and Alan Macfarlane on the psychology and sociology of witchcraft and magic in early modern England. These are pathbreaking works, rich and carefully nuanced.  

At the level, then, simply of the depiction of interior worlds—patterns of attitudes, beliefs, fears, and aspirations that together organize people's engagement with the exterior world—progress has been made, and there is no question, it seems to me, that we will see much more of this kind of history, ranging from further studies in political ideology to an expanded cartography of the invisible quotidian and of religious sensibilities. But in the end the question historians must answer is the relation of these interior worlds to the exterior world of palpable historical events. How is this area of private history, reflecting interior states of awareness, to be related to the external course of events in the past, events of a public nature? To leave these private worlds isolated from the public—to keep the internal separated from the external and to ignore the problem of the effects of the one upon the other—is to evade the central obligation of history, which is to describe how and explain why the course of events took the path it did.

There is no issue of principle here. Obviously what people did was related to what they carried about in their heads: their feelings, their attitudes, their construction of reality. This is obvious in studying individuals, but in studying "peoples" the question skitters off into "climates of opinion" vaguely, if at all, related to the determination of specific events. The problem is inescapable, however, and more and more, in the years ahead, historians will seek answers. They will, that is, seek connections between interior world views—shared attitudes and responses and "mind-ssets"—and the course of external events. But, as responses to recent forays into this terrain at the rather obvious level of exploring the "ideological origins" of certain major political events have indicated, establishing the relation of outward events to the submerged world of private awareness is difficult and bound to be controversial.

Thus, within the vast mass of contemporary historiography there are, it seems to me, at least three general trends in motion, three lines of development generated by the force of scholarship itself, which will in varying ways but also complicate, any comprehensive narratives that are written: the fusion of latent and manifest events; the depiction of large-scale spheres and systems organized as peripheries and cores; and the description of internal states of mind and their relation to external circumstances and events. None of this, of course, is wholly new. Each has anticipations and early formulations. The Marxists have always struggled to construe history as the manifestation of latent events. Toynbee's construction of history, within his leading notion of challenge and response, is that of central and marginal orbits of world civilizations. And not only did Burckhardt in his

Civilization of the Renaissance in Italy (1860) examine world views, attitudes, and intellectual styles, but a century ago Karl Lamprecht, once a fiercely controversial figure and now largely forgotten, advocated a historiography explicitly and scientifically concentrated on collective psychology and internal states of awareness. Lamprecht's search for the "Seelenleben," the psychic life, psychic activity, psychic state of the German Volk led him into studies of individual as well as collective consciousness and of external artifacts of all kinds as expressions of subjective experience. But these anticipations of the present ferment in history were either isolated, programmatic, or metaphorical, or they were caught up in heady delusions about history becoming a "science"—a notion that has persisted, in varying forms, from Lamprecht's time and before through the New Historians of the early twentieth century to the more enthusiastic Annales scholars of our own time, to receive what one hopes will be its terminal apocalyptic at the hands of our colleague, Robert Fogel.  

What distinguishes the present developments I have sketched is that they are substantive, not methodological or merely expository. Further, the works involved are not isolated probes by uniquely imaginative individuals but the cumulating work of many scholars, most of whom are unaware that they are contributing to a general development. And, above all, they are rich enough in content to bear directly on the fulfillment, at a new level of sophistication, of the ultimate purpose of all historical scholarship, comprehensive narration. The greatest challenge that

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will face historians in the years ahead, it seems to me, is not how to deepen and further sophisticate their technical probes of life in the past (that effort will, and of course should, continue in any case) but how to put the story together again, now with a complexity and an analytic dimension never envisioned before; how to draw together the information available (quantitative and qualitative, statistical and literary, visual and oral) into readable accounts of major developments. These narratives will incorporate anecdote but they will not be essentially anecdotal; they will include static, “motionless” portrayals of situations, circumstances, and points of view of the past, but they will be essentially dynamic; they will concentrate on change, transition, and the passage of time; and they will show how major aspects of the present world were shaped—acquired their character—in the process of their emergence. No effective historian of the future can be innocent of statistics, and indeed he or she should probably be a literate amateur economist, psychologist, anthropologist, sociologist, and geographer. In the end, however, historians must be, not analysts of isolated technical problems abstracted from the past, but narrators of worlds in motion—worlds as complex, unpredictable, and transient as our own. The historian must re-tell, with a new richness, the story of what some one of the worlds of the past was, how it ceased to be what it was, how it faded and blended into new configurations, how at every stage what was, was the product of what had been, and developed into what no one could have anticipated—all of this to help us understand how we came to be the way we are, and to extend the poor reach of our own immediate experience.

Bernard Bailyn

"The Challenge of Modern Historiography"

Am Hist Rev, Feb '52
The Dance called America

1763–75

We had again a good dinner, and in the evening a great dance. We made out five country squares without sitting down; and then we performed with much activity a dance which I suppose the emigration from Skye has occasioned. They call it 'America'. A brisk reel is played. The first couple begin and each sets to one – then each to another – then as they set in the next couple, the second and third couples are setting; and so it goes on till all are set a-going, setting and wheeling round each other, while each is making the tour of all in the dance. It shows how emigration catches till all are set afloat.


The origins of Highland attitudes toward emigration are to be found in the controversy over departure to America which developed within Scotland between 1763 and 1775. We must begin, therefore, with an analysis of the changes in Scotland which led to emigration, the nature of the exodus, and the heated debates which were engendered. At its inception the emigration question was not – as it would later become – an exclusively Highland matter. Although one of the principal exports of Scotland throughout its long history as an independent kingdom had been people, the emigration that began in 1763 was regarded as new, different, and extremely frightening.

Countless numbers of Scots, mainly those skilled at making war or conducting trade, had ventured to England or to the continent of Europe throughout the Middle Ages and the Reformation, seeking employment and prosperity not possible at home. The development of overseas colonies began in the seventeenth century in Ireland, where the Scottish emigrants developed a sense of distinctiveness both from their origins and their new homeland. In the eighteenth century, the descendants of these Ulster migrants, discontented and restless, again became colonists, this time as the 'Scotch-Irish' in North America. The movement of Scots directly to America during the seventeenth century was perhaps as substantial as that to Ulster.
A life without left turns

Since the dawn of the time, mankind has sought the answer to this question: "What is the secret of a long life?" Little did I know that all these years, my wise father had the answer.

By Michael Gerber

My father never drove a car. He refused to drive, and I decided you could drive yourself and enjoy it or do it through a map and a compass.

"Oh, hell!" he said. "He bit a hunch."

So my brother and I grew up in a house as we should. We were taught to drive a car, but we never did.

"That's a great idea," my father said. "I like it."

We walked up the blocks to the street corner, and then we walked up the blocks to the street corner, and then we walked up the blocks to the street corner.

Our 1930s Chevy

My mother, Edna, was born in 1915, and she was born in this country. She lived all her life in the same house, and she lived all her life in the same house.

But she never learned to drive. She never learned to drive. She never learned to drive.

But, somehow, my mother turned 56, and she lived all her life in the same house, and she lived all her life in the same house.

But, somehow, my mother turned 56, and she lived all her life in the same house, and she lived all her life in the same house.

But, somehow, my mother turned 56, and she lived all her life in the same house, and she lived all her life in the same house.

The ritual walk to church

Still, my mother continued to walk to church. My mother was a devout Catholic, and my mother was a devout Catholic, and my mother was a devout Catholic.

But, somehow, my mother turned 56, and she lived all her life in the same house, and she lived all her life in the same house.

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I was 45 years old, and I had a friend to teach me to drive. He taunted me in my macho corner, the place where I learned to drive a car for the first time. He taught me how to drive, and the experience probably was my life's experience.

"This is your mother back at the cemetery?" I remember him saying to me, "Oh, that's your mother back at the cemetery?"

But, somehow, my mother turned 56, and she lived all her life in the same house, and she lived all her life in the same house.

But, somehow, my mother turned 56, and she lived all her life in the same house, and she lived all her life in the same house.

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"We want you to know," she said. "Our memory is a little bit of a troublemaker, but we have no reason to do anything."
is more like leisure than scholars usually realize. Work and leisure are integrated in the lives of many industrial workers; they would be even more so if workers were left to their own devices, without management rules.

Homers help bring about integration in workers' lives. Whereas alienation stems mainly from the sense of separation, loss, and discontinuity that seems to characterize modern technical and bureaucratic process, both the Homer process and the product give worker-artists a sense of mastery over the disconnected parts of their lives. The homer becomes an icon of that mastery and a symbol of continuity.

Homers assume still another role in the workplace, that is, as mediators in worker relations. The production of homers is not confined to isolated individual behavior; rather, there is cooperative effort, as for example, when workers comb the plant for materials for worker-artists. In laundries and steel and auto plants, workers share in homers both as creators and as audience. Like pranks and games, the making and sharing of homers undermines the status system reinforced by management. In plants where daily production levels must be filled, for instance, individuals might be offered special incentives to do more: they are promised overtime; they are promised the loose, easier jobs over the tight, hard ones. This causes resentment and competition among workers. In contrast, homers can function to stimulate cooperation between workers, reinforcing their relationship as a group vis-à-vis management and ameliorating their social alienation.

At the present time in the United States, our identities and sense of meaning and purpose are mainly based on work. "What do you do?" we ask of individuals we have just met. But within the group, identities are based increasingly on leisure pursuits. In the context of meaningless work, leisure becomes meaningful. Just as a good storyteller, joke-teller, and game player gains status, so worker-artists acquire a greater sense of accomplishment and appreciation. "It's nice," said one worker-artist. "People come up to me all the time to see what I'm doing. It gives me more recognition at work." Thus, aesthetic creativity fuses with his work to provide him dignity and a more positive self-perception.

Although homers have not been well-researched, there is mention of them throughout Europe. Even in the Socialist Republic of Hungary, factory workers are reported to have a "passion" for making homers, so much so that their decisions about job changes are based on whether the possibility exists to make them. All such activity, however, is prohibited; consequently, workers make homers in great secrecy. Thus, it seems that homers are not the result of state ideology or policy—capitalism versus socialism—but, rather, the result of production methods and the organization of work. Ownership of the means of productions seems not to matter in the homer process.

I have treated homers primarily as a response to worker alienation. It would be erroneous, however, to assume that workers' aesthetic impulses are expressed only under such conditions. At the same time, we must not underestimate the role of homers in countering the alienating aspects of work situations. As Kusterer argues, working knowledge about machines and materials and participation in the work community are two important strategies for overcoming alienation. The act of making homers, in fact, requires both job know-how and group participation. Workers constantly struggle to breathe life into their work, to integrate work into their lives. Homers help accomplish this goal.

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Making Art Work*

Michael J. Bell

To say that work has the potential to become art or that art requires work for its making is to say nothing extraordinary about either work or art. Even when considered narrowly, neither the definition of work nor the definition of art excludes the other from its rubric. We recognize art by the conscious intentions of its creators to make what they do into aesthetic performances, by the technical skill with which they accomplish these intentions, and by the aesthetic pleasure this process gives to those who do it and for whom it is done. Art is anything—process or event—that calls attention to its own artifice, that displays the skillful construction which makes that artifice possible, and that is interpreted by its creator and audience within a recognized aesthetic.1 Clearly, work has the potential to display all these features. In its

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29. See Haraszt on the phenomenon.


*This research is based on fieldwork with automobile workers in Southeast Michigan from September, 1981, to the present. I would like to thank Charles Baxter, John P. Beck, Edward Hirsch, and Yvonne Lockwood for their criticism of earlier drafts of this essay.

larger sense, work is nothing more than an expression of productive labor. Even the most formal of arts demand hard work, the intense and demanding work of a surgeon can become artful, and, generally, a multitude of occupations and professions possess the features of work and the ingredients for the making of art.  

To say, however, that industrial labor has the potential to be artful is another matter. Scholars from Adam Smith to Karl Marx have told us that line work is the classic form of alienated labor.  

No single worker on the line follows a process of manufacture from beginning to end or can claim responsibility for a product from raw materials to finished goods. Nor can factory workers claim the value of their work, because they do not control either what they do or what is done with the products they help to manufacture. Working in isolation with little or no evidence that their work connects them to a product or to other workers, workers on the line are prevented by the very nature of their jobs from achieving any wholeness of self or fellowship with others in their world. Like Chaplin in Modern Times, line workers seem in these descriptions to stand alone in a world with no room for art, the victims of their machines in whose wheels and cogs they eventually will turn in endless, unnoticed circles.  


3. See Adam Smith, The Wealth of Nations, ed. Edwin Cannan (New York, 1937), pp. 732-737. Of factory workers, Smith wrote: “The man whose whole life is spent in performing a few simple operations . . . has no occasion to exert his understanding, or to exercise his invention. He naturally loses, therefore, the habit of such exertion, and, generally becomes as stupid and ignorant as it is possible for a human creature to become. The topos of his mind renders him not only incapable of relishing or bearing a part in any rational conversation, but of conceiving of any generous, noble or tender sentiment . . . .” (p. 734). Marx’s arguments can be found in Karl Marx, Capital, trans. Samuel Moore and Edward Aveling (Moscow, 1938), pp. 235-330. This section of Capital reproduces Marx’s mature and scientific response to alienation, but his most powerful outcry against the dehumanization he saw in the industrial workplace can be found in his Economic and Philosophical Manuscripts of 1844, trans. Martin Milligan (Moscow, 1959). There, in a fragment entitled “Strangled Labor,” he writes of industrial labor: “Work is external to the worker . . . it is not part of his nature, and consequently he does not fulfill himself in his work but does himself, has a feeling of misery rather than well-being, does not develop freely his mental and physical energies but is physically exhausted and mentally debased. The worker feels himself at home only during his leisure hours, whereas at work he feels homeless. His work is not voluntary but imposed forced labor. In is not the satisfaction of a need, but only a means of satisfying other needs” (p. 70). For an analysis of Marx’s theories of alienation, see Daniel Bell, “Two Roads from Marx,” in The End of Ideology (New York, 1965), pp. 355-392. See also, Joachim Israel, Alienation From Marx to Modern Sociology (Boston, 1971), especially pp. 30-96 and pp. 255-342; Istvan Mesaros, Marx’s Theory of Alienation (London, 1970); Bertrell Ollman, Alienation: Marx’s Conception of Man in Capitalist Society (Cambridge, Eng., 1971), especially part III, pp. 131-228.  

4. One recent bibliography of alienation literature, R. F. Geyer, Bibliography Alienation  

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Common knowledge finds it so easy to characterize factory life because the factory system and the rhetoric of its description have been available for so long. Since the eighteenth century, factories have been icons of modernity. Throughout the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, factories were truly Blake’s “dark Satanic mills.”  

Thus, what happened in factories and how they changed the fact of working became an exemplum of how modern humans explained their modernity to themselves. Alienation, fragmented selves, disassociation, the idea of unskilled laboring, in fact, most of the language of the modern condition has its roots in the attempts to put into words the differences industrialized, urbanized culture created in ordinary human life.  

Unfortunately, common knowledge often has a way of haunting those who know it. Knowing with automatic certitude that working on the line is all these horrors has led to a serious gap in the scholarly understanding of what happens in the factory. Faced with the harsh truths of industrial labor over the past two centuries, scholars and activists focused their attention on how those who worked in factories might be rescued from the conditions of their work. They paid little attention to the details of factory work because no one had the time or could afford to care what workers did. Factory conditions were so atrocious that it did not matter how workers coped, only that they be relieved from coping at all. Of course, these concerns were and remain absolutely legitimate as long as it is necessary to overthrow dangerous work environments and job requirements. Such concerns have, however, unwittingly created conditions that could undermine many of the achievements  


5. In using Blake’s terms I am not denying that there is an enormous difference between the work environments of the early and late industrial revolutions. Nonetheless, the introduction of scientific management, while it reduced the horrific aspects of mill and factory work, did nothing to transform the fundamental conditions of such work. For discussion of this transformation and its pernicious effects, see Ian Mills and John Irvine, The Poverty of Progress (Chapel Hill, 1983), and Christian Gramsci, “Americanism and Fordism,” in Prison Notebooks, eds. and trans. Quentin Hoare and Geoffrey Nowell Smith (New York, 1971), pp. 279-318; and Daniel Nelson, Managers and Workers: Origins of the New Factory System in The United States 1880-1920 (Madison, Wis., 1975), especially pp. 34-54.  

of the last hundred years. In industrial society, the rhetoric of alienated, unskilled labor did not have to be constantly scrutinized because it was an effective weapon against real exploitation. In a post-industrial society, however, this rhetoric can carry a vastly different message. Instead of suggesting the iniquities of labor’s oppression or that such oppression must be halted, the rhetoric suggests that new, humanless technologies can better cope with the mechanized needs of the line, that a new future is coming, and that those who fit best to the industrial world of the present will have no new place and no new work to do in the future.  

Instead of merely arguing that common knowledge is wrong or that scholarship is inaccurate, and thus just substituting one set of assertions for another, let me begin with a simpler set of facts. What follows is a description of a single work process from the assembly line of a Ford plant in Michigan.  

It is an actual transcript of one worker’s description in his own terms of what he did from the moment a car entered his work station until it left. It is his attempt to explain the basic nature of his job to an outsider. It is also a memory. The speaker, John Hyatt, worked for six years at Ford while his wife finished college and then Medical School. When she finished, he returned to college for his last two years. Presently, he is a free-lance writer on automotive subjects living in Ann Arbor, Michigan. The following is a transcript of words that grew from within the work rather than being imposed from without.

M. Imagine that you had to describe your job (Windshield Wiper Motor Installation) to someone who had never seen a line before. What would you say?  
J. Well, you know, no one can explain anything. You know, none of this is written down. It’s all sort of in the mind of the people who do the job.  
M. Well, then, how long was the training?  
J. Well, the relief man trained me. . . . I think for one day. In fact, I’m not sure how the relief man was free for that day. It may have been that another operator who sort of knew the job . . . but not very well, sort of watched me the next two days, worked with me, got me out of trouble and did part of the job when I got into trouble. It was a very hard job to learn precisely because it was hard to subdivide. Most jobs you can put two people on. You can have them pick up on each other. This job, because almost all of it had to be done with a single tool and in a position where there was room for only one person, was not like that. Well, anyway, I’m now standing with my back to line, facing the stock rack, which is just a small metal shelf about four foot off the floor, which is about two foot by one foot, and on it are two boxes of screws. I’m standing with a . . . homemade pad . . . which is one of the tricks. I learned to make those pads, well . . . a homemade pad consisting of cardboard . . . a sort of . . . a compressible, fibrous . . . sort of . . . like a massive Kleenex. It’s . . . a roof sound absorbing pad, all secured with black tape.

7. Rodgers, pp. 153-181. He makes the point that labor’s retreat into a rhetoric of exploitation on the one hand and a rhetoric of pride on the other at the end of the nineteenth century created a context in which it was very easy for those outside the factory to miss or ignore what the outrages were all about.  
8. All names and locations used in this article are pseudonyms.
J. Yeah, that took time. Initially, in fact, it was all I could do to place the assembly. In fact, that was the whole key to that job, was position. Because it weighed a lot and was very ungainly. It had a lever attached.

M. The assembly is sitting in the car?

J. Yeah, that’s right. That was the previous job from me. In fact, that was another key to this job . . . was making sure the guy trained right.

M. Any coordination between you two then?

J. It . . . well . . . Let’s see. Basically, I have nothing to offer her. She does it as a favor to me. I ask it as a favor, and almost always get it. Anyway, that’s sitting there properly oriented. Essentially, that’s so the motor is in the middle of the car just above the transmission hump. The pivot arm extends to the left, to the driver’s door and the pivot sits at the left-most extremity. The trick at that point . . . now, I’m doing it at a later stage. I still have three black screws folded in the fingers of my left hand. At that point, I would slide one of them down into the gun which was laying in my lap pointing to my left. You do that without looking. No problem at all, after a little practice. You then grab the motor in your right hand, reach up, up against the sheet metal underneath the cowl. Reach up under the cowl, moving both sides at once, the pivot and the motor. The motor you cock at about a thirty degree angle. The pivot you rotate with the left hand using the thumb and forefinger to line up directly with the three holes into which it must be secured, underneath the cowl, on the driver’s side. You set one foot of the motor—which is why you cock it—to stick with. So one foot protrudes to stick with. Jam that into the area above the firewall sounding pad. There’s a little gap there and if you have it just right, one foot takes all the weight; you can usually balance the motor on that. Though the position varies somewhat, you can always almost do that. And, that takes the weight of the motor. You can then push the pivot up into position, hold it with a thumb, which provides clearance to pick up the gun, reach up in the air and shoot. You always have to shoot the . . . the innermost screw . . . the screw nearest the center of the car . . . first. Well some people might have shot it second, but you couldn’t have shot it third because the pivot has to move when the motor’s positioned. And, you can’t get at it otherwise. So you shoot the innermost one first, the foremost one second, and then the outermost one last.

M. Where are the other two black screws?

J. Ah. Okay, we haven’t loaded them into the gun. Ah, you shoot the first one. This is the key operation to the whole job. If this goes well, you’re home free. You’ve got the whole job done. Nothing else will go wrong if that first screw goes in. And if you’re holding if sufficiently flush and it doesn’t sink down or anything, and it tightens down well with the other two holes within a quarter inch of where they have to be. Okay, given that. You then rotate the screws in your hand—which you can do by feel so that the hex head is out and you can do that automatically so that the next one is going down. You slide that one in the gun. Reach up and shoot. And then the third one goes in automatically. At that point, you reach down with your left hand, scoop up the four gold screws. Load one in the gun. Reach up. Grab the motor. Straighten it out. Shoot the one . . . Let’s see . . . the one toward the rear of the car first. Ah . . . shoot the one on the rear right second. And that’s because those are on a continuous flange. And that piece basically is not going to be bent in manufacturer. And or in transit or anything. And the position of those two holes is going to be fixed. They are going into a reinforcement plate in which the holes are also fixed so those two will go in. You then shoot the front right then the left because the other two legs are separate legs rather than being on a continuous flange. . . . And if you need to bend one of these you can with the extender on your gun. But you can’t bend the solid flange. Then, you bend forward, rump on the sill. Your feet touch the floor. Grab the edge of the pad with your left hand. Stand. Turn at a forty-five degree angle holding the gun out so you don’t scratch the rear door which is right next to you. Step to the side and out of the car. Give your hose a flip so that the twist you put in gets flipped out and walk to your work stand.

M. How much time did you have for all this?

J. I think they had it set up for fifty-five to fifty-seven seconds, maybe less.

What should be immediately obvious from this catalogue of tasks is that the mundane and simple operations of the line are neither simple nor mundane. John Hyatt’s job was a far cry from the classical economics textbook description: “One man draws out the wire, another straightens it, a third cuts it, a fourth paints it, a fifth grinds it at the top.” In this version of his job, there are thirty-three distinctive steps from beginning to end. When I asked for explanations of how to solve unexpected problems occurring at various stages of the process, the number of potential steps in the work process expanded to as many as fifty. Moreover, this complexity was matched by an almost incomprehensible compression of time. For most of us, a minute is metaphorical time. We ask for “one more minute,” or assert that “we’ll be there in a minute,” or claim that “we never get a minute’s rest.” For John Hyatt and his fellow workers on the line, each minute on the line was a real world to be lived in and worked in in ways that few of us actually ever experience. Before a minute passes, a complete job will be started, finished, and started again.

Intensity and complexity, however, established only the external boundaries of this work. Not only was there much to do and little time to do it in, but the task itself had to be invented. For John Hyatt, in the beginning, there was no work plan. “No one can explain anything. None of this is written down. It’s in the mind of the people who do the job.” What existed was a job that had to be done and the demand that John Hyatt do it if he was to continue working in the plant. His minute-worlds, therefore, were not and could not be empty and mechanical places. On the contrary, if he was to survive the coercion of a job that demanded he do it 480 times a day, he had to become extremely self-conscious and un-mechanical about what needed to be done. Indeed, given the organization of time and work on the line, the events that occurred there, and the thinking they engendered, the transcript is a description of creativity in its most technical sense.

In this case, the initial evidence of creativity was found in John Hyatt's
manufacturing a world in which to do his job. He had to know what to do first, what to do next, and where to go. He had to rely on himself, on what he could discover in the workings of the job each car came down the line. Instead of acting naive in the way it is assumed line workers must, doing his tasks and following the formulas laid out by someone else, he had to suspend all possibility of remaining within the taken-for-granted world of the line. Of course, all the materials were present. The relief man, maybe, had shown him the job, working in a space barely large enough for one, and, maybe, had watched him do the job, crawled in the same space in a moving car or walking alongside. But the real work was still ". . . in the mind of the people who do the job."

John Hyatt’s first task, therefore, was to become a subject to himself, to put his own mind under examination, to take nothing for granted. John Hyatt did not have the luxury of observing himself from afar. He discovered his world as it happened in the process of its happening. To be sure, his working did not remain perpetually a state of extra-heightened consciousness. No individual could live within that frame of experience. Once he learned to do his job, he could in part slip back into a “natural attitude” toward the world. But this ability to reconstruct a naive experience was always threatened by the speed at which the assembly line moved. Life can be taken for granted because a part of its typicality is that the units of ordinary time in which it happens are social and not real. On the line, time is all there is: “You gotta think of the job in terms of time.” Thus, John Hyatt had only seconds to do what was required, less than seconds to determine if it succeeded or failed, and, accordingly, no time to take time for granted.11

The organization of consciousness was only the first element of this work process that needed to be invented. John Hyatt’s on-the-job training was haphazard and ambiguous. As he said later in the interview: “Most people can’t tell you how they do their jobs. They just say do this. Or, they do it for you while you’re standing there. But they do it so fast that you can’t see what they did.” The individual elements of the work process, then, were his. He chose what to do. He worked out the arrangement of the separate bits, pieces, tricks and techniques. If the windshield wiper motor was to be installed, John Hyatt had to be involved in the most basic decisions out of which it grew. Whatever the design demanded, whatever the original engineers intended, the actual building of the car grew from the decisions

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11. It is necessary to remember that this structuring of time as the total property of management is at the heart of F. W. Taylor’s “scientific management” approach to organizational problems. Taylor’s intention was to totally plan the exact amount of time a worker needed to perform his or her task: “The work of every workman is fully planned out by the management at least one day in advance, and each man receives in most cases complete written instructions, describing in detail the task which he is to accomplish, as well as the means to be used in doing the work. . . . This task specifies not only is to be done, but how it is to be done, and the exact time allowed for doing it.” Principles of Scientific Management (New York, 1911). For an analysis of Taylor’s work and effect, see Daniel Nelson, Frederick W. Taylor and the Rise of Scientific Management (Madison, Wis., 1980).

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WORKS OF ART

he and others made about how to do them. The workers on the line made the line work because they made the work of the line. Ford owned the factory, but the job was John Hyatt’s.

Not only did the work process have to be invented and practiced, but some of the tools needed to do the job had to be found and manufactured. As John Hyatt said, the protective pad was not his own invention. Anyone who works inside the car body learns quickly that he needs some sort of protection. But the creation and continued manufacture of such a protector was clearly a worker’s response to a production demand and not an engineer’s perception of a worker’s need. The pad went unrecognized by management. It did not fit with their understanding of the needs of the job. Removed from the actual experience of building the cars they manufacture, they did not perceive the work of the line as a product of human activity. For the workers, however, the pad represented precisely the opposite. It was a necessity of the job. When they made a pad, the workers on the line affirmed that they knew what it took to make cars.

Perhaps most importantly from a folkloristic perspective, all of this self-consciousness, planning, and practice is governed by an aesthetic of performance. John Hyatt was not just concerned with doing his job to get it done. He had another aim. Once the pattern of working was established and the needed tools were in place, he worked and reworked each stage of the procedure until he mastered it. At this level of job performance, he was able to do his job faster than required and, hence, to control (albeit in an exceedingly small way) how his time went into his job. “When I was really flying,” he stated, “I could do that job in a little under fifty seconds. My best full-time was, there were a few times . . . a couple of times I was really flying. I must have been close to forty . . . that it felt so good. It was almost transcendent . . . a kind of mastery.” John Hyatt did not by choice function as an automaton and he did not by choice enact the tasks of a drudge. Rather, he worked through a rhythm of “tricks.” These small, but highly technical skills provided him with a means of ordering his work process beyond the point where he had to “see” or “know” a step before he could undertake it. Thus, as he came to be able to load a screw gun blind, or to roll his screws before he entered a car, or to flip his hose or pad, he also came into a world of work increasingly under his control and direction.

Working became more than just his job: it was his routine; it was where he could “fly” and by “flying” assume some power over the expectation that came every time a car came down the line. “You see, you gotta think of the job in terms of time. Find enough time to do the job. You gotta get out of the car and leave the car done. The collective term for this is getting up to speed. In the first few months, it was really tough and go whether I would be out of the car by the time I reached a certain box of stock. And, Rochelle would be coming at me with two Yale locks. I guess the point from which you emerge is sort of an index of how well you’re doing. It’s good work if you work ahead of your station and not if you’re behind.” For John Hyatt, “getting up to speed” was a way of getting out from under corporate
and engineering expectations. It was his formal announcement that he knew what good work was and how to be a good worker because he knew how to do his job so as to emerge from the car in time not to disrupt the working of the next worker. Admittedly, ten, fifteen, even seventeen seconds snatched from a minute is not an enormous amount of time when counted against the sixty minutes of installations that happen every hour of every day on the job. Still these seconds are time enough when there is supposed to be no time at all. The workers who emerge ahead of where the technical models of their jobs say they ought to emerge prove that they are smarter than the rules of the game they play.

The rewards and fulfillments of line work, especially of the automobile assembly line, are decidedly few. Cars enter and leave work stations at the rate of one a minute, fifty-seven an hour, forty-eight in an eight-hour shift. By asserting his presence where it ought not to be, and by commanding for himself what he ought not to have, John Hyatt received what he should not. He received a return on his labor in the coin of the realm. Ford paid John Hyatt money to build their cars, but it was the time he made when he did his kind of "good work" that paid him for the work he did. When John Hyatt took some of that time to himself, he got what good work should always bring but too often does not in a capitalist economy: he got to keep the surplus value of his labor; he got due wages.

One swallow does not make a summer, and no folklorist would infer from the testimony from one informant a pattern to anything. Still, several important, if preliminary, points can be made about work on the assembly line of one automobile plant. First, a worker has the power to set up deliberately the conditions for a self-conscious experience. John Hyatt invented the steps out of which his job was constructed; he developed and drew together the particular "tricks" that made it possible for him to work as he intended. Second, a worker on the assembly line has the potential, and is often forced by conditions, to critically participate in the most fundamental processes by which the line is made to operate. John Hyatt was the central actor in the transformation of his job from an abstraction to a real event. He could not do his job until he had examined what had to be done, planned how it could be done, practiced what he would do, and perfected the process of its accomplishment. Third, these acts of reasoning and construction lead to a precise shaping of the work performance into an integrated whole. Windshield wiper motor installation remains an exceedingly mundane piece of work, but it is produced in a most unmundane manner. The ability to "fly" while working is a display of style and expression that molds the individual pieces of the work process into a truly creative event.

Moreover, this creativity does not exist in a vacuum. John Hyatt did not work in isolation. His work, though performed completely at his station, was measured by himself and others by how well it merged with what came before and what followed. The faster John Hyatt worked the more time there was for him and the more time there was for the next worker down the line. Of course, such time is not real time. The line moves at a constant speed; the car will be in a work station for as long as it should be, no more, no less.

But such time is human time. It is time for Rochelle, who puts in the door locks, to see a completed car coming toward her and not to have to worry if she can get the door closed and her job started. It is time for John Hyatt to set up his screws, draw on his cigarette, and get ready. And, because it is human time in a mechanized world, it is most precious. In sum, though line work is not what it might or should be in the human work, there is in it a transformation of self into task, of task into process, and of process into pleasure. To borrow from Arthur C. Danto, there is "a transfiguration of the commonplace" from its immediate and ordinary world into one where it can be lucid, vivid, intense, and, in its own way, compelling. There is, then, for all the larger coercions of the automobile assembly line, a making of art and an art of working.

Given all that has been said, it may seem that this essay is arguing that there is no alienation in the industrial workplace. Nothing could be further from the truth. Not all work in the line is always or even sometimes artful. Nor is the possibility, even the necessity, that it might become expressive enough to overcome the realities of a job done 400 times a day. If factory life is debilitating and factory work alienating, it is because those who control factories need them to be alienating and debilitating and not because there is something wrong or lacking in those who work in them.

It may also seem as if this essay is arguing that line workers see their work as artful. This is not the case. John Hyatt and the others I have talked to call what they do work and only work. They see the tricks, the homemade tools, the drive to "get up to speed" as the basis of all that it means to do their jobs well. These are the skills that make them workers, and that personalize what management would make mechanical. "Just when you get it right," John Hyatt said at the end of the interview, "either they go and change it on you, add something new, or move you to a different job."

Lastly, it may seem that a more appropriate title for this essay might have been "Making Work Art." Such a title, however, would have made this presentation into a valorization, an elevation of the commonplace to some more rarified realm. I do not wish to make working into art, but to remind that art is work. I wish to remind folklorists that it is their responsibility to deny the right of any theory or scholarship to sever art from the ordinary and necessary concerns of everyday life. Neither in the same vein do I want to make of work another folk art. Factories are not somehow modern cathedrals, and the workers are not merely the anonymous artisans whose work now produces an Escort instead of a Chartres. The factory is no medieval setting written by technology and workers are not peasants with screwguns. The model of work and art is not that of William Morris's happy Socialist Golden Age, but John Hyatt's own: "Get out of the car and leave the car done."

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do with the sea. If you know how, you’ll usually find that the ocean lets you through.

It doesn’t always, of course, although this may be due more to human intervention than to watery challenges. “There’s a lot of literature about people dropping off boats,” Fuller says. When his daughter’s involvement in Irish literature in college provided him with an inspiration for a character to be found missing from a derelict boat, the idea for Passage was born.

“I plotted it just like I plot a show,” Fuller says. “I get some shelf paper and roll it out on the floor.” On this river of paper, he sketches out a plot and makes note of his characters (in different colors, so he can keep track of them as the story evolves).

The book finished to his satisfaction, he examined a list of literary agents supplied by the Authors Guild. Certain that any of the famous agents would turn him down, he began applying to the lesser-known names. “I’m not pushy,” he says, “but I finally ran out of people I’d never heard of.” Even though they may have been as obscure as Fuller himself was as a novelist, none came to his aid. He pushed on to the better-known, and luckily came upon Emilie Jacobson of Curtis Brown. She took on the book and, after a number of rejections herself, placed it with Dodd, Mead.

Fuller is not smug about his book. “I’m not a novelist,” he says when asked how he compares writing fiction to writing for the theater. “Actually, they’re just the same to me: it’s all hard to do. Still, with this, I feel like an interloper. The one thing is that it’s lovely to work alone on a book. In the theater there are a lot of egos. A lot of people want it done their way, even if they know their way is wrong. And a lot of others don’t understand that it’s as hard to write a flop as it is to write a hit. Besides, these days, you have to be crazy to write a play. There’s no place to train. The places like Tamiment are gone now; television killed them all off. And it’s not healthy to have a situation where one critic can pretty much close a play.” Fuller is referring to the perceived power of Frank Rich, theater reviewer of the New York Times. “It’s not his fault; it’s the power of the paper, but that’s the way it is.”

Just now Fuller has no plans at all for more theater pieces; he might consider it if he were able to participate in a limited workshop production. “Otherwise it’s not worth the hassle,” he says. He goes sailing some, but not as much as he’d like to.

He does say he’s into another book, and we ask how it’s coming along. “Oh, it’s far from finished,” he says, smiling at his own expense. “The shelf paper is still unrolled across the floor.”

ROBERT DAHLIN

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A man of many parts, Fuller is a first novelist who has drawn upon one of his favorite pursuits to write a mystery with a nautical setting.

Writer for stars of the musical theater (he worked on the book for the Carol Burnett vehicle, Once upon a Mattress), composer (he has written the music, as well as the book, for a number of properties, including a short-lived off-Broadway show called Smith) and sailor (he has participated in three Bermuda races and navigated a pair of transatlantic passages), Dean Fuller is now a first novelist. His mystery called Where I Went Last (Little, Brown) has just been published by Dodd, Mead, and to talk about this yarn about the skulduggery behind the midocean discovery of an abandoned private ship, he met with PW in his publisher’s New York offices on a sweltering June afternoon.

Originally from New Jersey, Fuller now lives in Essex, Conn., with his wife and two children. His own parents were divorced in the late ’20s (“at a time when such a thing just wasn’t done”). At about the age of 15 he took his first major foray into the world of music: starting up a dance band with a couple of friends. “We were terrible,” he says, wondering at his confidence as a youthful entrepreneur. “Really amateur.” Reconsidering his judgment, he says, “Well, by the time we were 18, we were pretty good—at least by teenage standards.”

To escape the specter of serving in the mobile laundry service during World War II, with which he’d been threatened because his weak eyes precluded actual service in the Army, he enrolled in the American Field Service and drove an ambulance in France instead.

But ever lurking in the back of his ambitions was a desire to go into the theater, a hope he’d held ever since seeing a production of New Moon when he was a boy. It was not to be immediately realized. After school at Yale (“where I went when it was still possible to get in”), he accepted employment at an advertising agency to please his father, who had advised him that work in the theater was not suitable for a young man.

“I hated it there,” he says. “Grown men being serious about something like Mr. Coffee Nerves!”

He was unemployed himself and wrote a romantic show called Hand in Hand with Leonard Gershe, who would one day go on to write other plays, including Butterflies Are Free. In the result, however, Hand in Hand was not the theatrical milestone Fuller hoped it would be. One critic wrote: “If this is an example of what young love is supposed to be, young love should be abolished forever.”

Undeterred, Fuller went on to create special material for show business personalities, such as Robert Q. Lewis. He wrote other numbers for Tallulah Bankhead and for Bea Lillie, the latter for the forgotten show called The Last Ziegfeld Follies. “There were so few people in the audience, you could have stalked deer,” Fuller says. “We gave her a number in which she portrayed a Roto-Rooter lady. It started out all right, but it got pretty bad, as you might imagine. You can only go so far when you’re stuck with just Roto-Rooter jokes.”

He muses on the fate of the tyro artist. “You go through all this kind of crap to get to be part of the scene, to become a professional. Paul Hinde-mith, who taught at Yale, used to advise people: ‘Write anything anybody asks you, just make sure you get paid.’”

He gravitated to what was at the time a training ground for budding theatrical talent, a resort in the mountains north of New York City called Tamiment that mounted an original new show every week. Eventually, he was asked by Mary Rodgers (daughter of Richard) and Marshall Barer to contribute to a project musicalizing “The Princess and the Pea.” This became Once upon a Mattress.

With the surge of rock ‘n’ roll in the ’60s, Fuller felt displaced: his kind of music was outmoded. “It was like I’d become tone deaf, as though I’d learned a language, a language that disappeared or a language that was as useful to me as Urdu.”

In the ’70s, with the experience of Smith behind him, a difficult time that took three years to raise money to produce the show in 1973, Fuller just puttered around for a while after the show closed.

Then a number of things began to coalesce that would lead to Passage. One day he read about a pilotless boat being found off Newfoundland. He reread The Wreck of the Mary Deare, and he read The Strange Last Voyage of Donald Crowhurst, both of which have to do with the discovery of abandoned ships.

With Fuller’s theatrical background, it may strike a reader as odd that his first book is set on the sea rather than on the stage. It’s not so odd, however, because Fuller’s love for the theater has long coexisted with his love for boats. “I’ve been around them ever since I was a little kid,” he says. “When I was a boy I was shipped off to Maine during the summer, and that’s where I learned how to paddle and row. And then, when I decided to do some salt-water sailing in the early ’50s, I wanted to learn everything I could about it.” And so he did, studying with the U.S. Power Squadron, which isn’t the paramilitary organization it sounds like it is, rather a group having to do with power boats.

“Navigation is not hard,” Fuller says. “It’s easily explained and learned. Seamanship is not so easily learned—what the sea does, what you
signaled by the onlooker who has a decision to make as to the function of the view. What must be made of this scene? Think, for example, of what demands you would make on a street if you were fleeing a rabid dog. You would search out entrances, exits, police cars, and phone booths in frightened desperation as you ran along the sidewalk. If, however, you were on the same street and it was introduced to you with the request from an instructor to comment on the personality of the neighborhood, then your reaction would be quite different. You would, in this case, comment on the architecture, building materials, names of the businesses, languages evident in the store windows, pedestrian appearance, and even the nature of the music drifting out of the half-open windows. You would be admitting subjective meaning as you made your choices, but any student of landscape must acknowledge the significance of individual interpretations of the vistas of his or her world. The basic question is not to determine what is actually present, but rather to decide what you are trying to make of the cultural landscape. What is your purpose in seeing, reading, sensing a particular scene?

If we turn again to Durrell’s account of the genetic relationship between people and landscapes, then we should find ourselves seeking order in the landscape, order derived from comprehension of the cultural origins of specific features evident. Each roof line, mailbox, outdoor vegetable stand, farm crop, used car lot, hardware-store interior, is the design product of specific individual or group decisions. Preferences for texture, color, function, cost, ceremony, and countless other creative influences are manifest in landscape design. The thoughtful reader of such design develops an insight into the substance of the landscape’s parent people. The reading of the cultural landscape for its substance is an essential use of sight. Then—it is to be hoped—comes insight, as the separate components are pieced together into a cultural mosaic that is as unique for a given scene as is the fingerprint of an individual.

Approaches to the Reading of Landscape

Literature is the medium with which we are concerned in this Resource Paper. Landscape—defined earlier as that human construct which lies between our senses and our horizon—is the phenomenon we are striving to understand. Our goal is to function as effective geographers first, and as students of belles-lettres second. To that end, we must search literature for landscape elements which would perhaps not be sought out primarily by students of literature itself. When an author strikes a mood of fear, our method is to determine what role landscape elements play in the creation of that atmosphere. When anticipation of a meeting between two people builds to a frenzy, we look to see whether the setting for this union is instrumental in creating such an emotional state. This questioning of the role of the cultural landscape in fiction leads to an increase in the overall appreciation of creative prose. Concurrently, the landscape itself comes to life as we divin its meaning within the context of literature.

In our analysis of landscape elements in literature, we have chosen to borrow the term “signature” from the language of remote sensing (Salter, 1977). In interpreting remotely sensed imagery, a certain landscape feature—such as an agricultural crop—may have a specific polychromatic intensity unlike the tones of other features such as urban areas, fresh water, or snow cover. This kind of uniqueness is called a signature. In the cultural landscape, we can also speak of signatures as representative of specific conditions. A signature is a personal, unique mark that connotes a specific pattern of human expression by its author. It is also read, in the manner in which we wish to read the cultural landscape. In essence, we use this term because cultural groups and even individuals have “signed” their own mark upon the surface of the earth and within the pages of literature. The broad green circles of wheat or maize in the Great Plains, for example, are a unique signature of irrigation farming from a central well with a revolving pipe system. The groves of the Tree of Heaven (Ailanthus altissima) in California’s Mother Lode country are generally seen as a landscape signature of the Chinese settlers of the mid-nineteenth century. Corporations like the John Hancock Insurance Company (Boston), Sears-Roebuck (Chicago), and the Transamerica Corporation (San Francisco) have all spent enormous sums of money to create landscape signatures intended to evoke a specific relationship between landscape image and parent company. A signature is a distinctive image created by an individual or a group in the act of modifying the landscape.

The list of potential landscape signatures is virtually infinite. It can include elements as diverse and as idiosyncratic as garages, barns, trash heaps, or gas station gardens. The signatures we are going to explore in literature, however, are offered as distillates of the dominant factors which contribute to the humanization of the landscape. Although we will limit our own discussion to a specific series (noted below), we readily acknowledge the vastness of the landscape signatures which individuals and societies have written upon the surface of the earth. These signatures—these comments in space—do not lend themselves to any exhaustive categorization, but even a partial study of them gives us insights into the nature of the creators of these cultural landscape features. Each signature plays a particular role in the creation of the total image and, as such, contributes in a unique way to the analysis of a field, a neighborhood, a street, a single building, an entire city, or a region in whatever space the cultural geographer is exploring. Signatures range from predominantly visual features such as settlement patterns, house types, gardens, or clothing, to more subtle manifestations, such as types of entertainment and cuisine. All of them share a common bond: they serve as cultural or individual hallmarks. And, these hallmarks enrich life just as they enrich literature.

There are, broadly speaking, two categories of signatures with which we will be concerned here. One is characterized by a scale that typically involves decision-making at a level far removed from the individual. Such signatures we label structural as they involve fundamental patterns of settlement, agriculture, livelihood, sacred
space, and transportation. The second consists of cultural markers which may be shaped more easily by individuals creating and acting out needs in personal space. These signatures we call behavioral; they include house types, gardens, landscapes of entertainment, and other localized expressions of individuality. There is no single system of landscape analysis that will assure access to the "truth" of human modification of the landscape. As with all interpretation of literature, there exists broad latitude in what may be inferred by the reader. Interpretation is quite obviously as much dependent upon the training, standards, idiosyncracies, and goals of the interpreter as upon the objective reality of the passage being analyzed. So it is also with landscape. Our hope is to provide a framework that will facilitate the provocative exploration of fiction in pursuit of landscape meaning. With the structural signatures, we draw attention to the traditional geographic themes of settlement, agriculture, livelihood, sacred

space, and transportation. In the behavioral signatures, we illustrate human influences upon the earth’s surface that are less conventional yet potentially rewarding in their own right. The combination we offer is one method for analysis of landscape in literature, certainly not the only method. If experimentation with reading these signatures leads our readers to their own, more effective approaches to landscape in literature, then our goals are still met.

Our method, then, is to illuminate the uses of landscape signatures in the development of a work of creative literature. As setting, characters, moods, conflicts, and narratives unfold, we will explore what we read for evidence of landscape. As we develop a keener eye for the interpretation of these features in fiction, we will find that we are also better able to fathom meaning within the shape of the human environment that encloses us in the real world outside of literature.

III. LANDSCAPES OF SETTLEMENT

One January day, thirty years ago, the little town of Hanover, anchored on a windy Nebraska tableland, was trying not to be blown away. . . . The dwelling-houses were set about haphazard on the tough prairie sod; some of them looked as if they had been moved in overnight, and others as if they were straying off by themselves, headed straight for the open plain. None of them had any appearance of permanence. . . . The main street was a deep-rutted road, now frozen hard, which ran from the squat red railway station and the grain 'elevator' at the north end of the town to the lumber yard and the horse pond at the south end. On either side of this road straggled two uneven rows of wooden buildings; the general merchandise stores, the two banks, the drugstore, the feed-store, the saloon, the post-office. (Cather, O Pioneer!, 1937: 1-2)

Man writes on the land in broad strokes. Among the grandest examples of this is the great quilted expanse of America where the Township and Range survey system has left the trail of its blocked pattern across hundreds of thousands of square miles. The settlements—similar to the one that Willa Cather describes above—are characteristically dominated by the towering, free-standing grain elevators adjacent to the railroad depot. The rail lines then (much like the interstate highway systems now) constituted the lifelines to any substantial existence. Where the railroad chose to cross the harsh grasslands, the settlements followed and grew. Some flourished. As the rail systems consolidated, however, hundreds of Hanovers were left stranded without productive economic ties to anything larger than the several score families who farmed each settlement’s hinterland. The passage above underscores this sense of impermanence in the description of the houses, seen by Cather as looking “as if they had been moved in overnight, and others as if they were straying off by themselves, headed straight for the open plain.” This seemingly endless rectilinearity created by the conjunction of rail lines and property lines has created a very distinctive landscape signature, making a graphic checkerboard of much of the Plains states, the Middle West, and even the valleys of the West, where the clusters of more dense settlement lie surrounded by orderly agricultural fields.

Sherwood Anderson, in his famous work, Winesburg, Ohio, pens another view of a small community surrounded by open farmland:

It was early evening of a day in the late fall and the Winesburg County Fair had brought crowds of country people into town. . . . On the Trunon Pike, where the road after it left town stretched away between berry fields now covered with dry brown leaves, the dust from passing wagons arose in clouds. Children, curled into little balls, slept on the straw scattered on wagon beds. Their hair was full of dust and their fingers black and sticky. The dust rolled away over the fields and the departing sun set it ablaze with colors.

In the main street of Winesburg crowds filled the stores and the sidewalks. Night came on, horses whinnied, the bringer in the stores ran madly about, children became lost and cried lustily, an American town worked terribly at the task of amusing itself. (1947:285)

The fields crowd in on the town margins, and the life of the community accommodates a rural rhythm. But the adverb “terribly” hangs like a shadow over Anderson’s view of this scene.
gether. As Seamon observes, the symbolic meaning of landscape is still an essential part of a literary perspective on people's experiential dialogue with environment because literary symbols and images manifest aspects of this interplay that are perhaps invisible and impregnable to conventional techniques of social science. (1976:287)

Both literal and symbolic interpretations of landscape are intertwined with much broader questions on the inherent nature of literature. Literal interpretation presupposes literary realism in an author's dealings with landscape, a style of writing which is by no means universal. Other aspects of literary landscapes may be peculiar to literary conventions of a specific school of writing, or to the idiosyncrasies of a given author. There is virtually no end to the study of the intrinsic qualities of literature, as serious students of literature well know. One such investigator (Weimer, 1966:2-3), working in a realm closely akin to landscape study, has argued against the naive application of literature on the part of scholars from other disciplines. Although this view has certain merits, especially if it induces caution on the part of geographers interested in literature, its extreme manifestation suggests a world where literature could only be read profitably by serious scholars of literature, a clear negation of the breadth and depth of literature as an art form. Certainly, geographers stand to benefit from a greater familiarity with the problems and approaches of literature study if they intend to work with these sources. But we should not forget that our ultimate goal is a deeper understanding of geography, not of literature, and that we ought to be especially well-versed in the pursuit of this geographic end. Our premise is simply that literature can serve as one of the instructive media in our search for landscape insight and appreciation, if only we are willing to recognize both the strengths and the limitations of the geographical messages found there. If the reading of literature assists us in seeing the landscapes of the world around us in a clearer light, then we have achieved our modest goal.

II. THE GEOGRAPHIC READING OF LANDSCAPE

We are the children of our landscape: it dictates behavior and even thought in the measure to which we are responsive to it. I can think of no better identification. (Durrell, Justine, 1957: 41)

In this quote from the first novel in his Alexandria Quartet, Lawrence Durrell has his narrator call attention to the close and influential bond that exists between people and their landscapes. Durrell is not writing about the raw forces of the physical environment, but rather the influence worked on people by their institutions, taboos, design preferences, and systems of spatial order, assemblages of cultural features which comprise their cultural landscape, and which support and embrace their civilizations. One of the goals of cultural geography is learning to read these cultural landscapes, a goal which may be reached in part through reading the creative language of fiction. If we are, as Durrell suggests, "the children of our landscapes," then appreciation of landscape is one way in which we can know ourselves better.

Landscape provides a refreshing tangibility to the evidence of human purpose in the world. The buildings, the road networks, the concrete river channels, the rotted fenceposts—all of these elements are real, explorable. Theories may evolve to explain these features, though such theories are not a necessary prerequisite to stimulating exploration of the landscape. Reading the landscape does require a healthy use of speculation, with inherent opportunity for substantial intellectual growth as we enhance our powers of observation and analysis. The questions we ask, the associations we view, the relationships we ponder—these processes are all a creative boon to our education.

We may ask ourselves why the skylines of Oakland and San Francisco differ so. Why do Houston and Los Angeles strike such a common chord in the mind of the cross-country auto traveler? Why, when a church steeple is lacking from the profile of a New England town, does a stranger feel that something essential is missing? Questions like these conjure images. Answers to the questions involve more than landscape, but it is the unique or characteristic spatial and architectural design of specific scenes that prompts the process of exploration. The elements of landscape provide symbols for our past or our future hopes. The reading of landscapes can engender a healthy curiosity about the overall nature of any locale and its cultural landscape. This is an essential part of the process of learning to see.

Consider the breadth of the concept "to see." We can see with our eyes. We can see with our mind's eye. We can see, as if for the first time, landscapes which we have supposedly seen many times before. We can see vistas that are virgin to any personal experience, but that nevertheless have been conjured in our imagination. We can see landscapes in a way that we have never anticipated. Each of these experiences demands a different mental reaction, but each is founded upon the act of seeing.

Initially, the mind attempts to organize each vista as it is encountered. The criteria for such organization are
Out of the Air

Last Words

The late Bishop of Durham, Dr Ian Ramsey, was interviewed in the BBC studio at Durham shortly before suffering his first heart attack. His interviewers were the writer Bill Newton and the editor of the Evening Despatch, Arnold Hadwin. Mr Hadwin said: 'You have made some powerful speeches about the need for the Church to address the issues of the time. Are you at all depressed with the way things are going in Durham? Do you think enough is being done to retrain miners?' The Bishop replied: 'Never enough, but I don't think retraining is the only answer. I am concerned about the recent coal strike, I think the most significant feature is that those miners I've spoken to since the strike— I don't think one of them has mentioned the exact amount in his pay packet. What many of them have said to me on many occasions has been: 'For years we've been told the mining industry wasn't wanted. Perhaps this was the death of an industry. How much more spectacular would nuclear fission and gas be? This shows how much we are wanted by people. After being told we were not wanted, now we are!' For so long, as I mentioned in the House of Lords in 1967-8, the difficulty has been that the Government has blunted hot and cold on the coal industry. Sometimes it's been said to me, 'If only we could do without coal,' but at other times they say they are doing great technological developments and they want young people of a technological frame of mind going into the mining industry. It's very difficult to play all these balls at once, and the overall picture is very bleak. With regard to the recent strike, it's been shown to my mind that not only the coal industry but the whole region is searching for a sense of being wanted.'

Bill Newton asked him about the question of marriage. What are your views on compulsory medical clearance beforehand? And also possible tuition in responsibility?' The Bishop replied: 'I always shy a bit from the word 'education', but I would certainly be happy to see a kind of agreed legislation that provided for proper medical consultation in the sense you mention. I also see the work of the clergy being developed along these lines. Many already do give. I'm glad to see, some fairly responsible and very careful tuition on insurances, mortgages, buying of homes, sexual relations and so on.'

Volatile France

A few sour notes were added to the Fanfare for Europe during Radio 3's 'French Sunday', when Professor Donald Charlton of Warwick University warned of the volatility of the French: 'For generations, political instability and constant changes of government have been the hallmark of France, land of the revolutions of 1789, 1830 and thereafter. Between the wars there were 22 different prime ministers and 41 governments. And in the 12 years of the Fourth Republic, from 1946, there were 16 prime ministers and 21 governments, of which the shortest survived four days, and even the longest a mere 13 months. Clearly, there has been greater stability under General de Gaulle and President Pompidou, but even as France prepares for another general election in the near future it's natural to ask whether this will last. In under two hundred years there have been nearly twenty constitutions. Won't the Constitution of the Fifth Republic go the same way as its predecessors?'

Jean Charlot, Chargé de Recherche at the Fondation Nationale des Sciences Politiques, was more reassuring. He spoke of 'the discovery in France of collective action. In the field of industrial relations, the Government, the industrialists, the middle classes, are becoming more practical in accepting collective bargaining with or collective action through the trade unions. This is a major change in France. And in politics the French are discovering collective action through disciplined political parties: instead of choosing among six or seven parties, the French voter today chooses amongst the major coalitions—that of the Gaullists, that of the Left and that of the Centre.' Professor Jean Blondel of Essex University said: 'France is still undergoing changes, and we will maybe return eventually to the Fourth Republic. But it seems to me that there is quite a long way to go before politics in France becomes, as it were, a steady, normal kind of activity.'

Artful Simplicity

J. B. S. Haldane, the Marxist and scientist recalled by his sister Naomi Mitchison on page 182, was also recalled in a programme about radical scientists, A Generation for Progress (Radio 3). Gary Werskey, the compiler, presented a recording of a Haldane broadcast of 1945, in which he urged the application of scientific method to moral and political problems—and the man who showed us how to do it was old Karl Marx,' Haldane asserted. 'If Marxists said, 'Your conduct is determined economically and there is nothing you can do about it,' and if Darwinists said, 'You're only animals and can only expect to behave as animals,' then they would be messages of despair. Actually, they are messages of hope, because they tell us some of the things which are wrong with us, and show us the way out.' Mr Werskey commented: 'Such artful simplicity, coupled with native forcefulness, were qualities which kept J.B.S. in the public eye.'
Naomi Mitchison describes a childhood among scientists

Outside our front gate in North Oxford I pounced on a six-year-old friend. 'You come in,' I said, 'my father wants your blood.' Not unnaturally, the school-friend escaped screaming. It was all in aid of a series of blood tests that my father, John Scott Haldane, was doing. Why, I don't know. Of course I volunteered at once. It would have been unthinkable not to take part in a scientific experiment. My favourite funny word was 'physiology'. The lab where my father worked at that time was in the Physiology Department at Oxford: down by the Parks and past the pond full of frogs (perhaps to be used for student teaching, but I didn't know that). The lab Naomi Mitchison's daddy goes down the mine was full of fascinating things: balances, tubes, lovely little blobs of mercury, and houses—as I thought of them—in process of construction, among them, no doubt, the Haldane gas-analysis apparatus. When I saw this not long ago in the Science Museum, I nodded at it as an old acquaintance. Sometimes it came home with my father for further work in his study, which was a room I liked very much. My early reading was supervised and sometimes censored, but perhaps nobody realised that I was getting a lot of macabre fun out of the illustrations in Dangerous Trades of 'phossie' jaws and glass-blower's lungs.

Those were the days when scientists made things out of matchboxes and string and sealing-wax, or perhaps, when it came to the physicists, out of old boilers. Some at least of what they were trying to find out was intelligible to a six-year-old like me, still more to an 11-year-old like my brother, Jack, John Burdon Sanderson Haldane. This is quite clear from some bits of his diary, which he describes in detail and with understanding some experimental work then going on, especially what was being done by Dr Florence Buchanan in what would now, I suppose, be biochemistry. I myself didn't like Aunt Florence, as we called her. She belonged to the generation of women scientists who cared nothing for their appearance. In addition, she had a detached retina, then incurable, and wore very thick glasses, which frightened me. She came to lunch almost every day and I hoped not to have to sit by her.

But this didn't worry my brother. On 25 July 1904, he writes, in execrable handwriting:

After breakfast, I went down to the pathological laboratory to see Miss Buchanan, who is doing research on the cause of the movements of the leaves of the Indian semaphore plant. The original theory was that the movements were caused by sunlight, but it now seems that sunlight only intensifies them. If the movements are the result of a mechanical change, such as the movements of the sap, an electrical change would probably be caused by the movement after its completion, but if the movements are the result of a chemical change, this would cause an electrical change prior to, or simultaneous with, the movement of the leaf and would also be accompanied by that caused by the movement of the leaf. Miss Buchanan is at present only determining the size and roughly the time of the electrical changes. I will describe so far as I understand them the main features of the electrometer which records the changes.

Here he describes a fairly primitive electrometer attached to the plant. If it had been me, I would have drawn it, with too much emphasis on the plant, but his diaries had few illustrations. He goes on: 'The wires, after passing through various coils and solutions of which I could not make head nor tail, finally caused a column of mercury in a small tube to oscillate in accordance with the intensity of the current in the wires.' After describing how these oscillations were recorded on lighted screens and on travelling photographic plates, he continues:

Miss Buchanan took some photographs of the electric changes caused by the effect of my heartbeats; I saw the print of it afterwards. My pulse seemed to be going half as quick again as hers. The semaphore plant has oblong leaves with rounded corners, and at the base of each leaf are one or two kind of bracts. It is these that move, generally with a jerky motion.

This 1904 diary goes on to say: 'The British medical bigwigs are beginning to arrive. We are taking in Sir Thomas Stephenson, Dr Hale White and Dr Lorraine Smith, whom we knew before and
who are very nice, but I pity people who have to take in presidents of sections who will talk of nothing but their own section and require your rooms to write papers in. That evening went to the British medical soirée in the Museum. He says it was great fun. 'My pater was showing a new portable gas-analysis apparatus, an apparatus for measuring dust, and photographs illustrating bees' habits in Cornwall. In the room next to that was a high-frequency current machine of Mr Kirky's, which after the show we made make sparks. Some people do not feel high-frequency currents.

There were a number of other delightful things, including early X-rays and photographs of cancer and lupus cases. There were also specimens of appendixes: the new operation, made fashionable by Edward VII's pre-Coronation emergency, had not long been going on. These scientific delights clearly lasted for several days, for a few days later he says:

At dinner, a Swede, Dr Johansson, and a Pole—I will not say who, as it might be made unpleasant for him—brought up the topic of Pfeffer's assassination as the 'removal of an enemy of God and man'. Afterwards, Dr Lorraine Smith took me to the British medical exhibition on the first floor of the Schools, which is really an advertisement of surgical instruments, medicine and patent food companies. For instance, the Englander for Scald-proof Skeleton Limited gave me some plasmon chocolate which would have been ripping without the plasmon. I am going to get some Virloid which tastes like toffee, acts as cod-liver oil and is made of bone marrow, new-laid eggs and lemon syrup. One of the most interesting things was a high-frequency current machine of which the victim sat on a metal stool connected to the Tesla apparatus and was sprinkled with sparks from a hose-shaped terminal connected with its other pole. When the current is strong, sparks will actually fly from his hand. Liebig's advertisement was a big struck-out head, which looked as if it could barely stand for fat, in a stall walled with tins of Lempo. There were some unmedical stalls as 'the wireless telegraph companies', but they were showing nothing interesting.

When I was a little older I, too, went to the British medical soirées at the Museum, and found them very enjoyable—until one year when there was a film. The cinema was still new and exciting, and, of course, I longed to see the film, but it turned out to be of much-enlarged squirrels killing a mouse. I was so upset that I burst into tears. I believe the exhibitor was told that this particular film was not really acceptable.

Every time there was a coal-miner disaster, my father was sent for to investigate. In time, this turned into a whole set of safety regulations. He worked in a laboratory in Birmingham. Meanwhile Maya, my mother, packed his mine clothes and helmet and he got the first train. This was before the days of cars, and hardly anybody had a telephone. After a bit, a telegram would come: 'I am all right.' Then, an hour or two later, another, in the same words, and we at home would know that he had been breathing too much carbon monoxide, which would have affected his immediate memory: CO and CO₂ were familiar words. Quite often there would be a mine manager or deputy staying with us; they spoke differently, but my mother, not much of a one for the working classes, was always nice to them. I was never afraid that anything would happen to my father, even though I knew he would be in the most dangerous part of the mine: science would protect him.

Apart from the British medical visits, there were often distinguished scientists coming from elsewhere. The Great Wild Boar, as we called Niels Bohr, came from Denmark. My father once went back to Copenhagen with him, and they began a game of golf. A golf ball went into the Palace grounds and they climbed in after it. This being admirable Denmark, there was no fuss, and King Christian came out and joined in the game. In my old doll's house I still have some of the Danish butter-tubs and kitchen-gear which they brought back for me.

I was eight years old when my father did his classic deep-diving experiments for the Admiralty in the Kyles of Bute. We stayed in a small hotel at Collintrae, of which I have somewhat hazy memories. Highland hotels were not all that good in those days. My brother and I wandered about, playing 'sources of the Nile': up the small burn behind the house and further into the hills, but never quite getting to where even the smallest of the burns that trickled in really began. It was beautiful country, with dwarf oaks and birches, moss and lichen, and high bracken which met over my head. After two days, my father turned up, and so did the Spanker, the gunboat sent by the Admiralty for the deep-diving experiments, with Mr Catto, the diving instructor. My comment in my diary is: 'He says he will take Boy down. I wish I were a boy.' I wrote pages and pages about the Spanker and the sailors, whom I loved and admired. My father and I went off to Rothesay. My mother and I followed the next day by steamer, and I still remember the smell of dead fish on Rothesay pier. We went on a boat to offer our condolences to the officers. We were just in time to see Mr Catto having his diving-dress put on, and there is a careful description in my diary of this old type of diving-dress which we got to know so well. My father even had a pipe given to him with a bowl made like a diver's helmet. At the end of my description I say honestly: 'I cannot explain the pumps, because I do not understand them, but they are each worked by six sailors turning wheels.'

After that we went round with the First Lieutenant, who seems to have shown us everything, starting with the bridge and going up to the conning tower, where I seem to have been allowed to work the foghorn. Finally, we had the 4.7 guns explained, and were each allowed to fire a blank shell, which was sent into it all very thoroughly in my diary.

Boy and I ran round to the muzzle of the gun before the nitrous fumes of the cordite came out, but father told us not to breathe it as it was poison. We looked down the inside of the gun and saw the rifling, which is for the shell to go through more easily. Mr Catto came up after he had been down two and a half hours. He brought me a searchlight, two starfish and one whale, a very large one, all alive. The whelk's operculum was like tortoiseshell.

I was always good at straight and accurate descriptions of animals' and plants' appearance and behaviour. Later on I became quite a skilled field botanist, ticking off my finds in my Berkshire Flora under my own name—a lovely feeling!

My brother was 13, but by no means full-grown. However, he was allowed to go down in a diving-dress with Mr Catto and the others. In a letter to our grandmother he describes 'the same beautiful light, light-green from the sky down to the dust clouds, or, as one should say, mud clouds, that one kicked up'. He doesn't, however, mention that as he was in a grown-up diving-dress, the cuffs on the sleeves were much too big for him and the water seeped in, so that when he was right up he was in water to the waist. The air pumped into his helmet stopped him from being drowned, but it must have been a distinctly chill and rather frightening experience. But how I envied him!

At the end of it all, the Lords of the Admiralty indicated that they would like to present my father with some plate for his services. He and my mother duly went to London to choose the model of the ship, we could not also fit in the candlesticks. I'm glad they didn't get the silver ship—think what it would be like to clean! Even a silver salver or a silver tazza or a big bowl, when there aren't visiting-cards—or parlour maids.

My brother, of course, did equally valuable and dangerous work for the Admiralty on submarine and rescue after the Thetis disaster, but he was a Communist Party member. No doubt their Lordships would have felt it inappropriate to offer him brigade infantry, or perhaps they did and he wouldn't take it.

A year or two after the diving experiments, we moved to a larger house at the end of what was then a country lane, but is now an ordinary Oxford road. Here my father had his own laboratory, as did a few scientists of his generation, including Vernon Harcourt, the distinguished chemist. He had a big house, St Clair, near Ryde, with a laboratory attached where I blew my first glass, undeterred by any fusing from Sina, my nurse. He gave me peaches, too. Harcourt was one of my father's predecessors as a gas referee. This job took me up to the bridge and going up to the conning tower, where I couldn't bear wasting time by catching trains even two minutes before they took off—though as a family we always write in trains—so he would bicycle furiously to the station, a porter would catch the bicycle, and the guard, who had been holding the train for him, would bundle him into his carriage and give the signal. The Great Western's were also coming up, about sending him back from Birmingham or
Letters

Call Radio Stoke

SIR: Frank Gillard’s interesting article about ‘consumer radio’ in Columbus, Ohio (Listener, 18 January) might give your readers the impression that such developments are exclusively available to citizens of the USA. I’m sure that Mr Gillard would be heartened to know that some of our local BBC stations (which he helped to pioneer) have developed on strikingly similar lines to WOSU. Radio Stoke-on-Trent’s Open Air programme offers three and a half hours daily to local listeners to air their views and raise ‘consumer’ problems. Don Moffat offers 80 minutes per day. Radio Stoke doesn’t scorn the simple request for information: rather, the community wisdom is tapped and usually several answers are phoned back into the programme within minutes. A lady who wanted to buy carbamide for an old parrot was promptly advised off by three ex-miners who knew the dangers involved. Open Air also takes up and investigates much of the listener’s concern about products, services and local authority responsibilities. The programme names the organisation or product or firm and follows the buck wherever it’s passed. Among other things, the producers have investigated local accommodation agencies, non-payment of a county court claim, credit purchase, local pollution and have surveyed credit purchase in the city—namely all the 26 stores which were visited. Almost immediately, representatives of commerce and government, both local and national, have co-operated by appearing live on the programme, despite searching questions from the audience and the presenters. Afterwards they generally comment favourably on the two-way communication with the consumer.

Open Air broadcasts about eighty calls each week and deals weekly with as many as ten more demanding investigations. Like Don Moffat, the author of the show, my father has no measure by money standards: it was an idea spreading out to new conclusions, it was devising a piece of apparatus, it was convincing the Admiralty, the Home Office, the Institute of Mining Engineers that something had to be done. It was a saving and bettering of human life. Scientific curiosity was encouraged at all levels. I remember my brother and I, as teenagers, going into the old laboratory and muttering about chloroform from the bottle in the inner laboratory. We were deeply interested in the changes of consciousness which occurred, how commonly we sensibly did this standing up. If we got to the point where one of us collapsed even slightly, we stopped.

There are still masses of unsorted Haldane papers. Some may still have ideas which might be followed up. I don’t think anybody thought in terms of getting on or any kind of economic success. It was the scientific excitement that came through to all who worked with my father—most to my brother, but a small spillover to me.

SIR: Peter Stewart in the Listener of 4 January described the failure of British diplomacy to appreciate the realities of political life in Uganda. He also commented on the lack of British diplomatic initiative. The daily newspapers have repeatedly reported complaints by British subjects about the lack of help from the British High Commission in the difficulties they have faced in Uganda (e.g. the Daily Telegraph of 22 January). These comments on British diplomacy in Africa are not unexpected. Until 1970 I was living in Swaziland. In 1968 I visited Botswana, and in 1969 Lesotho, each time for some weeks. On each of these three countries the British High Commissioners and their staff had the same reputation. They were all reported to have remained publicly on the sidelines while it was the unimportance of the country in which they were stationed and grumbled frequently at being in Africa at all. In Swaziland at least one Minister of the Government was aware of this. In Lesotho a friend who was a Permanent Secretary in the Prime Minister’s office was aware of the opinion of that country held by members of the British High Commission. When it comes to influencing events, it is of no advantage if the Government of the country with which one is dealing thinks it is held in contempt.

To this diplomatic ‘injury’ was added the insult that the British Missions were far larger than other resident Missions, both in buildings and in staff. In Swaziland there were four members of the High Commission staff of administrative grade and a total Mission strength of 13. The Americans managed with two senior members and three junior; the Portuguese, with a very busy visa section, had a total of the same. Before Independence, when Swaziland was a protected state, the Governor had a deputy and supporting staff of five, in addition to the security, the civil service and foreign affairs. After Independence the British High Commission dealt only with foreign affairs. The American charged d’affaires in Swaziland went out of his way to get in touch with American citizens living in the country. This was not true of any member of the staff of the British High Commission.

The Listener 8 February 1973

Dorking

SIR: In Mr Curran’s address to the Institute of Electrical Engineers in November 1972, recent developments in television were as ‘The BBC in the Eighties’, he devotes a page to cable television systems. It is understood that a man in Mr Curran’s position—namely, at the head of an entrenched broadcasting organisation—is hardly going to strike progressive poses, even if he grudgingly admits ‘a greater theoretical potential for cable than for broadcast messages’. (The use of the word ‘theoretical’ is an interesting indication of Mr Curran’s attitude: such diversification is also accepted fact throughout North America, and even in one part of this country it is a reality.) But I feel that his arguments are fallacious on two counts.

1. The difference between the growth of cable television, and the original existence of
Memories of BIG COUNTRY

Cowboy: 'We've lost the damn-the-risk, bring-on-the-grizzlies kind of man'

by DONALD JACKSON

The American cowboy has been declared extinct so often, as well as more damning things like romantic, hackneyed, and, worst of all, irrelevant, that he is about convinced it's true. What he represents has always tickled the public fancy more than what he is—the sad destiny of heroes. He represents—oh, freedom, of course, individualism, man alone, natural man, self-sufficiency, personal liberty as a lifestyle. Maybe he was some or all of those things and sometimes still is. But he is also lonely and confused. Lonely because he is old and obsolete and it is his bleak privilege to look around and see nobody who's much like him, and nobody who much cares, except those who care too much. Confused because he doesn't quite know or understand what happened to him. Once it was all so simple and natural and now it's all so—changed, so complicated, so busy and fast and cold, and a man can't really put his finger on where it went sour.

The remnants are scattered in bunkhouses and trailers and line shacks at the ends of dirt roads in Arizona and Nevada and Montana, old men with photograph albums and memories and advice that is sometimes tolerated, sometimes not. Cumulatively they are a kind of lost generation, united by character and pride, by their own kind of knowledge and their own kind of ignorance, by a belief in ideals blurred now by time and circumstance. Like all old men they hanker for veneration. They are united most in the things they dislike: college boys, especially 'snotty-nosed' college boys; fences; nesters; most forms of government; most kinds of machinery; welfare;

Photographs by JOHN LOENGARD

Raymond Holt has been a cowboy for 57 years
brand inspectors; feed lots; Mormons; drugs; people who stick their noses where they don’t belong; dudes; western movies; sheepherders (old grudges die hard); people who complain.

The memories they share are of big and wide country, buffalo grass singing in the wind; of cattle drives that began in March and ended at Christmas after a hundred adventures—freezing swims across rivers, sudden and terrifying stampedes, mornings brushing the snow off your tarp; of the joy and privilege of riding a fine horse that you broke yourself; of being tested by the veterans, proving yourself with your rope and your courage; of working for $35 or $40 a month (which would buy a saddle then, as will a present-day cowboy’s wage of $225 or $250); of outlaws like Bignose George and Henry Starr and Butch Cassidy and the Marleys. The hardship, pain and solitude don’t come up. But secretly they relish those memories most of all because they taught them about themselves.

Where it went wrong preoccupies them. It all runs together in their minds. It has to do with the end of the open range, a progressive phenomenon that confronted them just as they were reaching their prime, around the time of the First World War. And then there was the breakup of the big ranches and the advance of technology into the cattle business. But other things are roped

CONTINUED

Secretly they relish the hardship, pain and solitude

Day's work done, a cowpuncher heads home down a brushy New Mexico hill

Casey Barthelness quit cowboying in his 70s
From Johnny Mullins’ scrapbook: black cowboy Bill Pickett, the Calgary Stampede, the glory days of rodeo
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It gives every part of your body a good night’s rest.
in with it: Easterners moving into ranching, soft men looking for tax dodges; the pace of life, automobiles and television and friendly Western towns turning chill; neighbors getting too busy to help each other; too many people, too little space, too much rush, too much government.

"In most instances you realize your reward is in what effort you spent," says 79-year-old Casey Bartholmes of Montana. "What I want to say is that appreciation comes to you according to the effort you spend in acquiring it. I think we've lost our sense of appreciation. It's getting cultivated out of us. I can't tell you how hard it is to lose your old friends. My wife and I went to a funeral the other day and we were the only ones that went on to the cemetery, the only ones. We've grown out of our way of life, my way of life. We enjoyed individualism. Each of us was an essential part—how can I say it?—everyone was concerned with your welfare. You were essential to me and I was essential to you and there was a feeling of security and the thing was, your essentialness was recognized. You knew damn well you couldn't get along without your neighbor and he couldn't get along without you and it was recognized. I don't know whether the present-day setup considers this something we've lost or not, but we do, I do."

Somehow people aren't the same. "Everybody knew how to handle cattle back then," says 72-year-old Lee Panky of Nevada. "Nobody was helpless. And the cowboys and ranchers got along better, everybody did. You'd round up your neighbor's cow with yours and send him a check. Nobody does that no more. A man's word was his bond. If a fella said he'd do something he'd come damn near doing it. These fellas nowadays will tell you anything and do nothing.

"Everything was loose. It was loose, you know." The words trail off, dissolving and blending with the eternal fulminations of old men.

"We had this gangling old boy working as a horse wrangler on the L O Ranch out of Miles City," Bartholmes remembers. "His name was A.D.J. Hooper. He could only count to 14. One day he was out wrangling the horses and Old Bones, the wagon boss, came up and asked him how many mounts he had. Well, A.D.J. Hooper puzzled it a while and finally said, 'I got five 14s, two 11s and a nine.'"

Most cowboys had little tolerance for school, but like A.D.J. they made do with what they knew. They never spend much time thinking about themselves or what other people think of them. Many are natural storytellers, with a gift for savory language and tales that arrive at their conclusion frazzled but undaunted. They lean heavily on exaggeration, the credulity of a listening dude, or both.

"I remember hearing about the old trail drive up from Texas," says 67-year-old Curly Witzel of Wyoming. "Seems one time they got the herd to the Red River, and it was high, they couldn't cross. But they found a big old cottonwood tree, hollowed out, a-lying across the river. They rode across to test it out and then brought all the cattle across on the tree. When they got to the other side and counted 'em, they found they was 177 short. They went back and found those 177 had turned off at one of the limbs."

Lee Panky remembers a night when he was in a New Mexico line camp, a log cabin with just a canvas windbreak for a door. Line camps are solitary outfits on the perimeters of large ranches where cowboys often spend the winter months watching over the herds. "I was sleeping when I heard something moving in the cabin, then it jumps on my bed and lies down and starts purring. Turns out it was a cougar. I had my pistol handy just in case the gentleman wanted to get under my tarp. But he presently got up and walked out. I put a door up the next day."

CONTINUED
Fred Martin sat in his linoleum-floored living room and took a long pull on the pinto bottle at his elbow. He smoked his lips, "If I could ever get out of debt," he said, "I'd probably be two or three times a millionaire." Martin is 85, owner of a large ranch on the San Augs turin Plain of New Mexico, two or three times an outlaw and some kind of storyteller. Belief is not particularly necessary to appreciate his stories, nor particularly expected.

"In 1910," he began, "I won the bronc-riding at the Cheyenne rodeo. Got $500. Afore long the whores had a hand in each pocket, and I was about broke inside of ten days. I was ashamed to go back to the ranch where I was working, so I went into this bar. Soon a fella looked like a cow-

us we was fired. I had about $35 and no horse. "This other boy, he was from Gillette, Wyo. He said he kinda liked the country down there and asked me to take off cross-country with him. But I was lacking a horse. He took off, and I felt just flatass lonesome and bad. I talk pretty good Mexican so I thought I'd go across the border to Piedras Negras. D'reckly I got there here comes the Mexican captain riding a beautiful bay horse. Son of a bitch got off and whopped his reins two or three times around a hitching rack and went to get a cerveza or something. I thought, 'Fred, here's where you get mounted.' I took that horse. Cut out the sword—I didn't need no sword, wasn't gonna fight no combats like that—and swum across the Rio Grande.

"Well, I caught up with this boy on his way to El Paso. We got a job breaking horses in the Glass Mountains, made about $100. It was starting to get kinda hot so this old boy said he wanted to go back to Wyoming. I said I didn't want no more snow and blizzards. We went to El Paso and he got on a train.

"I went into the Vargas Hotel. I was kinda looking for a compadre, y'know? Saw this fella drinking alone and I stepped up. After a while he says, 'Friend, I need help, can you do anything?' I told him I could ride any man's horse and do a lot of goddam things. Said he was working for a Mexican cattleman who'd branded about a hundred thousand calves that spring, biggest cattleman in the world. The revolution had come along, and he was trying to get his cattle into Texas before old Pancho Villa grabbed 'em. So I hired out to him, and here I go back to Mexico.

"I was riding point on the cattle herd one day, and I was always the biggest coward there was. We had to be afraid of both the federales and Villa. D'reckly I saw a little dust and all of a sudden a troop of federales came a-kicking up. There were 12 of us and a hundred of them. They killed a couple of our men, pinned the rest of us down in mesquite. We tied a shirt on a mesquite stick and surrendered.

"They put us in jail in this little town, and we stayed there all summer. Took my boots and everything. Finally we were sentenced—11 a.m. against the adobe wall. I was thinking that I had a lot of life to live—it just worries me to think about dying, does yet. I was nervous. But next thing I knew I heard a hell of a lot of shooting, and I was thinking, 'Well, this'll be the last of Fred.' But all of a sudden here comes Villa and he captures the whole outfit. There were 200 of us in jail, and Villa let us all go, long as we joined his army. I didn't know what he was fighting for and didn't care. I made my mind up right quick.

Martin drained the last of the bottle. "And that," he said, "is how I became a lieutenant in Villa's army." Directly he fell asleep.

There are actually two distinct varieties of cowboy in the American West, and one isn't a cowboy at all but a buckaroo. The sources were Texas and Mexico. The Texans spread west and north...
When your bath water feels as if it came from Alaska... install a flawless electric water heater.

COWBOY

with the great herds, west to New Mexico and Arizona, north up the old trails to Colorado, Wyoming and Montana. Even today most cowboys past 60 in those states have a Texas background, or else their fathers did. The Mexican influence arrived by way of California and spread through Nevada, Oregon and Idaho. There cowboys are known as buckaroos, an Americanization of the Spanish word vaquero.

The two have different styles and mutual suspicions. Cowboys tie their ropes to their saddle horns; buckaroos keep them loose, which is known as “dallying.” Cowboys use hemp ropes, buckaroos rawhide ropes or reata, Arizonans double-cinch their saddles, Nevadans use a single cinch. Northern men complain about the lack of water in the South; Southerners shudder when they think of Montana winters. The line between the two is generally taken as the Colorado River: the Great Basin, north and west of the river, is buckaroo country. One Arizona cowboy who spent a season in Oregon reported back that life there was “an ice-breaking, hay-making, light-bread-eating, tea-drinking son of a bitch.”

What they have in common is their code, the 19th Century principles of honor and pride and loyalty that determine how they face life, work and other people. Dimly they may perceive its galloping irrelevance. Die for the herd? Nowadays? When the herd is owned by some corporation from Delaware?—but it’s too late to change.

Pride encompasses everything from roping skill to self-sufficiency in a line camp, from the “waterfall” in a cowboy’s hat (“You can tell a lot from that waterfall—whether a guy is half a cowboy or a whole cowboy or no cowboy at all”) to the way he wears his Levi’s (“They just hang differently on a cowboy”).

The long drives and roundups were the central facts of ranch life. Cattle would be rounded up and branded in spring, rounded up again and shipped in fall. The roundup outfit included a cook and his wagon, a remuda with seven or eight horses per man, and anywhere from 10 to 40 cowboys. Life was hard but agreeable. The hard parts were the hours (up at 4 in the morning, work till dusk, then two hours’ night guard) and the weather. The agreeable parts were the camaraderie and the horses. “What kept you there was the horses,” says one buckaroo. “You tried to make your horse better than the other guy’s. That was the fun of it.”

Cattle are still driven to their shipping points at a few large ranches, but most cattlemen ship them in vans that load at the home ranch. Spring is still branding time, but the cowboys on roundup nowadays are fed hot food brought out in a pickup truck, and most stay out only a few days at a time. Most ranchers use branding chutes, which clamp a calf in place while it is branded, rather than the old head-and-heels roping method. Quicker. Easier. More efficient.

“It used to be if you wanted a cowboy to quit, you’d just have to tell him to dig a posthole. Give him a shovel and he’d break the handle. He was insulted.” The cowboy’s work was on horseback, and only on horseback. Not any longer.

The modern cowpuncher, whatever his vintage, has to be pump repairman, hay loader, truck driver, ice breaker, post-hole digger, wood chopper and a dozen other things which don’t require a horse’s support. There is still riding and roping to be done in the spring and fall but not much, not enough to teach a boy how to cowboy.

Pain and hardship have never been considerations. The code doesn’t permit it. Seventy-year-old Raymond Holt, who

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FORTUNE

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COWBOY

winters alone in a line camp in Arizona, broke his neck when a bronco bucked him. Eighty-five-year-old Johnny Mullins of Arizona has broken his hip twice and his pelvis once in the last three years but still rides and pulls his load. “It never hurt a cowpuncher to get skinned up,” says Lee Panky.

“He calls it ‘skinned up,’” says his wife. “He broke his wrist, his foot, his shoulder and a kneecap.” “Kneecap didn’t mount to nothing,” he replies. “Two guys sewed it up with a sacking needle good as new.” They concede little, if anything, to age. At 72, Panky is “figuring on getting a little place of my own soon.” At 67, Curly Witzel is the father of a two-year-old son.

Raymond Holt’s line camp is about 50 miles northeast of Flagstaff, Ariz. He lives alone from Dec. 1 to March 1 every year in a two-room cement house—no plumbing, no electricity. He has no neighbors—the closest are Navajos on a reservation 15 miles away, across the Little Colorado River.

He crosses the days off on a wall calendar, not because the time passes slowly but because it’s the only way he can keep track of the date. He subscribes to a daily newspaper and several magazines, but since he only goes into Flagstaff for the mail once a week they have a tendency to pile up.

“I found I’ll be troubled by the census this year,” he said, as he sliced the breakfast bacon, “Gonna send me a damn form.” He stirred the sourdough pancake batter, poured it on the skillet and put it on his wood stove.

Holt broke his neck on the day Pearl Harbor was bombed, and his tongue hasn’t felt right since. He believes that he has to keep it moving more or less constantly or it will stiffen up. As a result he talks all the time to himself. “I read the paper out loud, try to keep my mouth straight.” Most of the time he mutters. He’s not used to company.

On a nail next to his door hung his rain slicker. His name was penciled on it like a brand—the right side of the H serving as the left side of the O.

“This job is okay for a dumb old stumbler,” he said as he dished out the pancakes, “but anybody that folds me is plain ignorant. The cowpunching life is still nowadays. There’s no roping or running, no excitement. The cattle are all gentle now.” He subsided into mutters.

After breakfast he got in his pickup and drove to the reservation, stopping on the way to look at some Indian “hydrolics” on a rock. “The Indians have the idea,” he said. “They know there’s something, whether it’s God or what. The white man’s church is only a gab and a grab and a steal and everything else. I like the Navajo Eagle clan. They say that when your soul leaves your body it soars like an eagle, and you can see everything.”

A hawk sat motionless on a ledge above the rutted road. The dust settled back into the stillness behind the truck. Even the sky was quiet.

Holt drove up to a small cluster of Navajo hogans, igloo-shaped huts made of adobe. An old man and woman were butchering a goat. Their son sat on a rail.

“Just came by to look around,” Holt said self-consciously. The Indians smiled and nodded.

“How much you want for one of them goat hides?” he asked. He turned and whispered, “I’ll offer ’em a buck. Make a good rug. They’ll ask three, but they’ll come down.”

The Indians conferred. Finally the younger man held up three fingers. Holt held up one. Nobody compromised. Holt got back into his pickup. “They’ll steal the bridle reins offa your bridle if you let ’em,” he said. He began muttering again.

“They ’sposed to have some millions’ worth of uranium rights
here, but the white man'll cheat 'em out of it, you can bet. Bookkeepers and lawyers."

He drove back, across the dry river bottom, past a herd of Indian sheep and goats. "I used to steal from 'em long time ago," he said. "I took some unbranded cattle, did some moonshining, but I'm not a good criminal or I woulda kept it up and made money."

Back at his camp he fed his three Morgan horses and set about preparing lunch. He took out an album full of old pictures of himself riding, standing uncomfortably with other cowboys, lecherously ogling a girl. "I never married, hell no. Seemed plumb silly. You don't know when they gonna get tired or have to go to the doctor or what the hell." He leaned quickly through a stack of pictures. "Well, it was cold and disagreeable all right," he said, "but it didn't hurt you none."

He walked bowlegged to the stove, still muttering. "On t'other hand," he said, "construction work mighta been a damn sight better."

What is disappearing is the song of the land. The cowboy—like wild horses, longhorn cattle, grizzly bears, like so many wild places and animals and people—is a casualty of the shrinking landscape. Breaking up the open range destroyed his theater. Technology rendered his skills, and his pride, obsolete. He can ignore it or grumble about it, turn back in nostalgia or turn aside and shrug. It doesn't matter.

There are a few exceptions, and there probably always will be—younger men who manage to become cowboys and live by the cowboy code despite the odds, despite everything. You can still round some Western corners and get a sudden whiff of timelessness, but it's rare, too rare. Mostly the land wears the badges of this century, and mostly the men do too.

Not all the cowboys whose memories include a different time are sentimental about it. "Some of them old days weren't so damned good," says one. "I'd hate to drop back to the old team and wagon. And some of them oldtime hands weren't worth so much either. Hell's probably overloaded with a lot of 'em."

The cold-eyed epitaph is that the cowboy was right for his time and place, and that time and place have changed. History as evolution—we don't lose, we just change.

But of course we are losing something, regardless of what we may gain. We are losing a kind of man—the damn-the-risks, bring-on-the-grizzlies kind of man, and his personal view of America, the idea that land equals liberty, that open space gives a man the freedom to be what he wants, to work out his own destiny, and demands that he have the strength equal to that freedom. A few men like this remain in the West, not many. They and the idea are all that survive.

It's now I'm on the scaffold,
My moments are not long;
You may forget the singer
But don't forget the song.

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**COWBOY**, a film sponsored by Alcoa and produced by the Editors of *LIFE*, will appear on nationwide television during the week beginning April 5. Check your local listing for exact time and station.

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When you turn the matchbox round a corner, you'll notice that the rear has a tendency to go straight on instead of following the rest of the box. This tendency is always present in a rear-wheel-drive car and, understandably, it can cause serious skidding under extreme conditions (especially when the front wheels may fail to hold).
THE LAST FINE TIME
By Verlyn Klinkenborg.
209 pp. New York:
Alfred A. Knopf. $19.95.

By Frederick Busch

OUTSIDERS know Buffalo as a city of broad shoulders and of a population we now call ethnic — Croats and Poles and Czechs — and also as a city whose name is synonymous with bad weather. One doesn’t hear much about its black population, say, or its poets, or its university classrooms. Verlyn Klinkenborg, who grew up in a small Iowa town (and who wrote about Midwestern farmers in his first book, “Making Hay”), comes into Buffalo with eyes wide and affections available. He writes, beginning of course with snow, about a neighborhood bar, once the Thomas Wenzek Restaurant, then George & Eddie’s, and about the several generations of the Wenzek family who owned and operated it. Buffalo is changed forever, and the bar is gone.

Buffalo is one of a number of northeastern cities that saw their heyday before World War II, and now are suffering in small what the region is suffering in general: a long, hard decline. These are cities on the downswing, where money is ebbing steadily out along with working-class jobs, and where the traditional sense of community is in the process of being redefined. Buffalo, to Mr. Klinkenborg, represents these cities on the wane, and by recollecting for us the bar, a neighborhood and a time, he celebrates both a collective feeling and an era in the history of cities now vanished.

The Wenzeks came to upstate New York in 1906 from Galicia, then a part of Austria-Hungary, now a part of Poland. Thomas Wenzek bought a saloon in 1922 at 722 Sycamore Street. During Prohibition he and his family sold near beer and flowers; after Prohibition they ran their bar full time, and they prospered. Their son, Eddie (the father of Mr. Klinkenborg’s wife, Regina), worked for them, did his duty in World War II, and in 1947 took over the bar along with his brother-in-law, George Ditzel. America’s sense of itself was never the same after World War II, and Eddie changed the bar in response to what he saw as the country’s appetite for sophistication: he added a new 18-foot backbar, a menu featuring pork loin instead of the traditional whole pig, highballs and french-fried shrimp. Eddie wanted, Mr. Klinkenborg writes, “to keep a family atmosphere at lunch, dinner, and on Sundays, but to make

Continued on page 33
“Getting a new 87th Precinct novel by Ed McBain is like contemplating a wrapped gift under the tree on Christmas morning. You know it’s going to be terrific and you can’t wait to open it.” — Cleveland Plain Dealer

“A master is clearly at work.”
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— The Philadelphia Inquirer

“Imitators may come and take notes, but Mr. McBain still owns the old 87.”
— The New York Times Book Review

“Complex and thrilling, WIDOWS is a
it feel postwar, less an old-fashioned workingman's bar of the sort his father created and more a fashionable late-night spot." As Eddie changed, as the bar changed, Buffalo and the nation changed too.

In letters he sent home in 1842 to be saved for the composition of what would be his "American Notes," Charles Dickens, coming to Buffalo and looking about with wide eyes, meditated on Niagara Falls, "that tremendous ghost of spray and mist which is never laid, and has been haunting this place with the same dread solemnity — perhaps from the creation of the world." You don't, really, get a lot in "American Notes" on Buffalo or the falls. But you get plenty of darker Dickens.

So too with Mr. Klinkenberg. He can write superbly, and he clearly has a great talent for evoking a place or time. Describing old plumbing from the bar's early days, he writes of the "furlongs of steamfit pipe elbowing, knuckling, nipping its way through every building in a city like Buffalo." He is wonderful about "geraniums — knotted, arthritic plants with the mustiness of perfumed wool." And in a Buffalo neighborhood "there is a hill in the traffic, and for a moment you can hear the silence. It swells into the yard like an abrupt tide." Here is the city under snow: "Even indoors, you can hear the hush over Buffalo. You can feel the way the heavy snowfall changes a room, the way it redeline the interior, making the walls seem closer together, the roof heavier, the insulation thicker."

What reader can resist such gorgeous writing? People blessed with husky, generous voices sometimes come to believe that their voices confer blessing, no matter what about their lovely sounds are enfolded. This is sometimes true of writers, and when it is, their readers do resist. Mr. Klinkenberg intones that "the present is the only campfire in the icy wastes of time." Speaking of families at a Buffalo graveyard, he must describe "the sostenuto of a sound digestion, vigorous seessions in a bottle of life." He discusses attitudes in men after World War II and speaks of a nuclear." He must reflect a pearlike beauty and young man's freshness, as if he must mustow us the writer at work and not the man or situation he at first had sought to describe.

Although he borrows clearly and is interested in the story of Thomas Wenzek, Eddie his son and the other men and women of the neighborhood, he seems to be driven beyond them by his own appreciation of his transforming prose. Like Dickens in Buffalo, he records, at last, the author, not his subject. Even the structure could reflect such a giving up to self. It is divided into sections, each ostentatiously about an individual whose story will lead us to the larger story Mr. Klinkenberg would tell. So sections are each "about the son Eddie, now in his 70's and retired, or "about" the patriarch Thomas. But each section leads Mr. Klinkenberg to write not about the person in question but about Galicia or Buffalo, the old country or the new, and about the changing times. There are wonderful lists of store signs and of products for sale, there are lists of wonderful names. But the names don't lead to people, they become considerations of population shifts, economic shifts, shifts in ways of living. A family atomized by the structure of the book becomes further dispersed into facts about American or urban or Balonfian life.

Are people to be seen as wholly shaped by their city or town? While Mr. Klinkenberg satisfyingly evokes ways of life, especially when he chronicles the effects of World War II on Buffalo, he seems at last to be saying that you define a person primarily by talking of his place and time. But when he turns to the inner life of the Wenzek family? Who fought with whom? Who betrayed what husband, wife or child? How did Thomas's wife really feel about cooking all day for the bar? How about Renee, Eddie's wife? What of their children? Is a life to be defined by a certain cut of skirt, a certain style of hat? And if these lives are not to be considered in their particularities, then what in this book is at stake? On behalf of learning what about whom are these sometimes wonderful words expended?

Since there is no intimacy with the Wenzeks or their neighbors, there can be little feeling for them. In the end, we do know how Eddie feels as the old inhabitants of the neighborhood disappear as the younger generations move to the suburbs — to be replaced by new waves of immigrants, primarily blacks from the American South.

In 1976, Eddie sells the bar to a black proprietor. It is renamed the Scorpion, closes after a short time, is first boarded up and then torn down. Eddie, now living in the suburbs, comes back to watch its demolition. If the bar is a metaphor in the history of American cities, then its disappearance, as Mr. Klinkenberg shows us, is the end of a unique time.

E DDSIE says a few words at the beginning, and occasionally there is speech from other people in the book. But Mr. Klinkenberg doesn't let them say much. We never learn their rhythms or dialects or patterns of speech. We know the author's, though. And when Eddie, placed behind his bar, begins to tell stories about people going over into Niagara Falls, Mr. Klinkenberg interrupts. Eddie says a total of a few sentences here, and the author says the rest. In another bravura turn, he imagines how it would feel to fail over. "You would be crushed from above, ground into the talus, held down, twisted, eldded ...

Verlyn Klinkenberg isn't Eddie, though. He remains outside of him and of the others toward whom he has nevertheless tried to offer considerable respect. He seems driven by his voice, however, by his need to write rather than listen. Like Dickens at the falls he must write at least about him, not it. He has, surely, memorialized the bar, now leveled to rubble in part because of a city's great changes. But the people who lived in the apartments above 722 South Street, their customers and neighbors in a breathing Buffalo, are all gone, and this often brilliantly written book has not summoned them back.

THE NEW YORK TIMES BOOK REVIEW
**Starched in Connecticut**

Continued from page 1

...tion society, and it is always considered more legitimate to poke fun at the haves.

Even as a semi-spoof, Mr. Brokowski’s premise is a good one. In the world of Wasp humor, poking has become more serious, and people try to connect a lot of dots — food to food and to religion to the arts — to sketch out the root of the Wasp experience. It doesn’t always work, although there are entertaining bits and pieces scattered throughout the book.

Talking about the fusion of renaissance and self-control that makes the Peabody seem inarticulate and shallow at times, Mr. Brokowski recalls a line in the novel “Point of No Return,” by John P. Marquand, the Wasp bard, about the hero, Charles Gray: “He’s a nice boy,” says a friend of Gray’s. “He has that repressed quality.”

Mr. BROKOWSKI equates the Wasp character with the American character and says that, in the beginning, other ethnic groups tried to assimilate to succeed. “It is the mold, the template, the archetype,” he says. “The kind of person with whom the crystal has grown. Without the Wasp, it would be another country altogether. Without the continuing influence of his values, the country is sure to lose this way.”

He defines Wasp’s broadly as “the whole loaf, not just the upper crust... people who clip supermarket coupons as well as the ones who clip the coupons of trust funds.”

But he frets that Wasp’s and non-Wasp’s have been “defacing” “with disastrous results” from the traits that made this nation great, and he urges President Bush and others to reclaim the basic Wasp character — which he breaks down into qualities of conscience, antismallness, industry, and use (a determination not to waste time), success and civility.

As an aid to self-improvement, Benjamin Franklin devised a plan for his day that gave everything an allotted time — from “rise, wash and dress” at 5 a.m. to work to “music or diversion or conversation or conversation” to sleep. The plan included answering the daily question, “What good have I done today?”

It is not self-indulgence, the best way to diminish their numbers,” he says.

About Wasp’s who have gone astray, Mr. Brokowski suggests they never should have exchanged their traditional values for “ambition, gratification, cause, mindlessness, difference, creativity (a stab at it, anyway), and self.” He hopes George Bush will lead a renaissance in old-fashioned Wasp values.

He concludes that “America has created and often enough realized the pattern of a society dynamic but steady, open but consistent, free but moral, prosperous but just. Better patterns may appear one day, but they are unimaginable now.”

“You’ve got the right, Mr. Brokowski, but you may ever get invited to the White House, stop at the deli first and get a sandwich.”

**WASP’S care little about food, drink only to get drunk, take culture as a duty and rarely have mistresses.**

**Challenged by Thoughts**

It is not that WASP’s are unable to think, exactly. In any heavily symposium of political philosophers, Hamilton, Madison, Jefferson, and Lincoln will have seats at the head table. It’s that WASPs seem to do their thinking in bursts — a lightning flash of brilliance, with decades of darkness until the next one. Their belief in the clearness of truth and the high priority they place on use both account for this. If the right thing is plain, what use are thinkers? When a historical crisis comes along, some individuals will rise to the task of thinking about it. But the very clarity of their efforts discourages revision. What sane man would set himself up to tinker with The Federalist Papers or with Lincoln’s Second Inaugural? A clear message is plain enough.

The effect of these occasional exertions, however, is to encourage a general sluggishness. When challenging thoughts appear, the WASP is slow to defend himself. It is possible for a culture to think too much for its own good. One had to choose between Warren Harding and the culture that produced him, and Heidegger and the culture that produced him — between the man whose associates cut taxes and the man whose associates killed Jews — one would obviously choose Harding. But if a culture doesn’t think at all, how can it propel the hundreds of errors... abroad in the world? Mencken complained long and loud about the parochialism of the American mind... He himself was a gaudy instance of this parochialism, hawking, as hot off the press, his watered-down Huxley and Clift Notes Nietzsche in a style pitched to the level of college sophomores, which is about as high as WASPs ever feel the need to go, between Jefferson’s: And Mecskin was one of the best of his breed, because at least some of his aesthetic instincts were good. Beneath their armor of innocence, WASPs have the resistance of eighteenth-century Indians. If there is any smallpox in the air, their intellects will come down with it.

From “The Way of the WASP”
Home is where it used to be

by LOUDON WAINWRIGHT

In my own life, I am a broker of the past, bidding pieces of it out of the brain’s hiding places to bolster marginal investments in the present or to hedge against future uncertainties. I could not find my way far without the use of memory or without that selective ordering of the past I like to think is memory. Somehow the signs marking the way ahead are all behind.

Memory and its wispy cousin, nostalgia, are much with me, and I am not surprised to discover evidences of a boom in what-used-to-be. Old songs, old fads, old styles, old heroes and heroines are summoned forth in a renaissance of memorabilia. The look of life has been breathed back into yesteryear. The jackhammer cacophony of the immediate now is muted by—of all things—a tap dance executed by a remarkably well-preserved grandmother from California.

There is just one rule for the current celebration of this sort of nostalgia: it is supposed to make you feel good. The memories of hard times, bad news and stern truths are not welcome. Our nostalgia binges utterly overlooks some dreadful facts of our recent delightful past: a Prohibition that spawned great criminal empires, a terrible stock market crash followed by the worst depression the country has ever endured, the genocidal catastrophes of World War II, complete with Adolf Hitler and our own contribution to the Holocaust, the atomic pulverization of Hiroshima and Nagasaki. Nostalgia picks its way daintily through the ruins.

In every way, the uses of the past require certain caution. With nostalgia especially, the possibilities for immoderation lurk at every turn backward. The word itself is loaded; it has literal meanings that surprised me. It comes from the Greek word nostos—return home—and one meaning is simply homesickness. The word’s most widely used sense, cloaked even in tormented Websterese, is positively eerie: “A wistful or excessively sentimental sometimes abnormal yearning for return to or of some past period or irrecoverable condition.” Emerging from this syntactical thicket, one discovers that the key words here are “yearning” and “irrecoverable,” both of which have decidedly melancholy echoes. A crisper definition in the American Heritage Dictionary doesn’t improve the situation much. That one reads: “A longing for things, persons or situations that are not present” (italics mine). The sense of both definitions is identical; nostalgia is essentially an exercise in hopelessness. Gone, as we all know, is gone.

Yet surely there is a more comfortable application of the word for daily personal use. Roughly stated, it might read: taken in modest doses, nostalgia can dispel current gloom, render memory charitable by knocking the sharp corners off the truth, and assist the ego in the construction and maintenance of an acceptable self-portrait. Then, too, a little longing for the irrecoverable, even a tear or two shed in yearning pursuit of things no longer present, can serve to stave off preoccupation with a future in which there is only one predictable, entirely unsentimental outcome.

I have experienced feelings of nostalgia that extended back beyond any possible memory. One of my strongest early recollections is of my father’s boyhood and youth. Thus a period in which I did not exist acquired its own special reality. Pictures of him—as a small boy with his brothers, holding a football in his arm, on horseback in a cavalry uniform, at the wheel of an open car with an overload of friends, beside his parked Jenny as an aviator in World War I—were scattered over the house or to be found in scrapbooks I explored repeatedly for the fragments of adventure there. Like a boy longing to sail to Treasure Island with Jim Hawkins, I felt a powerful urge to travel back to the life of this young fellow in the album, and in a way I did.

The proper mix of nostalgia with memory can produce interesting variations of personal history. Not long ago I heard

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a young man giving an account of a part of his life that I, being his father, also recalled. I listened with a certain surprise; an editing process of some kind seemed to be taking place. Here and there aspects of the story appeared to be emphasized, others minimized or omitted. It really wasn't quite the way I remembered it, and I suddenly felt that by choosing the items he recalled fondly (or sadly) as the best or most interesting expressions of himself, and rejecting those items he thought were superfluous or misleading, he was building himself an acceptable autobiography. Then it occurred to me that all self-told life stories are put together this way, and that my son might well find my version of the same story a nostalgic distortion of events more suitable for his book.

It all gets back to nostalgia—return home. In a real sense life tends to be circular, a round trip. As one develops an awareness of the end, he is drawn more and more to the beginnings. It is well known that the memories of aged people about their childhood and early life—tempered to be sure by nostalgia—are often very clear. There can be great gaps in their recollections of other, later periods.

Yet even among the younger-than-old, the past is etched with a clarity, even a purity that transcends the truth, which one's memory may not much resemble. We need the reassurance of recall. We pass through time on a kind of rope, and we grope along it at a terrifying height, hand over hand, past to present to future, sure only of the grips we have let go.

Memory then, even if it is painful, holds all we know. When we cannot rely on it, we are easily lost. A few years ago I passed the age my father was when he died. At that time my oldest son, too, was older than I had been back then, and in terms of our relationship, I felt quite literally as if I had no recollections to fall back on. I had no personal remembrance of the father or the son in this advanced situation. The journey had extended, I suppose, beyond my expectations; the terrain was all new. I think I was truly nostalgic for a little while then. Suddenly out of the protective shadow of a presence I had clocked and followed in memories for years, I was by myself. And I was homesick.

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KODAK MAKES YOUR PICTURES COUNT.
Why I’m Happy I Evolved

By Olivia Judson

LONDON

If chimpanzees observed New Year’s Day, they would have much to reflect on. In 2005, they joined humans, chickens and mosquitoes, as well as less famous occupants of the planet, on an exclusive but growing list: organisms whose complete genomes have been sequenced.

What would they make of this news, I wonder? Perhaps they would resent the genetic evidence that they are related to us. Or perhaps they would, as I do, revel in being part of the immensity of nature and a product of evolution, the same process that gave rise to dinosaurs, bread molds and myriad organisms too wacky to invent.

Organisms like the sea slug Elysia chlorotica. This animal not only looks like a leaf, but it also acts like one, making energy from the sun. Its secret? When it eats algae, it extracts the chloroplasts, the tiny entities that plants and algae use to manufacture energy from sunlight, and shunts them into special cells beneath its skin. The chloroplasts continue to function; the slug thus becomes capable of live on a diet composed only of sunbeams.

Still more fabulous is the bacterium Brocadia anamn-xodontes. It biologically makes a substance that to most organisms is a lethal poison — namely, hydrazine. That’s rocket fuel.

And then there’s the wasp Cotesia congregata. She injects her eggs into the bodies of caterpillars. As she does so, she also injects a virus that disables the caterpillar’s immune system and prevents it from attacking the eggs. When the eggs hatch, the larvae eat the caterpillar alive.

It’s hard not to have an inestimable interest in organisms like these, to be enthralled by the strangeness, the complexity, the breathtaking variety of nature.

Just think: the Indus River dolphin

doesn’t sleep as you or I do, or indeed as most mammals, for several hours at a time. Instead, it takes microsleeps, naps that last for a few seconds, like a driver dozing at the wheel.

Or consider this: a few days after its conception, a pig embryo has become a filament that is about a yard long.

Or: the single-celled parasite that causes malaria is descended from algae. We know this because it carries within itself the remnants of a chloroplast.

It’s not that I have a fetish for obscure facts. It’s that small facts add up to big pictures. For although Mother Nature’s infinite variety seems incomprehensible at first, it is not. The forces of nature are not random; often, they are strongly predictable.

For example, if you were to discover a new species and you told me that the male is much bigger than the female, I would tell you what the mating system is likely to be: males fight each other for access to females. Or if you discover that the male’s testicles make up a large part of his weight, I can tell you that the females in his species consort with several males at a time.

Suppose you find that a particular bacterium lives exclusively in the guts of leeches and helps them digest blood. Then I can tell you how that bacterium’s genome is likely to differ from those of its free-living cousins; among other changes, the genome will be smaller, and it will have lost sets of genes that are helpful for living free but useless for living inside another being.

Because a cell is a kind of factory that produces proteins, and because proteins can have a variety of components, some of which are cheaper to synthesize than others, you might expect that proteins that are mass produced are made from cheaper components than proteins that are constructed only occasionally. And you’d be right.

The patterns are everywhere. Mammals that feed on ants and termites have typically evolved long, thin noses and long, sticky tongues. A virus that generally passed from mother to child will tend to make its host less sick than one that readily jumps from one host to another via a cough or a sneeze.

When I was in school, I learned none of this. Biology was a subject that seemed as exciting as a clump of cotton wool. It was a dreary exercise in the memorization and regurgitation of apparently unconnected facts. Only later did I learn about evolution and how it transforms biology from that mass of cotton wool into a magnificent tapestry, a tapestry we can contemplate and begin to understand.

Some people want to think of humans as the product of a special creation, separate from other living things. I am not among them; I am glad it is not so. I am proud to be part of the riot of nature, to know that the same forces that produced me also produced bees, giant ferns and microbes that live at the bottom of the sea.

For me, the knowledge that we evolved is a source of solace and hope. I find it a relief that plagues and cancers and wapp larvae that eat caterpillars alive are the result of the impartial — and comprehensible — forces of evolution rather than the caprices of a deity.

More than that, I find that in viewing ourselves as one species out of hundreds of millions, we become more remarkable, not less so. No other animal that I have heard of can live so peacefully in such close quarters with so many individuals that are unrelated. No other animal routinely bothers to help the sick and the dying, or tries to save those hurt in an earthquake or flood.

Which is not to say that we are all we might wish to be. But in putting ourselves into our place in nature, in comparing ourselves with other species, we have a real hope of reaching a better understanding, and appreciation, of ourselves.
Making Poverty History in 2006

It was a banner year in 2005 for big speeches from global leaders about fighting third-world poverty. But if any of their promises are going to come close to being kept, 2006 must be a year of action.

The British prime minister, Tony Blair, called Africa's poverty "the fundamental moral challenge of our generation." The United Nations' secretary general, Kofi Annan, spoke of a generation that could make poverty history. President Bush twice stood on the world stage and promised to sharply increase development assistance to poor nations. He did it first at the Group of 8 summit meeting in Scotland in July, when he pledged to double aid to Africa by 2010. He did it again two months later, at a United Nations meeting in New York, where he urged that the "Monterrey Consensus," which calls on rich countries to increase their spending on development aid to 0.7 percent of gross national product, be put into effect.

And finally, at last month's World Trade Organization meeting in Hong Kong, trade ministers from 149 countries agreed to eliminate export subsidies for farm products by 2013, opening up new opportunities to farmers from poor countries who now have to compete against heavily subsidized products. The ministers also agreed to offer enhanced market access, turning the recently realized new market opportunity into a real action and make poverty history.

It's time to channel real money into ground-level, village-based water programs, to actually spend money on a malaria vaccine and AIDS drugs and mosquito bed nets and school feeding programs. There are ways to bypass corrupt local governments, and funnel aid directly to those on the ground who need it. It is time for President Bush to go to Capitol Hill and demand that lawmakers fully finance his Millennium Challenge Account, which is supposed to increase United States assistance to poor countries that are committed to policies promoting development.

This program is a worthy endeavor, but both execution and funding have been lackluster. Britain, France and Germany all coupled their goals of spending 0.7 percent of their gross national products on development aid with a timetable; the target date is 2015. The United States has not been so specific. (To its credit, the United States did join with six other rich countries to reach a deal to elimi- nate $40 billion of debt owed by some of the world's poorest countries.)

The world needs more speeches in 2006 about global poverty. The six million children under 5 who die every year of diseases that can be easily and inexpen-

sively treated would benefit from such action.

To the President and the Right to Spy

The President and the Right to Spy

To the Editor:

David B. Rivkin and Lee A. Casey say that the government's interpretation of the "third-world"" as "unlawful" is disturbing. (Op-Ed, Dec. 27)

David B. Rivkin and Lee A. Casey argue that settled exactly as which is not a "dispute settlement body." The president has the unlimited constitutional authority to circumvent the courts established by the 1789 Foreign Intelligence Surveillance Act and to take other secret actions in the name of national security.

In World War II, first during the cold war and now in the "war on terrorism," our civil liberties have often been swept aside in the name of protecting the American people. Mr. Rivkin and Mr. Casey dismiss complaints about the use of executive power as the antithesis of the "chattering classes" to strong government.

Citizens in a democracy are responsible for the protection of their freedoms. Public demands for accountability and transparency from the executive branch are not "chatt-

To the Editor:

The defense by David B. Rivkin and Lee A. Casey of President Bush's "war on terrorism" leaves out a key consideration: the administration's lack of credibility and its persistent abuse of the public's trust. If the White House is so confident of its stance on surveillance, why doesn't it consult fully with Congress and other government leaders when deciding to proceed without warrants? Why has it classified the legal memos underlying the surveillance? Why should we trust this administration on surveillance when its approach to the overall war on terror - its failure to heed pre-9/11 intelligence warnings, its W.M.D. claims, its treatment of prisoners long has been one of secrecy and obfuscation, not to mention incompetence

To the Editor:

Drilling in Alaska: The Moral Divide

To the Editor:

A "Chilling Departure From the Capitol" (editorial, Dec. 25) declares "huckstering" and "shell games" on the part of Senator Ted Stevens, Republican of Alaska, who sought to link an additional $2 billion for the Low-Income Housing and Energy Assistance Program to the effort to finally open a mere 0.1 percent of the Arctic National Wildlife Refuge for oil and gas.

The linkage makes perfect sense: we in the Northeast want more tax money to pay for oil, while others want the jobs and royalties associated with making more oil.

It takes an arrogant sense of entitlement to deny all Americans the potential million barrels a day from the wildlife preserve, at the same time becoming indignant when Congressional leaders from other parts of the country, as a consequence, refuse to pay more of our share of the oil bill and seek to deny others, while demanding bigger checks for ourselves.

When it comes to the arctic refuge, moral vanity is starting to have a price.

To the Editor:

After reading your Dec. 26 Business-

ness Day article "Indians Find They Can, Indeed, Go Home Again," light-

ing the way for the salvation of a whole people or a small point of a gun.

Economic nationalism will show the way.

In India, Russia, China, Brazil and many other countries, improved economies and opportunities for an improved standard of living for all citizens will promote our ideals far better than bombs and tanks.

How to Spread Freedom

To the Editor:

The world needs more speeches in 2006 about global poverty. The six million children under 5 who die every year of diseases that can be easily and inexpen-

sively treated would benefit from such action.

To the Editor:

If the global war on terror calls for different procedures in the collection of national security information, can David

To the Editor:

How to Spread Freedom
A new exhibition explores the work of some very young artists (two of them named Klee and Picasso) and the importance of thinking like a child.

If a Little Genius Lives in the House, What's on the Fridge?

By LESLIE CAMHI

WHEN Paul Klee laboriously copied a mountain landscape by his 12-year-old son, Peter, into his own 2020 painting "Ceylon," he paid tribute to the vitality and inventiveness of childhood, a source of creativity celebrated at least since Rousseau. His homage paid homage in a modest way to a modernist tradition that sought refuge from academic constraints in the same way mythic pantheons of an outranked one then saw the world anew, a dazzling, hooded boy unshackled by doubt and doubt.

When Picasso, who had just finished his art studies, discovered a cache of his own childhood drawings, he described them as "a little Picasso," his name, in 1932, for his "infant art." Of those drawings are included in "When We Were Young: New Perspectives on the Art of the Child," at the Phillips Collection in Washington.

These childhood works by artists reveal traces of their future genius. What can the drawings of gifted children teach the viewer about the relationship between art and society? These are among the questions posed by this provocative show and its catalogue, one of the most comprehensive and far-reaching exhibitions ever organized to explore children's art. The catalogue, in a sense, reflects society's need to understand children's art.

"I wanted people to set themselves in what I call the "context,"" says curator Sue Fairman, a scholar of modern and contemporary art who organized the exhibition. She's just past that Picasso child, cornered. The catalogue has a startlingly striking drawing of a mug by the six-year-old who made the mug; it is now in the collection of a museum, he grew up to become an artist, but a mediocre museum.

Picasso's childhood drawings "happened" in the school, where he became increasingly aware of his own environment. "The work is a mirror in which Picasso could project," says carpet vendor for the Sydren's Picasso's, art gallery. "It's not just about the content, Mr. Picassao, said the child. "It's about the world of the child, who is the artist, what makes Picasso a better artist than serious to the viewer," he said. "I've never seen a child of 8 or 9 years of age, who looks at the world the way he does.

The Klee drawings are often in a way see the child. When he was a child, Wau- brain was a boy, a figure whose dignity is only slightly compromised by his delightfully human curiosity. He is the artist of a child, a character who is not simply a drawing but a drawing of a child. He is the child of the modern age, who is an artist in the modern age. He is the child of the modern age, who is an artist in the modern age. He is the child of the modern age, who is an artist in the modern age. He is the child of the modern age, who is an artist in the modern age.

Mr. Picassao's catalog for "When We Were Young" has a 71-page selection of children's art and its reception, from the modernist to the avant-garde. The catalogue includes 120 drawings, including some famous art movements. It is the first to focus on children's art in the 18th and 19th centuries, in the writings of 19th-century specialists interested in a child's development of art. The catalogue reproduces childhood works by other artists, from Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec, for example, to Rembrandt and Edouard Manet. It also includes a series of previously unpublished, signed 18th-century drawings by the young Louis Gutta, "Swine and Man," which may also be attributed to a child.

"This is an important exhibition that's never been seen in the United States or in any other country," says the catalogue, which is the first to focus on children's art in the 18th and 19th centuries, in the writings of 19th-century specialists interested in a child's development of art. The catalogue reproduces childhood works by other artists, from Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec, for example, to Rembrandt and Edouard Manet. It also includes a series of previously unpublished, signed 18th-century drawings by the young Louis Gutta, "Swine and Man," which may also be attributed to a child. Some of the children's art in the show reflects the influence of culture and society.

Opening simultaneously with "Klee and Picasso," a traveling retrospective that was on view recently at the New College in Hamilton, N.J., "When We Were Young" brings together two of the most famous artists with their mature work by such artists, and with art by children selected primarily from three private collections. These belong to the German psychologists Rudolf Arnheim, the archivist of the influential art educator Victor Lowenfeld and Mr. Picassao, who directs the Arnold A. Gershon Program of Interdisciplinary Research at the Phillips. The show is on view through November.
Star Artists Are Jilting Their Longtime Dealers

From left, the Chelsea art dealers Hudson of Feininc Inc., which recently lost Tom Friedman to Gagosian, and David Zwirner (in front of a printing of Lisa Yuskavage), whose gallery is rapidly expanding.

The Yuskavage Gallery, which has branches in New York, London and Los Angeles, is in the process of opening gallerias from other galleries. Its stable includes, below from left, John Currin, Francesco Clemente and Cindy Brown.

The painter Ed Ruscha, who was once represented by the legendary Leo Castelli, says the art world has become "a much bigger and, in many ways, much nastier world."

Continued From Page 1

In fact, artist Ed Ruscha, who has represented Leo Castelli for more than a decade, says he was relieved when the artist said he would leave his gallery. "I was happy," Ruscha said. "I don't need them. They come to me."

Ruscha, who was among the first to break away from the traditional art world, has always been known for his innovative approach to art. He recently announced he was leaving Castelli to work on his own, a move that many have seen as a backlash against the commercialization of art. "I've had enough of the art world," Ruscha said. "I'm going to do my own thing."

The move has caused a stir in the art world, with many artists and collectors expressing concerns about the future of art. "I don't think this is a good idea," said one artist. "I think it's going to hurt the art world."

But Ruscha is confident that his decision will pay off. "I've always been successful on my own," he said. "I don't need anyone else."

And while the threat of a backlash against the commercialization of art may be real, Ruscha is optimistic about the future of art. "I think it's going to be great," he said. "I'm going to do what I want."
When Jane Met Dan, It Was Reality TV at First Sight

By KATE AUTHOR

AFRICAN LIONS to adventures in a haunted house, to a dive into the wild, to searing combat — television has been there for it all. But what do they do when they’re done with the lions, the haunted house, and the combat? They start looking for love... or so they thought.

Craig Principe, NBC's vice president for alternative and reality programming, revealed the magic of finding love in the new reality show "Tribal Hearts." The show, premiering tonight on NBC, follows a group of single men and women as they navigate the challenges and rewards of love. But it's not all about romantic relationships — the show features a diverse cast, with members from different ages, backgrounds, and lifestyles.

"Tribal Hearts" combines elements of traditional dating shows with a unique twist. Each episode features a different group of participants who are brought together in a new location, where they must work together to complete challenges and tasks. Along the way, they'll learn more about themselves and each other, ultimately leading to romantic relationships that thrive even in the harshest conditions.

But the show isn't just about romance. It's also about personal growth and discovery. The participants face their fears, conquer their doubts, and learn to trust and rely on each other. It's a journey of love, growth, and self-discovery that will leave viewers on the edge of their seats.

So if you're looking for a romantic adventure, don't miss "Tribal Hearts." It's on NBC tonight at 8/7c, and it's sure to be a heart-pumping, tear-jerking, and laugh-out-loud experience.