate who is a refugee from New York City living in Seattle. He has performed in plays produced off-Broadway by The New York Shakespeare Festival, BAM Theatre Company, Second Stage, Playwrights' Horizons, American Place Theatre and Circle Repertory, among others. Seattle Rep audiences may remember his portrayal of Raulito in John Guare's *Landscape of the Body*, directed by Douglas Hughes for the Stage 2 series in 1987. Mr. Sod is also the author of *Stealing, Damaged Goods, The Kiss* (published by Alamo Press), *Satan and Simon DeSoto* (Published in *Sharing the Delirium*, an anthology of second-generation AIDS plays and performances published by Heinemann Books), and *The Lost Art of Conversation*. His plays for young audiences include *Three Wishes* (published by Contemporary Drama), *Make Me Pele for a Day* (Dramatic Publishing) and *Conquest of Fears*. Mr. Sod is currently planning a low-budget feature film about homophobia based on his play, *Satan and Simon DeSoto*.

Pamela Berlin, *Director*

Pamela Berlin most recently directed *The Family of Mann* at the Second Stage Theatre in Manhattan. Other New York credits include *Steel Magnolias*, which originated at the WPA Theatre and then moved to the Lucille Lortel Theatre, where it enjoyed a three-year run; *Joined at the Head* at the Manhattan Theatre Club; *Club Soda, Peacetime, Early One Evening at the Rainbow Bar and Grille* and *Snowing at Delphi; Elm Circle* at Playwrights Horizons; *The Cemetery Club* on Broadway; and *To Gillian on Her 37th Birthday*, first at the Ensemble Studio Theatre, then in a commercial production at Circle in the Square downtown. She served as literary manager at the E.S.T., where she also produced their annual one-act marathon and has directed many new plays. Regionally, Ms. Berlin has directed at the Huntington Theatre in Boston, Portland Stage Company, Asolo Theatre Company, Pasadena Playhouse, Capital Repertory Company, Virginia Stage Company, George Street Playhouse, Philadelphia Festival Theatre for New Plays, and the Kennedy Center. Credits include Brian Friel's *Translations*, as well as *The Plough and the Stars, The Playboy of the Western World, A Streetcar Named Desire, On the Verge, Joe Egg, True West, Shirley Valentine, Jitters,* and *Fossey* (about anthropologist Dian Fossey). She has directed *Hansel and Gretel* and *Operetta Internationale* for the New York City Opera, *Madama Butterfly* for the Utah Opera Company, and has an upcoming production of *Butterfly* at the Vancouver Opera. She has been a guest director at various universities and has taught acting and directing at Sarah Lawrence College, Playwrights Horizons, and Boston University Theatre Institute. She just directed her first after-school special for ABC and has been a participant at Redford's Sundance Institute.

Michael Olich, *Scenic and Costume Designer*

At the Seattle Rep, Michael Olich has designed costumes and scenery for *Spunk*, and costumes for *Hedda Gabler, When We Are Married, M. Butterfly, The Playboy of the WesternWorld, Les Liasons Dangereuses, Nothing Sacred, Measure for Measure,* and *Hogan's Goat*. On Broadway, he has been represented by scenic designs for *The Kentucky Cycle*, a design he originated in Seattle at the Intiman and for which he later received the L.A. Theatre Critics' Circle award for its production at the Mark Taper Forum. Recently, he designed the scenery for the Intiman's critically acclaimed production of *Angels in America: Millenium Approaches;* he will continue that assignment with designs for *Perestroika* in the spring. A resident of Seattle, his designs have dressed the stages of the Seattle Opera, Pacific Northwest Ballet, A Contemporary Theatre, The Empty Space, the Seattle Men's Chorus, and the Tacoma Actors Guild, where he also directed last season's production of *The Mystery of Irma Vep*. Nationally, Michael's work in regional theatre has included The Guthrie, Berkeley Rep, the Goodman, Oregon Shakespeare Festival, Milwaukee Rep, and Atlanta's Alliance Theatre, where he also directed and designed last season's production of Pinter's *Betrayal*. Internationally, Michael designed the scenery and costumes for John Dillon's production of *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof* seen in Tokyo last June.

Pat Collins, *Lighting Designer*

At the Seattle Rep, Ms. Collins has designed lighting for *The Sisters Rosensweig, Girl Crazy, Red Square, Our Town, The Merry Wives of Windsor, Richard III, The Tempest, The Heidi Chronicles, The House of Blue Leaves, The Caucasian Chalk Circle, The Cherry Orchard,* and others. Broadway productions include *The Sisters Rosensweig, Conversations with My Father, Lucifer's Child, The Heidi Chronicles, I'm Not Rappaport* (for which she received a Tony Award), *Ain't Misbehavin'* (the original and the revival), *Baby, Steaming, Stages, King of Hearts, The Floating Light Bulb, The Threepenny Opera, Sherlock's Last Case, Arsenic and Old Lace,* and *Execution of Justice* (for which she received a Drama Desk Award). She also designed the London West End productions of *Into the Woods* and *The Illusion*. She has designed many productions off-Broadway, including *A Woman in Mind, Quartermaine's Terms, How I Got That Story,* and *A Life in the Theatre*. Ms. Collins is well known to regional theatres such as Hartford Stage Company, Baltimore Center Stage, Actors Theatre of Louisville, the Long Wharf Theatre, The Guthrie Theater, and the Mark Taper Forum. In the field of opera, she has designed for such companies as The Metropolitan Opera, The Royal Opera House at Covent Garden, Glyndebourne Opera Festival, Los Angeles Music Center Opera, The Washington Opera, Houston Grand Opera, The English National Opera, Scottish Opera, and The Netherlands Opera.

Steven M. Klein, *Sound Designer*

Mr. Klein's work was most recently heard on the Mainstage in *The Sisters Rosensweig* and in Stage 2 in *The Real Inspector Hound*. He has designed over 50 productions at The Rep, including such favorites as *Oleanna, Holiday Heart, Largely/New York,* and *Lips Together, Teeth Apart* on the Mainstage, and in the PONCHO Forum, *The Lisbon Traviata, Measure for Measure,* and *Landscape of the Body*. His sounds have been heard at The Empty Space in *Mad Forest, The Puppet Master of Lodz, Aunt Dan and Lemon, Beyond Therapy, Careless Love,* and *Kiss of Blood: An Evening of Poe*; at Intiman Theatre in *"Master Harold" ... And the Boys* and *Aristocrats*; and at ACT in *Halcyon Days, Shadowlands, A Normal Life, The Jail Diary of Albie Sachs,* and *Mrs. California*. Mr. Klein's work has also been heard at the Kennedy Center, the Utah Shakespearean Festival, Philadelphia Drama Guild, Arizona Theatre Company, and Arena Stage. In the coming months, Mr. Klein will be working at the Seattle Children's Theatre on *Little Rock* and at The Rep on *Jolson Sings Again, Voir Dire,* and *Scapin*.

Mary Hunter, *Production Manager*

After 11 seasons as Production Stage Manager, Mary Hunter returns for her 12th season at The Rep as Production Manager. In previous seasons, she has stage-managed for such favorites as *Julius Caesar, The Piano Lesson, The Good Times Are Killing Me, The Heidi Chronicles, Truffles in the Soup, Nothing Sacred, The Caucasian Chalk Circle, Tartuffe, Noises Off, Richard III, Girl Crazy, Guys and Dolls, I'm Not Rappaport, Our Town, The Ballad of Soapy Smith* and *The Front Page*. During the 1990-91 season, Mary was on the road as stage manager for *The Heidi Chronicles* national tour and a European cruise tour of the New York Theatre Guild's *Theater at Sea*. Prior to coming to Seattle, she was stage manager for the Stratford Festival in Ontario, Canada, and the National Arts Center of Canada in Ottawa. For The Guthrie Theater in Minneapolis, she served as stage manager for 10 mainstage productions, as well as serving as Production Stage Manager for the Guthrie Two. Ms. Hunter has also worked with Denver Center for the Performing Arts, the American Repertory Theatre in Cambridge, Massachusetts, and the Santa Fe Festival Theatre.

Karen Quisenberry, *Stage Manager*

This is Karen's fifth season with the Seattle Repertory Theatre, where she most recently stage-managed *London Suite*. She has also served as stage manager for the Stage 2 productions of *Eye of God* and *Spunk*, as well as assistant stage manager for *Harvey* (both at The Rep and at La Jolla Playhouse); *Heartbreak House; Hedda Gabler; Twelfth Night;* stage manager for *Pericles, Prince of Tyre;*and the touring production of *Inspecting Carol*. She worked with the Utah Shakespearean Festival as Company Stage Manager, where she stage-managed productions of *Hamlet, Romeo and Juliet* and *The Greenshow*. Karen received her M.F.A. from the University of California, Irvine.

Kristen A. Sweet, *Assistant Stage Manager*

Kristen A. Sweet is happy to be joining the Seattle Rep stage management staff for her third season. In addition to *Dancing at Lughnasa*, Kristin will be stage-managing the educational outreach production of *Conquest of Fears* for the second year. In past seasons, she has been an assistant stage manager for *Harvey; Silence, Cunning, Exile;* and *City of Gold*. Kristen has also stage-managed for the Juilliard School, the American Stage in St. Petersburg, Florida, Shakespeare Santa Cruz, the Intiman Theatre and The Empty Space.

Marianne Claire Roberts, *Choreographer*

Marianne Claire Roberts enjoyed a 12-year dance career in New York performing with American Ballet Comedie, Lotte Goslar's Pantomime Circus, and the Paul Sanasardo Dance Company, touring the United States, Europe, Israel, and South Africa. Since coming to Seattle in 1984, she has choreographed many productions at Seattle Children's Theatre, including *Dr. Doolittle in the Moon* and *Jack and the Beanstalk*, as well as productions at The Rep, Intiman Theatre Company, ACT Songworks, The Village Theatre, and Cornish College. In 1992, she traveled to Barcelona to choreograph *Labor of Love* for the Olympic Arts Festival. Ms. Roberts also teaches ballet and movement for actors at Cornish College of the Arts. She lives in Everett with her husband, Paul, and children, Morgan and Lily.

ssdc The Director and Choreographer are members of the *Society of Stage Directors and Choreographers, Inc.*, an independent national labor union.

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The National Corporate Theatre Fund is a non-profit corporation created to increase and strengthen support from the business community for ten of this country's most distinguished non-profit professional theatres. The Seattle Repertory Theatre shares in the support from the following corporations through their contributions to the National Corporate Theatre Fund:

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The Leadership Campaign for American Theatre is a $5-million challenge project to build corporate support for not-for-profit professional theatre in the United States. The Seattle Repertory Theatre is one of the resident theatres that is benefitting from the Campaign. To date, the following corporations have committed to the Leadership Campaign:

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The Xerox Foundation

For more information about the Leadership Campaign for American Theatre, please contact the Development Department at the Seattle Rep.

National Arts Stabilization Fund

In 1988, The Seattle Repertory Theatre was one of a select few arts organizations in the country chosen to participate in the National Arts Stabilization Fund. Founded with grants from The Ford Foundation, The Andrew W. Mellon Foundation and The Rockefeller Foundation, NASF provides capital funds and management assistance to help qualified arts organizations improve their long-term financial stability.

Recently, The Rep received a $1 million grant to be distributed over four and a half years from the National Arts Stabilization Fund. The Seattle Repertory Theatre thanks the following corporations, foundations, governmental bodies and individuals for their generous support.

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Acknowledgments

The Seattle Repertory Theatre earns 63 percent of its operating budget through ticket sales and other earned income—one of the highest percentages of any major regional theatre. For the remaining 37 percent, The Rep relies on contributions from individuals, government agencies, corporations and foundations. This vital support enables the theatre to maintain its high production quality and keep ticket prices at an affordable level.

The following are a select few of the many who assist The Rep. To all—our deepest thanks.

National Arts Stabilization Fund (NASF)
The Seattle Repertory Theatre has been awarded a grant in the Seattle Arts Stabilization Project, a joint venture of a consortium of Seattle corporations, foundations, individuals, the City of Seattle, King County, the State of Washington, and the National Arts Stabilization Fund.

National Endowment for the Arts (NEA)
Seattle Arts Commission (SAC)
King County Arts Commission (KCAC)
Washington State Arts Commission (WSAC)
Cultural Enrichment Program of the Washington State Arts Commission
These government agencies provide vital support for services during the year.

Corporate Council for the Arts (CCA)
provides the theatre with annual sustaining support from the business community.

PONCHO
provides generous funding in support of the Rep's resident acting company and new play development.

Nordstrom
has underwritten the SRO Spring Fashion Show and Luncheon for the past 27 years.

The Shubert Foundation
provides grant support which helps The Rep develop new plays for the American theatre.

Producing Partners and Associates
underwrite specific production expenses related to a given show or major program. Recent Producing Partners include: Allen Charitable Foundation for the Arts; American Airlines; The Boeing Company; The Bon Marché; The Keith and Mary Kay McCaw Foundation; Merrill Lynch; Puget Sound Power & Light Co.; SAFECO Insurance Companies; Seafirst Bank; Theatre Communications Group, Inc./Pew Charitable Trust; US WEST Foundation; and Washington Mutual. Producing Associates include: Arthur Andersen/Andersen Consulting; The Callison Partnership; Countryside Fragrances Charitable Foundation; Davis Wright Tremaine; Dodd Pacific Engineering; Ernst & Young L.L.P.; GNA Corporation; Graham & Dunn; Groff & Murphy; Heller Ehrman White & McAuliffe; Key Bank of Washington; Korn Ferry International; Piper Jaffray; QFC/Quality Food Centers, Inc.; Martin Selig Real Estate; and U.S. Bank of Washington.

SRO
The Seattle Repertory Organization, the Rep's outstanding volunteer guild, boasts nearly 300 members throughout the Puget Sound region. The funds and services they provide contribute immeasurably to the success of this theatre.

The Rep is a member of The League of Resident Theatres and is a constituent of the Theatre Communications Group and the American Arts Alliance.

Stage crew and scenic carpentry work for SRT productions is performed by members of IATSE Local #15.

Usher services are provided by members of SEIU Local #6.

Special Thanks

Stephanie Hagarty, All Seasons Cleaning, Continental Furniture, 200 Roy Street Apartments, Mutual Travel, Alexander & Astin Florists, Said Maulana, The Four Seasons Olympic Hotel, The Belltown Pub, The Wedge, The Brooklyn Cafe, Roy Street Apartments, The Seasons Apartments, and

T.S. McHUGH'S T.S. McHugh's

Calendar of Events

Preview Lecture:
Dancing at Lughnasa
Sunday, January 8, at 4:00 p.m. in the Mainstage Lobby
Professor Rob S. Garratt will be the featured speaker. Open to the public and free of charge.

Post-Play Discussions:
Dancing at Lughnasa
January 8, 15, and 22
Open discussions will follow these selected Sunday evening performances, as well as the matinee interpreted into American Sign Language on Sunday, January 15.

Audio-Described Performance:
Dancing at Lughnasa
Saturday, January 21, at 2:00 p.m.
This special performance of *Dancing at Lughnasa* offers audio-description services for visually impaired persons. Live narration of the play, as well as descriptions of sets and costumes, is provided over listening devices by Arts and Visually Impaired Audiences. The headsets may be checked out, free of charge, at the coat check desk prior to the performance. The Rep is proud to offer audio-description services at a selected subscription performance of each Mainstage production.

Sign-Interpreted Performance:
Dancing at Lughnasa
Sunday, January 15, at 2:00 p.m.
This performance of *Dancing at Lughnasa* will be American Sign Language-interpreted for hearing-impaired persons and will be followed by a sign-interpreted discussion.

Free tours of the Bagley Wright Theatre:
See what goes on behind the scenes at The Rep! Call Susie Falk at 443-2210 for more information or reservations.

Upcoming Productions:

Mainstage:

Jolson Sings Again
by Arthur Laurents / Feb. 8 - Mar. 4

Scapin
by Molière, adapted and directed by Bill Irwin / Mar. 15 - Apr. 8

Pretty Fire
by Charlayne Woodard
Apr. 19 - May 21

Stage 2:

Voir Dire
by Joe Sutton / February 22 - March 12

Mobile Outreach Bunch Tour:

Conquest of Fears—Dare to Play
by Ted Sod / April 17 - May 26

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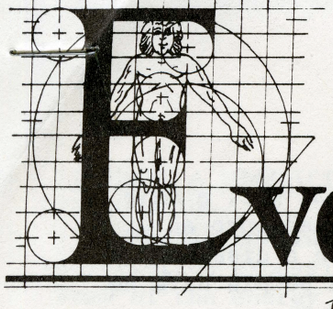

Everything Human

I am a man--nothing human is alien to me. -Terence

FROM DENZIL WALTERS

Dr. Bruce Wright came to Shoreline College on sabbatical from his practice as a radiologist. For two years as a student he stirred faculty members in sciences, social sciences, and humanities to take another look at their own ideas in the light of a 2000 year tradition. From dozens of periodicals, Dr. Wright brought articles he had found stimulating. They, in turn, stimulated Dennis Peters, Bob Love, Don McVay, Louise Douglas, Paula Gottdenker, and Charles Baker. The list is long. The names are representative. Other names will appear in other issues of the newsletter.

The concern and enthusiasm that Dr. Wright brought to discussions led to a talk about involving more faculty members. To draw the attention to the numerous articles which Dr. Wright pulls from journals and newspapers every month, Dennis Peters and Dr. Gottdenker have joined him to publish this newsletter.

If the three can find time between discussions, they will edit a second issue. They expect to hear from others who share interests in the exchange of opinions about everything.

REVITALIZING THE HUMANITIES

A couple of months ago, I learned from one of my colleagues in another division that for fifteen years he has felt intimidated in the presence of humanities teachers. The books he hears us talk about, the magazines we cite in our lunch room conversations are often unknown to him. He goes home feeling inferior. Not only did this revelation shame me, it left me incredulous. How could someone who daily soars in the ether of higher mathematics feel diminished in the presence of mere wordsmiths?

My last sight of a quadratic equation was on a graduate record exam, the math portion of which dashed my chances for a scholarship. In the shadow of that failure I have skulked for two decades dreading the moment when my pretensions to education would be unmasked by an unforgiving colleague and I would confess everything in public assembly and go to selling shoes. Now I learn that certain scientists and even economists harbor similar anxieties about their inability to distinguish a participle from a gerund or a simile from a metaphor.

Not every colleague, of course, is thus daunted by insecurity. Some toil in disciplines which have honed their critical faculties to such an edge that they have sliced through humanities as methodologically appalling. In their eyes we seem to wallow in impressionism and to take pride in billowy, unsupported assumptions about "human nature." But this is plainly to count the grains of sand. It would be miraculous if we at Shoreline had been able to avoid being split into the two cultures (or more) that C.P. Snow described twenty years ago. Our disciplines and our temperaments encourage us to look at the world through different eyes.

And yet in striking ways we do seem to have avoided the differences that have rent so many campuses. We don't too often hear from humanists the sweeping charge that technology has ruined the world. Some of us have read Samuel Florman with profit. (See related article by Harry Schwartz which follows.) Moreover we have dancing biologists, singing chemists, strumming mathematicians, organ playing machinists, and an English teacher or two who can change the oil in their own cars.

In addition, we have one very important thing in common--our students whom we all want to be humanely educated people, able to support themselves in dignified, meaningful jobs. If we expect each of our students to be well rounded people, we must be so ourselves. Fortunately, we are small enough and talented enough to continue educating each other, as we demonstrated so clearly at the symposium marking the centennial of Darwin's death featuring Dr. Paula Gottdenker and speakers from several divisions.

Now we in the humanities have some extra help. When we formed an advisory council of lay persons to help revitalize our program, we asked them to send us clippings from their professional and recreational reading which showed the humanities in action in the modern world. We now have twelve bulging files, a fraction of which will appear in these newsletters. To add to this, we have asked colleagues from other disciplines to write brief reviews of books which show humanities intertwining with their own subjects.

For the sake of convenience, colleges have somewhat arbitrarily fragmented the fields of learning and then segregated them from the vocational crafts.

REVITALIZING...(continued)
This division can too easily segregate us as colleagues to the point that we deny each other the support of our knowledge and, yes, of our criticism of each other. Perhaps the world is a seamless garment. Why can't we see it whole the way the Renaissance thinkers once believed we should?

We hope this newsletter will stimulate your thinking and will increase the discussions which already make Shoreline such a fruitful place to be an educator.

The following excerpts, we hope, will prompt your response. Send your written replies to me--

DENNIS PETERS

CONSEQUENCES OF GENETIC MANIPULATION

Sociobiologist envisions a more humane future through genetic intervention.

Edward Wilson still cannot fully envision the far-ranging effects his theories of human nature will have on the human spirit. He does, however, foresee some problems.

"It's extremely likely that within ten years, twenty at the outside, a number of genes will have been identified whose effects can be traced through the actual production of particular chemicals in the brain and thence to measurable properties of temperament, mood and even cognitive ability," he says.

"If we could change our basic nature--the strength of the sex bond, the pleasure you get from children--through genetic intervention, then with more knowledge of the genetic basis of the assembly of the mind, you could come up with human beings who respond to the world in very different ways--some taking deep pleasure in living in a city, for example, others who are able to live in rural communes. Suppose we really could do it. Should we? And if so, what direction should we choose?"

--Views of Edward O. Wilson
Science Digest, May 1982

SHOULD WE GO FOR IT? WHO DECIDES?

In the early 1970s biologists learned to cut out precise snippets of DNA that could produce a desired genetic change in another organism, making it a clone factory. That discovery prompted anticipation of consequences, good and bad. The good: The mechanisms of life could be studied in finer detail than ever before; and in due course useful applications would emerge, such as volume production of insulin and the rare body substance interferon, and crops could be artificially rigged to gulp self-fertilizing nitrogen. The bad: Much of the experimentation would be conducted with escherichia coli, a strain of bacteria that lives naturally and harmlessly in the human gut; a snip of dangerous virus inserted into an e. coli cell could create a disease-carrying bug to which people have no immunity.

--Wall Street Journal
January 25, 1982

WAS LANGUAGE THE SOURCE OF HITLER'S POWER?

...Far more interesting is Steiner's belief that Hitler wielded language as an almost supernatural force. In one of his celebrated early essays,"The Hollow Miracle"(1959) Steiner argued that just as speech can create, it can destroy; that the language of Luther and Goethe"was not innocent of the horrors of Nazism," that Hitler found in it "the latent hysteria, the confusion, the quality of hypnotic trance." He now gives that view a theological turn, an adaptation of the opening statement in St. John: "In the beginning was the Word. . . and the Word was God."

The organizer of Steiner's posse is careful to warn his agents by radio not to let their prisoner speak while they march him out of the jungle. "When He made the Word, God made possible also its contrary," says Emmanuel Lieber, who is apparently modeled on Simon Wiesenthal. "He created on the night side of language a speech for hell . . . There shall come a man who . . . will know the grammar of hell and teach it to others. He will know the sounds of madness and loathing and make them seem music."

--Review of George Steiner's
"Portage to San Cristobal
of A.H."
Time, March 29, 1982

IS THERE A CONFLICT BETWEEN "TRADITIONAL" MORALITY OF REPRESSION AND SELF DENIAL AND THE MODERN MORALITY OF SELF-EXPRESSION?

A more sober view of the "cultural revolution" would see it, not as the harbinger of a general shift of values, but as itself a movement of elites--like the political processes to which it hopes to offer some sort of alternative--that will soon have to abandon those of its democratic pretensions that still remain. Until recently, advocates of "experimental lifestyles" have been able to argue that economic expansion will make generally available a range of choices hitherto confined only to the few. Our leaders, no longer able to govern a sprawling, heterogeneous society by articulating a moral and political consensus, by disseminating the heritage of Western culture among all classes of people, or by admitting all classes to political participation, have at least held out the hope that everyone will soon share in the pleasures of leisure and

IS THERE A CONFLICT...(continued)

consumption.

Economic decline now makes even this expectation excessively optimistic. Some of the energy behind the rise of the Moral Majority may derive from the dawning perception not merely that cultural pluralism--the official ideology of liberal societies--encourages a low standard of public morality but that pluralism in any case benefits only the affluent. It is the members of the professional and managerial elite--whether they read Playboy or The New Yorker--who proclaim the right to self-fulfillment, profess to value "creativity" more highly than money, eat natural food, bake their own bread, join self-discovery groups, and believe that "people should be free to look, dress and live the way they want, whether others like it or not." Yankelovich thinks that although the working class still adheres to "traditional values," the new morality will eventually trickle down from the educated elite to the majority. "Private conceptions of fulfillment hitherto confined to the upper crust have become democratized and now find their way into all social classes."

The economic decline of the Seventies and Eighties makes it more likely that corporate managers, without renouncing their own right to self-fulfillment, will begin to urge others to return to the work ethic, revive the spirit of sacrifice, and repudiate demands based on a false sense of "entitlement." Such a program of moral retrenchment is already being advocated under the name of reindustrialization. In the new atmosphere of the Reagan White House, Yankelovich's survey reads like an updated version of Charles Reich's Greening of America--

--Christopher Lasch
From a Review of:
New Rules: Searching for Self Fulfillment in a World Upside Down by Daniel Yankelovich

IN PRAISE OF ENGINEERS

There is an extraordinary gulf between public attitudes toward technology and the attitudes of those most intimately involved with it--the engineers. The public, especially its best-educated members, seems to grow more hostile to technology with every decade. The earlier notion that it was more or less synonymous with progress has been replaced by a sense that it is a kind of poisoned wine, more likely to produce cancer and deformed babies than to improve human well-being. In Blaming Technology (St. Martin's Press, $12.95), Samuel Florman writes glumly: "Technology threatens to become in the 1980s what Communism was in the 1950s, or even what witchcraft was in Salem in the 1690s--a word so steeped in emotional implication that its very mention drowns out the voice of reason." ...The author of Blaming Technology is manifestly a man of conservative instincts, and he certainly has no desire to transform the capitalist system. Yet he ends with a kind of complaint about it: by the time he is through demonstrating that engineers lack clout, he has made it clear that he considers the situation unjust. He believes that our society is failing to recognize the unique contribution of technology and those who develop it. The engineer, he believes, is "the somebody in our society (who) has to design, create, fabricate, build--to do. A world full of coordinators, critics, and manipulators would have nothing in it but words. It would be a barren desert, devoid of things."

---Harry Schwartz
Fortune
February 22, 1982

A REVIEW OF BASIN AND RANGE
by John McPhee

"The poles of the earth have wandered. The equator has apparently moved." With these terse but lyrically powerful sentences, John McPhee begins his book Basin and Range - a journey through ancient terrains.

This book demonstrates very well how a master writer blends the finest of his writing skills with the basic fundamentals of a science. Every paragraph, every sentence, reflecting his own geologic background, is remarkably accurate, graphically descriptive, and yet truly lyrical in style.

He notes that, to geologists, a roadcut "is a portal, a fragment..., a proscenium arch that leads their imagination into the earth..." Geologists delight with new terms and ideas, while at the same time revering the tried and true old: "They are not about to drop granite. They say granodiorite in church and granite the rest of the week." And: "There was almost enough resonance in some terms to stir the adolescent groin."

McPhee travels the length of Interstate 80, starting in New Jersey where it slashes westward through the Palisades Sill, and finishing where it traverses Nevada's great basin and range territory. He travels with various geologists, using their observations to lend accuracy and color to his text. He finishes his journey in the company of Kenneth Deffeyes, Senior Professor of Geology at Princeton University. An excellent companion. Deffeyes has been described by a colleague as an "intellectual roving shortstop, with more ideas per square meter than anyone in the department - they just tumble out."

His prose and style are remarkably

A REVIEW OF BASIN...(continued)

descriptive. He discusses geology's greatest debate of this century - Plate Tectonics - and the agony of many eminent scientists in casting aside old axioms. "When two continental masses happen to move on collision course,... barging over trenches...and when they hit they drive their leading edges together as a high and sutured welt..."

I applaud his concluding observation on this particular topic-- "If by some fiat I had to restrict all this writing to one sentence, this one I would choose: The summit of Mt. Everest is marine limestone." I have used these exact words for over 17 years in attempting to help my students understand the magnitude and importance of changes and movements on and within the earth's crust.

His quote of astronaut-geologist Harrison Schmitt best sums it up: "I didn't grow up with the idea of drifting continents and sea floor spreading. But I tell you, when you look at the way the pieces of the northeastern portion of Africa (and Saudi Arabia) fit together...you could make a believer out of anybody."

This book then serves as a prime example of the importance of maintaining the humanities as an equal partner to the social and natural sciences. Only a writer deeply steeped in his humanistic crafts can properly and effectively express the excitement and dynamism which the scientist experiences as he opens new doorways to knowledge within his own discipline. John McPhee has achieved this "marriage" with eminence.

---Donn Charnley
Professor of Geology

DISTURBING THE UNIVERSE
by Freeman Dyson

Freeman Dyson does not have the name familiarity of Einstein, Oppenheimer, Bethé or Teller, but he was an associate of these men after WW II. This autobiography is a captivating series of encounters with people who have made decisions regarding scientific developments that are presently influencing our lives.

The humanistic concerns of Dyson, stemming from strong parental influence during his early years in England, dominate his thoughts and actions as a young man during WW II. Throughout the rest of his life he tries to resolve the question of the morality of war and the role of the scientist in developing weapons of war. To this end, he proposes a possible solution to the dilemma by using a unique and thoughtful definition of defense and defensive weaponry.

Dyson, with formal education as a mathematician, portrays himself as a detail person, not rich with original ideas. Disturbing the Universe, however, reveals that his perspective has been distorted by being surrounded by idea dynamos such as Edward Teller, Richard Feynman, Hans Bethé and other top scientists, many of whom had returned to Cornell University after their war-time years in Los Alamos. The ideas flowing from Dyson are, to the reader, numerous, varied and original. Many of them, some of which are pure fantasy, reveal the most human aspects of this scientific humanist.

---Robert Love

PROJECTS OF THE HUMANITIES ADVISORY COUNCIL

The members of the Advisory Council have taken our request for their assistance very seriously. They are firmly committed to the belief that a wide, humane education is the mark of an educated person whatever professional specialty he or she may enter. For several months they insisted on listening to faculty members describe their work, their enthusiasms and their frustrations in teaching humanities in a time of shrinking interest in humanities. Then they implemented several projects whose purpose was to draw the attention of students, faculty and the community to the importance of humanistic studies. Here is a list of several of the projects.

1) This newsletter is one, prepared with the assistance of Bruce Wright, M.D. and Paula Gottdenker, Ph.D.

2) The symposium on Humanities and Employment featured members Pat Lewis of Pacific Northwest Bell, and Dr. Richard Coder, psychologist, in addition to Dr. Carver Gayton of The Boeing Company and Dr. Susan Quattrociocchi of Everett Community College.

3) Dr. Bruce Wright has given to the library an extensive collection of works on the humanistic aspects of science. Each of these books was written by a prominent, award winning scientist and aimed at the non-scientist. Dr. Wright is completing an annotated bibliography.

4) The Advisory Council contributed to the divisional accreditation self study.

5) Several members have spoken at other colleges urging them to form advisory committees.

6) Dick Wetterauer has begun a campaign to increase awareness of Shoreline College at local high schools.

7) Anne Klein designed the handsome brochure for the division.

8) Member Diane Berge was a key planner of the state humanities convention.

9) Several members are recording interviews with prominent business leaders who have strong anti-humanities feelings, a most important, sobering testament.

10) Dr. Richard Coder is preparing an evaluation instrument to give to Shoreline students to assess likelihood of their success in humanities classes.

This is only a partial list. Other projects are in planning.

Tidings of Comfort and Dread: Poetry and the Dark Beauty of Christmas

By Robert Pinsky

ONE of the most beautiful American Christmas carols expresses the idea of despair underlying religious celebration:

O little town of Bethlehem,
How still we see thee lie!
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
The silent stars go by;
Yet in thy dark streets shineth
The Everlasting Light;
The hopes and fears of all the years
Are met in thee tonight.

The silence is perhaps holy, but also fearsome. Anyone who has heard this sung in December, especially by children and in a small town, must have been moved by it. The image of the town — which "we" see, though it sleeps dreamlessly — is beautifully peaceful beyond reach, and the last two lines are quietly terrifying. The clamor of all history's hopes and fears, contrasted with the quiet of the little place where they meet; this clash of setting and event, great and small, hope and dread, has all the fearful glamour of the Christmas season.

Phillips Brooks wrote these lines (and the three stanzas that follow them) in 1868, presumably with the carnage of the Civil War in mind. The eerie quiet of his town can be thought of as the quiet after battle, the quiet of the dead. His brilliant stroke is to separate "we" who sing from that dreamless, yet animate dark. The streets are dark, as well as silent; the "Everlasting" light shines, but invisibly.

When I heard these lines sung in grade school in New Jersey, I found in them a personal drama, the drama of tasting forbidden beauty. For a Muslim or Hindu or Jewish child in the United States, the majority culture's images may have that power. I thought mistakenly that those within the majority, like the one who wrote these words, felt the joy of Christmas without the delicious, bitter spice of interdiction. My grandfather Pinsky, proprietor of a bar and veteran of Prohibition bootlegging, had an immense Christmas tree in his living room every December. He was married to a Christian woman, and brought his many children and grandchildren for Christmas dinner. These gatherings were as noisy as the streets of Phillips Brooks's Bethlehem are silent, but like those streets our festivity was shadowed by strange presences, massive hopes and fears.

Later, I learned that ambivalence about Christmas is far from being only an outsider's emotion. Even Dickens's "Christmas Carol" is about 85 percent terror and misery, 15 percent plum pudding. And if Christmas even once seems full of happy expectation, if it is perfect or ecstatic in childhood, then all future Decembers may be shadowed by elegy, by dreaded nostalgia, maybe even by the desire to kill the tormenting enchantment of memory, as in the closing section of Frank Bidart's "Poem in the Stanza of the Rubaiyat" ("Christmas Eve in Harvard Square"):

Child, when you learn that the laughing ghosts who
live
Shadowing your steps in forty years give
Substancelessness to stone, is this night one
More thing you'll try to kill in you to live?

The emotion of Christmas gets much of its power from "laughing ghosts," whose presence dissolves the stones of the present. That is why Dickens structured his Christmas masterwork around the appearances of ghosts.



RICHARD MCGUIRE

Thomas Hardy, supreme poet of ghosts, writes about the traditional belief that all oxen kneel at midnight on Christmas Eve, emulating the ox that knelt in the manger where Jesus was born. His poem "The Oxen" finds another chord of darkness and memory infusing the season:

Christmas Eve, and twelve of the clock.
"Now they are all on their knees,"
An elder said as we sat in a flock
By the embers in hearthside ease.

We pictured the meek mild creatures where
They dwelt in their strawy pen,
Nor did it occur to one of us there
To doubt they were kneeling then.

So fair a fancy few would weave
In these years! Yet, I feel,
If someone said on Christmas Eve,
"Come; see the oxen kneel

"In the lonely barton by yonder coomb
Our childhood used to know,"
I should go with him in the gloom,
Hoping it might be so.

Childhood belief, dark night, disturbed adult memory, remembered "ease" and present "gloom": these elements color all of these examples. Hardy, born a hundred years before Frank Bidart, also finds the "substancelessness" of memory infecting his more rural setting of barton (farmyard) and coomb (valley).

There is a strange, night-lit exhilaration to these poems that merely talking about them may leave out. Read aloud, they have a power like that of carols and Christmas imagery to make us weepy, and to give a lot of pleasure. This is partly the pleasure of the present conversing with the past, however oppressive the past may be. The idea of Jesus transforming the world, like the idea of the transformation poetry is supposed to bring to the world, carries certain anxieties with it. We have fears of wan hope or weak belief, for instance: whether doubt centers on the transforming, joyful force itself or on our own ability to live up to it.

The ambivalence is part of the thrill; the spirit cannot exist without its shadow. Because it does not try to include that fact, Clement Moore's verse "A Visit From St. Nicholas" (" 'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house") cannot work up much emotion. Merely an efficient, cheerful catalogue of imagery, Moore's expert verses cannot generate the hypnotic aura of "O Little Town of Bethlehem" — not even the punch of a more emotionally ambitious popular narrative like "Casey at the Bat."

The urban legend that the suicide rate shoots up during the season to be jolly has no factual basis, I am told; but we have invented that legend for a reason. The pendulum of expectation can swing from comfort and joy to despair. (The notion that elevated rates of self-destructive thoughts occur among readers of contemporary poetry, or among those who have recently attended a poetry reading, might make another urban legend.)

In the Brooks-Dickens-Hardy tradition, contemporary poets have written wonderful poems noting ways the season mixes tidings of comfort and joy with their opposites. In his 1984 book "The Courtesy," Alan Shapiro's poem "A Christmas Story" poignantly presents the outsider version of the holiday emotion, the boy who is not Christian lying about his tree, his presents. The poem begins, "It wasn't only envy but also a vague desire," and ends with a vision of the fantasy tree:

the tree ascended

In a pyramid of flames and glittering angels.
On my bare walls, all day, I had to build it
higher and brighter, as though it were a burden

I could not put down, could never escape —
driven to build it all day by a heart
the God of my father, the Lord our God, kept
hardening.

Less extreme in its conflict, but equally alert to the seasonal space between desire and possession, between display and reality, here is a passage from Jane Kenyon's poem "Christmas Away From Home" (1990):

In the hiatus between mayors
the city has left leaves in the gutters
and passing cars lift them in maelstroms.

We pass the house two doors down, the one
with the wildest lights in the neighborhood,
an establishment without irony.
All summer their putto *empties a water jar,*
their St. Francis feeds the birds.
Now it's angels, festoons, waist-high
candles, and swans pulling sleighs.

The poet is a country person spending Christmas in an alien suburb, because someone is sick. The

Continued on next page

Robert Pinsky's new verse translation of the "Inferno" of Dante will be published this month.

Dec. 4, '94

Poetry and Christmas

Continued from preceding page

meaningless, ungoverned maelstrom of dead leaves is associated with the equally wild activity of the swans, the saints and giant candles on someone's property. The time of year seems to demand more than this. Though the poet doesn't tell us what gestures of religion, community or irony would suffice, the yearning beyond this confident display of symbols becomes associated, as the poem progresses, with yearning for home.

On a less delicate level, that well of feeling is pumped by the song "I'll Be Home for Christmas." The title cheers us, but also maybe reminds us that, as in Hardy's poem, to be home is a relative matter: he is near the coomb, the barton, the oxen, but he is no longer with that "flock" of people who sat in "hearthside ease." Ms. Kenyon, like Mr. Shapiro, is an alien, in her case gazing at the foreign Christmas gestures not with a raging fantasy of possession but with an irony she feels they lack. She sees the suburban ritual gestures and misses the cold North Country, "the black shade of pines."

A far different version of country folk appears in Alfred Corn's 1988 book "The West Door," which contains a striking narrative poem, almost in the manner of Robert Frost, called "An Xmas Murder." In Mr. Corn's poem, a short story in verse, a rural Vermont doctor narrates the tale for some newcomers to the North Country. The doctor, it turns out, has witnessed a murder: four men knock an enemy unconscious and throw him into the river. But the doctor won't ever testify about the brutality because he needs to protect his local position as a gay man who "passes" by general consent. The Christmas setting and details give the brutal, corrupt tale the force it needs in this poem: a way of telling the newcomers that the sweet, bucolic surface of Vermont life should not mislead them.

If Mr. Corn's poem embodies a sardonic extreme in one dimension, sinister currents under the holiday surface, there is a kind of opposite in the exaltation and joy of William Carlos Williams's stunning poem "Burning the Christmas Greens." "A landscape of flame" he calls the greens, "a promise of peace, a fort / against the cold": "the green / dispersed, a living red, / flame red, red as blood wakes / on the ash" — these last words evoking the berries of the ash tree as well as red embers among ashes, and possibly the Crucifixion tree, too.

In a way that is more than only Christian, and more than merely non-Christian, Williams's poem could be called religious, in that it is a celebration of the spiritual and of ritual. Here is a passage from the middle of it:

At the winter's midnight
we went to the trees, the coarse
holly, the balsam and
the hemlock for their green

At the thick of the dark
the moment of the cold's
deepest plunge we brought branches
cut from the green trees

to fill our need, and over
doorways, about paper Christmas
bells covered with tinfoil
and fastened by red ribbons

we stuck the green prongs
in the windows hung
woven wreaths and above pictures
the living green.

Williams evokes an exuberant making and destruction, and also the mingling of making with destruction: first in this cutting of the greens and then in the later building of the fire, with its black mountains and ash white and red all in the "contracting tunnel of the grate." Here is something like "the hopes and fears of all the years," but also transformation:

Green (we might
have said) that, where

small birds hide and dodge
and lift their plaintive
rallying cries, blocks for them
and knocks down

the unseeing bullets of
the storm. Green spruce boughs
pulled down by a weight of
snow — Transformed!

Violence leaped and appeared.

It is Williams's particular genius to find in the ordinary activity of the middle-class household large gestures and meanings, not symbolically but actually. The dualistic division between an invisible "Everlasting" and a visible darkness, the dreamless streets and the witnessing "we," the little town and the great, sacred event, vanishes in his poem. Here the longing and the loss are both embodied in the image of the green and red in the fireplace:

appeared a world! Black
mountains, black and red — as

yet uncolored — and ash white,
an infant landscape of shimmering
ash and flame and we, in
that instant, lost,

breathless to be witnesses,
as if we stood
ourselves refreshed among
the shining fauna of that fire.

In the peculiar, pedantic word "fauna" the act of burning comes all the way alive. This is the renewal not just of the promises of a season, but of art, and the poet makes us a present of it. □

DORIS LESSING

UNDER MY SKIN

VOLUME ONE OF MY AUTOBIOGRAPHY. TO 1949

Her most important work since *The Golden Notebook*. The most revealing work of her entire career.

"I was born with skins too few. Or they were scrubbed off me by... robust and efficient hands."

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—Starred review, *Publishers Weekly*

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Writing example

Palm Court by Peter France

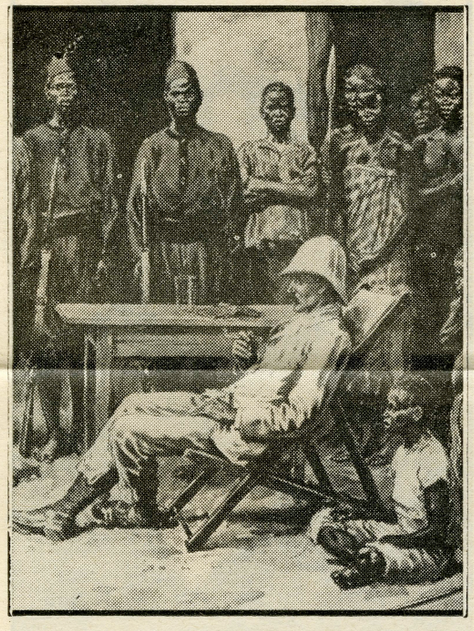
'Take,' I said to the clerk, 'all the court furniture outside. I should like to hold court in the open air this afternoon.' Those were the instructions that made the whole catastrophe possible. Perhaps inevitable. Of course it was the palm trees that did it. The sight of them through the office window must have touched some responsive chord in the subconscious. I was out to fulfil a boyhood dream. It was the one about the far-flung District Officer, clean-limbed and clear-eyed, handing out British justice under the waving palms to the simple, loyal and admiring natives in his charge.

But I hadn't seen a coconut tree when I dreamed it. And I didn't know they grew coconuts right at the top. And that, as the palm trees wave about, the coconuts fall down. And I hadn't seen the damage that falling nuts can do to things that get left about under the waving palms. Like the bonnet of a car, for example. I only remembered this as I stepped out of the office and headed for the judicial chair, which had been placed, as I had directed, in the shade of two particularly tall and well-laden trees that were tossing their heads about in a manic frenzy and shaking about half a ton of insecure coconuts over the spot where I had to spend the afternoon. I say 'had' to spend the afternoon, though you might think nothing would have been easier than to have the chair and table moved. But life is never so simple as we would wish. The islanders believed that falling coconuts, like lightning, didn't just go around striking people down without cause. They were nature's agents of retribution where man had failed: they smote only those who had committed an undetected evil deed. You see the difficulty. As a magistrate, I was professionally obliged to have a clear conscience. So I couldn't have the furniture moved without giving the wrong impression.

The first case was for divorce: always a popular attraction because of the peculiar ways in which what had happened had to be trimmed and shaped before presentation as evidence. The islanders had seen enough of the rather zany mechanics of divorce proceedings to realise, for example, that you can't get a divorce unless you can first prove that you're married. Which seems ridiculous, since you'd have thought that the less evidence there was that you *are* married, the easier it would be for the court to declare that you're not. They also knew enough of the doctrines of connivance, collusion and condonation to persuade them that the easiest way to get a divorce is to pretend you don't want one.

In the case of Solomon and Rebecca, before the court, they had decided that Solomon should bring an action for desertion, since Rebecca had left him 18 years before, and they had each brought up large families by other partners. For reasons that were none of my business, they wanted to get themselves legally straightened out. There seemed, at first, to be no problems. The marriage certificate was produced, and then Solomon deposed that Rebecca had packed her mats and gone back to mother after a couple of weeks of marriage. He'd sent the traditional whale's tooth to her parents requesting her return—but they had sent back the tooth and not the girl, which meant, according to custom, that the marriage was at an end. Solomon had sent several whale's teeth during the statutory three-year period, and they had all been rejected. This was all legally fine and dandy: the *animus deserendi*, the intention

White man's justice is dispensed in Central Africa



to bring cohabitation permanently to an end, could be inferred from the rejection of the whale's teeth. As long as Solomon could prove that for three years he had wanted Rebecca back, and that she had refused consistently for that time, he could have his decree.

But Rebecca spoiled it when she took the stand. Her first words dashed my hopes of an early escape from the jigging palms: 'It was, sir, because of the shark under the bed.' Solomon, it seemed, was a keen fisherman. His speciality was sharks, and he loved to eat them as much as he loved to catch them. But a shark straight from the sea was not to his taste: to develop the full flavour, a shark had to hang for a time, like a game-bird. Solomon used to hang his catch from the rafters of his house. But on the day of his marriage, in deference to his bride, and wanting to clean the place up a bit, he had taken down the shark, wrapped it in banana leaves, and put it under the bed, there to develop, in due course of time, the fulsome flavour that suited his palate. But Rebecca objected to this pollution of the marital chamber, said she couldn't breathe in there, and left.

Here we seemed to have a case of what is called 'constructive desertion'. If Solomon's conduct was such as to force his wife to leave, then he was the guilty party. But the law specified that the conduct had to be 'of such a grave and weighty nature as to make cohabitation virtually impossible'. And although there were yards of legal precedents, I couldn't really hope for much guidance from them. It seemed unlikely that their Lordships of the High Court would ever have considered the effects on marital harmony of sharks under beds. There might have been the odd case of an 18th-century squire stringing pheasants from the four-poster, but the casebooks I had didn't go back far enough. The alternative was to consider whether Solomon's conduct was 'reasonable'. And we were taught, in assessing this, to think of the reactions of an individual created by legal writers and called 'the man on the Clapham omnibus'. Well, I had a pretty fair idea of how the woman on the Clapham omnibus would react to 12 feet of rancid shark under the bed. But the problem was that we were dealing with a different culture, and what might seem extraordinary in Clapham could be commonplace on the island. So I had to look elsewhere.

I looked in the direction of Ruth, who had conceived and borne Solomon eight children in that same bed. 'The shark, sir, is not bad,' she deposed. 'Rebecca left to go to the pig-hunter. The evil is with him.' And all eyes turned to where Rebecca sat, on the edge of the crowd, with Maika the pig-hunter and his dogs. She tossed them a piece of coconut and they fought for it. Maika liked to keep his dogs hungry. 'But are there still . . . I mean, do you still have sharks under the bed?' 'Always there is shark. Solomon is great hunter. Shark is not bad.' Well, there it was. A matter of fact and not of law. Was the shark under the bed so high that no ordinary person could be expected to tolerate it? Or was it not? There was only one way to find out.

It took four of Solomon's children to help him bring out the shark. Not that it was a big one—I suppose a little over six feet—but the flesh had started to come away from the bones, the carcass had started to fall to pieces. They carried it reverently, placed it on the table in front of me, and began to remove the banana leaves. I was losing the battle between judicial duty and a weak stomach, and starting to back away, when Maika's dogs caught the scent. They were trained to work as a pack and they seemed to hit the table simultaneously. I spun clear of the writhing, snarling mass just before the coconuts fell. There were eight of them. On one stem. They smashed through the table, scattering dogs and bits of rancid shark over the crowd. We abandoned court for the day. I think the awarding of the decree in Solomon's favour was the only occasion when justice was *seen*, with absolute clarity, to be done on the island. You see, falling coconuts don't just drop without a cause. They waited until Maika's dogs were underneath. The evil was with him.

Radio 2. Peter France spent 16 years in the Colonial Service in Fiji.

Out of the Air

Slippery Slope

Four leading members of the Amalgamated Union of Engineering Workers appeared on *Panorama* to discuss their union's relations with the Industrial Relations Court, which had imposed a £50,000 fine upon them, thus stimulating strike action. All four were members of the 52-strong National Committee of the union, and one, Arthur Gibbard, explained that the union's policy of non-co-operation with the court should not be attributed solely to their president, Hugh Scanlon. 'The policy of the AUEW is determined by its National Committee.' He claimed that 'the policy is correct,' in spite of the 'very unhappy' results. Alfred Moffatt added that the fine and the strike had 'helped in a way: it's brought the highlights of the Industrial Relations Act to the knowledge of the ordinary member on the shop floor.' Charles Richards, though, held that the AUEW 'needed more subtlety in combating this menace of the Government. We must turn the other cheek very often.' Slowly it emerged that the four, though united in principle, were divided on tactics. William Jordan said that his own Birmingham West district committee wanted the National Committee to think again: 'We can frustrate the obvious political aims of this court by doing it the way the Transport and General Workers' Union have tackled their problem. The AUEW are now out on a limb.' Mr Moffatt did not accept this: 'Once you start to recognise the court, then you're on the slippery slope. See, war's been declared. When you've got the sniff of the first piece of gunpowder you don't lie down and die. You get up and have a go at them.' Mr Gibbard added: 'The miners have made the Government look quite ridiculous, so have the railwaymen, and I believe the engineers will equally rise to the occasion.'

Workers' Involvement

Charles Wintour, editor of the London *Evening Standard*, spoke of workers' control, in *The Communicators* (Radio 3): 'I'm opposed to the word "control": I'm not opposed to the word "involvement".' He said of the editorial staff: 'It's the editor's job to listen to them very carefully, not only about constructive ideas but also their criticisms.' He did not think an editor should be bound by the decisions of chapels, the trade-union office branches in the newspaper industry: 'The people who attend chapel meetings tend to be the extremists. I don't think they represent necessarily the moderate opinion on a newspaper. I would fear that newspapers might go off on all sorts of policies which are contrary to their tradition, contrary to their readers' beliefs.' He added: 'We never hear anything about workers' participation in losses, where a newspaper is perhaps losing a million pounds a year.' As for the production workers, to whom he had once allowed an inside-page panel to express their disagreement with an anti-union cartoon by Jak, he said: 'If a man's whole life has been bound up with producing the *Evening Standard* and then he suddenly finds he's doing something he hates, I think he has got a right to be heard, providing he doesn't stop the paper while he's being heard.' Among other pressures Mr Wintour discussed the House of Commons's Committee of Privilege—'absolutely monstrous'. He said that an editor might be—as *he* had been—brought before this committee of Cabinet Ministers 'and Parliamentarians and debaters of immense skill.

Peter France



You're alone. You have no professional advice whatever. You are grilled, sometimes in a most offensive manner. This Committee has the power to recommend imprisonment. I think it's an absolutely Star Chamber procedure.' Of his own experience he remarked: 'I grovelled in a most despicable manner. I was proposing to take quite a tough line, but a panic-stricken executive of another newspaper advised me that the whole Parliamentary reporting of our group would be endangered—and I was urged and accepted the advice to behave in a very, very abject manner. Sad.'

Natural Aversion

Peter France, the former colonial administrator who writes about Fiji on the following page, discussed racial discrimination in *Access* (Radio 3)—a series designed to 'present arguments that challenge current orthodoxies'. Mr France said: 'The orthodoxy on race relations, which expresses itself by "search and destroy" missions against all forms of discrimination, is very much in the ascendancy at present. There are two quite powerful psychological forces operating in its favour: by strenuously upholding the rights of all races, it stimulates pleasurable feelings of support for the underdog; and, in its forays against racial discrimination, its revelations of the prejudice and inhumanity in our society, it permits us to indulge in animosity towards our neighbours with a clear conscience.'

But, he said, 'in situations of racial tension, the flaunting of a high-minded egalitarianism is bound to be counter-productive. Those who feel resentment from contact with immigrant races will construct their own racial stereotypes, out of materials which the darker pages of psychoanalysis reveal, and the undiscriminating egalitarianism of the liberals will be opposed by the equally undiscriminating sectionalism of the authoritarians. Both sides suffer from the tyranny of the false stereotype. The way of escape from this tyranny is through discrimination. To discriminate is to recognise and respond to a difference. We teach our children, from the earliest years of discretion, the need to vary their conduct to suit their environment, to make the speech fit the hearer. We learn to recognise the indicators which people display to let us know the amount of deference or respect to which they feel themselves entitled. The socially inept fail to recognise the signs; the boor refuses to act in terms of them. But the smooth interaction of people and groups of people depends on each being aware of and responding to the differences between them. This is particularly so when the differences are racial, cultural or national. The social psychologists tell us that an instinctive aversion to a skin colour different from one's own is perfectly natural and found amongst many nations. (And even if they didn't tell us this, there's plenty of historical evidence of the fact.) But our current ideology insists that we be undiscriminating in matters of race and colour, that we pretend not to notice. This doesn't come easily for everybody. And it doesn't really make for spontaneity, sincerity, frankness, or any of the qualities that go to the establishment of satisfactory personal relationships.'

The Godmother

Any play that features an old lady with 'a wooden leg and an ivory hand, bringing a panther in a cage and a coffin and two blind castrati, can hardly be called a realistic play'. Thus Francis Ford Coppola, speaking in *The Arts Worldwide* (Radio 3) of an opera he recently directed in San Francisco—*The Visit* by Gottfried von Einem, based on a Dürrenmatt play. The old lady bribes a township to engage in the persecution of her chosen victim. Mr Coppola directed the film of *The Godfather*: 'the closest bond' between the opera and the film was, he said, 'that the old lady makes the town an offer they can't refuse—which is what the Godfather did all his life.' The Godmother, however, is unlikely to be such good box-office as her male counterpart.

Bad writing example--see "monosyllabic" graf

Summer Reading



You want our advice? Forget about reading *War and Peace* this summer. You read *War and Peace*

every summer and you never get past page 91. This time, read something you'll *want* to read. Something to sit back in a hammock with, or inside on the sofa while summer drizzles down the windows.

We've got three separate items for your escapist reading pleasure: 12 quick reviews of fun summer books, a rundown on what Northwest celebrities are recommending, and an excerpt you can sink your teeth into from a bestselling Seattle author.

We'll get to the excerpt first. *Tradeoffs* is a novel about three women who share a brownstone in New York: Cass, a corporate executive; Paula, her college roommate, an attorney and a political activist; and Ellin, a writer and single parent whose teenage daughter has left her to live with her father, freeing Ellin to live out her fantasy of "being a human being first and a mother second." In this selection of excerpts, the story focuses on Ellin: "She no longer saw life through the eyes of a girl, or even a young woman—in that way, she was different from Cass and Paula. More of her life stretched out behind her, probably, than ahead.... There was a need to sort out who she had been, and who she might become. Without Lara, she thought she might discover that."

Tradeoffs is a fall selection of the Literary Guild and has been optioned by Lorimar for a television series. It is the first novel by Jane Adams, author of *Sex and the Single Parent*, *Women on Top*, and *Making Good: Conversations with Successful Men*.

Ellin was going to Los Angeles to do a television talk show. As she packed for the trip home—funny how she still thought of California as home, she thought—she was excited. She was eager to see her friends, get back in touch with them, catch up with people she had missed in her eight months in New York.

She declined the invitation to stay at the rented house where Lara lived with Tony. She was keenly interested in observing how they lived, but there was no sense picking at an old scab.

It was scar tissue now, she thought; Tony's generosity toward Lara had planed its edges.

"I don't see how you can be so nice about that bum because out of the clear blue he suddenly decided to shoulder his responsibilities," Sophie criticized Ellin. "After all he did to you, and deserting Lara, he suddenly becomes a *mensch* and you act like he's God!"

Ellin was exasperated. "Look, Ma, I don't care why he's doing it, and I don't think he's God. I'm grateful that he came through when I really needed him, that's all."

"Oh, you didn't need him when Lara was little?" Sophie pounced. "Not even once when Lara told us you were getting food stamps and we had to give you money? You didn't need him then?"

Ellin sighed. "Sure, I needed him, but we survived, didn't we? We made it, right? Why should I carry a grudge? Everybody's fine now. We're all happy. Lara's happy, Tony's happy, I'm happy."

"Happy?" said Sophie in amazement. "Whoever said you're supposed to be happy?"

Whoever said you're not? Ellin thought resentfully. Sophie would never forgive Tony for what he'd done to her. She'd never forgiven Ellin for marrying him in the first place.

"An actor?" she'd shrieked. "You're marrying an actor? You haven't seen enough meshugena actors all these years Lou's in the theater, and you're marrying one? I wash my hands of you!"

Tony had confirmed Sophie's worst fears. He lived in a stage world, regardless of whether he was on a set. He approached marriage and parenthood the way he would approach a role, but he could not live up to the contract. That Ellin had kept him to it as long as she did surprised her more than it disappointed her; she'd gone into that marriage with her eyes open, prepared to pay. She just hadn't expected the price to be as high as it was.

As the plane chased the sun west, she worried about Lara. There had been a calm interval between the time her daughter mastered the rudimentary skills of survival, like crossing the street alone, and now, when the dangers were less obvious but equally threatening. All I ask, God, is no fluky stuff, like earthquakes or leukemia, and please keep her away from fast cars and hard drugs, she prayed. Ellin always talked to God on airplanes; He seemed nearer then, so much more in charge of her fate.

And then she turned to pleasanter thoughts. Her friends at home. The way the dark gold of late afternoon turned the Pacific a deep teal blue. The scent of eucalyptus. Dinner at Musso's. Dace's new job and Allan's new house and Anne's party and Pepper's wedding, and Carol's new baby. And when the plane landed and she came out of the terminal and breathed in the warm, slightly muggy, flowery air of home, she was glad to be back.

Kate was at work, but she'd left Ellin the key, and a note. "Welcome home," it read. "My house is your house. I'll be back by seven; everyone's called to make dates with you, save me some time. I love you." There was a sheet attached with messages, and Ellin scanned them happily. All her favorite people, the ones she'd kept in touch with since moving to New York. That was the nice thing about the move; it delineated all the marginal people in her life, the ones she knew and saw occasionally, but didn't really care about—the fillers. In her hand she had the ones who counted—the ones she'd missed.

She called Lara.

"Hi, sweetie, how are you?" She'd seen her a month before, but they change so quickly, Ellin thought.

Lara was monosyllabic. "Okay." "Not much." "Just hanging out," she said, in response to Ellin's questions about her health, her habits, her plans. "Daddy wants to talk to you."

He was breezy, friendly, inquired about her trip, her health, her plans. "When are you doing the Griffin show?" he asked.

"We tape tomorrow morning at eleven," she said.

"Look, I've got to be near the studio around then," he said. "I want to talk to you. Let's have a cup of coffee—no, let's have breakfast. The Polo Lounge at eight?"

"Well, okay, but I was planning to see Lara tomorrow night, maybe bring her back here to Kate's with me. Can we talk then?"

Tony was impatient. "No, this is something else, I'd rather have breakfast."

That was just like Tony. Things went according to his schedule, or not at all. Whenever anyone said, "I want to talk to you," Ellin always felt a little bit sick to the stomach. It meant that she was going to be criticized, found out, confronted, exposed...it rarely meant anything

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darkest plazas: eattle's private ublic places

Don Glickstein

THE PHONE COMPANY HAS A SKYSCRAPER on Seventh Avenue between Olive Way and Pine—and a little bit more. As approach the main entrance on Seventh nue, look to your left. You see a rather ren, often-shadowed staircase surrounded terraced plants. Look to your right. There's laza with people sitting on benches, some them looking at the sculptures of two ers in a blue pool. The people are eating ch there, enjoying the sun.

You'd like to enjoy the sunny plaza, too? t it seems to be private property, although cessible private property, and no signs indite otherwise.

In fact, the plaza—as well as the shadowed aircase and a stark, covered alley behind the uilding—is public space. The building's deeloper dedicated the spaces to public use in change for permission to exceed the zong code and add height to the skyscraper. Welcome to one of many such private "pubc" spaces in downtown Seattle, our hidden arks.

Since 1965, when the City's zoning ordiance for downtown was approved, developers ave been creating public spaces in exchange or these bonuses. The basic zoning rule allows developers to create 10 square feet of floor space for every square foot of lot space. Create a plaza, however, and you can add an additional 10 square feet for every foot of plaza. That's the bonus. Bonuses are also available (at differing ratios) for arcades (covered walkways), shopping plazas, shopping arcades, and voluntary building setbacks.

The bonuses, designed to bring some amenities and public benefits to the city, in exchange for greater density and height downtown, were approved routinely over the years, with no quality control over their designs. The results were predictable, and mostly bad. Some of these "public" spaces were hidden or made to seem so private that they were public in name only. Some became wind tunnels or lay in shadows all day. Others were noisy, viewless, inconvenient, or threatening.

"The plazas, rather than being places to linger, relax, and enjoy, have often become uninteresting open paths or grand building entrances," noted a 1981 report of the City Office of Policy and Evaluation. "They have generally not been designed to enhance the quality of the pedestrian environment or provide interesting urban activities. . . . There exists a real question of the appropriateness of the open plaza for Seattle's downtown environment and, further, whether this pattern of development should continue to be encouraged through such a lucrative development credit."

The Royer administration, which had routinely approved some admitted abominations, eventually decided to rethink the bonus system. As an interim step toward a downtown zoning code revision (expected to be considered by the City Council early next year), and with the approval of the council, the Department of Construction and Land Use (DCLU) last year issued design guidelines that list ways developers can achieve public benefits such as visual interest and added pedestrian traffic. DCLU now uses these guidelines to approve new bonuses.

Also, because no master list of who got a bonus for what was ever kept, DCLU is drawing together such a list. Armed with a complete list, Vince Lyons, the DCLU staff member in charge of the City's design-review process, hopes to help develop a "retrofit" policy that will encourage correction of the worst offenders.

Since it's summer (so to speak), here are brownbaggers' walking tours of downtown Seattle's public spaces, arranged by avenue. Obvious public spaces, such as arcade and park areas in the Pike Place Market and Pioneer Square, or next to government buildings and churches, are not included.

Seventh Avenue

Marsh & McLennan (Daon) Building. 720 Olive Way. Bonused.

A small plaza with trees and flowers in a small planter in front of the building entrance. You can sit on the edge of the planter. People use the plaza overwhelmingly to walk through to the building.

Bell Plaza. 1600 Seventh Avenue. Bonused.

The best and worst of design elements. The worst is a barren, shadowy wind tunnel of an arcade beneath the overhang of the building on the east side. Nearly as bad is the north-side plaza: a set of stairs surrounded by terraced planters, and used only to enter the building. A brick plaza on the south side, however, is filled with benches, trees, grassy spots, and people: three businessmen sit on a bench, eating lunch; a scruffy couple sits beneath the building overhang eating a Whopper; numerous people cut through the plaza to the building. The plaza's focal point is a large pool with a sculpture of otters; a railing, however, makes it difficult for people to soak their feet or wade in the pool. Easily seen from the street.

Sixth Avenue

Plaza 600. Westlake and Stewart. Bonused.

A landscaped plaza in front of the building with brick and scraggly, neglected bushes. No one uses the plaza, except to get to the building.

United Airlines Building. 2033 Sixth Avenue. Bonused.

A small, easily accessible plaza parallel to and at the same level as the sidewalk. No benches, just grass and trees. The builders also received a bonus for an arcade, which, in this case, is another name for a concrete canopy over the building entrance. Both plaza and arcade function only as walkways.

One Union Square. Sixth and University. Bonused.

This one can't be seen from Sixth Avenue and is difficult to see from University, except for 18 stairs that appear to lead to the building. Benches, trees, and sculptures are handsome enough, but no one is using it.

Park Place. Sixth and University. Bonused.

Arcade and plaza integrate the office building with the gorgeous adjacent Freeway Park. Open to street and used heavily by public.

Park Hilton. Sixth and Seneca. Bonused.

Infamous in planning and architectural circles for being the nicest plaza completely hidden from public view. Enter the plaza by walking up the unmarked 17 steps on Sixth Avenue, south of the hotel entrance, or by entering from the mezzanine of the hotel (when the door is unlocked). Plaza has numerous flowers, chairs, tables, and a flag display. Seats near a large exhaust fan are noisy. Management says many use the plaza for lunch.

Madison Hotel. Sixth and Madison. Bonused.

This plaza is similar to the Park Hilton. To enter, you must go under the building overhang behind building pillars; up an unmarked, landscaped staircase and ramp; or up 45 steps from Madison Street (currently closed because staircase construction is uncompleted). It is landscaped with flowers and trees, but a week after its grand opening there are no other amenities. A waterfall can be seen only from beneath the overhang of the building, which, because of chairs and tables, appears to be part of the cafe.

Fifth Avenue

Seafirst Plaza. 800 Fifth Avenue. Bonused.

The huge plaza has unmarked entrances on Fifth, Marion, and Columbia; it consists of planters, benches, an open interior courtyard, a stage, and a snack store. The plaza shrinks on the north side to a sunless, seatless courtyard with inaccessible terraced shrubs.

Bank of California. Fifth Avenue between Marion and Madison. Unbonused.

A windblown, shadowy terrace with benches and planters strewn randomly about; one of the benches faces a building wall. Take the unmarked stairs to reach the plaza.

IBM Building. 1200 Fifth Avenue. Unbonused.

This highly visible shopping plaza and terrace has a large fountain on the plaza level, planters, trees, no benches—and no people except for those entering the building. Being sunken and shadowed by the IBM Building, most of the attractions are nullified.

Rainier Square. Fifth Avenue between Union and University. Unbonused.

A plaza at the corner of Fifth and University at street level has as its focal point a large planter, the sides of which can be used for sitting.

A hidden courtyard lies to the west of the above plaza and to the south of the office-building tower; it is surrounded by other buildings or lobby areas in the complex and is reached by walking up a short flight of stairs from the Fifth Avenue side. Lush trees and plants help keep it hidden. No benches. A similar courtyard is to the northwest of the tower and can be reached from the Cafe Casino mezzanine level.

nue. Bonused.

Bleak on all sides. To the north, inaccessible shrub and tree planters are surrounded by shadows and concrete. To the west, a bike rack and dark passage to the skybridges. You can sit on the planters.

Seafirst. Fourth Avenue between Spring and Madison. Bonused.

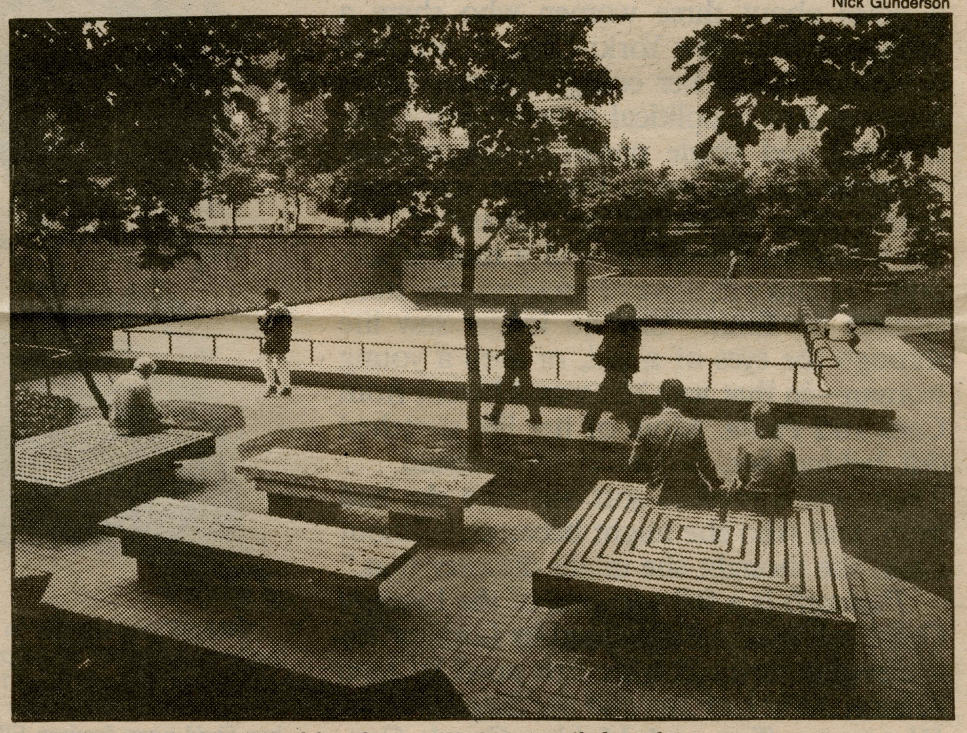
The huge Seafirst plaza is windswept and barren on the eastern side of the "Death Star" building. The northern part of the plaza, however, has some quirky, sculpted stone benches, planters, and some chairs and tables. The western side has a few more tables and chairs, and a line of 20 benches, all facing the building. The southern and sunniest side has more benches and chairs, a fountain, and small sculptures; if the wind isn't strong, people can actually lunch on this side of the plaza.

Third Avenue

Pacific Building. 720 Third Avenue. Bonused.

At first glance, there doesn't appear to be any public space save possibly for the concrete overhang over the entrance. But look up the tower from street level. The windows, which run the length of the building from top to bottom in vertical strips, are recessed about one foot from the stone or concrete shell. The recesses are a "voluntary building setback" for which the developer got a bonus. Enjoy.

Nick Gunderson



Bell Plaza: bricks, trees, and benches overlooking a railed pool.

Cafe Casino. This mezzanine-level plaza has well-marked stairs, but it appears to be completely private, part of the restaurant.

Rooftop plaza overlooking Fourth Avenue is entered by 20 unmarked steps at the southwest corner of the Cafe Casino level. With isolated trees and benches, the plaza is uninvitingly covered with brown Astroturf. The view of Fourth Avenue and Rainier Tower is dramatic, but at 2:45 p.m. Friday an elderly man sits on a bench, the only person on a plaza half the size of a football field.

Peoples Bank. Fifth Avenue between Union and Pike. Unbonused.

Highly visible, sunken terraces with fountains and planters. People often sit on the planter walls, or use it to enter Bloch's restaurant.

Fourth Avenue

Unigard Financial Center. 1215 Fourth Avenue. Bonused.

At first glance, this appears to be merely another uninspired plaza—windy, shadowy, and with so much concrete as to overwhelm the rough, stone shrub planters on the terrace. But the main, side entrance to the building encourages foot traffic, as do the handsome stairs to the skybridge. Because of the plaza, there is an unobstructed view of the distinguished Deco-style Seattle Tower.

Pacific Northwest Bell. 1101 Fourth Avenue. Bonused.

Seattle Trust Court. Third Avenue and Marion.

The shopping plaza courtyard is closed outside of retail hours, but it's very popular at lunch: benches, verdant planters, ivy-covered walls, rich surfaces, and attractive human scale.

Northern Life Building. 1110 Third Avenue. Bonused.

Look hard. Developers got a bonus for the "arcade" in front of the building, that 90'x16'x6' area beneath the building overhang. No benches; used only as an entrance.

1111 Third Avenue Building. Bonused.

A plaza showpiece for developers Wright-Runstad. Easy access from street, highly visible, extremely inviting. Surrounded by angled, glassy stores that add depth, and filled with benches, chairs, sculpture, tables, planters, and trees—all arranged for privacy and street views. Even on Sunday, people were sitting on benches here.

Second Avenue

Waterfall Park, Second Avenue South and Main Street.

Privately maintained park, sometimes closed to the public, in Pioneer Square. Manmade waterfall, plants, chairs, benches. Accessible by two street-level gates, but hard to see unless you're standing in front of it. It's often crowded, even at odd hours. ■